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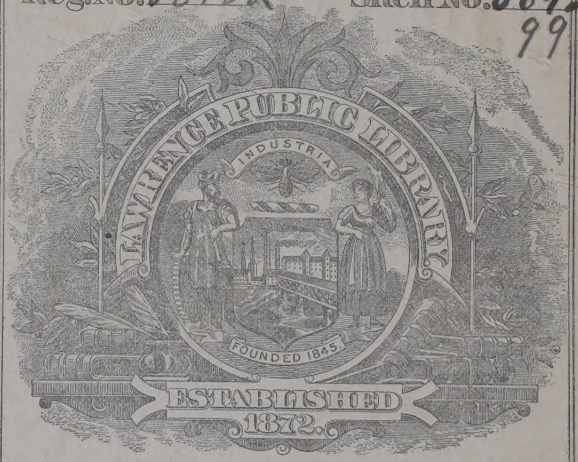

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(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES)

THE CENTURY

Vol. 99 NOVEMBER, 1919 No. 1

The Nut

By ALICE HEGAN RICE

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

"The Nut had been shot up at Château-Thierry, gassed at Belleau Woods, and recommended three times for bravery."

YES, SIR, I been in this here prison ward ever since the hospital opened in September, 1917. Doctors have come and gone, nurses has come and gone, fellows in training here have gone over seas and landed back here for demobilization; but I 've stuck right on, and what I 've seen has been a-plenty.

We 've had some lively bunches of kids in here. What are they in for? Everything from smoking cigarettes in bed to committing murder. Most of them are in for military offenses, and nearly all of them are either waiting for operations or getting over them.

Talk about your pep! You take a lot of colts out of pasture and put 'em in a box-car, and you 'll get some idea of what we are up against. You see, the boys in all the other wards have got talking-machines and story-books and magazines; they got a stream of visitors, pillow-patters with baskets of good things, Red Cross ladies that they used to deliver ice and groceries to their back doors, hanging round to wait on 'em and take 'em automobile-riding. And yet you 'll hear 'em grousing.

Up here in 8-C, where they can't even have a postage-stamp except on Friday, they are the cheerfulest lot in the hospital. I guess most of them learned that in the trenches. The less fun you get outside, the more you got to pump up inside if you want to keep going. There ain't anywhere that they tell such funny stories, keep up such a ragging, or play as many darn pranks as they do right here.

Why, only yesterday, when Number Six was brought in from the operating-room, and we was waiting for him to come to, did n't some of those devils rub talcum powder all over his hands and cross 'em on his chest, and take some flowers off the table and strew 'em all over his sheet? Number Six is Irish, and he saw the joke as soon as he got one eye open; but with some it might have been fatal.

I suppose you always feel a bit different to the first lot you take care of than to any others, but there 's another bunch that I remember better than any of them. It was the crowd that was here last Christmas, the first overseas men we got in. There was Ricks, that refused to have his arm taken off, and lit out for his home town in a bath-robe. He stayed just long enough to git ten doctors to sign a paper saying the arm did n't need amputation; then he come back and give himself up. He did three months in the prison ward; but what did *he* care? His arm got well!

Then there was Baker, that old bullet-

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"He saw the joke as soon as he got one eye open"

headed bounder that could say more funny things than any vaudyville man I ever saw, and little old chicken-livered Mert and the Nut. Did n't I ever tell you about the Nut? Well, that 's a story all to itself. He sure did keep us guessing.

You see, nobody knew whether the Nut was crazy or not. The medical officer said he was, and the disciplinary officer said he was n't, and all the rest of us changed our minds a dozen times a day. I remember he was under observation for the first three weeks, sitting over there on that end bed, refusing to talk, and just staring holes in the wall. It was the only thing I ever knew to get the other fellows' goat. They could n't leave him alone. When they was n't deviling him, they was trying to cheer him up and coax him to talk. You see, he was up against it, for if he was crazy, the nut-picks was laying for him up in the psychiatric ward; and if he was sane, the court martial was waiting for him on a double charge of bigamy and forgery. They had him coming and going.

What complicated matters was that the Nut had been shot up at Château-Thierry, gassed at Belleau Woods, and recommended three times for bravery. Since he had come back to America, between the times he was getting married and forging checks, he was being shifted around from one base hospital to another, each new doctor finding another piece of bone to take out of his hip. After our captain had taken out his souvenir, and the Nut was able to sit up, this crazy business developed. Some days he could n't seem to remember anything, and other days you 'd catch him looking real intelligent, but always with a sort of hurt look in his eyes that made you want to look the other way.

He never took any notice of anything or anybody, and it was downright pathetical to see him sitting there with his big fists limp in his lap, letting those kids plaster up his hair with adhesive plaster, or shave his upper lip to look like Charlie Chaplin.

You bet they did n't do it when Mrs. Merton was around. She was the mother of the boy in the bed next to his, and she was sure good to him. You see, her son was in a nasty hole, too. He was a regular baby, one of those spoiled kids that never did anything harder than dancing until he was caught in the draft. The family pulled all sorts of wires to keep him out of the service, but there was nothing doing. Well, when he had to buckle down to army life, he just could n't stand it, and by the time the 84th Division was ready to sail he was in such a blue funk that he shot himself in the foot to keep from going with his battery.

A story like that goes the rounds, you know, and he would have had a cold deal

"Lit out for his home town in a bath-robe"

even in 8-C, where they ain't over-particular, if his mother had n't come the day after he did, and served out his time with him. Say, I wish you could have known Mrs. Merton. She was one of these gentle, trustful sort of ladies that just would n't believe anything bad about anybody. She did n't stop at spoiling her own boy; she spoiled every blamed fellow that come into that ward. I 've seen her sit up and bathe a drunk's head all morning while she lapped up all he told her about its being his first offense, and he never would have done it if another fellow had n't persuaded him, and all that line of talk. She 'd slip candy in for the boys, and chewing-gum and cigarettes. Once she got me in bad by bringing a homesick country guy a book to read. He never had seen a book of short stories, and he says to the nurse: "Say, what kind of a book is this? I keep beginning it over again at each chapter, and waiting for all these folks to git hitched up together; but they never do."

The nurse bawled me out for the book getting in, but of course I never give Mrs. Merton away.

It was her that started the boys to knitting. She got 'em cotton and yarn and needles, and had 'em around her three deep learning to put on and put off and cast over. One big bloke of a regular that had been brought in with

"Nobody knew whether the Nut was crazy or not"

"Shave his upper lip to look like Charlie Chaplin"

a broken head after a raid on a dive down in Cedar Street learned to do the neatest pattern with white thread and a needle not much bigger than a toothpick. He had been working at it for a couple of weeks before he thought to ask:

"Say, lady, what am I making?"

"It 's a yoke," says she.

"Well, says he, "I ain't got but one girl that 's big enough to fit it, and that 's the Goddess of Liberty."

But I started to tell you about Mrs. Merton and the Nut. It looked like she just could n't stand seeing him sitting there all day just looking at the wall, never speaking and hardly ever changing his position. After all the rest of us had given up, she kept on trying to rouse him and get him interested in something. One time when she brought some flowers in for Mert she saw him watching her fix them, and she put some in his glass on the table by the bed. All that day he looked at the flowers instead of the wall, and when she said sort of encouraging, "You love flowers, don't you?" he spoke for the first time and said sort of confused, "Do I?"

That woman's patience beat anything I ever saw. Think of a lady like her being mixed up with all that riffraff day after day for three solid months! She 'd not only look after that selfish kid of hers, listening at his whines, reading to him, playing games with him, boosting him up, but she had time to listen to

everybody else's troubles, and to work with the Nut besides.

I 've seen her stand by his bed for half an hour coaxing him to walk up and down the porch with her. He never would budge for anybody else, but he moved for her. Sometimes she 'd get him to stop outside for a few minutes and watch the boys play "Sugar-Loo." Don't you know what "Sugar-Loo" is? Why, each fellow saves a little sugar from his tray and makes it into a pile, and they bet on which one gets a' ant on it first. Talk about gambling! I could

"He was a regular baby, one of those spoiled kids"

write a book on the number of different ways the doughboy has thought out to swap money.

Most of the fellows in here are just plain drunks or awols. Awols? Why, absent without leaves. You see, they come into the hospital, get operated on, and before the smell of ether is out of their hair they hook it for town. Then they get carted back *here*, and we got to get 'em well and punish 'em at the same time. Some job, I can tell you! I got two leg cases now that 's in wheel-chairs, and if I ain't watching every minute, they get to racing on the porch, and there 's a mix-up of plaster casts and splints that makes trouble for everybody.

But I want to finish telling you about Mrs. Merton. You see, before she come in to 8-C the language around here was fierce. I 've heard cussing going on in as many as three languages at once. Well, after she come, Baker hit on the idea of a cuss fund. He 's the one I was telling you about that was building the yoke for the Goddess of Liberty. Well, all the fellows fell into the plan of paying fines for swearing, and then blowing in the proceeds for eats. They worked out a notice and tacked it on the wall beside a little pasteboard box that they put up to hold the fines they had to pay. It said:

Plain damns.....	10 cents
Darns	05 cents
Gol darn.....	15 cents
Hells	10 cents
Devils	05 cents
Damn with one extra.....	15 cents
Damn with more than one	25 cents

And when the box was full of cash, they 'd get Mrs. Merton to go out and buy anything she could bring back without the guards at the door getting on to it. I 've seen her come in with her knitting-bag looking like a featherbed, but I sort er shut my eyes. She used to mend my clothes, you know, and do a lot of little things that I had n't had done since I left home.

Something was going on every minute those days. I remember one Sunday a chaplain brought us some hymn-books and tried to start the fellows to

"Stand up and bathe a drunk's head all morning"

singing. He had n't been gone five minutes before they was singing all those sacred songs to rag-time tunes, and we had a free-for-all fight over who should have the books to learn the words first.

The only two patients that never took any part in the mix-ups was Merton and the Nut. The curious thing was that the boys hated Merton and liked the Nut. Have you ever noticed how a person always gives his real self away? Drunk or sober, sane or crazy, talking or silent, he *stands* for something, and you take his real measure in spite of what he does or says.

When Mrs. Merton went over to the hostess house at night, the boys used to tell each other what they 'd do to Mert if she never came back. But she always came, often before the orderlies got done mopping up the next morning. She 'd have sat by Mert's bed all night if we 'd 'a' let her.

Well, long about Christmas the boy took a turn for the worse. He began to run a fever and have pains in his leg, and the captain decided to open up his foot and see what was the trouble. The night before they was to operate the wound began to bleed, and I heard the surgeon telling the night nurse that he was afraid it was a loose piece of bone that had pierced an artery. The bleeding kept up something fierce, and by the time they rushed him over to the operating-room and got him back again, it looked to everybody like the boy was going to die. I posted out for his mother.

"It was her that started the boys to knitting"

Talk about your pluck! She was as game as he was nervous. She just sat down beside that bed where she 'd been sitting for three solid months, and gathered him up to her, and comforted him like he was a baby, which he was. Every now and then she 'd make an excuse to slip out to the kitchen, where she 'd lean against the ice-box, white as a sheet, and shake till it would make your heart ache. Then she 'd drink some strong coffee and put on that smile she always wore, and go back to hold on to him some more. His nerve, if he

"A mix-up of plaster casts and splints"

ever had any, had gone to pot, and he hollered and cried and begged for morphine through the entire night.

When the captain saw him next morning he said the only chance he had to pull through was blood transfusion. You ought to have seen Mrs. Merton's face! She just jumped at the chance.

"Take mine!" she said. "I 'm lots stronger than I look."

"I 'll have to make a test first," said the captain. "All blood is divided in four groups, and for transfusion, in order to prevent clotting, the patient and the one giving the blood must be in the same group. Is there any one else willing to volunteer?"

"Count me in," he sort of mumbled.

Nobody paid any attention to him, and he went back to his bed again.

I and Baker offered, and then, to everybody's surprise, a strange voice spoke up from the end of the bed. If you believe me, it was the Nut! He was standing on his crutches, facing us, but not looking at the captain.

The captain pricked Baker's finger and squeezed out a drop of blood, then he pricked mine, then Mrs. Merton's, and went off to the laboratory. When he come back he said there was only one that was in the two group two, and that was Mrs. Merton's.

It was still as death in the ward except for Mert's heavy breathing. All of a sudden the bed-clothes went off Number Thirteen, and the Nut was on his crutches again.

"Say, the kid 'll need her to look after him," he says kind of wild-like. "Go on and try me."

"Get back in bed, Harding!" said the captain, taking a step toward him. "We will manage this without you."

"But you don't need to," Harding kept on, like he was talking to just anybody. "It ain't right to let a woman do this when all us men are here."

I looked at the captain to see if he wanted me to shut him up, but the captain shook his head. It was just the barest motion, but the Nut caught it.

"I know what 's the matter with you all," he says, his voice getting higher and higher: "You all 'low I am daffy. But my blood 's as good as anybody's, and it 's mine to give. You ain't got no right to keep me from doin' it."

His hair was all tumbled up, and his eyes were shining like a cat's in the dark. Every patient in the ward was looking first at him and then at the captain, waiting for the lightning to strike. But the captain was watching him not like a superior officer, but like a doctor.

"Harding," he said in that nice way that made everybody like him, "I want you to control yourself. We appreciate your offer, but we can't take it. Get back to your bed."

But the Nut hitched himself along from cot to cot till he was up close, then instead of blustering, like he had been, he begin to beg low and fast:

"I ain't crazy, Captain," he said. "I been fakin' to git out of the court martial. You see, I was in seven hospitals in France, and I been in three over here. The thought of being shut up ten more years in prison was too much for me. But I 'll stand my trial sooner than see that lady let in fer a thing like this. You take my test, Captain; it can't do no harm just to try me."

He stood there begging and pleading, and holding out that big red mit of his, and there was n't a fellow in the ward that did n't want to shake it.

Well, the captain made his blood test, and found it was in group two.

"If I let you give your blood, Harding," he said, "it means that I think you are sane enough to make the decision."

"Yes, sir," says the Nut, as eager as if he was asking for a pardon.

"And you know," went on the captain, "what you are up against if the medical board passes on your sanity?"

Harding gave a quick look at Mrs. Merton and nodded his head.

She was kneeling beside Mert's bed, her face as white as it 'll ever be when she 's dead. Every now and then Mert would cry out, but the cries was getting weaker all the time.

The captain had gone over to the window, where he stood staring out through the heavy wire netting, like he was trying to make up his mind.

"If they don't decide soon," Mrs. Merton says to me, "it 'll be too late."

I did n't know the Nut heard her, but he did.

"Tell him I ain't crazy," he said, catching hold of the nurse's arm. "Honest to God, I ain't. I 'm naturally backward, and I ain't never had no learnin', but there ain't nothin' the matter with my senses." Then he turned to the captain. "Can't you ast me questions some way to prove it? Can't you do something quick? Else 'n she says it 'll be too late."

The Captain looked him straight in the eye, but he did n't answer, and the Nut went on:

"I can't think of nothin' to prove it to you lessen I go like the birds."

"What birds?" says the captain, and I could see the boys exchanging looks from cot to cot.

"Where I come from," says the Nut. "I growed up on a shanty-boat down in the Florida everglades. The only thing

I ever could do right good was to go like the birds and the varmints. Want to hear me?"

I can see him now, that big lop-sided fellow, standing there on his crutches making sounds likes all the birds you ever heard in your life. First it was a wild turkey, then a partridge, then a deer; then he 'd imitate one of those old green turtles, and follow it up with a screech-owl. He could show how they went when they was mad and when they was glad and when they was courtin', and all the time he was doing it he was watching the captain's face like a hungry dog waiting for a bone.

"That 'll do, Harding," said the captain. "I am convinced."

After that no time was lost in hustling him and Mert on to wheeling-tables and getting them over to the operating-room. I was detailed to take the Nut and stay with him till it was time to bring him back.

I never saw such a change in anybody in my life. He talked a streak to Mrs. Merton, and kept on a boosting her up right up to the door of the operating-room, where they stopped her.

"You rest easy in your mind," he says to her the last thing. "I been mean in other ways, but I got clean blood."

Well, they painted his arm with iodine and then give him a shot of cocaine. That was all. Then they made a slit just inside the bend of his elbow. Gee! it was a hole, pretty nearly two inches long. Then they yanked out a vein and inserted a glass tube.

It made me sort of sick, but the Nut lay there a looking at it like it belonged to somebody else.

Then Mert was wheeled in, looking more dead than alive and scared to death.

"Brace up, Kid," says the Nut. "It ain't nothin' after the first prick. You 'll make it all right."

Then they opened up Mert's artery, stuck in a tube, and connected 'em up.

"Fifty cubic centimeters," says the captain, calling out the measure of the blood.

Mert was moaning weaker and weaker.

"One hundred cubic centimeters," said the captain; "two hundred."

A man in a white gown, with rubber gloves and a white cap, was holding a sponge soaked in concentrated ammonia under the Nut's nose, but the Nut was n't noticing him. He was looking anxious at Mert.

The color had begun to come back into the boy's face, and his lips was turning from purple to pink.

"Three hundred cubic centimeters," called the captain, and the Nut's eyelids begin to bat.

The captain told me and an orderly to lift the foot of the operating-table.

"Four hundred," says the captain, bending over the Nut. "Work your fingers, man, as long as you can."

The Nut sighed like he was about all in, but he kept on working his fingers to show he was still game.

"Four-fifty," called the captain.

I looked at Mert. It was like a miracle; he had not only come back to life, but he could smile.

"Five hundred. That 's all," snapped out the captain as the Nut's big hand made a last effort to give the signal before it fell limp on the table.

We hustled 'em both back on the wheeling-tables and got the sheets over 'em, and just as we started into the corridor a nurse ran out and said:

"Only one of them goes back to the prison ward. The kid goes up to 4-C. Captain's orders."

Mrs. Merton, who was bending over Mert, straightened up at that, and her quiet eyes was on fire for once.

"You wait here!" she commanded, like she was a brigadier-general. I don't know what line of talk she handed out to the captain, but a minute later, when she came out of the operating-room, she handed me a slip of paper. "Take both patients to 4-C," it said.

So I wheeled the unconscious Nut up to 4-C, and the other orderlies and Mrs. Merton brought up the procession, and I hustled on back to 8-C.

What became of them? Lord, how do I know? You never hear what becomes of anybody out here at the base.

Mert and the Nut may both be serving time out at Leavenworth for all I know. But one thing 's certain, the Nut 's never going to lack for a friend as long as Mrs. Merton 's living.

Democracy's Crusaders in Shan-tung

By NEWELL MARTIN

"The progressive partition of China went slowly because of the wealth at stake. It was sufficiently obvious that whatever outsider could annex China could rule the world. Russia hoped to get all of China for herself, but England, France, and Germany could not agree to that nor with one another. The survivors are at last ready to agree."

IN the Fourth Crusade, in 1202, the pious knights of France, England, and Italy, with such serfs as could be spared from the farms, set out to free the Holy Land. They were under the special blessing of Pope Innocent. We need not remember his number. He has been known for some time as the Innocent of the Fourth Crusade. Unfamiliar with the practical side of crusading, he was easily manœuvered by Henry Dandolo into a hole, or dilemma, where he had to admit himself a failure or connive at Dandolo's crimes. One of the declared objects of the Fourth Crusade was "the establishment of right everywhere." In seven hundred years we have invented no new formula.

The crusaders dawdled too long in Dalmatia, setting Fiume "in order," a task still unfinished. Then, as now, French and Italians fell into deadly dispute about the occupying of Dalmatian cities. Some of the knights began to hear that relatives, *embusqués*, at home, were making love to the wives, estates, or jobs of the absent heroes. Some had borrowed from the Jews for equipment; the interest was running against them. There was no cash to be had out of the Holy Sepulcher, and it looked as if they might get home with the Croix de Guerre just in time to be served with foreclosure papers. Some were sick with the various fevers that used to beset crusaders, and all of them were sick of sutler's pork.

Dandolo, Doge of Venice, more than eighty years old, but as cunning, unscrupulous, and obstinate as Satan, became their generalissimo. The Mohammedans of Damascus and Bagdad having sent him a huge cash bribe to induce him to divert the Crusaders from their ideals, he told the chivalric knights of the wealth and weakness of Byzantium, and under his lead the Crusaders turned away forever from their holy quest and besieged, assaulted, captured, and sacked the metropolis of Christendom, Constantinople, then the City of Churches, and repaired their private fortunes, but not those of their serfs, and sold Christian girls to paynim Saracens.

Venice carried off the lion's share—the British portion, so to speak—of the booty. Part of it was the four bronze horses which stand to-day *in perpetuam rei memoriam* above the portal of St. Mark's, one of Christ's premier churches.

Other good things came in. Historians believe that Innocent and Fulc of Neuilly, the two great preachers of the crusade, were justly charged with profiteering and embezzlement.

Chinese marvel at the Fourth Crusade, and ask whether the name of "Crusader" is not now an insult.

Italy and devout France regard Innocent, Fulc, and Dandolo as having written some of the brightest pages in Europe's annals, and worship their memory. Unpicturesque, unbarbarous countries like China and America have to content themselves with such drab heroes as Washington, Franklin, and Confucius. Michaud, a fervent admirer of these French and Italian miscreants, says that "the Cross was for them a sacred tie, which united all their interests. No one listened to those who persisted in raising scruples." *In hoc*

signo vinces was the Crusader's battle-cry, and when the helpless Catholics of Zara huddled in terror behind their own holy cross, the Crusaders, thirsting for plunder, cut them down.

We new crusaders run true to the form of the Fourth Crusade. Our "interests" are "united" by our high ideals. We do not "listen" to those who have "scruples."

For Mohammedan, Japanese, and Jewish reasons, we bear no uplifted cross; but we carry banners emblazoned with the golden words "Down with Autocracy," "Up with Republics," "No more Militarism," "Democracy," "Sanctity of Boundaries," "Nationality," "Self-determination," "Freedom of Weak Nations."

For some obscure advantage to our President and for some gigantic profit to England and France we have awarded Shan-tung to Japan.

We have sold to sword and whip, we have sold into perpetual slavery, China, our own brother in arms, whom we drew to our aid in war by our own pledges and promises. Ray Baker says that the President's sleep was broken by his anxiety about China.

Our battle-cries prove to have been devised by our leaders with fraudulent intent. We know now what to expect from our partners and our rulers.

In international politics there is no morality, says Emil Reich of Paris. Marquis Okuma says:

> International relations are quite unlike those of individuals. Morality and sincerity do not govern diplomacy, which is guided by selfishness. It is the secret of diplomacy to forestall rivalry by every crafty means.

Nations, like thieves, do whatever will pay. Among private thieves, however, the Shan-tung award would be thought subversive of gang ethics. Hans, a lonely desperado, steals my valuables, including the key to my safe-deposit vault. Jimmy the Jap takes them from his corpse. The gang of which Jimmy and I are members meet to divide plunder. The gang awards the stolen treasure to Jimmy.

Befog the villainy as we may with talk of leases, concessions, treaties, the twenty-one demands, economic reservations, and all the other smoke screens of diplomatic chicanery, that is the sum and essence of the deal. What France and England are to get is a secret. It may be that they do not intend to get from China as much as Japan will in coal, iron, copper gold petroleum, labor, and trade. *Credat Judæus.*

"Like wolves," wrote a Chinese viceroy, "the powers of Christendom close in about us." Three of the wolves Romanoff, Hohenzollern, and Hapsburg, have torn one another to pieces. They are dead dogs, no more to be thought about in Asia. Wise old Japan has carefully entered into their illimitable Asiatic possessions, and added to her own their nefarious spheres of influence. China is now bounded on the south and west by two insatiable imperial appetites, France and England, and on the north and east by the Japanese oligarchy, in desperate need, which must expand or sink into a decline.

Kiao-chau is a city and district, and Tsing-tau a port, both in Shan-tung, a province of thirty odd millions. To China the loss of these is what ours would be if the Paris partitioners had awarded to Liberia for her war services (she was one of the Allies) Chicago, Cook County, and the Illinois railroads. Our pain would not be lessened if the Liberians should kindly offer to limit themselves to the Lake Front and to share the railroads with us, particularly if they owned the police of the railway towns and held Mississippi and Massachusetts, and had already got control, sometimes secretly, sometimes openly, of our finances, of our best iron-mines and steel works, and of such of our cabinet and Congress as might be bribable. Japan, moreover, is one of the powers that control China's tariffs and maritime customs and her salt gabel.

Few of us know Kirin and Fu-chau. One is far up toward the frigid north, and the other is down by the bamboos and camphor-trees; but both are rich, both are inhabited by Chinese republicans, both belong to China, and both are held by Japan. Shan-tung is be-

tween the two, a halfway-house of conquest. There the German robbers built their pirate town. There the Japanese have made permanent improvemnts, among them a *yoshiwara* of fifty houses and a glorious Shinto temple.

Few Americans will deplore the sufferings of the Germans of the China missions, who with their wives and children were horribly packed into a sort of slave-ship and sent off through the Red Sea, where their Jehovah, despite frequent German prayers, performed no miracle for their relief.

Few will deplore the *yoshiwara*. It is a dull tourist who does not prefer a *yoshiwara* to a Lutheran chapel. We have no houses of worship that can be frequented with such daily delight as the temples of Japan, and no houses of pleasure so beguiling as even those new houses in Tsing-tau. I myself prefer any Japanese, even geisha girls, to any Germans, even German missionaries. The Chinese do not. The Germans beat them with whips, but the Japanese scourge them with scorpions.

My money still goes into the plate for China missions, but, while the music of the offertory thrills through the aisles, I wonder at the circuity of action which takes my Sunday money to build churches and hospitals in China and my income tax to maintain in China Shinto temples and *yoshiwaras*. If we did not pay our income taxes, those fifty enticing houses would be empty.

It is true that Shan-tung is China's Holy Land. Japanese roughs, rough with a Japanese perfection of technic, whose mission it is to stimulate "disorder," terrorize the region of the birth and burial of the placid Confucius, and harry the meek pilgrims that climb the fairy heights of Tai Shan, the sacred mountain. But why complain? We left our Holy Sepulcher to infidels, and are now planning to intrust it to the descendants of Caiaphas.

The new lords of Shan-tung will touch the Chinese in a more vital spot. The German robbers were strategists. Shan-tung lies athwart two great channels of Chinese commerce, the railroad from Shanghai to Peking, and the Grand Canal, which carries rice to the North. Thus the Japanese "police" have a grip on China's windpipe and carotid artery.

The Japanese hold Port Arthur and as much as they have had time to digest of Manchuria. Across the narrow entrance of the Gulf of Petchili, the Chinese Mediterranean, they hold Shantung. These are two jaws closing on Peking, Tientsin, and northern China. The German pirates built their railway, now awarded by us to Japan, strategically, through Shan-tung, pointing westward toward Shen-si and Shansi. These three provinces, with Chi-li and Manchuria, already in the invader's grip, hold deposits of coal and iron so rich that they will equip navies when the miner's pick is silent in Pennsylvania, and when young New-Yorkers are rickshaw coolies for Japanese gentlemen. This is not a fantastic prophecy. In Frankfort Japanese push German barons off the sidewalk. It has been asserted that in Fiume Chinese soldiers, under the orders of French officers, have shot down Italians. If I had prophesied those things five years ago, you would have smiled. Above all, these northern provinces are the world's finest reservoir of labor.

Shan-tung is about one fifth of the field of campaign in the Japanese conquest of China. Shan-tung is the center of the attack. Manchuria and Fu-chau are the right and left flanks. With the Shan-tung attack pushed home, the conquest or partition of China will be completed with disastrous speed.

A voice from the grave, Mr. Taft, the *Ben Gunn* of the Republican party, says we exaggerate China's plight, and that Japan has promised to surrender Shantung. That promise was made with the expectation that, through control by the associated governments of news and opinion, nobody would give any more thought to it than we gave to Japan's aggressions in Fu-chau. That promise could not come home to roost unless our Senate took it up. The powers counted on our Senate's becoming preoccupied with nearer difficulties, as it will be. Japan will use the disseisor's best friend, time. She will so confuse our President, our editors, and us with concessions, withdrawals, reservations

of economic interest, surrenders of political power, reservations of commercial interest, and distinctions between settlement and conquest, between soldiers and police, that, overburdened with our own sorrows, we shall leave it all to "experts," and finally Japan will take such steps as she desires, with Chinese "railway guards" and Chinese official permits. She will give assurance of the "integrity" of China in the modern European fashion. She always assures beforehand the "integrity" of what she is about to swallow. It is her grace before meat.

England and Japan guaranteed the integrity of Korea. Then Hayashi induced Lansdowne to agree that Japan "is interested in a peculiar degree" in Korea. Then Japan marched to war across Korea. Then "disorders." Then military occupation.

The process of absorbing China is ludicrously and tragically the same. In the treaty between England and Japan in 1902 "the High Contracting Parties declare themselves to be entirely uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies" in China and Korea. In the Russo-Japanese agreement of 1907 "the High Contracting Parties recognize the territorial integrity" of China. This was the prelude to concerted aggressions on China by both nations. "High contracting parties," says Anthony Trollope, "do sometimes allow themselves a latitude which would be considered dishonest by contractors of a lower sort."

In 1908, in the Elihu Root and Takahira agreement, those humorists agreed that Japan and the United States are "determined" to support "the independence and integrity of China."

The second move was in 1916, when Ishii induced Lansing to "recognize" Japan's "special interest" in China, a "region contiguous to" Japan's "possessions." The Lansing-Ishii agreement follows the rule of the thrifty farmer who said, "I 'm not greedy, but I want what jines me."

The third, fourth and fifth moves, violation of neutrality, disorders, and military occupation, have been made almost simultaneously.

Shan-tung should be as free from Japan and Japanese as if no predatory German had ever landed on her coast. Short of that, Japan's withdrawals, promises, and compromises will deceive no one who has watched France's acquisition of Morocco, or who has seen how, after modest beginnings, small investments, the purchase of canal shares, and repeated denials of ambition and repeated promises to retire, England has become the owner of Egypt.

The Chinese Government, lonely, starving, friendless, and helpless, may assent to twenty or thirty "demands," and may notify us that the Japanese in Shan-tung are heartily welcome. Jefferson Davis, in 1863, if he had thought it worth while, could have sent Lincoln a protest signed by half the blacks in the South against the misdirected zeal of the Abolitionists.

Avarice, ambition, fear of being forestalled by France and England, and the need of food, coal, and iron, and the very natural wish to get raw materials without paying for them, drive Japan to extend her "interests" on the mainland. It is suggested that this extension will pay her for her war services. For Japan, the joy of putting down autocracy and militarism should be reward enough. Her captured Pacific islands, indeed, are worth more than she spent on the war.

A more altruistic pretext is offered by Japan and her accomplices: "China is in disorder; she cannot manage her own affairs; her officials have become too corrupt to be trusted with railroads and mines; bogus patriots set themselves up, like feudal chieftains, with armies, and obstruct commerce; no solid central authority exists."

China's disorders, weakness, and corruption are temporary diseases, traceable, in their present form and degree, to the malign activities of Europe and Japan. China during the larger part of some thousands of years has managed her affairs better than Europe has managed hers, and can do it again if left to herself.

If I lock up and starve and drug an opulent relative, the time soon comes when I can persuade my accomplices that he has become unable to manage his estate, and that we should move in

and take charge of his property, and, for the improvement of his mind, make him, in his own house, a scullion for us.

Pretext or no pretext, Japan is bent on making herself strong on the mainland, because she has no faith in the League of Nations.

To Asiatics all Europeans look alike. Few Asians lament the wreck of Europe. They see that the old concern is to be reorganized under a new name as a league. The chief bankrupts have the preferred stock, a majority of the directors, and most of the recently acquired real estate. The confiding old gentleman who was the largest creditor puts up all the new money. Japan sees, therefore, that she must be ready for the next break-up. She knows also that a committee is not more virtuous than its organizers or its members. She distrusts each of the new council. England, her old ally, sits at the head of the council. England's colonies, however, hate Japanese. Japan has seen England betray China to please Japan, and she fears that England may betray Japan to please somebody else. *Iago's* advice is well understood in Japan.

France is second on the council. She is one of the three that stole Port Arthur from Japan. In the Russo-Japanese War, particularly at Nossi-Bé and Kamranh Bay, France broke her treaties with Japan. These wrongs have not been forgotten, and do not inspire confidence. America sold her high ideals to Japan, and Japan fears that America may sell out again to some other customer. She thinks she cannot leave it to old foes and commercial rivals to say how much coal and iron she shall have. No requests of the league will relax her grip. To the league she will answer:

We hold your covenants and awards, secret and open. Our Shan-tung is a *fait accompli*, beloved accomplices, like your Madagascar, Morocco, Egypt, and Ireland. We fought to set the world right, but it was understood that it was not the intent of any of us to redress any wrongs other than those perpetrated by our depraved enemies. Holland and China have shown that the world is not safe for weak nations. We must be strong and we must grow great at China's expense. Will you leave Tientsin, Hankow, Wei-hai-wei, Kwangtung, Kwangri, Szechuen, Tunnan, the Yangtse Valley, and Tibet? We will leave China, in fact, if you Christians will do the same.

Japan, to carry forward her invasion, must break through a lofty barricade, built, perhaps not impregnably, of Mr. Wilson's words and American ideals.

Wilson demands, and the league is to insure

the settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangements, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the full acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interests or advantage of any other nation.

Throwing open the last great gate of China before the Japanese is the most extensive violation of this rule that has ever been possible.

With pathetic zeal Presbyterians and Methodists are pouring out new millions in a "drive" for China missions, while Japanese soldiers stamp out Korean Christianity; while the mission boards receive Viscount Uchida's congratulations on their "cordial and friendly spirit" and his advice that they "continue" their "moderate attitude" lest the "press of foreign countries rashly" "invite additional excitement," which might "seriously interfere with" "reforms"; and while Mr. Wilson extends the Japanese dominions so that Japanese torturers may cross over from Korea into Shan-tung and apply their skill to Chinese Christians, Chinese Christians deserve our thought, even if they have escaped the all-seeing eye of Mr. Wilson.

Many Chinese, it is true, are humorously agnostic as to the various gods of the Christians and as to their own. Chinese can be, however, fanatic devotees. Ancient and modern persecutions have proved their faith. An ever-increasing multitude of Chinese Christians follow the ideals of Chinese martyrs, whom in the Boxer War neither foment nor reward could shake. These Christians we sell to the only remaining pagan empire.

Nor should Chinese patriots be sold without some protest. Breathes there an American boy whose heart does not stir before the statues of Nathan Hale and the Minute-Man? Young hearts and old hearts beat with the same emotion, against an alien tyrant on the other side of this round world. China is a land of patriots—patriots whom ruthless massacre and excruciating agonies devised by Oriental ingenuity have not put down.

Westward the star of empire takes its way—the star of Japanese empire, the star to which Mr. Wilson has hitched his obedient wagon, and before it sinks a true democracy.

China has always had her kings and emperors. It has, however, been the practice of her governments, ancient and modern, even under monarchs theoretically absolute, to act in substantial obedience to law, precedent, custom, and public opinion. In China there are no feudal lords, no caste, and, with small exceptions that do not affect the structure of society, there is no hereditary nobility. The poorest boy in China can rise to wealth and power. Until the withering hand of Europe fell on China, the machinery for finding talent among the poor and putting it on the path of ambition was singularly ingenious and effective.

The highest positions in the state have always been open to the humblest peasant.

Intellectual training is at the disposal of the poorest.

China has always been at the highest rung of the democratic ladder.

Local self-government, democratic equality of opportunity, and decentralization have always been the rule in China.

The secret of China's prolonged existence as a nation has been her democracy and freedom.

An imperial decree of 1122 B. C. ordered that in admitting students to examination for degrees no distinction should be made between high and low, rich and poor. The emperor's own son was sent to a common school.

I do not find in the England of the twelfth century B.C. any such democratic ideals, or even in her subsequent history. There are only two great democracies, China and the United States. If each of these great democracies were independent and unhampered by the encroachments and alliances of selfish aliens, and if they were sympathetic with each other, and working together, without leagues and covenants, by the development of their own wealth and their own citizens and their own art, they would be impregnable.

Korea has shown that where the Japanese conquers a foreign country he abstracts with skill new riches from the land, but that under the cold tyranny of Japanese colonial officials men decay. Under them these Chinese democrats will become actually slaves and will decline in civilization. We bind the most democratic of democracies to a highly organized aristocracy, an oligarchy operating under the forms of autocracy.

The Japanese conquest is carefully arranged to fit in with the partitioning process begun by England and France before 1840, on the theory that China is "backward" and that it is for us to take her apart and enlighten her insides and abstract her valuables. It would have been better, if, instead, Chinese had been sent to put Europe together—Europe, in politics, is herself a "backward" continent. We have learned to think of the Indian peninsula, with its entanglements of races, languages, and religions, collectively, as India. It will tend to clearness of thought if we study in the same way the small disorderly peninsula of Europe. The inhabitants of Tahiti used to think about themselves as the "world." Europe has had a similar barbarous illusion. Most of our own statesmen, when small boys, were taught from Swinton's "History of Civilization and the World's Progress." That book is a literary curiosity. It contains no reference to Japan or China.

The time is not so far distant when European wars will be known only to special students, as are now the wars of the fighting Cheyennes. To them Europe's brilliant achievements in art and science will gleam as flashes in the darkness. Politically she will interest them chiefly as the mother hive of the American swarms and by reason of her raids on Asia.

In political evolution Europe is far behind the United States, China, and Japan. Europe, until recent times, has been torn by wars of religion. Such wars are unknown to us, and to Chinese and Japanese they seem absurd. Chinese and Japanese persecutions have been purely political in motive.

Europeans, in their old habitat, have shown no capacity to make any great combination in which the parts shall be friendly and equal. They do not know how to make a partnership, but they do know how to get a strangle-hold. They make short friendships and long hatreds and kaleidoscopic alliances, always for some temporary advantage. The small cities and states of ancient Greece, the Italian cities, the German principalities, the Balkan States, have exhibited, among the most brilliant and vigorous of Europeans, a weary succession of race wars and group wars. It is significant that to this day the history of the Peloponnesian War is the prime text-book of the budding English statesman. Even Norway and Sweden, even Belgium and Holland, could not hold together.

It is an index of Europe's incapacity to cure race conflicts that, after mismanaging Ireland for four hundred years, the British colonized northern Ireland with Scotch, as representatives of Ireland's conquerors, thus ingeniously infecting wretched Ireland with a new problem of conflicting religions and a new problem of conflicting races.

Has England learned anything from that object lesson or from the race conflicts that make Europe a museum of political disease? Wilson learned the lesson and preached it. What lure of ambition has led him not to practise it?

When we shout and fight for the "principle" of "nationality," I suppose we mean that men of one race should be free to make themselves into one nation. We ourselves, despite our blacks, are, as regards unity, a bright contrast to Europe; but China proper, the eighteen provinces, is the supreme example of the principle.

China, though herself a continent in area, has reached our ideal of coterminous race and nationality. China has no undigested Irish, Germans, blacks, or Jews. Like fossils that tell the geologic story, she has only a few picturesque traces of aborigines, Hakkas, Lolos, and wild mountaineers in Yunnan. In India the Black Jews of Malabar are still Jews. The Jews of China are Chinese. Through war after war, through centuries of wise administration, by the Chinese genius for combination, and by the art of the schoolmaster, she has made into one people all her tribes and nations. "The Han dynasty, B.C. 206, maintained nationalism against feudalism by the justice of its rule." Fur-clad trappers of the Yenesei head waters, rude mountaineers of the Chinese Himalayas, hardy sailors that brave the typhoons of the Southern seas, nomad herdsmen of the Northern plains, rice-planters and monkey-hunters of the tropic South, lumbermen of Yunnan, students of Ningpo, silk-weavers of Soochow—all are Chinese, believers in the philosophy of Confucius, reverent of age and learning, and schooled in that filial piety which is the foundation of China's social system. Yet they are still various in character and habits. A Chinese proverb says that customs change every ten miles.

Japan also achieved unity three hundred years ago; but China's unity has no parallel on a great scale except the glorious unity of these United States.

Despite recurrent famines and wars, China, alternately conquered and conquering, has maintained in each of many centuries an empire that might well be regarded as the greatest of its time. Even so late as the eighteenth century, when the statesman Kien Lung was emperor, and the muttonhead George III was our king, China was richer and more formidable than any other state. Siam, Ryu Kyu, and Korea were friendly and sent her tribute. Tropic Burma, rugged Nepal, and the chilly deserts of Turkestan heard the imperial thunder of her war-drums. Her three hundred millions of industrious and orderly people were free from opium and free from drunkenness, a paradisaic state to Europeans inconceivable. The splendor of this empire has faded, but the intrinsic unity of the

people, despite all temporary discords, is still unbroken.

Some contend that by the Shan-tung award China loses nothing; that one of her provinces merely changes masters. The intrusion of the Germans, French, and English never drove the Chinese to despair. The Chinese knew them to be an ephemeral evil. Europe's brief day, indeed, may be already drawing to an end in a blood-red sunset. The Japanese, however, once planted in Shan-tung, are there forever. As Ulster is to Ireland, so will Shan-tung be to China; but where Ulster has tens of thousands, Shan-tung has millions.

Partitioned between France and England, each half of China might grow rich with railroads and factories, and then, with explosive force, the two nations would join, and the aliens would disappear. The importing, however, into China of Japanese, prolific, multitudinous, near at hand, means centuries of a new continental race war, another age-long struggle, the repetition on a giant scale of Norman against Saxon, French against Germans, Spanish against Dutch, Christian against Moor. It means the destruction of the unity of the Chinese and the downfall of the race, which is to-day perilously weakened by our having battered, poisoned, and undermined it for eighty years with every weapon of war and peace, with smugglers, diplomatists, and artillery, with opium and morphine.

The young men of America carried our flag to a splendid victory. The old men of Paris bemired it in diplomacy. Four men in Paris, in the intervals between their more serious labors, pronounced the doom of the Chinese millions and of Chinese millions yet unborn. They plant with care the seeds, the dragon's teeth, of new war, eternal war. We went to war to set men free. These men enslave three hundred millions.

The old men of Paris, weary with a lifelong struggle for place, hardened by human suffering, by frequent disillusionment, their consciences seared by the habitual practice of diplomacy, have taught us new views.

One fifth of mankind, with blood and patience, has already lifted itself in its slow progress upward above the degrading afflictions of race conflict. Compared with the statesman who now plants in that nation a new race conflict, the distributor of typhus germs is a philanthropist.

The dissolution of the democracy of the East has been planned for many years, and was plotted with precision before the outbreak of the Great War. The crime of Paris is the latest in a long series of offenses. China is weak, unarmed, and backward in the use of modern machinery. This is the fruit of a process begun by England eighty years ago, in which we have all shared; in which the Romanoffs took the place of head devil, and in which Japan has now become the directing force.

The progressive partition of China went slowly because of the wealth at stake. It was sufficiently obvious that whatever outsider could annex China could rule the world. Russia hoped to get all of China for herself, but England, France, and Germany could not agree to that, nor with one another. The survivors are at last ready to agree.

Europe got the drop, to use the language of highwaymen, on China, through the happy chance of stumbling on steam. That led to modern arms and to the means, still diverted by statesmen to other uses, to better the lot of all men. With our modern weapons we forced opium on China and poisoned her people. The Japanese continue the practice with morphine. No modern improvement is neglected.

We throttled Chinese patriots somewhat as if we had interfered in behalf of the Duke of Alva against the Dutch; we caused civil wars to be prolonged, and cut down the strength of China with famine, sword, and disease. We crippled her finances, and imposed our own tariffs. Corruption follows impoverishment. It is not centuries since that an English king was in the pay of France. The Romanoffs, experts in corruption, bought influence all the way up to the throne. They fomented the Boxer War. To-day we take from every coolie in China some of his salt and rice to pay for this Romanoff crime. The Japanese have inherited the place of the

Romanoffs as purchasers of power and creators of disorder.

The Japanese know how to make medicine of their great revenges. We cannot grudge them their secret rapture when they lay the whip across the Chinese back and know that each lash has a sting in it for arrogant America. For our abject submissiveness to Japan we have ourselves to blame. Our moneyed men, with that unerring instinct for making political blunders that has always marked the breed, sent Perry to tear open the door of peaceful, cloistered Japan, and now she must arm herself; and some of us will be stepped on before she is done with it.

Japan's history shows that she has heretofore been led toward conquest, and has heretofore deliberately turned away from it. By the light of that history we may learn how Japan may be persuaded again toward peace. The Japanese, now the terror of the East, have been lovers of peace. In former times Japan sought conquest only to ward off conquerors. It is true that the soldier who brought unity to Japan laid plans for world-wide war. He said in 1577: "China, Korea, and Japan will be one. I shall do it all as easily as a man rolls up a piece of matting and carries it under his arm." In 1587 he said, "Invading the country of the great Ming, I will fill with the hoar-frost from my sword the whole sky over the four hundred provinces." To the viceroy of the Philippines he sent a message commanding him to leave the islands.

But after him came Ieyasu, the great shogun, whose sacred ashes have lain for three hundred years under the solemn cryptomerias of Nikko. Like Washington, he had clearness of vision, freedom from prejudice, freedom from old ideas. He had notable powers of observation, reflection, and action. A man of less originality would have pursued the enticing path of conquest marked out by Hideyoshi. Japan would have made good the boasts of Hideyoshi and conquered China, then passing through one of her paroxysms of disorder and helplessness. Seeking all information, the shogun sent a secret envoy to Europe. The Europe of 1600 was a dove-cote to the Europe of 1919. Yet the envoy's report filled him with horror. Thereupon, Japan, under his guidance, made her marvelous decision to turn away from all foreign adventure either of commerce or war, to hold no intercourse with Europe, to pursue the arts of peace, and to devote her energy to the welfare of her own people.

We have had our Washington and Jefferson, who have warned us against the politics of Europe as the source of all evil. After a hundred years we have forgotten them; after three hundred years the Japanese have forgotten their great shogun.

We have been taught to detest ambitious conquerors, who add land to land, make slaves of free men, and rob nations of their riches. We cannot withhold, then, our admiration of the great Japanese pacifist, the statesman, who resolved on a perpetual policy of non-interference. He gave his people solemn injunctions against ambition, and "employed scholars in constructing a solid framework of peace."

Two hundred and sixteen years of peace is a boon that neither God nor statesmen ever granted to any great modern nation but Japan. If the lesser Tokugawas, rulers at Yedo after Ieyasu, had followed his example, they could have enjoyed the peace he created, and at the same time, in their seclusion, could have moved forward step by step in the use of engines and steam and steel as fast as England, and been safe.

Before our Great War, Western nations had begun to prosper through the use of the scientific spirit, love of truth, and knowledge for its own sake. But to-day among us the scientific spirit is dead. Free research and the uncensored distribution of knowledge are no more. The lesser Tokugawas were like the small, modern Metternichs that now try to blind our souls. The Tokugawas made no error in continuing to exclude Europeans, but they made the fatal error of excluding knowledge. They saved about two hundred dollars a year by not even hiring people to read the books that came once a year to Desima. Perry's invasion and Japan's humiliating subjection to the powers were the retribution for this neglect, falling on

them with the suddenness and horror of a thunderbolt from the blue sky.

By another of those swift, decisive, and complete changes of policy of which Japan alone seems capable, she changed the very foundations of her society, held fast to what she treasured of the old, and acquired quickly all the virtues and some of the vices of Europe. She has not only made herself one of the great powers, but she seems to have determined to become a great conqueror, fattening on vassal nations. If she pursues this course, we may be sure that, with her fine Japanese hand, she will from time to time form all the combinations necessary, and with her military skill will win, and win cheaply, all the necessary battles. She has proceeded one by one against her enemies, and one by one, the nearest first, they have fallen in ruins, all the way from Fusan to Strasburg. If she does not again become pacifist, the process of toppling over empires that trampled on her when she was weak may not stop at Strasburg.

She plays in steady good luck, because She plays in steady good luck, because now she uses every weapon, and despises no knowledge, high or low. She studies the character of our elder statesmen, from Washington to Wilson, and of our younger patriots, from Nathan Hale to Hard-Boiled Smith. She knows how to set Kodama against Kuropatkin, Togo against Rojestvensky, Ishii against Lansing, and Saionji against Wilson.

The solution does not lie in compressing a great race within narrow islands. Nor does the solution lie in helping them to enslave another great race, and to lift themselves, at the expense of a groaning world, into the possession of an empire like Great Britain or Russia.

The Romanoff Empire was a disease; the British Empire is an accident. Such empires carry in their hearts the seeds of ruin. Such empires are of evil example. The welfare of the world lies in Japan's turning away from following after them.

The remedy lies in persuading Japan to direct her energies towards eastern Siberia. Eastern Siberia is at this moment such a desert, in many respects, as was our famous "Great American Desert." China is like a rich thickly inhabited plain. Japan is like an overflowing mountain lake, ready to burst in an irresistible, destructive torrent over the rich inhabited plain. If the flood can be diverted and directed to the desert, peace and prosperity will follow. I pray that those who are of my way of thinking as to Russian policy will not oppose this remedy.

Fear and hatred of the Romanoffs has been with many of us all our days. We look with horror on Koltchak and Sazonoff. We deplore the temptations that led our Government to send men or munitions into Russia and Siberia. We regret, however, that some who are of our way of thinking in this regard have expressed the fear that the acquisition of land in eastern Siberia by Japan is a dismemberment of Russia and an interference in her affairs.

Eastern Siberia is no more a part of Russia than the Philippines are a part of our States. Russia's title to eastern Siberia, including Transbaikalia, Kamchatka, and those provinces which make the basins of the Amur and Sungari, is purely technical. Some of this land the czar got by bribery and coercion; other regions by the sending of an explorer with a flag to claim them. With all its wealth of minerals, forests, farm-land, and fisheries, the czar has never effectively used this territory. There has been but little effective settlement except in such towns as Vladivostok and the railway towns. After all these years, the population is only four times as dense as that of the Sahara. A traveler in the air will see only four times as many people in eastern Siberia as he sees when he crosses the Sahara. Most of the inhabitants are Japanese, Koreans, Chinese, Mongols, and Buriats. Most of the immigrants are of the adventurous sort that could get along just as well with Japanese settlers as they ever did with the czar. The czar used to keep down Mongolian immigration by a sort of periodical pogrom. Such acts forfeit title.

Our true course, our only honest course, is to propose that France, England, America, and Japan withdraw all coercion from China, and that she be

left free to develop as she pleases her commerce and her manufactures. The Chinese are, as everybody knows, the most enterprising, the most honorable, and the cleverest of merchants. We can safely leave it to them to decide whether they will use junks or steamboats. We no longer would need to choose between Mr. John Hay's policy of the open door, on the other side of which we always found a smiling Japanese, firmly seated, and Mr. Wilson's policy of the open purse, never open to China, but always open to anybody who would assure us that he could never pay.

It has always been as clear as a map that eastern Siberia is the "manifest destiny" of Japan. Similarly, it was clear to people of so diverse minds as Jefferson and Hamilton that the Mississippi Valley was marked out by nature as the manifest destiny of our own United States. Even if we had not found a happy chance for the Louisiana Purchase, no technical titles, no modest colonies like New Orleans and St. Louis, no weapons, and no diplomacy, could ever have kept our people from moving westward. So, also, when our people felt a desire actually to colonize Colorado and California, we could not be kept out by any technical claims in favor of a far-away political power—claims founded on discovery and military occupation, and not supported by civilization's use.

The time has gone by when bureaucrats, wrapped in red-tape, could sit behind their desks in Petrograd or London and dictate from motives of petty official profit that continental areas shall remain white upon the map, to the perpetuation of the misery of contiguous sweltering millions. Saghalin, an island bigger than two Denmarks, was kept for a convict settlement to please some small official speculator.

It ought to have been Japanese always. Japanese soldiers doubtless secretly occupy it to-day. I hope they do. Under the czar the north half of Saghalin was the worst place on earth. Under the Japanese it will support people of a high civilization and will produce wealth.

We have lately noticed how uneasy Italy is about the opposite shores of the Adriatic. It is absurd to ask a great modern power like Japan to be contented while the opposite shores of her narrow seas lie empty, waiting to be fortified by some hostile power. It is in the course of nature for the Sea of Okhotsk and the Sea of Japan to be Japanese lakes.

When swarming multitudes are waiting in Japan to enter on rich, vacant lands, an artificial policy of holding those lands idle in the hope that immigrants from Europe will at some remote period travel five thousand miles, over hundreds of miles of empty land, to settle on the shores of Okhotsk is a policy that cannot prosper.

Unimaginable evils come from the setting up of technical claims against the natural movements of the human race. Natural justice requires a bargain by which all of us intruders shall withdraw our guards and soldiers from China, and let the Japanese into eastern Siberia. Such a bargain can be made attractive to such investors, speculators, and bond-holders as have interests, or think they have, in China or Japan or eastern Siberia. Political objections could be easily handled. It is not unlikely that Japan would gladly give up her dreams of conquest and enter on an entirely new policy of colonization, like that which built up America.

Kamchatka and the southern parts of eastern Siberia are big enough and rich enough to support by themselves a power of the first class.

The Chinese, to save their great inheritance, the eighteen provinces, and their immediate dependencies, would gladly consent to see Japan in permanent possession of all the shores of the Japanese seas and of the lands that abut on those seas.

Even if the czar's title to eastern Siberia were such as to deserve consideration, and even if there was a population in eastern Siberia comparable to the French that were sold to us in the Louisiana Purchase, and even if a transfer of eastern Siberia involved an infraction of political principle, the transfer would be a small offense.

At the cost of temporary annoyance

to a few it would create permanent benefits and security and peace for multitudes, like the numerous small, frequently salutary, crimes, by which we effected the expansion of the United States.

If Mr. Wilson were to commission me to write, for use in schools, a new Machiavelli, the first sentence would be, "Never commit for temporary profit any crime of permanent evil effect." Of two crimes, choose the little one.

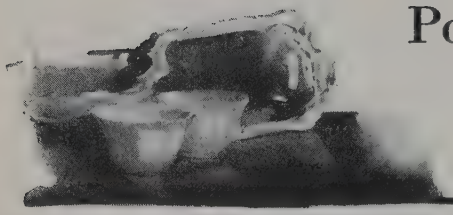
It is a golden moment to induce France and England to give up their Chinese spheres of influence. Mr. Lansing even says that Mr. Balfour said that England is opposed to spheres of influence.

Negotiations might be slightly embarrassed by the fact that Russian revolutionists in eastern Siberia are now the subject of punitive expeditions by Japanese generals, and that the prestige of America in the far East during the last few weeks has become about equivalent to that of the hairy Aino. It is the duty of rulers to overcome difficulties or circumvent them, and not, at the first hint of opposition, to take cover in the shelter of some great crime.

European dominion of Asian peoples has here and there been beneficent. The French diverted the King of Annam from boiling his wives for lunch, and the English stopped King Thebaw from roasting his wives in curry; but there is grave doubt as to whether Burma is better off than it was.

In the nineteenth century we called ourselves Caucasians, and talked about the white man's burden, and firmly pretended to believe that everybody would be improved by accepting our rulership. One of the many benefits resulting from the Great War and our great victory is that we have learned modesty. We have learned that we are not able to put our own houses in order, and that most of us are savages without even a veneer of morals. No Frenchman or Englishman any longer pretends that it will be for the benefit of any other human being to be ruled over by him any more than by Sir John Hawkins or Leopold II. If he now plans for conquest and mandatories, he says frankly it is because he needs the money.

In the nineteenth century we devised the partition of China, pretending that it was in the interest of progress. We now doubt whether peace or progress will ever again be our portion. Our highest ambition should be, the highest achievement of our statesmanship would be, to leave eastern Asia as happy as it was before it knew us. Our brightest Oriental dream should be of Japan and China, expanding each into its own vacant spaces, and growing rich as peaceably as the United States and Canada.



Porcelain Cups

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Illustrations by Leslie L. Benson

"'Oho, you virtuous pretty ladies! What all you value is such matters as those cups'"

"OH, but they are beyond all praise," said Cynthia Allonby, enraptured, "and certainly you should have presented them to the queen."

"Her Majesty already possesses a cup of that ware," replied Lord Pevensey. "It was one of her New Year's gifts from Robert Cecil. Hers is, I believe, not quite so fine as either of yours; but, then, they tell me, there is not the like of this pair in England, nor indeed on the hither side of Cataia."

He set the two pieces of Chinese pottery upon the shelves in the south corner of the room. These cups were of that sea-green tint called celadon, with a very wonderful glow and radiance. Such oddities were the last vogue at court in this year of grace 1593, and Cynthia could not but speculate as to what monstrous sum Lord Pevensey had paid for this, his latest gift to her.

Now he turned, smiling, a really superb creature in his blue and gold.

"I had to-day another message from the queen."

"George," Cynthia said, with fond concern, "it frightens me to see you thus foolhardy in tempting alike the queen's anger and the plague."

"Eh, as goes the plague, it spares nine out of ten," he answered lightly. "The queen, I grant you, is another pair of sleeves, for an irritated Tudor spares nobody."

But Cynthia Allonby kept silence and did not exactly smile while she appraised her famous young kinsman. She was flattered by, and a little afraid of, the gay self-confidence which led anybody to take such chances. Two weeks ago it was that the painted, terrible old queen had named Lord Pevensey to go straightway into France, where, rumor had it, King Henry was preparing to renounce the reformed religion and making his peace with the pope; and for two weeks Pevensey had lingered, on one pretense or another, at his house in London, with the plague creeping about the city like an invisible, incalculable flame, and the queen asking questions at Windsor. Every day Pevensey came to the Marquis of Falmouth's lodging at Deptford, and every day Lord Pevensey pointed out to the marquis's daughter that Pevensey did not intend to go into France, for nobody could foretell how long a stay, as a bachelor. Certainly it was all very flattering.

"Yes, and you would be an excellent match," said Cynthia, aloud, "if that were all. And yet, what must I reasonably expect in marrying, sir, the famous Earl of Pevensey?"

"A great deal of love and petting, my dear. And if there were anything else to which you had a fancy, I would get it for you."

Her glance went to those lovely cups and lingered fondly.

"Yes, dear Master Generosity, if it could be purchased or manufactured, you would get it for me."

"If it exists, I will get it for you," he declared.

"I think that it exists, but I am not learned enough to know what it is. George, if I married you, I would have money and fine clothes and soft hours, and many lackeys to wait on me, and honor from all men. And you would be kind to me, I know, when you re-

turned from the day's work at Windsor or Holyrood or the Louvre. But do you not see that I would always be to you only a rather costly luxury, like those cups, which the queen's minister could afford to keep for his hours of leisure?"

He answered:

"You are all in all to me. You know it. Oh, very well do you know and abuse your power, you adorable and lovely baggage, who have kept me dancing attendance for a fortnight without ever giving me an honest yes or no. Yet I may no longer shirk the queen's business; no, not even to amuse you, my dear."

"You said you had heard from her—again?"

"I had this morning my orders, under Gloriana's own fair hand, either to depart to-morrow into France or else to come to-morrow to Windsor. I need not say that in the circumstances I consider France the more wholesome."

Now the girl's voice was hurt and wistful.

"So for the thousandth time is it proven the queen's business means more to you than I do. Yes, certainly it is just as I said, George."

He observed, unruffled:

"My dear, I scent unreason. This is a high matter. If the French King compounds with Rome, it means war for Protestant England. Even you must see that."

She replied sadly:

"Yes, even I! Oh, certainly, my Lord, even a half-witted child of seventeen can perceive as much as that."

"I was not speaking of half-witted persons, as I remember. Well, it chances that I am honored by the friendship of our gallant Béarnais, and am supposed to have some claim upon him, thanks to my good fortune last year in saving his life from the assassin Barrière. It chances that I may perhaps become, under Providence, the instrument of preserving my fellow-countrymen from much grief and trumpet-sounding and throat-cutting. Instead of pursuing that chance two weeks ago as was my duty, I have dangled at your apron-strings in the vain hope of softening the most variable and hardest heart in the world. Now, clearly, I have not the right to do that any longer."

She admired the ennobled, the slightly rapt look which, she knew, denoted that George Bulmer was doing his duty as he saw it, even in her disappointment.

"No, you have not the right. You are wedded to your statecraft, to your patriotism, to your self-advancement, or christen it what you will. You are wedded, at all events, to your man's business. You have not the time for such trifles as giving a maid that foolish and lovely sort of wooing to which every maid looks forward in her heart of hearts. Indeed, for you to take a wife at all would be a kind of infidelity. Why, do you not see, George, even now, that the woman you marry will always come second to your real love?"

"In my heart, dear sophist, you will always come first. But it is not permitted that any loyal gentleman devote every hour of his life to sighing and making sonnets, and to the general solacing of a maid's loneliness in this dull little Deptford. Nor would you, I am sure, desire me to do so."

"I hardly know what I desire," she told him, ruefully. "But I know that when you talk of your man's busness, I am lonely and chilled and far away from you. And I know that I cannot understand more than half your fine, high notions about duty and patriotism and serving England and so on," the girl declared, and she flung wide her lovely little hands in a despairing gesture. "I admire you, sir, when you talk of England. It makes you handsomer—yes, even handsomer—somehow. But all the while I am remembering that England is just an ordinary island inhabitate by a number of ordinary persons, for the most of whom I have no particular feeling one way or the other."

Pevensey looked at her for a while with queer tenderness. Then he smiled.

"No, I could not quite make you understand, my dear. But, ah, why fuddle that quaint little brain by trying to understand such matters as lie without your realm? For a woman's kingdom is the home, my dear, and her throne is in the heart of her husband."

" 'I admire you, sir, when you talk of England' "

"All this is but another way of saying your lordship would have us cups upon a shelf," she pointed out, "in readiness for your leisure."

He shrugged, said "Nonsense!" and began more lightly to talk of other matters. Thus and thus he would do in France, such and such trinkets he would fetch back, "as toys for the most whimsical, the loveliest, and the most obstinate child in all the world," he phrazed it. And they would be married, Pevensey declared, in September; nor, he gaily said, did he propose to have any further argument about it. Children should be seen—the proverb was dusty, but it particularly applied to pretty children.

Cynthia let him talk. She was just a little afraid of his self-confidence, and of this tall nobleman's habit of getting what he wanted in the end; but she dispiritedly felt that Pevensey had failed her. He treated her as a silly infant, and his want of her even in that capacity was a secondary matter; he was going into France, for all his petting talk, and was leaving her to shift as she best might until he could spare the time to resume his love-making.

Now, when Pevensey had gone, the room seemed darkened by the withdrawal of so much magnificence. Cynthia watched from the window as the tall earl rode away with three handsomely clad retainers. The sunset turned the dust raised by their horses' hoofs into a sort of golden haze. Yes, George was very fine and admirable; no doubt of it: even so, there was relief in the reflection that for a month or two she was rid of him.

Turning, she faced a lean, disheveled man, who stood by the Magdalen tapestry scratching his chin. He had unquiet, bright eyes, this out-at-elbows poet whom a marquis's daughter was pleased to patronize, and his red hair to-day was unpardonably touzled. Nor were his manners beyond reproach, for now, without saying anything, he, too, went to the window. He dragged one foot a little as he walked.

"So my Lord Pevensey departs!" he said. "Oho! and hark to Deptford! Now all the oafs in the corn-market are cheering this bulwark of Protestant England, this rising young hero of a people with no nonsense about them."

"And Master Marlowe is pleased to return, after a five-days' round of taverns and bad women! Oh, but I have heard tales of you!" And Cynthia raised a reproving forefinger.

"True tales, no doubt." He shrugged, then sprawled in the high leather-covered chair which Pevensey had just vacated. "Lacking the moon he vainly cried for, the child learns to content himself with a penny whistle."

"Ah, but," the girl said, smiling, "the moon is very far away, too far to hear the sound of human crying; and besides, as I remember it, the moon was never a very amorous goddess."

"Just so," he answered. "Also she was called Cynthia, and she, too, was beautiful."

"Yet is it the heart that cries to me, my poet," she asked him softly, "or just the lips?"

"Oh, both of them, most beautiful and inaccessible of goddesses." Then Marlowe leaned toward her, laughing, and shaking that disreputable red head. "Still, you are very foolish in your latest incarnation to be wasting your rays upon carpet earls who will not outwear a century. Were modesty not my failing, I could name somebody who will last longer. Yes, and, if but I lacked that plaguy virtue, I would advise you to go a gipsying with that nameless somebody, so that two manikins might snatch their little share of the big things that are eternal, just as the butterfly fares intrepidly and joyously, with the sun for his torch-boy, through a universe wherein thought cannot estimate the unimportance of a butterfly, and wherein not even the chaste moon is very important. Yes, certainly I would advise you to have done with this vanity of courts and masques, of satins and fans and fiddles, this dallying with tinsels and bright vapors; and very movingly I would exhort you to seek out Arcadia, traveling hand in hand with that still nameless somebody—" And of a sudden Kit Marlowe began to sing:

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove

That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

"And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

But the girl shook her small, wise head, decisively.

"That is all very fine, but, as it happens, there is no such place as this Arcadia, where people can frolic in perpetual sunlight the year round and find their food and clothing miraculously provided. No, nor can you, I am afraid, give me what all maids really, in their heart of hearts, desire far more than any sugar-candy Arcadia. Oh, as I have so often told you, Kit, I think you love no woman. You love words. And your seraglio is tenanted by very beautiful words, I grant you, though there is no longer any Sestos builded of agate and crystal, either, Kit Marlowe. For, as you may perceive, sir, I have read all that lovely poem you left with me last Thursday."

She saw how interested he was, saw how he almost smirked.

"Aha, so you think it not quite bad, eh, the conclusion of my 'Hero and Leander'?"

"It is your best. And your middlemost, my poet, is better than aught else in English," she said politely, and knowing how much he delighted to hear such remarks.

"Come, I retract my charge of foolishness, for you are plainly a wench of rare discrimination. And yet you say I do not love you! Cynthia, you are beautiful, you are perfect in all things. You are that heavenly Helen of whom I wrote, some persons say, acceptably enough. How strange it was I did not know that Helen was dark-haired and pale! For certainly yours is that immortal loveliness which must be served by poets in life and death."

"And I wonder how much of these ardors," she thought, "is kindled by my praise of his verses?" She bit her lip, and she regarded him with a hint of sadness. She said, aloud:

"But I did not, after all, speak to Lord Pevensey concerning the printing of your poem. Instead, I burned your 'Hero and Leander,' Kit Marlowe."

She saw him jump as under a whiplash. Then he smiled again in that wry fashion of his.

"I lament the loss to letters, for it was my only copy. Hoh, and for what reason did you burn it, may one ask?"

"I thought you loved it more than you loved me. It was my rival, I thought." The girl was aware of remorse, and yet it was remorse commingled with a mounting joy.

"And so you thought a jingle scribbled upon a bit of paper could be your rival with me!"

Then Cynthia no longer doubted, but gave a joyous little sobbing laugh, for the love of her disreputable dear poet was sustaining the stringent testing she had devised. She touched his freckled hand caressingly, and her face was as no man had ever seen it; and her voice, too, caressed him.

"Ah, you have made me the happiest of women, Kit! Kit, I am almost disappointed in you, though, that you do not grieve more for the loss of that beautiful poem."

His smiling did not waver, yet he stayed motionless.

"Do I appear perturbed?" he said. "Why, but see how lightly I take the destruction of my life-work in this my masterpiece! For I can assure you it was a masterpiece, the fruit of two years' toil and much loving repolishment."

"Ah, but you love me better than such matters, do you not?" she asked him, tenderly. "Kit Marlowe, I adore you. Sweetheart, do you not understand that a woman wants to be loved utterly and entirely? She wants no rivals, not even paper rivals. And so often when you talked of poetry I have felt lonely and chilled and far away from you, and I have been half-envious, dear, of your *Heros* and your *Helens* and your other good-for-nothing Greek minxes. But now I do not mind them at all. And I will make amends, quite prodigal amends, for my naughty jealousy; and my poet shall write me some more lovely poems, so he shall."

He said:

"You fool!"

"'Oh, oh,' said Marlowe, 'that ever a poet should love a woman!'"

And she drew away from him, for this man was no longer smiling.

"You burned my 'Hero and Leander'! You, you big-eyed fool! You lisping idiot! You wriggling, cuddling worm! You silken bag of food, had not even you the wit to perceive it was immortal beauty which would have lived long after you and I were dirt? And you, a half-witted animal, a shining, chattering parrot, lay claws to it!" Marlowe had risen in a sort of seizure, in a condition which was really quite unreasonable when one considered that only a poem was at stake, even a rather long poem.

And Cynthia began to smile, with tremulous, hurt-looking young lips.

"So my poet's love is very much the same as Pevensey's love! And I was right, after all."

"Oh, oh," said Marlowe, "that ever a poet should love a woman! What jokes does the lewd flesh contrive!" Of a sudden he was calmer, and then rage fell from him like a dropped cloak, and he viewed her as with respectful wonder. "Why, but you sitting there, with goggling, innocent, bright eyes, are an allegory of all that is most droll and tragic. Yes, and indeed there is no reason to blame you. It is not your fault that every now and then is born a man who serves an idea which is to him the most important thing in the world. It is not your fault that this man perforce inhabits a body to which the most important thing in the world is a woman. Certainly it is not your fault that this compost makes yet another jumble of his two desires, and persuades himself that the two are somehow allied. The woman inspires, the woman uplifts, the woman strengthens him for his high work, saith he! Well, well, perhaps there are such women, but by land and sea I have encountered none of them."

All this was said while Marlowe shuffled about the room, with bent shoulders, and nodding his touzled, red head, and limping as he walked Now Marlowe turned, futile and lean and shabby-looking, just where Pevensey had loomed resplendent a while since. Again she saw the poet's queer, twisted, jeering smile.

"What do you care for my ideals, what do you care for the ideals of that tall earl whom you have held from his proper business for a fortnight or for the ideals of any man alive? Why, not one thread of that dark hair, not one snap of those white, little fingers, except when ideals irritate you by distracting a man's attention from Cynthia Allonby. Otherwise, he is welcome enough to play with his incomprehensible toys."

He jerked a thumb toward the shelves behind him.

"Oho, you virtuous pretty ladies! What all you value is such matters as those cups. They please the eye, they are worth sound money, and people envy you the possession of them. So you cherish your shiny mud cups, and you burn my *'Hero and Leander';* and I declaim all this dull nonsense over the ashes of my ruined dreams, thinking at the bottom of how pretty you are and of how much I would like to kiss you. That is the real tragedy, the immemorial tragedy, that I should still hanker after you, my Cynthia."

His voice dwelt tenderly upon her name. His fever-haunted eyes were tender, too, for just a moment. Then he grimaced.

"No, I am wrong; the tragedy strikes deeper. The root of it is that there is in you and in all your glittering kind no malice, no will to do harm or to hurt anything, but just a bland and invincible and, upon the whole, a well-meaning stupidity, informing a bright and soft and delicately scented animal. So you work ruin among those men who serve ideals, not foreplanning ruin, not desiring to ruin anything, not even having sufficient wit to perceive the ruin when it is accomplished. You are, when all is done, not even detestable, not even a worthy peg whereon to hang denunciatory sonnets, you shallow-pated pretty creatures whom poets—oh, and in youth all men are poets!—whom poets now and always are doomed to hanker after, to the detriment of their poesy. No, I concede it; you kill without premeditation, and without ever suspecting your hands to be anything but stainless. So in logic I should retract all my harsh words, and I must, without any hint of reproach, endeavor

to bid you a somewhat more civil farewell."

She had regarded him throughout this preposterous and uncalled-for harangue with sad composure, with a forgiving pity. Now she asked him, very quietly:

"Where are you going, Kit?"

"To the Golden Hind, O gentle, patient, and unjustly persecuted virgin martyr," he answered, with an exaggerated bow, "since that is the part in which you now elect to posture."

"Not to that low, vile place again!"

"But certainly I intend in that tavern to get tipsy as quickly as possible; for then the first woman I see will for the time become the woman whom I desire, and who exists nowhere." And with that the red-haired man departed, limping and singing as he went to look for a trull in a pot-house.

Sang Marlowe:

"And I will make her beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

"A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold."

She sat quite still when Marlowe had gone.

"He will get drunk again," she thought despondently. "Well, and why should it matter to me if he does, after all that outrageous ranting? He has been unforgivably insulting. Oh, but none the less, I do not want to have him babbling of the roses and gold of that impossible fairy world, which the poor frantic child really believes in, to some painted woman of the town who will laugh at him. I loathe the thought of her laughing at him—and kissing him! His notions are wild foolishness; but I at least wish that they were not foolishness, and that hateful woman will not care one way or the other."

So Cynthia sighed, and to comfort her forlorn condition fetched a hand-mirror from the shelves whereon glowed her green cups. She touched each cup caressingly in passing, and that which she found in the mirror, too, she regarded not unappreciatively from varying angles. Yes, after all, dark hair and a pale skin had their advantages at a court where pink-and-yellow women were so much the fashion as to be common. Men remembered you more distinctively, though nobody cared for men, in view of their unreasonable behavior and their absolute self-centeredness. Oh, it was pitiable, it was grotesque, she reflected sadly, how Pevensey and Kit Marlowe had both failed her after so many pretty speeches!

Still, there was a queer pleasure in being wooed by Kit; his insane notions went to one's head like wine. She would send Meg for him again to-morrow. And Pevensey was, of course, the best match imaginable. No, it would be too heartless to dismiss George Bulmer outright. It was unreasonable of him to desert her because a Gascon threatened to go to mass; but, after all, she would probably marry George in the end. He was really almost unendurably silly, though, about England and feedom and religion and right and wrong and things like that. Yes, it would be tedious to have a husband who often talked to you as though he were addressing a public meeting. However, he was very handsome, particularly in his high-flown and most tedious moments; and her dear old father would be profoundly delighted by the marriage of his daughter to a man whose wife could have at will a dozen caledon cups and anything else she chose to ask for.

But now the sun had set, and the room was growing quite dark. So Cynthia replaced the mirror upon the shelves, propping it upright with those wonderful green cups, which had anew reminded her of Pevensey's wealth and generosity.

THE door opened. Stalwart young Captain Edward Musgrave came with a lighted candle, which he placed carefully upon the table in the room's center. He said:

"They told me you were here. I come from London. I bring news for you."

"You bring no pleasant tidings, I fear."

"As Lord Pevensey rode through the

Strand this afternoon, on his way home, the plague smote him. That is my sad news. I grieve to bring such news, for your cousin was a worthy gentleman and universally respected."

"Ah," Cynthia said very quietly, "so Pevensey is dead. But the plague kills quickly."

"Yes, yes, that is a comfort, certainly. Yes, he turned quite black in the face, they report, and before his men could reach him had fallen from his horse. It was all over almost instantly. I saw him afterward, hardly a pleasant sight. I came to you as soon as I could. I was vexatiously detained."

"So George Bulmer is dead in a London gutter! It seems strange, because he was here, befriended by monarchs, and very strong and handsome and self-confident, hardly two hours ago. Is that his blood upon your sleeve?"

"But of course not. I told you I was vexatiously detained, almost at your gates. Yes, I had the ill luck to blunder into a disgusting business. The two rapscallions tumbled out of a doorway under my horse's very nose, egad! It was a near thing I did not ride them down. So I stopped, naturally. Afterward I regretted stopping, for I was too late to be of help. It was at the Golden Hind, of course. Something really ought to be done about that place. Yes, and that rogue Marler bled all over a new doublet, as you see. And the Deptford constables held me, with their foolish interrogatories—"

"So one of the fighting men was named Marlowe? Is he dead, too, dead in another gutter?"

"Marlowe or Marler, or something of the sort, wrote plays and sonnets and such stuff, they tell me. I do not know anything about him, though, I give you my word now, those greasy constables treated me as though I were a noted frequenter of pot-houses. That sort of thing is most annoying. At all events, he was drunk as David's sow, and squabbling over, saving your presence, a woman of the sort one looks to find in that hole. And so, as I was saying, this other rascal dug a knife into him."

But now, to Captain Musgrave's discomfort, Cynthia Allonby had begun to weep heartbrokenly.

So he cleared his throat, and he patted the back of her hand.

"It is a great shock to you, naturally, oh, most naturally, and does you infinite credit. But come now, Pevensey is gone, as we must all go some day, and our tears cannot bring him back, my dear. We can but hope he is better off, poor fellow, and look on it as a mysterious dispensation and that sort of thing, my dear."

"O Ned, but people are so cruel! People will be saying that it was I who kept poor Cousin George in London this past two weeks, and that but for me he would have been in France long ago! And then the queen, Ned! Why, that pig-headed old woman will be blaming it on me that there is nobody to prevent that detestable French King from turning Catholic and dragging England into new wars, and I shall not be able to go to any of the court dances! Nor to the masques," sobbed Cynthia, "nor anywhere!"

"Now you talk tender-hearted and angelic nonsense. It is noble of you to feel that way, of course; but Pevensey did not take proper care of himself, and that is all there is to it. Now, I have remained in London since the plague's outbreak. I stayed with my regiment, naturally. We have had a few deaths, of course; people die everywhere. But the plague has never bothered me. And why has it never bothered me? Simply because I was sensible, took the pains to consult an astrologer, and by his advice wear about my neck night and day a bag of dried toad's blood and powdered cinnamon. It is an infallible specific for men born in February. No, not for a moment do I wish to speak harshly of the dead, but sensible persons cannot but consider Lord Pevensey's death to have been caused by his own carelessness."

"Now certainly that is true," the girl said, brightening. "It was really his own carelessness and his dear lovable rashness. And somebody could explain it to the queen. Besides, I often think that wars are good for the public spirit of a nation and bring out its true manhood. But, then, it upset me, too, a little, Ned, to hear about this Marlowe, for I must tell you that I knew the poor

man very slightly. So I happen to know that to-day he flung off in a rage, and began drinking, because somebody, almost by pure accident, had burned a packet of his verses."

Thereupon Captain Musgrave raised heavy eyebrows, and guffawed so heartily that the candle flickered.

"To think of the fellow's putting it on that plea, when he could so easily have written some more verses! That is the trouble with these poets, if you ask me; they are not practical even in their ordinary every-day lying. No, no, the truth of it was that the rogue wanted a pretext for making a beast of himself, and seized the first that came to hand. It is a daily practice with these poets. They hardly draw a sober breath. Everybody knows that."

Cynthia was looking at him in the half-lit room with very flattering admiration. Seen thus, with her scarlet lips a little parted, disclosing pearls, and with her naïve, dark eyes aglow, she was quite incredibly pretty and caressable. She had almost forgotten until now that this stalwart soldier, too, was in love with her. But now her spirits were rising venturously, and she knew that she liked Ned Musgrave. He had sensible notions; he saw things as they really were, and with him there would never be any nonsense about top-lofty ideas. Then, too, her dear old white-haired father would be pleased, because there was a very fair estate. So Cynthia said:

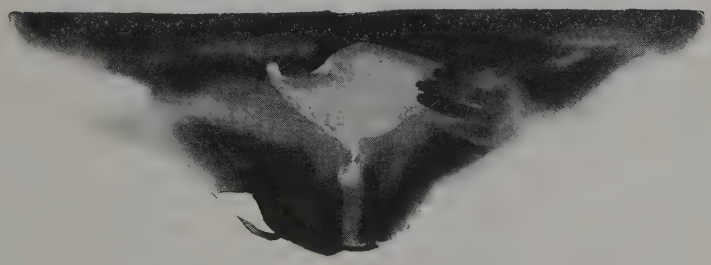
"I believe you are right, Ned. I often wonder how they can be so lacking in self-respect. Oh, I am certain you must be right, for it is just what I felt without being able quite to express it. You will stay for supper with us, of course. Yes, but you must, because it is always a great comfort for me to talk with really sensible persons. I do not wonder that you are not very eager to stay, though, for I am probably a fright, with my eyes red, and with my hair all tumbling down, like an old witch's. Well, let us see what can be done about it, sir. There was a hand-mirror—"

And thus speaking, she tripped, with very much the reputed grace of a fairy, toward the far end of the room, and, standing a-tiptoe, groped at the obscure shelves, with a resultant crash of the falling china.

"Oh, but my lovely cups!" said Cynthia in dismay. "I have smashed both of them in looking for my mirror, sir, and trying to prettify myself for you. And I had so fancied them, because they had not their like in England, I have been told!"

She looked at the fragments and then at Musgrave, with wide, innocent, hurt eyes. She was honestly grieved by the loss of her quaint toys. But Musgrave, in his sturdy common-sense way, only laughed at her seriousness over such kickshaws.

"I am for an honest earthenware tankard myself," he said as the two went in to supper.



The Strayed Prohibitionist

By AGNES REPPLIER

Now that a long drought is about to wither American conviviality, a regretful glance at the "spiritual" authorities, ancient and modern, will delight the bibulous, charm the temperate, and amuse the prohibitionist.

THE image of the prohibition-bred American youth (not this generation, but the next) straying through the wine-drenched and ale-drenched pages of English literature captivates the fancy. The classics, to be sure, are equally bibulous; but with the classics the American youth has no concern. The advance guard of educators are busy clearing away the debris of Greek and Latin which has hitherto clogged his path. There is no danger of his learning from Homer that "Generous wine gives strength to toiling men," or from Socrates that "The potter's art begins with the wine jar," or from the ever-scandalous Horace that "Wine is mighty to inspire hope, and to drown the bitterness of care." The professor has conspired with the prohibitionist to save the undergraduate from such disedifying sentiments.

As for the Bible, where corn and oil and wine, the three fruits of a bountiful harvest, are represented as of equal virtue, it will probably be needful to supply such texts with explanatory and apologetic foot-notes. The sweet and sober counsel of Ecclesiastes: "Forsake not an old friend, for the new will not be like to him. A new friend is as new wine; it shall grow old, and thou shalt drink it with pleasure," has made its way into the heart of humanity, and has been embedded in the poetry of every land. But now, like the most lovely story of the marriage feast at Cana, it has been robbed of the simplicity of its appeal. I heard a sermon preached recently upon the marriage feast which ignored the miracle altogether. The preacher dwelt upon the dignity and responsibility of the married state, reprobated divorce, and urged parents to send their children to Sunday-school. It was a perfectly good sermon, filled with perfectly sound exhortations; but the speaker "strayed." Sunday-schools were not uppermost in the holy Mother's mind when she perceived and pitied the humiliation of her friends.

The banishing of the classics, the careful editing of the Scriptures, and the comprehensive ignorance of foreign languages and letters which distinguishes the young American, leaves only the field of British and domestic literature to enlighten or bewilder him. Now, New England began to print books about the time that men grew restive as to the definition of temperance. Longfellow wrote a "Drinking Song" to water which achieved humor without aspiring to it, and Dr. Holmes wrote a teetotaler's adaptation of a drinking song which aspired to humor without achieving it. As a matter of fact, no drinking songs, not even the real ones and the good ones which sparkle in Scotch and English verse, have any illustrative value. They come under the head of special pleading, and are apt to be a bit defiant. In them, as in the temperance lecture, "that good sister of common life, the vine," becomes an exotic, desirable or reprehensible according to the point of view, but never simple and inevitable, like the olive-tree and the sheaves of corn.

American letters, coming late in the day, are virgin of wine. There have been books, like Jack London's "John Barleycorn," written in the cause of temperance; there have been pleasant trifles, like Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Madeira Party," written to commemorate

certain dignified convivialities which even then were passing silently away; and there have been chance allusions, like Mr. Dooley's vindication of whisky from the charge of being food: "I wudden 't insult it be placin' it on the same low plain as a lobster salad;" and his loving recollection of his friend Schwartzmeister's cocktail, which was of such generous proportions that it "needed only a few noodles to look like a biled dinner." But it is safe to say that there is more drinking in "Pickwick Papers" than in a library of American novels. It is drinking without bravado, without reproach, without justification. For natural treatment of a debatable theme, Dickens stands unrivaled among novelists.

We are told that the importunate virtue of our neighbors, having broken one set of sympathies and understandings, will in time deprive us of meaner indulgences, such as tobacco, tea, and coffee. But tobacco, tea, and coffee, though friendly and compassionate to men, are late-comers and district-dwellers. They do not belong to the stately procession of the ages, like the wine which Noah and Alexander and Cæsar and Praxiteles and Plato and Lord Kitchener drank. When the Elgin marbles were set high over the Parthenon, when the Cathedral of Chartres grew into beauty, when "Hamlet" was first played at the Globe Theatre, men lived merrily and wisely without tobacco, tea, and coffee, but not without wine. Tobacco was given by the savage to the civilized world. It has an accidental quality which adds to its charm, but which promises consolation when those who are better than we want to be have taken it away from us. "I can understand," muses Dr. Mitchell, "the discovery of America, and the invention of printing; but what human want, what instinct, led up to tobacco? Imagine intuitive genius capturing this noble idea from the odors of a prairie fire!"

Charles Lamb pleaded that tobacco was at worst only a "white devil," but it was a persecuted little devil that for years suffered shameful indignities. We have Mr. Henry Adams's word for it that as late as 1862, Englishmen were not expected to smoke in the house. They went out of doors or to the stables. Only a licensed libertine like Monckton Milnes permitted his guests to smoke in their rooms. Half a century later, Mr. Rupert Brooke, watching a designer in the advertising department of a New York store making "Matisse-like illustrations to some notes on summer suitings," was told by the superintendent that the firm gave a "free hand" to its artists, "except for nudes, improprieties, and figures of people smoking." To these last, some customers—even customers of the sex presumably interested in summer suitings — "strongly objected."

The new school of English fiction which centers about the tea-table, and in which, as in the land of the lotus-eaters, it is always afternoon, affords an arena for conversation and an easily procurable atmosphere. England is the second home of tea. She waited centuries, kettle on hob, and cat purring expectantly by the fire, for the coming of that sweet boon, and she welcomed it with the generous warmth of wisdom. No duties daunted her. No price was too high for her to pay. No risk was too great to keep her from smuggling the "China drink." No hearth was too humble to covet it, and the homeless brewed it by the roadside. Isopel Berners, that peerless and heroic tramp, paid ten shillings a pound for her tea; and when she lit her fire in the Dingle, comfort enveloped Lavengro, and he tasted the delights of domesticity.

But though England will doubtless fight like a lion for her tea, as for her cakes and ale, when bidden to purify herself of these indulgences, yet it is the ale, and not the tea, which has colored her masterful literature. There are phrases so inevitable that they defy monotony. Such are the "wine-dark sea" of Greece and the "nut-brown ale" of England. Even Lavengro, though he shared Isopel's tea, gave ale, "the true and proper drink of Englishmen," to the wandering tinker and his family. How else, he asks, could he have befriended these wretched folk? "There is a time for cold water [this is a generous admission on the writer's part], there is a time for strong meat, there is a time for advice, and there is a time

for ale; and I have generally found that the time for advice is after a cup of ale."

"Lavengro" has been called the epic of ale; but Borrow was no English rustic, content with the buxom charms of malt, and never glancing over her fat shoulder to wilder, gayer loves. He was an accomplished wanderer, at home with all men and with all liquor. He could order claret like a lord, to impress the supercilious waiter in a London inn. He could drink Madeira with the old gentleman who counseled the study of Arabic, and the sweet wine of Cypress with the Armenian who poured it from a silver flask into a silver cup, though there was nothing better to eat with it than dry bread. When, harried by the spirit of militant Protestantism, he peddled his Bibles through Spain, he dined with the courteous Spanish and Portuguese Gipsies, and found that while bread and cheese and olives comprised their food, there was always a leathern bottle of good white wine to give zest and spirit to the meal. He offered his brandy-flask to a Genoese sailor, who emptied it, choking horribly, at a draft, so as to leave no drop for a shivering Jew who stood by, hoping for a turn. Rather than see the Christian cavalier's spirits poured down a Jewish throat, explained the old boatman piously, he would have suffocated.

Englishmen drank malt liquor long before they tasted sack or canary. The ale-houses of the eighth century bear a respectable tradition of antiquity, until we remember that Egyptians were brewing barley beer five thousand years ago, and that Heroditus ascribes its invention to the ingenuity and benevolence of Isis. Thirteen hundred years before Christ, in the time of Seti I, an Egyptian gentleman complimented Isis by drinking so deeply of her brew that he forgot the seriousness of life, and we have to-day the record of his unseemly gaiety. Xenophon, with notable lack of enthusiasm, describes the barley beer of Armenia as a powerful beverage, "agreeable to those who were used to it," and adds that it was drunk out of a common vessel through hollow reeds, a commendable sanitary precaution.

In Thomas Hardy's story, "The Shepherd's Christening," there is a rare tribute paid to mead, that glorious intoxicant which our strong-headed, stout-hearted progenitors drank unscathed. The traditional "heather ale" of the Picts, the secret of which died with the race, was a glorified mead.

> Fra' the bonny bells o' heather
> They brewed a drink lang-syne,
> 'T was sweeter far than honey,
> 'T was stronger far than wine.

The story goes that after the bloody victory of the Scots under Kenneth MacAlpine, in 860, only two Picts who knew the secret of the brew survived the general slaughter. Some say they were father and son, some say they were master and man. When they were offered their lives in exchange for the receipt, the older captive said he dared not reveal it while the younger lived, lest he be slain in revenge. So the Scots tossed the lad into the sea and waited expectantly. Then the last of the Picts cried, "I only know," and leaped into the ocean and was drowned. It is a brave tale. One wonders if a man would die to save the secret of making milk-toast.

From the pages of history the prohibition-bred youth may glean much offhand information about the wine which the wide world made and drank at every stage of civilization and decay. If, after the fashion of his kind, he eschews history, there are left to him encyclopedias, with their wealth of detail, and their paucity of intrinsic realities. Antiquarians also may be trusted to supply a certain number of papers on "leather drinking-vessels," and "toasts of the old Scottish gentry." But if the youth be one who browses untethered in the lush fields of English literature, taking prose and verse, fiction and fact, as he strays merrily along, what will he make of the hilarious company in which he finds himself? What of *Falstaff*, and the rascal *Autolycus*, and of *Sir Toby Belch*, who propounded the fatal query which has been answered in 1919? What of Herrick's "joy-sops," and "capring wine," and that simple and sincere "Thanksgiving hymn"

which takes cognizance of all mercies?

Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress.
'T is Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.

The lines sound like an echo of St. Chrysostom's wise warning, spoken twelve hundred years before: "Wine is for mirth, and not for madness."

Biographies, autobiographies, memoirs, diaries, all are set with traps for the unwary, and all are alike unconscious of offense. Here is Dr. Johnson, whose name alone is a tonic for the morally debilitated, saying things about claret, port, and brandy which bring a blush to the cheek of temperance. Here is Scott, that "great good man" and true lover of his kind, telling a story about a keg of whisky and a Liddesdale farmer, which one hardly dares to allude to, and certainly dares not repeat. Here is Charles Lamb, that "frail good man," drinking more than is good for him; and here is Henry Crabb Robinson, a blameless, disillusioned, prudent sort of person, expressing actual regret when Lamb ceases to drink: "His change of habit, though it on the whole improves his health, yet, when he is low-spirited, leaves him without a remedy or relief."

John Evelyn and Mr. Pepys witnessed the blessed Restoration, when England went mad with joy, and the fountains of London ran wine.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking

time it was, until the gilt began to wear off the gingerbread. But Evelyn, though he feasted as became a loyal gentleman, and admitted that canary carried to the West Indies and back for the good of its health was "incomparably fine," yet followed St. Chrysostom's counsel. He drank, and compelled his household to drink, with sobriety. There is real annoyance expressed in the diary when he visits a hospitable neighbor, and his coachman is so well entertained in the servants' hall that he falls drunk from the box, and cannot pick himself up again.

Poor Mr. Pepys was ill fitted by a churlish fate for the simple pleasures that he craved. To him, as to many another Englishman, wine was precious only because it promoted lively conversation. His "debauches" (it pleased him to use that ominous word) were very modest ones, for he was at all times prudent in his expenditures. But claret gave him a headache, and Burgundy gave him the stone, and late suppers, even of bread and butter and botargo, gave him indigestion. Therefore he was always renouncing the alleviations of life, only to be lured back by his incorrigible love of companionship. There is a serio-comic quality in his story of the two bottles of wine he sent for to give zest to his cousin Angier's supper at the Rose Tavern, and which were speedily emptied by his cousin Angier's friends: "And I had not the wit to let them know at table that it was I who paid for them, and so I lost my thanks."

If the young prohibitionist be lighthearted enough to read Dickens or imaginative enough to read Scott or sardonic enough to read Thackeray, he will find everybody engaged in the great business of eating and drinking. It crowds love-making into a corner, being, indeed, a pleasure which survives all tender dalliance, and restores to the human mind sanity and content. I am convinced that if Mr. Galsworthy's characters ate and drank more, they would be less obsessed by sex, and I wish they would try dining as a restorative.

The older novelists recognized this most expressive form of realism, and knew that, to be accurate, they must project their minds into the minds of their characters. It is because of their sympathy and sincerity that we recall old *Osborne's* eight-shilling Madeira, and *Lord Steyne's* White Hermitage, which *Becky* gave to *Sir Pitt*, and the brandy bottle clinking under her bedclothes, and the runlet of canary which the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst found

secreted conveniently in his cell, and the choice purl which *Dick Swiveller* and the *Marchioness* drank in *Miss Sally Brass's* kitchen. We hear *Warrington's* great voice calling for beer, we smell the fragrant fumes of burning rum and lemon-peel when *Mr. Micawber* brews punch, we see the foam on the "Genuine Stunning" which the child *David* calls for at the public house. No writer except Peacock treats his characters, high and low, as royally as does Dickens; and Peacock, although British publishers keep issuing his novels in new and charming editions, is little read on this side of the sea. Moreover, he is an advocate of strong drink, which is very reprehensible, and deprives him of candor as completely as if he had been a teetotaler. We feel and resent the bias of his mind; and although he describes with humor that pleasant middle period, "after the Jacquerie was down, and before the march of mind was up," yet the only one of his stories which is innocent of speciousness is "The Misfortunes of Elphin."

Now, to the logically minded, "The Misfortunes of Elphin" is a temperance tract. The disaster which ruins the country-side is the result of shameful drunkenness. The reproaches leveled by *Prince Elphin* at *Seithenyn ap Seithyn* are sterner and more deeply deserved than the reproaches leveled by *King Henry* at *Falstaff;* yet the tale rocks and reels with *Seithenyn's* potations. There are drunkards whom we can conceive of as sober, but he is not one of them. There are sinners who can be punished or pardoned, but he is not one of them. As he is incapable of reform, so is he immune from retribution. Out of the dregs of his folly ooze the slow words of his wisdom. Nature befriends him because he is a natural force, and man submits to him because he is fulfilling his natural election. The good and the wicked fret about him, and grow old in the troublesome process; but he remains unchangeably, immutably drunk. "Wine is my medicine," he says with large simplicity, "and my measure is a little more."

If ever the young prohibitionist strays into the wine cellar of *Seithenyn ap Seithyn,* he will have a shell-shock. It may even be that his presence will sour the casks, as the presence of a woman is reputed to sour the casks in the great caves of the Gironde, where wine ripens slowly, acquiring merit in silence and seclusion like a Buddhist saint, and as sensitive as a Buddhist saint to the perilous proximity of the feminine. This ancient and reasonable tradition is but one phase of the ancient and reasonable hostility between intoxicants and the sober sex, which dates perhaps from the time when Roman women were forbidden to taste their husbands' wine, but were fed on sweet syrups, like warm soda-fountain beverages, to the ruin of their health and spirits. Small wonder if they handed down to their great-granddaughters a legitimate antagonism to pleasures they were not permitted to share, and if their remote descendants still cherish a dim, resentful consciousness of hurt. It was the lurking ghost of a dead tyranny which impelled an American woman to write to President Roosevelt, reproving him for having proposed a toast to Mr. John Hay's daughter on her wedding day. "Think," she said, "of the effect on your friends, on your children, on your immortal soul, of such a thoughtless act."

Nomadic tribes—the vigilant ones who looked well ahead—wisely forbade the cultivation of the vine. Their leaders knew that if men made wine, they would want to stay at home and drink it. The prohibition-bred youth, if he is to remain faithful to the customs of his people, had better not cultivate too sedulously the great literature, smelling of hop-fields and saturated with the juice of the grape. Every step of the way is distracting and dangerous. When I was a school-girl I was authoritatively bidden—only authority could have impelled me—to strengthen my errant soul by reading the "Areopagitica." There I found this amazing sentence: "They are not skilful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin."

But, then, Milton wrote "L'Allegro."

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

This great statesman's service in cleansing Canada's political life of sordidness and sectionalism can be appreciated only after reading such an account as this of public life as Laurier found it when he entered the arena back in the sixties.

III. PARTY CONFLICT

IN the Canada of the sixties a young man's fancies lightly turned to thoughts of politics. Public life dominated the interest of the general public and stirred the ambition of the abler men in far greater measure than is true in these days, when business makes a rival appeal. Particularly in Lower Canada a political career was the normal and expected objective of the majority of the young men of education and capacity.

From boyhood days Wilfrid Laurier had been keenly interested in public affairs. His student apprenticeship and his first years of practice in Montreal gave an opportunity for forming political connections and taking a part in public controversies which strongly confirmed his early leanings. Now as editor of the chief democratic journal of the Eastern Townships, he was a chartered guide of public opinion. His law practice brought him into close contact with all parts of the district, and before five years had passed he was marked as the destined standard-bearer of the Liberals of the county.

Wilfrid Laurier was born in the year that Upper and Lower Canada were yoked together in uneasy fellowship. He had just begun the practice of law at Arthabaskaville when the union of the two Canadas was dissolved and the wider federation of all the mainland provinces was achieved. It was in the Canada of the union era that the stage was set and the players trained for the comedies and the tragedies, the melodrama and the vaudeville, of confederation politics.

The stage was not a large one. The province of Canada was just emerging from its years of pioneer struggles and backwoods isolation. Its scant million people seemed to count for little in the work of the world. Neither Great Britain nor France nor the United States gave them more than a passing thought. Even with the other provinces of British North America they had little contact; no road or railway bound them. Until well on in the union period each region had closer relations with the adjoining States than with its sister provinces, Upper Canada with "York" State, Lower Canada with New Hampshire and Vermont, and the Maritime provinces with Maine and Massachusetts.

Yet if it was not large, the provincial stage witnessed its full share of the dramatic motives and moments of political life. Here experiments were worked out in the organization of government and of parties, in the relation of race with race, in the connection between church and state, and in the linking of colony and empire, which deeply influenced the development of the future dominion and were not without interest to the world beyond.

In the words of Mr. Laurier, in an unpublished fragment of a work he long planned to write had fate given him leisure, the political history of Canada under the union:

> A new era began with the union. In this new era there was found nothing of that which had given the past its attraction, neither the great feats of arms to save the native soil from invasion, nor the intrepid journeys of the explorers led on and

on by an unquenchable thirst for the unknown, nor the journeys, more intrepid still, of the missionaries, everywhere marking the path for the explorers with their blood. The very parliamentary battles on which henceforth the attention of the nation was to be concentrated no longer bore the striking impress which had been stamped on the parliamentary struggles after the conquest by the prestige of those who took part in them, the greatness of the cause which was defended, and the bloody catastrophe which was their outcome.

These pages may be colorless, but they are not barren. They recall an epoch which, in spite of failures, was on the whole fruitful, and in which the patriot's eye may follow with legitimate pride the calm, powerful, and salutary influence of free institutions.

The primary task of the forties was the winning and consolidation of responsible government. Governor after governor and tenant after tenant of Downing Street sought to set narrow bounds to the concession that had been found unavoidable, but in vain. Robert Baldwin, "the man of one idea," leader of the Upper Canada Reformers, and Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine, leader, in Papineau's enforced absence, of the Lower Canada Liberals, or *Patriotes*, stood firm in their insistence that complete control of the domestic affairs of the province must be conceded to a body of ministers responsible to parliament and chosen from its dominant parties. Sydenham fought their demands, but by making himself the leader of a party majority in the Assembly played into the hands of those who insisted that party majorities should rule. Bagot, less assertive in temper, made some concessions of intention and more through the accident of illness. Metcalfe, sent out by the Colonial Office as the last bulwark of authority, breasted the tide with success for a year or two, but at last was compelled to recognize his failure. Elgin, the last of the governors of the forties, gave formal recognition of the victory of the upholders of self-government by summoning LaFontaine and Baldwin to form the ministry of 1848.

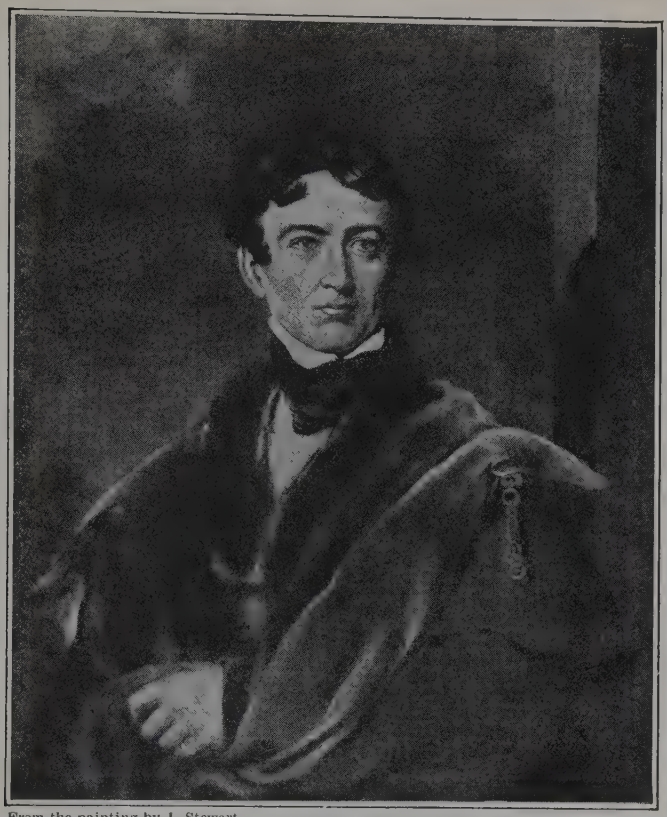
On this question of responsible government the conclusions of Mr. Laurier, embodied in the same pregnant fragment, are of particular interest because of his early relations with the *Rouges* and the exponents of the Papineau tradition, and his own long experience of the working of the system:

Thus Lord Durham's idea had been realized, but it had been realized only gradually. The theory of Lord John Russell continued to be the theory of Lord Sydenham, of Sir Charles Metcalfe, and of the Colonial Office, until Lord Elgin, who, to the generous spirit of Lord Durham added a capacity perhaps more solid, grasped the great reformer's idea and applied it with as much freedom as he himself would have done.

If, to the England of 1840, the idea of ministerial responsibility appeared incompatible with the colonial status, the colony on this point was more advanced than the mother country.

In Upper Canada a large group, more important even for talent than for numbers, had long been demanding the responsibility of ministers to the Assembly. The men of this party had found in Lord Durham's Report the expression of the ideas which they had been professing for so long. They had voted without hesitation for the proposal for union, because they had hoped that Lord Durham's Report would be followed in its entirety. Nevertheless, it was not in Upper Canada, nor in the British population (of Lower Canada) that the idea of ministerial responsibility applied to the government of the colonies had seen the light for the first time. The man who was the first to affirm the principle of ministerial responsibility in the government of the colonies was Pierre Bédard, and that as early as 1809. Nevertheless, this pregnant suggestion had not been followed. A few years later, Bédard had withdrawn from the arena and Mr. Papineau had entered it. The idea enunciated by Bédard was set aside, to give place to another much bolder.

In all the long struggles that Mr. Papineau carried on with the government, he does not seem ever to have dreamed that the concession of constitutional government might be a sufficient reform and that he himself might become the minister in



From the painting by J. Stewart

Lord Durham

control. All his efforts were constantly directed toward establishing the supremacy of the Assembly over the executive power, and toward making the executive power the executor of the will of the Assembly.

Responsible government meant party government. Only through party organization could there be assured a stable and united majority to back the ministry in power, and a definite opposition to criticize that ministry and stand prepared to provide an alternative administration. And yet the very winning of responsible government, and the union of the provinces which was bound up with it, made it extremely difficult to find or keep stable and effective political parties.

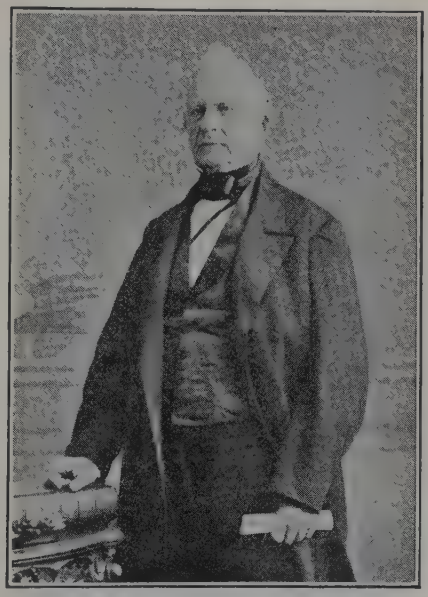
The weakness and instability of parties in this period had two roots. One was the union of the provinces—a union which brought together extremely diverse elements, and yet was not sufficiently complete to merge and fuse them. Union made it necessary to organize a majority not in one region alone, but in the whole province, and to organize it out of parties which hitherto had had little contact or little in common. At the same time the incomplete and semi-federal character of the union prevented the complete assimilation which the smooth working of the party machinery demanded. From the beginning there had been a recognition of continuing separateness in the provision that each part of the province, irrespective of population, should be given half the number of representatives in the house. As time went on, this separateness was confirmed by the practice of passing laws applying only to one region, by holding the sessions of parliament alternately in Quebec and in Toronto, by the inclusion in the cabinet of both an Attorney-General West

and an Attorney-General East, and by the custom of a double-barreled leadership, two "premiers," LaFontaine-Baldwin, Macdonald-Cartier, Brown-Dorion. It was inevitable in such circumstances that any union of parties from Canada East and Canada West, as Lower Canada and Upper Canada respectively were termed after 1841, should be not a complete merging, but only a coalition of more or less stability.

The other source of party weakness lay in the breaking-up of the existing parties in each region because of the achievement of old aims or the emergence of new issues. The Tory parties, the defenders of the established order, were broken up by defeat, by the steady destruction of one after another of the planks in the platform upon which they had stood and fought. The control of colonial affairs by the mother country, the authority of the governor and his preordained advisers within the province, the active share in legislation of the narrow, nominated legislative council, the endowment of a state church in Upper Canada by the grant of vast areas of crown lands, the maintenance in Lower Canada of that survival of medieval feudalism, seigniorial tenure, —these and other principles of the old ascendancy parties went by the board in the late forties and early fifties. To their opponents victory proved almost as disintegrating as defeat. The Reformers in Upper Canada, the *Patriote*, Liberal, or *Canadien* party in Lower Canada, had within their ranks diverse elements which only opposition to a common foe could hold together. Once victory, or an instalment of victory, was won, these latent differences became apparent. The moderate men who were content to abide in a half-way house and the radicals who were eager to push on to the end of the vanishing road now parted company. The experience gained in actual administration brought out differences of temperament and interest. New economic issues, canal and railway projects, tax and tariff questions, forced new alinements. The outcome was curiously parallel to the reorganization of parties which at the same time was going on in Great Britain. In both cases Tories were mellowing into Conservatives, and the victorious opposition breaking up into Whigs and Radicals, or into moderate Liberals and Clear Grits, or *Rouges*.

In Canada West Robert Baldwin was the leader and the best representative of the moderate Reformers. Scrupulously fair, sturdily independent, he was prepared to fight without rest or truce for the right as he saw it, but equally prepared to find the right on most political and economic issues midway between the extreme positions. He fought until he had achieved responsible government, but he was unwilling to use the new powers to secure all the sweeping changes his more impatient followers demanded. The malcontents were led at first by Dr. Rolph and William Lyon Mackenzie, of the left wing of the old Reform party; but later they drew to themselves new men like William Macdougall, disappointed Tories like Malcolm Cameron, and latest and greatest, George Brown, a powerful journalist and tribune, newly come from Scotland. The Clear Grits, as these uncompromising stalwarts came to be known, were, in the first place, more democratic than the Baldwin Reformers, insisting on a widely extended suffrage, vote by ballot, and the abolition of property qualifications for members. Unlike Baldwin, who looked wholly to England for his political inspiration, they were inclined to find the United States the last word in democracy, and particularly, when disillusioned by discovering that even Liberals when in office could be arbitrary and high-handed, they sought to lessen the power of governments by extending the elective principle, proposing to elect not merely the legislative council or upper house, but the governor and the chief administrative officials. A third point of difference lay in their more sweeping insistence on Canadian autonomy. A still more marked characteristic was their strong anti-clerical bias, which first found vent in their opposition to the endowment and establishment of the Church of England, but later, under George Brown's impulse, turned into suspicion and denunciation of Roman Catholic domination of the province by "priest-ridden French-Canadians." ur

In Canada East the causes of the split in the Liberal ranks were in part strikingly alike and in part significantly different. Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine, who stood head and shoulders above all his Canadian contemporaries in capacity, was, like Baldwin, emphatically a Whig rather than a Radical. A member of the old Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada in his twenties, he had ardently supported Papineau's strongest demands, but had opposed any resort to arms, and on the failure of the rebellion, his compatriots turned unanimously to his prudent and sober leadership. Massive in intellect, cold and judicial in temperament, thorough and untiring in his habits of work, Napoleonic in physique,—the story ran that on his visit to Paris, the guards at the Invalides, in great excitement, presented arms to their resurrected emperor, not greatly displeasing the Canadian visitor thereby,—LaFontaine dominated the political scene throughout the forties. But hardly had he taken power, in 1848, when a rift in the party appeared, and steadily widened until in disdain of factional quarreling he retired from political life, in 1851, at the age of forty-four.



The Hon. Louis-Joseph Papineau

The group which chafed under LaFontaine's leadership, which later formed a distinct party called by themselves the Democrats and by their enemies the *Rouges*, and which eventually became under Laurier the Quebec wing of the Canadian Liberal party, was a strange product of many personal and social factors. Its first leader and rallying-center was the old tribune, Louis-Joseph Papineau. Returning to Canada in 1847 after a ten-years' exile, he had entered Parliament the following year. Intercourse in Paris with republican and socialist circles had strengthened his democratic tendencies, though altering little his views on the economic ordering of society, for to the last he remained the seignior. After a lifetime of uncompromising opposition and criticism, he found it difficult to accept the irksome responsibilities of a party in office; after a lifetime as unquestioned dictator of his people, he could not bend his proud spirit to accept the leadership of his former lieutenant. Around him there gathered a group of fiery young Montrealers, who have never had their like in Canadian politics for sheer ability, crusading zeal, and reckless frankness — Antoine-Aimé Dorion, Eric Dorion, Charles Laberge, Louis Labrèche-Viger, Joseph Papin, Rodolphe Laflamme, Joseph Doutre, Charles Daoust, L. A. Dessaulles, and scores of others destined to play an active part in professional or public life. They were all in their early twenties. Nearly all the leaders among them were lawyers or journalists, not too burdened with clients or commissions to have no time to set the world right. In Quebec city a smaller group, in which Telesphore Fournier, M. A. Plamondon, P. G. Huot and J. G. Blanchet were particularly active, also took the Papineau turning.

The eager, reforming spirit of these democratic youths found more than one expression. The first outlet was the famous Institut Canadien, founded in December, 1844, as a means of mutual education. The institute provided for its members a library and reading-room, public lectures, and an open for-

um for debates. It met a need which hitherto had been wholly neglected, and exercised wide influence in Montreal and in other centers where similar institutes were soon established, until a long and bitter struggle with the church brought dissension and defeat. A club modeled on the latest Parisian political organizations, Le Club National et Démocratique, had a much shorter career. To reach the general public they took over, in January, 1848, a struggling weekly, "L'Avenir" which another group, more interested in literature than in politics, had established a few months earlier.

The Hon. Robert Baldwin

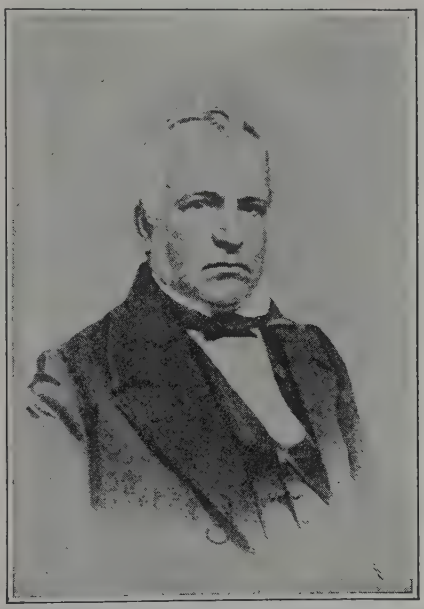
In the election of 1851, five *Rouges* were returned, and in 1854 nearly twenty. After Papineau retired, A. A. Dorion became their leader.

The situation presented by the union of the two provinces, the break-up of the old parties, and the rise of new groups afforded an admirable opportunity to a master strategist. In each part of the province there was found a center party of moderate Liberals, with a radical and a conservative wing in each case. Early in the fifties George Brown believed it would be possible to unite all the Canada West factions on a platform of resistance to "French-Canadian and priestly domination," but a greater strategist than Brown was at work. John A. Macdonald, realizing the essentially conservative character of the French-Canadians, sought to form a coalition of the moderate Liberals in both provinces with what was left of the Conservative or Tory parties. Joining forces with George-Etienne Cartier, the most vigorous personality among the Canada East members, he succeeded in forming an enduring coalition which eventually fused into a coherent party. In Canada West it retained for the next two generations a name which betokened its origin, the Liberal-Conservative party; but in Canada East "Liberal" faded out of name and policy, and this wing was frankly known as the Conservative party, or, in contrast to the *Rouges*, as the *Bleus*.

For ten years after the formation of the Liberal-Conservative party in 1854 it retained power except for two brief intervals. Yet as the years advanced, its margin of power vanished. Brown had not been able to unite the parties of Canada West under his own leadership, but he came near to uniting the electors of Canada West. The Reformers won seat after seat in the West, leaving Macdonald in a hopeless minority in his own region, more and more dependent upon the solid cohorts which followed his colleague, Cartier. At last the two parties and, what was more serious, the two parts of the province, stood dead-locked. Neither could attain a secure or adequate majority, and the personal bitterness and intrigue, the wide-spread corruption, and the naked sectional controversy which resulted, made a change imperative. The union experiment had, indeed, greatly improved the situation that existed in 1837, thanks to the solvent power of liberty, but it had not secured complete success. The relations between the colony and the mother country and between the two races in Canada itself had bettered, but neither the harmonizing of East and West nor the stability

of parties which was essential for its success, had been attained. A real federation, which would make it possible to give each region control of the matters most closely affecting it, and yet retain common action in affairs of common interest, was the only way out.

The coalition did not prove lasting; before Confederation was enacted, Brown was out of the cabinet in which he found himself far from master, and though a few Liberal leaders from each province joined forces with Macdonald, they carried with them little popular support and soon faded into the Conservative party. Confederation began with a Conservative or Liberal - Conservative government firmly entrenched in the administration not only of the new dominion, but of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, into which the old province of Canada had been divided.



Photograph by Notman

Sir Louis-Hippolyte La Fontaine

It was not, then, from any desire to float with the tide that Wilfrid Laurier became an active member of the Liberal, or *Rouge*, party of Canada East. Nor was it from any temperamental sympathy with the extreme views and tendencies which had marked that party at its beginning. Laurier, like Dorion, was ever more of the Whig than of the Radical, moderate, judicial, respectful of precedent, aware of the difficulty of effecting sudden reforms that would be lasting. Yet Dorion and Laurier were in turn leaders of this most aggressively democratic party. The paradox is only seeming. Both men joined the party in their teens, when they had their share of youth's boundless hopes and sweeping judgments, and both in later years guided their followers into more moderate ways. And particularly when Wilfrid Laurier became a member, the party had thrown overboard most of its youthful indiscretions, though kind friends always insisted on endeavoring to restore the abandoned political baggage. They had ceased to attack the priest's tithe or to call for annual parliaments or elective governors, and the annexationist sympathies they had shared with Montreal Tories had faded away under the influence of the prosperity reciprocity helped to bring, and observation of the troubles which slavery and the struggle as to state-rights were bringing upon the republic. But there remained a solid core of doctrine with which Laurier, like Dorion, was deeply and vehemently in sympathy. A passion for individual freedom and constitutional liberty, an abiding faith in the power of the people to work out their own salvation, were the moving forces of their political activity throughout the careers of both men, and made it inevitable that they would aline themselves with the party which, whatever its vagaries, did stand clearly for the fundamentals of liberalism.

IV. NATIONALIST STRUGGLES

Political ideals, forms of government, parties, and party traditions were not the only political inheritance which confederated Canada received from the Canada of the union era. The racial issue, the problem of contending nationalities, was an inescapable heritage, shaping and conditioning political activity at every turn. Canada had its

full share of the nineteenth-century surge of racial and nationalist feeling, and of the problems of adjustment which it involved.

The fundamental fact in the political life of Canada was the existence side by side of two peoples differing in creed, in speech, in blood, and in all the traditions that make up national consciousness. With the conquest, as has been seen, Great Britain's first policy was that of out-and-out assimilation. The policy might have succeeded. In the eighteenth century the fires of nationalism had not begun to flare. The ordained leaders of the people had largely returned to France. The habitant had little love and less regret for the corrupt and oppressive administration which had marked the last years of the French régime. A substantial measure of success was attained in the first dozen years of British rule in breaking down the allegiance of the people to the laws, the church, the seigniorial ordering of society, and the other institutions which sheltered and preserved racial consciousness.

But suddenly the old policy was reversed, and Carleton's plan of confirming and isolating French-Canadian nationalism as a barrier against the tide of democracy and rebellion setting in from the South was put into force. After the Revolution, the situation changed once more, and with it British policy. The old colonies had now seceded; there was no further occasion to shape a policy for their retention. The St. Lawrence Valley, which had been resigned under Carleton's plan as a permanent home for French-speaking colonists, now became the only outlet on the continent for English-speaking citizens who wished to remain under the British flag. Loyalists from the United States and, later, British immigrants from overseas poured in by tens of thousands, and forced the granting of a measure of self-government. The British Government was still prepared to stand by the bargain made with the French-Canadians in the Quebec Act, their Magna Charta, and when the Constitutional Act was passed in 1791, Grenville magnanimously and modestly affirmed the intention to "continue to the French inhabitants the enjoyment of those civil and religious rights which have been secured to them by the capitulation of the Province, or have since been granted by the liberal and enlightened spirit of the British Government."

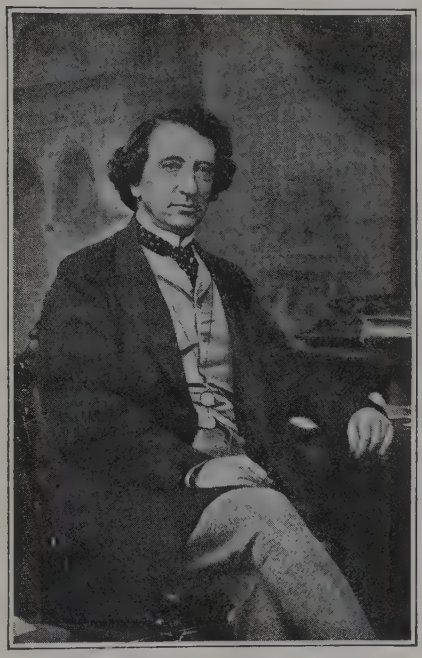
But soon a change came. The memory of 1774 gradually faded, the English-speaking minority in Lower Canada became more insistent, and, above all, the wars with Napoleon made France and democracy anathema in England. When the French-Canadian representatives in the Assembly, quickly learning the possibilities of their half-measure of liberty, demanded full self-government, they were met with blank refusal. After years of petition and inquiry and debate, British statesmanship could rise no further than the imperious insistence of Russell in 1837, backed by an almost unanimous Parliament, that neither responsible government nor an elective legislative council could be permitted in a colony, and his action in authorizing the governor to take needed funds out of the provincial treasury without the Assembly's consent. Rebellion followed this arrogant refusal; the Assembly was suspended; a second rebellion broke out, again to be put down.

Writing in the calm retrospect of two generations later, Mr. Laurier thus summed up the struggle:

> The struggle thus begun continued throughout the fifty years that the constitution of 1791 lasted. Pitt had expressed the hope that the majority would govern. During the fifty years of the constitution of 1791, the real government of the country was exercised by the English minority in spite of the French majority. During the fifty years of the constitution of 1791, the Assembly struggled and struggled in vain to secure the most elementary powers of a representative body. The right to choose its president freely was vigorously contested; the right to protect its independence was long disputed; the right to control public expenditure was constantly refused. Each claim that it made, each remonstrance against an abuse, each insistence on an unrecognized right, each assertion of a principle which had been violated, was the occasion, in the body of the As-

sembly, of bitter struggles with the minority, followed by violent conflicts with the oligarchy. As soon as the decision of the Assembly was rejected by the Council, the session would be suddenly prorogued in the dissenting chamber by the governor, at the instigation of his officials.

Scorn, hostility, hate, developed, deepened, became ever more and more intense; conflicts between the Assembly and the Executive grew more and more frequent, and each conflict was reflected with an ever increasing intensity in each element of the population. When rebellion broke out, although there were found Canadians on the side of the English and English among the Canadians, the rebellion was the explosion of racial hate.



Sir John A. Macdonald

The rebellion forced attention and a measure of concession to the demand for self-government. It did not advance the cause of French-Canadian nationalism. On the contrary, advantage was taken of the suspension of the Assembly and the discrediting of the *Patriotes'* cause to revert once more fully and frankly to the policy of Anglicizing the whole province. The more extreme leaders of the English minority called for the permanent disenfranchisement of the French-Canadians. Lord Durham was equally insistent as to the end, if somewhat more moderate as to the means. There could be no peace, he insisted, while the two nationalities stood opposed. There could be no question that in the long run the progressive, enterprising, numerous English-speaking people would dominate all North America, and that the French-Canadian people, hopelessly inferior in wealth and culture and numbers, "a people with no history and no literature," would be absorbed, to their own good. Therefore, the sooner the better. It must "be the first and steady purpose of the British Government to establish an English population, with English laws and language, in this Province, and to trust its government to none but a decidedly English legislature"; the "nationality of the French-Canadians" must be "obliterated."

Mr. Laurier condemns Durham's policy and defends his character, and incidentally explains, in a passage equally remarkable for its insight and its detachment, the influence of the struggle of the French-Canadians to preserve their nationality upon their material fortunes:

> The man who used this harsh language was not an enemy of the race whose annihilation he thus advised. Neither was he one of those unbending spirits who reckon human life and all that may make it precious as of small account when it is a question of attaining a desired result. The name of Lord Durham has always been held in execration among French-Canadians since the day when the sentence he had delivered against their national existence was made known. They believed then that His Majesty's High Commissioner was narrow-minded, and that he had sacrificed the sentiments of justice to race prejudice. This impression, caused by the painful emotion that the publication of his report produced, has not been removed. Nothing, however, is further opposed to the truth; impartial history must give a different verdict. Lord Durham was generous, a mind

supremely liberal. A disciple of Fox, he had like him an innate sympathy for the cause of the weak and the oppressed. He had been one of the champions of the emancipation of the Catholics. He had been one of the authors of electoral reform, and had striven for its accomplishment rather with the passion of an apostle than the calm resolution of a statesman. He was one of the most ardent in that ardent school of reformers who, after the Napoleonic wars, undertook to root out of the soil of old England the laws of privilege and caste, and to put within reach of the poorest classes the benefits of civilization and liberty.

But Lord Durham, although a friend of liberty, did not realize its full power.

Sydenham and his backers in London, as blind as Durham himself to the powers of resistance and revival inherent in nationalism, tried to carry this policy into force. Union was enacted to give an English-speaking majority in the new province. All official electoral and parliamentary proceedings were to be in English. Though Lower Canada far outnumbered Upper Canada, it was given only the same number of representatives in the provincial Assembly. When the elections were held, Sydenham exhausted all the efforts of official pressure, corruption, and violence to prevent the French-Canadian electorate securing a fair proportion of the seats assigned to Lower Canada.

The French-Canadian people, disheartened for the moment, soon rallied. Under LaFontaine they found a determined and skilful leader. Their representatives in Parliament for the first few years held together in a solid block. The efforts of governors and ministers to detach a few of their leading men proved unavailing; any person who stood out from his people committed political suicide. Soon these tactics forced concessions in a parliament of divided parties. In 1844 a unanimous resolution passed the Assembly, advocating the recognition of French as an official language, and four years later the British Parliament assented.

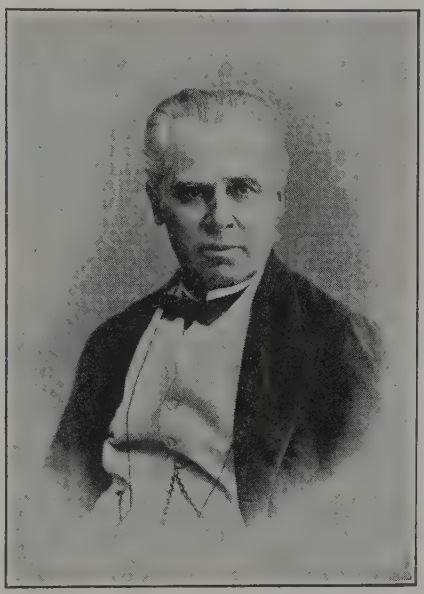
At this point a divergence appeared in the ranks of the French-Canadians. Papineau wished to undo the wrong of coerced union, to revert to the isolation of the Lower Canada of his earlier days. LaFontaine abandoned the demand for repeal of the union and insisted that the legitimate aspirations of French-Canadians could be satisfied under the existing constitution: the union must be judged not by the purposes of its founders, but by the achievements of those who actually administered it. The *Rouges'* adoption of Papineau's insistence on an extreme and isolated nationalism was curiously tempered by the actual coöperation with the English-speaking Tories of Montreal and the Eastern townships and the potential cooperation with the English-speaking people across the border which their temporary conversion to the policy of annexation involved. It was significant that after the rise of the annexation movement "L'Avenir" dropped from its program the clause which had previously headed the list, *"Canadien-français avant tout."*

The alliance of Baldwin and LaFontaine, and later of Macdonald and Cartier, and the common interest in railway development and general economic expansion counted for much in bringing the two races together. Yet there remained two insuperable obstacles to harmony—the system of government and the colonial status.

So long as every detail regarding either part of the province had to be dealt with by a house containing an equal number of representatives from the other part, friction and cries of unwarranted interference, of "French domination," or of "English tyranny," were certain to arise. Only by a federal solution could the most contentious issues be assigned to local legislatures and united action be secured in matters of joint concern.

So long, again, as Canada remained a subordinate and dependent colony, it was hopeless to expect any solution of the racial issue. The people as yet considered themselves English, Irish, Scotch, French, or at most French-Canadian, not Canadians. The English-speaking peoples in Canada, by their kinship with the dominant power overseas, were in a different political posi-

tion from their French-speaking compatriots. To the majority of the English-speaking peoples the old country was still "home." This was not true in the case of the French-Canadians. They were longer rooted in the soil. Even under the French régime, it has been seen, fresh immigration was extraordinarily scanty. After the conquest immigration from France ceased wholly. The ties were not year by year renewed. Still more effective in breaking off all connection was the growth of revolutionary and anti-clerical sentiment in France. Ninety-three created a great gulf between Old France and New. The Canadian clergy sought to keep their flock free from the slightest contact with a people who scorned all legitimate authority or bowed to upstart dictators. The British Government and the Roman Cathoilc Church, each for its own ends, did their best for generations to hold Canada aloof, and it was not surprising that they succeeded. Such sympathy with France as survived was naturally more common in radical than in conservative circles, but except in the outburst of democratic fervor of the late forties, when Papineau linked Paris and Montreal together, here also it was a weak and transient force. The habitant had ceased to be French; he had not become English; he was *Canadien.*



Sir George-Etienne Cartier

When Wilfrid Laurier entered politics, the issue of nationalism had again been brought to the front by the discussion of confederation. His *Rouge* friends were opposing confederation on the ground that it would mean the overwhelming of the French-Canadians in an English-speaking mass, and on other grounds, of which not the least important was that their political rivals were supporting it. Durham had failed to obliterate French-Canadian nationality by uniting another province with Lower Canada; now Brown and Macdonald and Cartier and Galt were proposing the experiment of uniting five English-speaking provinces with the one French-speaking region. Cartier and his friends, on the other hand, insisted that by restoring a separate legislature to Lower Canada, a legislature which would have control over all the matters of intimate concern, they were immensely strengthening the French-Canadian position. Laurier did not at first disassociate himself from these sectional views. In "Le Défricheur" he echoed the criticism, which had no small measure of truth, that Brown desired confederation as a means of lessening French-Canadian power, and that the Conservatives, facing defeat in 1864, had conceded his demand as the price of retaining office. Lower Canada had no more interest in Nova Scotia than in Australia; the only tie that bound them was subjection to the common colonial yoke. Confederation would prove the tomb of the French race.

It was not long before his views had widened. The influence of his early associations in New Glasgow, the intercourse with the Scotch and English settlers in the townships, his constant browsing in the classics of English Liberalism, kindled his sympathies with his English-speaking compatriots. His sympathy with his own people never lessened, but he came to see that their future lay not in isolation, nor, for that

matter, in assimilation, but in full and frank partnership with their fellow-Canadians.

Unlike Howe, Dorion and Laurier accepted confederation, once accomplished, as an established fact. Very early Wilfrid Laurier came to see the possibilities it involved of solving the racial problem. From the outset of his parliamentary career two principles guided his conduct in the endeavor, which was always nearest his heart, to achieve union and harmony for all Canada. The first was to adhere faithfully to the guaranties of the federation compact, to refrain from federal interference with provincial affairs, to respect the safeguards thrown around the rights and privileges of the minorities within each province. The other was to develop a common un-hyphenated Canadian nationality, in which the older loyalties would be fused and blended, not compelling any man to forget the land of his fathers, but bringing all to put first the land of their sons. To quote one last word from his survey of the union period:

"The sentiment of nationalism was thus made secure. The ideal of each race was henceforth the progress of their common country, and the supreme pride of both to proclaim themselves above all Canadian."

(To be continued)

Song in the Key of Autumn

By SCUDDER MIDDLETON

We are walking with the month
To a quiet place.
See, only here and there the gentians stand!
To-night the homing loon
Will fly across the moon,
Over the tired land.

We were the idlers and the sowers,
The watchers in the sun,
The harvesters who laid away the grain.
Now there 's a sign in every vacant tree,
Now there 's a hint in every stubble field,
Something we must not forget
When the blossoms fly again.

Give me your hand!
There were too many promises in June.
Human-tinted buds of spring
Told only half the truth.
The withering leaf beneath our feet,
That wrinkled apple overhead,
Say more than vital boughs have said
When we went walking
In this growing place.
There is something in this hour
More honest than a flower
Or laughter from a sunny face.

Heritage

By JANE MANN

Illustrations by Edward Ryan

"Stories have been distilled into these old walls drop by drop from the blood of hearts—hearts which have feared, hated, despaired inside them."

SPANISH AMERICA: a city of square forms rising tier on tier up the slope of a hill by the ocean; a monastery's burnished dome on top; a sky as hot and dazzling as the inside of a copper pot in the sun; palms leaning toward the water; kites flying from roofs festooned with strings of drying clothes; balconies—green balconies hung like bird-cages against stucco walls above narrow little streets; lounging ladies in the balconies, with black topknots, brilliant, enameled faces, trilling Spanish to one another and lazily watching all beneath.

Beneath runs the slow, deep, turgid stream which starts when the sun is low: servants and little clerks of self-importance in fresh-starched clothes; moaning old women in rags and turbans; naked boys with puffed-out bellies; little brown soldiers in white dress uniform, with huge, splayed bare feet.

To the wall above the sea come the men who have been lying all day in the shade. They sit on the wall, with bare feet dug into grass, and they gaze at the ocean. Waves roll in, break high and white on honeycombed rocks, and each wave as it breaks throws up and over its superb white body a rainbow veil of spray, emblem of good in the world. Men in dirt-yellowed rags sit, with hands dangling between knees, and gaze without a move at the ever-moving, clean ocean. They gaze like entranced cattle. Why?

The word the city speaks is heritage.

I went down there to paint. It was a few months before we entered the war. I said to myself at first: "Delight to my eyes, old town! Not a hard line in you. Those old Spaniards knew how to build. The lines of your houses are never ruled. They waver in the light like a violin string when played upon. And the rich colors of your walls —blues, greens, salmon, yellows! Sunrays run along your walls like fingers on a piano keyboard. Beautiful!"

A little later I said: "What is this city, anyway, so brilliant, so romantic on top? I suppose a romantic city is one which holds untold stories, mysteries, and breathes them out so one feels them, though the essence is held back. Stories have been distilled into these old walls drop by drop from the blood of hearts—hearts which have feared, hated, despaired inside them, and on the worn stones of the streets. Perhaps it is this mystery which fascinates me—and repels me."

I used to go to the library—there is a handsome public library in the city —and read up everything I could find about the place and people. The assistant librarian was a bumptious little chap of enormous self-esteem, with a blue poll so close-clipped to hide its woolliness that it looked painted instead of like growing hair. He spoke English with every "o" long. When he was in—rare were the occasions—he always blocked my curiosities about his race. I would ask for a certain book.

"We have n't it."

"But I saw it on the shelf yesterday."

His shoulders would hunch languidly, insolently, — *"Quien sabe?"* — and he

would stroll away. Probably he had everything he wanted except pure blood. He drew two salaries, a hundred pesos a month as librarian (without work, as angels fly), and two hundred a month as poet on "El Nacion," an illustrated weekly with a large circulation.

It was through this fellow that I found my boarding-place. I had been several weeks in the city when he surprised me by a sudden interest. Had the señorita a good boarding-place? No? If I wanted a very good place at a very agreeable price, I might find it at Señora Ana Dove's *casa*. Doña Ana was the wife of Don Pablo, editor and owner of "El Nacion." The señorita knew, *sin duda?* "All the world" knew Don Pablo and Doña Ana.

I had heard of them. Señor Dove was a German who had lived forty years in South America, most of the time in this city. He was influential in the Spanish business crowd, and his paper was putting out a lot of German propaganda on the side. To the English-speaking colony he was "the best of the lot" and "the old man," to distinguish him from his son, who "talked too much." Doña Ana was a Spanish woman, born in Venezuela, but always insisting she had been born in Spain. She belonged to no end of ladies' clubs and societies, and would get up at a meeting, so I heard, and declaim, "My husband is Gairman, and I am Gairman."

"Would they take me?" I asked in surprise.

"Uf! who knows?" Sometimes Doña Ana took a boarder; one. Don Pablo had seen the American señorita painting on the street, and thought her "a very interesting young woman."

Afterward it occurred to me that probably Don Pablo had me ticketed and labeled even then.

The Doves lived on the third floor of a fine old Spanish building in the old part of the city, just where I wanted to be. The ground floor swarmed, as usual, with negroes and "mosquito Indians," who huddled at night in their dens; but there was a separate entrance to the airy apartments above.

Doña Ana showed no eagerness for a boarder when I went there. She was polite, calm, indifferent, as if saying, "Come if you like, or no." She had blue eyes; soft, curling, red hair, worn short and parted on the side; and was fat. She was in one of the white, nightgown-like afternoon dresses of the country, her curves all unbound, with pompoms of baby-blue ribbon at bosom and elbows, and looked exactly like an immense baby. Leading me into a pleasant room whose great unglazed window opened on a balcony full of potted plants, she motioned me to a chair, and letting herself down into another, she indicated the window indifferently.

"Beautiful view. Cool. Always a breeze. Nothing to keep the air out, up so high; all the other roofs two-story."

An untidy brown girl stood behind her, dull, round, brown eyes slyly watching all that went on. Out in the hall another watchful young servant, barefoot and bare-armed, trotted up and down past the door with a little, very fair child on her back. There were lots of servants, and they all had eyes—round, brown eyes which did not catch the light, watching. Stealthy, cunning, inquisitive eyes, watching an alien, like savage eyes peeping from the bush.

I engaged the room and thought myself in luck. Why should people like these take a boarder, with all those servants, an automobile, luxuries? They seemed to have plenty of money. And at little more than half what I had been paying. Great luck!

At dinner next day I met the whole family. The table was set at one end of the hall by a balcony hung with birds in cages. Germanism was all about. In the center of the table stood a bronze figurette with a tiny German flag tied to its upraised fist. On the wall opposite me was a framed print of the kaiser and his war lords as they looked at the beginning, very magnificent, haughty, and invincible. The walls were a medley—paintings of fruit on unframed canvasses, Spanish lithographs, advertising chromos, family photographs, photgraphs of the kaiser at different ages, and of his wife. Under these things four servants hung themselves up, each one dirtier than the next, to wait on the table.

Besides Don Pablo and his wife, when I sat down, there was the fair little child. She was five or so, a delicate little thing, almost transparent, with white cheeks, and rose-madder hollows under her eyes. Her nurse, a plump girl of fourteen or fifteen, was kept busy picking up things that the child threw to the floor. Don Pablo, who was a spare, alert man, with kind blue eyes set far apart in a broad, square head, extended his forefinger and shook it.

"No, no; no, *no, palomita mia.*"

With a wail, the child brushed plate and all to the floor and reached out her arms to him. He took her on his knee. She wore nothing but an elaborate, soiled slip, but her hair was neatly brushed, and tied with a ribbon. He began to smooth her hair, saying over and over, "So white, so white, so white like a pigeon," as of a color he admired.

Strange eyes looked out from the pinched, tiny face—large, dark, oblong eyes, with a peculiar and tragic luster, as if an ill fate had marked her already. The hair, too, was strange, with its top strands of yellow, red, and tow, and its duskiness underneath. Doña Ana paid no attention at all to the child. She looked through or beyond her, never at her. I wondered, and pitied the little thing.

"Your child?" I murmured to Don Pablo.

"No."

"My son's child," said Doña Ana.

"I call her *Palomita*—little pigeon, little dove," said Don Pablo.

"She 's called Niña," said Doña Ana, calmly.

Niña—girl—was general enough. I began to hear the rattle of something gone wrong in the family machine. It was vague, but certainly there, something discomposed, raucous. It was even in the glances of the servants. Their eyes roved continually from one to another seated at the table, and in them was something difficult to define, almost a lurking sniff, as if to say, "We know, we know!" If a smile could be without outward expression, internal only, there was constantly a sarcastic smile in those roving, dull-shining eyes. Now and then Doña Ana clapped her hands to bring them to attention.

The second course was on the table when the hall door was flung open, and Pablino, the son, burst in.

He was in fresh linens, with hat slightly on the side of his head, and he sparkled with a cold, bright mirth. He stood an instant, taking in the others at a glance, like the chief actor coming on the stage. He shied his hat anywhere, ripped off his coat as he came to the table, hung it on the back of his chair, and talked all the while; talked to me, taking for granted an introduction no one had been able to give. He had seen me,—had n't I been several weeks in the city?—every day for two weeks he had seen me pass his office. Yesterday I had worn a hat with a blue ribbon; and so forth. He tore off his collar and tossed it at one of the servants, tasted his soup and all but flung that at a servant. "Cold! Take it away!" he said, smiling all the time, casting his cold mirth about like sparkling snow.

A fresh plate of soup was brought. He held it up that all might see the steam issuing from it, and set it off as far as he could reach. "Expect me to eat that a day like this!" He jumped up, and started the electric fan, which he put behind his elbow. His shirt-sleeves puffed in and out, his facial muscle jerked spasmodically, as if he had difficulty in getting out his words. He talked all the time, and his eyes sparkled under that jerking brow with cold mirth.

He was rather a handsome fellow, under thirty, with cleaner-cut features than his father, and deep-blue eyes under a shelf of a brow. The brow was high and bony, with thick auburn hair clustering about it. His shifting, dancing eyes, never still a second, now opened wide under lifted brows, now retreated into his head, hiding under bent brows. They fascinated, piqued curiosity, like some mysterious creature advancing and retreating in a dark doorway. The man was as muscular as a bull, and his crape-silk shirt and his hands were immaculate. I learned afterward that he had a passion for bathing several times a day. It was rather remarkable down there, and born in the country. Altogether, he looked—

oh, how German he looked! He was a rakish fellow, a devil-may-care German. He had been educated in Germany.

Having displayed himself, Pablino proceeded to exhibit others. He thrust his feet out to one side of his chair and began calling in a singsong tone:

"Quin-til-la! Quin-til-la!"

"Servant's name," he explained, pointing backward with his thumb toward Niña's nurse, who had gone to the kitchen. "Means poem—five verses. *"She 's* a poem. Oh, she 's a devil."

The girl stood at the bend of the hall, looking at us from under her half-open lashes. A thick, long braid of glossy black hair came over her shoulder and lay across her torn yellow dress. The skin on her beautiful neck and around her temples was pure orange. She had the colors of a handsome hornet, and a malicious smile trembling at one corner of her mouth seemed to promise the sting of one.

"Dame usted mis chinelas," ordered Pablino, without looking at her. "Slippers," he translated, twinkling as though to say, "Just wait!"

Quintilla brought the slippers, and dropping to the floor beside the man, she sat flat, took his feet in her lap, and, bending her head over them, began unlacing his shoes.

"Good to-day," said Pablino, looking bored. "Sometimes she won't touch 'em." But when the girl lingered over his feet,—it looked to me as if she was caressing them,—his twinkle came back. He leaned down with a growl. "Get out!" he exclaimed, tossed his shoes aside, and thrust his feet into his slippers.

"You ought to see her with her hair down," he exclaimed as she carried his shoes away. *"Dios!* she could hide herself in it, and fine as silk. Mother hates her, don't you, Mother?"

"I don't hate anybody. I don't think they 're worth it."

Doña Ana's cool voice rose and fell like a tossed ball. She continued to direct the dinner, sending the servants here and there; but there was a constraint. Don Pablo spoke a sentence now and then, and looked at his son with apprehension. Moisture began to break out on his forehead.

Pablino reached over and pinched his mother's chin.

"Mother 's quite a remarkable woman. She was born in Spain, educated in an Italian convent by French nuns, married in Germany, and she speaks five laguages."

He gave her chin a final shake, as a puppy might drop a bone. Her face had remained impassive, but a sidelong gleam shot from her lowered lids.

"Father 's a poet. You want to get him to show you his book of poems, published in German and Spanish. Father thought he could make a writer of me. After I came from school in Germany, he set me at a desk in his office—sheets of paper, box of pencils. Oh, I did n't know what to do with my hands!" He spread out his smooth, white hands, each adorned with a diamond ring. "I 'd get up, run up and down; and now he 's my partner, we 're partners, commission business,—" he grinned slyly at his father,—"and if the business goes, as it will,—got to, —we 've put everything in,—" he made an ample gesture,—"there 'll be enough. Eh, Papa! Oceans. Won't there, Mother?"

He leaned toward his mother, and with a show of great care laid a crust on her head. When she tipped her head just enough to make the crust fall, he rubbed her arm, mockingly soothing, and put another crust in her hair.

"Pablino!" admonished his father.

Pablino's roguish wag seemed to say, "Is n't she funny!" He felt in his pocket and brought out a small box, which he slapped on the table under his hand. He peeped at his mother, then at his child, and threw his bomb.

"Belen!" he ejaculated.

There was dead silence. The child started, and looked around the table in a confused way, her lip put up to cry. Doña Ana, with her fork trembling in her hand half-way to her mouth, remained as if astounded. Don Pablo drew a sharp breath.

Pablino's smile went out slowly, like a light when the current is turned off. He said with careful distinctness,

"It 's her name, no?" He repeated it. "Belen! Belen, say papa."

"'*She!* She brought suffering and unhappiness on *us*'"

Doña Ana's hand moved swiftly in the sign of the cross, dropped to the table. Don Pablo passed his palm over his moist forehead and spoke rapidly in German. Pablino turned from one to the other and exclaimed violently in Spanish:

"What ails you?"

Two or three furious German sentences followed, then Doña Ana's voice lifted:

"Papa, Papa, say something! Miss Nelson, say something to him!"

I said nothing. It made no difference to me if the man contracted to a point, as he seemed in the way of doing. His whole face had tightened; his eyes had sunk into his head until they were almost invisible under the brow, which was drawn above his nose into one perpendicular fold. What interested me was to see what he would do next. He was an unknown character in action. He scowled at the table-cloth and looked capable of anything, of hurling a knife. German, German. He had got the latest German education.

Don Pablo extended his hand, palm up, across the table.

"Come, Pablino!"

Pablino glared at the extended hand as if he would like to spit into it.

"Come, Pablino! Come, my son!"

At last Pablino's hand went out reluctantly. It was clasped and released.

Instantly, as if a magic word had been pronounced, suspended breaths and action returned. Servants shuffled, Niña struck her spoon smartly on the table, saying, "Papa, Papa, Papa." Doña Ana dished the dessert.

Pablino's anger lasted through dinner. He put the little box back into his pocket, buried his nose in a paper, and said nothing more until we started to leave the table; then he jumped up.

"Don't go," he cried to me; "don't go. Wait; I want to show you something."

He went off, and came back in a moment with his arms full of puzzles, Japanese, American, German. He sat down, and his immaculate fingers wove in and out.

"You can't do this. Do this one. Ha! ha! Now watch me."

He was an expert at tricks, too. He could balance a glassful of water on the edge of a plate.

NEXT morning after the men had gone, Doña Ana came to my room. She sat down. Her hands dropped one each

side of her, and there they stayed. I admired her, yes; I admired her self-control. There was none of Pablino's jerkiness, disconnection of mind and muscles, about her. And, now I think of it, I never heard her laugh. She seemed always quietly watching. She saw everything that went on, and then pursued her own path. She spoke evenly now, without the slightest hesitation, with a sort of measured cadence, and almost without expression. Then her lips would close, and the faintest shade of disdain would come to her face. I felt that secretly she disdained me and everybody, including herself.

"You don't understand about that child," she said. "She 's not my grandchild. She 's no relation to me or to my husband; no relation at all, no more than one of the servants. My son is her father, you understand, but she 's not white. Yes, her skin looks white, but you never can tell. Those eyes, sure; and her hair, the way it 's coming in under. Yes, she has good features. She gets that from her father. Her mother was n't black, of course, but she was n't white. My son never meant to marry her mother, you understand; but when there was the child, so white, he thought, well, for the sake of the child. My son is a fool.

"There are just two classes in this country, two, only two, the high and the low. And there 's no passing from the low to the high—not to a Spanish lady. My son brought the woman here after he married her. She was—she had a disease. She hid it; nobody knew. I thought: 'What shall I do? I 'll kill them both. Oh, I will. Oh, yes; I 'll shoot them both; and if I have n't a revolver, I 'll squeeze *her*. I—I don't know what I 'll do. I 'll *squeeze* her. I 'm afraid of a revolver. First I 'll punish them, I 'll punish *her*, and then my son will be dead to me.'

"I never forgive and I never forget. My mother used to say we should forgive. But not me. If any one does me a kindness, I never forget it, and I 'll feel I can't do enough to repay it. And if any one does me an unkindness, that person is dead to me. He is n't in the world to me any more. When it was found out, when this woman could n't hide her disease any longer, they took her away. She died. The child was named for her. That name I 've never spoken. My son never spoke that name before — since the woman died. That 's what you could n't understand last night. I 'm telling you this for your own information."

"She must have had a hard time." I seemed to see the woman moving up and down the passageways of the house, with her child, despised.

"*She!* She brought suffering and unhappiness on *us*. It 's three years. Don't think because I don't say anything that I don't see anything. But I think there are different minds in the world, and different people, and I believe in letting everybody think and do just as he likes. If he wants to be a fool, let him be a fool. I don't care. Don't think I would bring up a child like this one. This one is five years old and just like a puppy. But I don't care. My son hires a nurse-girl to take care of it, to do everything for it. He thinks that is right. *My* child always had a bath every morning when he got up; and at night, every night, a nice warm bath, and he never slept in the same clothes he wore in the daytime. This one, if it has its hair combed— Let it go. If I said a word, my son—he has a hot temper—would say something to me, and then all over. You never see us together except at table. He has his apartment, and I have mine.

"My husband is a gentleman through and through, quiet. But *that* one! They 're just as different. You don't see my husband come to the table without a coat and collar, or have a servant take his shoes off at the table. Americans do that here. They would n't do it at home, they would n't do it in the States, but they do it here. Every night my husband carries this child to bed. I tell him sometimes his kindness and fineness end just this side of stupidity. Well, he says, he can't help it. We 've been happy together. You can see we 've been happy together."

She stood up. Her unbound curves billowed outward in front, and she leaned slightly backward to balance herself. She was perfectly balanced

on her neat little feet, thrust bare into slippers. Her smooth face showed no emotion. It was calm, perfectly controlled. Behind her, past the open door, went servants, barefoot, without a sound, appearing and disappearing as if crossing the back of a stage. One who carried food was in a ragged bathrobe of Doña Ana's, its hugeness gathered around her armpits with a cord. At one side I could see the brown legs and feet of Quintilla, flat on the floor, with the baby and a mopping-pail, making sly and spiteful digs at the passers with her bare toes.

"A woman sees things when she is in a house," said Doña Ana, "and it 's best to know, not guess." She was going out the door when she paused and added a sentence, as if to herself, "I take everything, I swallow everything, and then I can't stand a touch."

FOR a month—I was in the house only six weeks—I saw very little of Pablino, and was glad of it. I never saw him in the morning. He would have his bath and up and away. In the evening he and his father would come home to dinner, another bath for Pablino, and then very likely on with their hats and off again. "Oh, so much business at the office." Twice in the month Pablino was away on long automobile trips. He would go in the night and come back in the night. I saw him go off once. He carried a blanket rolled carefully, and fastened with safety-pins, and just as he went out the door the corner of my eye caught the glint of a revolver pulled from his hip-pocket and slipped back. An undercurrent of excitement, of preparation, and perhaps of apprehension preceded these trips and continued until Pablino was home again. I don't know what it was. Usual German work, I suppose. Don Pablo explained: "My son goes to see a man on business far along the coast. A beautiful coast; oh, romantic!" He showed me a map of the road.

Mystery and things hidden were here. I thought it strange they had me there. Did they think I had no eyes? However, I might as well have been without ears. I understood Spanish only if spoken carefuly in little words, and German not at all. You 've no idea how suspicious people were of strangers and of one another in that country at that time. "Spies, civil service, indiscreet"—you heard the words whispered behind the hand.

When my letters did not come, Don Pablo would smile and say: "Ah, the censor. They think you are a spy, maybe." He went to the post-office himself and got them for me more than once. I have an idea about that now, but I liked him then. He used to race me up-stairs, going two steps at a time, when I could hardly lift my feet in that heat, and laugh when he beat me. After dinner, if he stayed home, he might bring out his violin. He would bow in his mock-virtuoso manner. "Now let us have it, some moosic." Dear! he was an artist! How his stubbled old gray cheek caressed the cheek of the violin as it sang with the voice of the Lorelei! Doña Ana would be in bed, barefoot, bare-armed, immense, a light at her head, swallowing books—novels.

"That 's what makes her so fat," laughingly declared Don Pablo. "She lies in bed and reads till three o'clock in the morning."

"I read," said Doña Ana, "when I can't sleep."

There was a ladder at the end of the hall not far from my room, and near the kitchen door, which led to a trap-door in the high ceiling. Once as I came out of my room, I saw Don Pablo carrying his violin up there.

"I go to play on the roof," said he.

"Ah, let me be audience?"

I thought that would be lovely—violin in the blue night, with undertone of the ocean, panacea for loneliness. I put my foot on the ladder. He looked down. I 'll never forget—there was an electric light on the ceiling, which shone right in his face—the eyes of this mild and gentle man staring, wide-open, with a hard, stiff, angry look. Sweat broke out on his face. He threw out an arm.

"I 'd kill any one who followed me!" he said.

I was too astounded to move. The "perfect gentleman" was a madman. I had thought the son capable of any-

thing; but this man, too. I could see him, with those stiff eyes, standing with folded arms to see men drown. For Germany? Was that it? I thought of secret wireless. Maybe he had it. I don't know. I am trying to give the strange, incomprehensible, shivery atmosphere of the house, with its marble floors, its immensely high ceilings, its watchful servants, its air palpitating with secrets in a city of impenetrable depths of misery and suffering.

"He does n't mean that," called Doña Ana quickly from the kitchen.

"I do!"

He disappeared through the trap-door. I went to my room. Doña Ana came a few minutes later.

"You did n't understand my husband. He does n't want anybody to discover his goodness. That would make him very angry. He is going to play to a sick neighbor who is fond of music. She lives next door. He plays on the roof so she can hear. A stranger would n't understand. We never follow him, or speak of the kind deeds he does. His kindness and fineness end just this side of stupidity, I tell him; but sometimes they go beyond."

A rough ladder fixed at the end of a marble hall has an odd appearance. Ordinarily, there would have been stairs, of stone, perhaps, used by the servants going up to hang clothes on the roof, or by the family in the evening for a lounge or a promenade. There would be a fine view from a three-story roof. Not here. It seemed like something put up in a hurry and then let stay because of an instinctive feeling that it fitted its use, if not its place.

One day when Doña Ana was out, I came back to the house for some paints I had forgotten. I was never given a key to the *casa*, always had to ring; but this time I happened to go in with one of the servants. For the second and last time until the night I went up it I saw the ladder in use. A horrible old hag was ascending it with a tray of food. She turned her face toward me. It was gray-brown, like dried earth, and she was so bowed and shriveled with wretchedness and age that there was nothing womanly left to her but her turban and her dress. One eye was filmed and hard like a blinded chicken's eye; the other gazed at me with a dreadful and profound intimacy.

I turned into my room. I thought, "If she 's there when I go out, I 'll never come back." She was gone.

But I painted no more that day. Here it was now in the house—the grievousness from outside. I can't tell, I can't express, how it affected me. It was always on the street. I might be standing in a store; a touch as light as a fly's wing would brush my arm. I would turn to meet the terrible begging gaze in the eyes of some child—some sin of the fathers that should never have been born. Everywhere were beggars and the wretched, and all with eyes, as if in the scum drifted aside from the foot of the great waterfall of life eyes should peer out, watching, watching, with a horrible magnetism, the bubble that I was, drifting nearer.

A FORTNIGHT later I went to my room in the evening feeling pretty blue. Doña Ana was having a birthday. It was like Christmas—lots of presents on her bed, table set all day with cakes and wine, automobiles coming and going. I was lonesome and homesick.

I lay in bed listening to the voices, the laughter, music. My thoughts went round without getting anywhere.

Doña Ana had a new bird for her birthday, a nightingale fresh from the mountains. How the little drab thing, I thought, its long, slender body built for flight, beats its wings against the cage! It does n't sing. Why should it? Now and then it gives a plaintive chirp. The boy came to the door this afternoon with a letter from his sick mother. "Blessing of the Mother of God and all the saints on Don Pablo if he would send by the boy twenty-five centavos. We are starving."

"Worse than it used to be," said Don Pablo. "Now it 's all Red Cross,—Red Cross all over the world,—and there 's so much less for the poor people." Pablino and his father are cornering rice, the food of the poor people.

"Where will you sell it, to the Allies?"

"'Hit me! Hit hard!'"

"No, no; here. They 've got to have it here."

How hot it was! I could hardly lift my bound, heavy, aching legs.

I go about like a child in a strange place, without being able to tell what it means; or like one who has lost his memory and is constantly struggling to find some word, some sentence which will give the clue to the meaning of the life by which he is surrounded, something to satisfy the blank questioning. But these sights—the beggars, the children, the caged birds, the bone-boxes of nags on the street which hold just life enough to haul their burden—these sights don't stir me any more. I look at them without love, without hate, without pity, as if they were passing shadows in a nightmare, but with what aversion! These shades, brothers of mine—but I can think of nothing else. No hope. Each will go on just this way till he dies.

How hot it was! Fever. When I went to sleep I dreamed. Suddenly a word seemed to float near, as if I were drowning, and that word were a straw. I struggled for it mightily. At last it rushed toward me and exploded like a thunder-clap—*"Cuidado!"*

In my semi-delirium it nearly took my head off. I came to myself, crouched on an elbow, staring up. There was a hole in the ceiling! It was about as big as two hands laid together. I could see a faint light through it. Just as I looked, a shadow seemed to pass it, quickly, like a wraith, a fancy.

I shut my eyes. I was afraid to look. Perhaps it was a cat over a ventilator, which had been closed before. Again I looked. Now there was no hole.

I got on my feet, turned on every light. Not a mark on the ceiling but marks of age and of cobwebs too high to reach. Dawn was breaking. I padded the floor until my legs gave way, then sat in the window. A big monkey on the roof across the street padded, too. He padded the length of his chain, then sprang, and was jerked back. Back and forth he roved, sinuous tail curling and uncurling, and every time, at the end of his chain, he sprang, and was jerked back.

Later in the morning Doña Ana and I had a bit of conversation. I was in bed then.

"Is there a spy-hole in the ceiling of this room, Doña Ana?"

"Delirium, Miss Mary? You should let me send for a doctor."

"It was right up there, Señora, over the bed. I saw a faint light."

"A reflection. That ceiling is the roof, Miss Mary, brick and plaster two feet thick."

"Yes? Somebody called through the hole, *'Cuidado!'* That means beware, take care, does n't it? A ghost, do you suppose? Too bad it did n't stay. I might have asked it what it meant and if it lived up there."

"Nobody lives up there. There 's a *mirador* on the roof, three little rooms, all empty, closed up. Nobody can get in from the outside unless they go up from here."

" 'Nobody' likes food."

"What do you mean, Miss Mary?"

"Another dream, Señora. I dreamed I saw a tray of food carried up the other day."

Doña Ana walked to the window and began pulling dead leaves from the vines. I did not care what she did. I turned my head away. I heard her go back and forth with a pitcher of water; she had beautiful plants all over the house. By and by she was by the bed again.

"You are a very intelligent young woman, Miss Mary. I like you. I can see that in other circumstances you could be my very dear friend. You should think of what I told you—as long as you are my friend I am your friend. If you don't want to be that—and discreet, the door stands open. I never forgive. I 'm going to be frank with you. There was an opening in the ceiling of this room long ago. There are conditions in a hot country—you could n't understand. It was necessary; the hole was closed up. I thought Don Pablo and I were all who knew of it. If it was opened last night, I know who did it — Quintilla. Little devil! she pries and spies and fears nothing. Would I have that child of Satan in the house? But what can I do? She amuses my son. He hires

her. One fool makes a hundred. If you will trust me, I will see that you are not molested again while you are here. I 'll speak to my husband. Impudent servants! I 'll send them all away."

It was easy to imagine it, the story of "long ago," Doña Ana's eye at the secret hole, spying with the scrutiny of hatred on the unhappy creature whom she meant to "squeeze," who must have once had my room. "When it was found out, when this woman could n't hide her disease any longer—" oh, yes.

And yet I admired Doña Ana. I do still, with her calm and bitter self-possession, her hair in damp ringlets over her smooth forehead like a child's. She was like a vigorous, conscious plant which sees its flowering head flawy, or like the author of a grand drama who sees it working out on the boards as she never intended. But still the play goes on, and she plays with it, new and hated lines, to another climax.

QUINTILLA disappeared for several days. Pablino was in a state of excitement, sullen or angry, during which he told me one nice little lie. He had offered to show me a miniature, "painted by the best artist in South America," if I would call at his office. I called.

He beamed, he brought out catalogues. Did I want silk stockings, shoes, waists? *Caramba!* he would get them for me at wholesale prices. I declined. Was n't he going to show me the miniature?

He sat on his desk, crossed his legs jauntily, and smiled down at me. Five girls, sitting near at type-writers, keys silent, work stopped, bent their lusterless gaze our way, as if I were trying to take their cake.

"To tell the truth," said Pablino, "it 's a portrait of Niña's mother, which I had painted to pique mama. Paid a thousand pesos for it. I hung it under her portrait in the *sala*—oh, rather good sport! She would n't go into the room. It was two weeks before I let papa take it down. It 's a beautiful picture, though."

I stood up, with a yawn behind my hand. I was afraid to let him know how much I wanted to see it. Unfortunate, unhappy creature! And how powerful! Her very name could still evoke what passion, what consternation in the family! A sinister shade, she crept through the house.

"Well, I must go. I had hoped to see the painting."

He looked me straight in the eye, the frankest look.

"Oh, it 's locked up in the safe, and my partner, who has the key, is away to-day."

I got out on the street. I was stunned. Such an unnecessary, stupid lie! Did he expect me to believe it? Was he showing his contempt for me or for my mind?

Months after, I mentioned the incident to an American of experience.

"Of course he expected you to believe it," said he. "Why, for ever so long we had been believing everything the Germans told us, had n't we?"

A DAY or two after, Pablino came home late to dinner. Without looking to right or to left, he passed around the table to where his father sat. He bent his head down.

"Papa, Papa, feel my head!"

Don Pablo was carving. He kept his hands extended over the roast, with carving-knife and fork, and looked up with his kind, inquiring smile. Pablino reached for the knife and sent it flying. He knelt, and held his father's hand on his head.

"Feel! feel! How hot!"

He trembled. His arms, hands, the muscles of his neck quivered as flesh does when it is afraid. Doña Ana continued serving, but a flicker on her lips as she glanced sidewise at her son seemed to say, "Baby!" Don Pablo spoke in German, then Pablino began to talk. He started on his knees, got to his feet, and ended by haranguing the whole table in a rush of German. Doña Ana explained dryly,

"My son says he saw a leper seized on the street to be taken to the leper island."

"Oh," cried Pablino, beginning all over again, this time in English, "oh, I saw her! I was ten feet away. Oh,

she fought! Her ear came off! I saw it! It fell on the pavement! Oh, Papa!"

His solicitude — what was it? — seemed as incongruous as flowers springing from hot lava.

"You want to be careful," he said to me, and when I said nothing, he became terribly in earnest, features working, arms motioning. "Sure! You don't know who they are! Keep in the middle of the street! She sat down here on the street in a doorway,—you must have seen her,—big head like a man, big stick. She 'd strike if you came near. Around her head and shoulders, bunched, was an old striped rag—an old flag. Sure, an American flag. If it had been a German flag or a Spanish flag, she 'd have been arrested long ago, put in prison. Then she 'd have been found out. Americans don't care."

"Oh, there 's no fear for contagion," said Don Pablo, soothing his son.

Pablino went off, had a bath, and presently reappeared in a bath-robe, roaming up and down the hall, still in intense excitement. His father went to him. The two men kissed each other on the mouth like school-girls, then with arms about each other's waists they paced the hall, talking, talking. Once I caught them examining me with a contemplative scrutiny, instantly shifted.

As I rose from the table, Pablino stepped up. He threw back his shoulders and struck himself a good blow on the chest.

"Hit me! Hit hard!"

"Why should I hit you?

He seized my hand and struck himself again. "Hit! hit hard!" It was like striking steel plate.

"Strong, eh? And natural. It 's natural. I never did anything to increase my strength. I 'm naturally strong, perfectly well. Father says it was the heat."

"Come, Miss Mary," called Doña Ana. "Come, I want to show you a flower."

An end of the balcony off the *sala*, which faced the ocean, was full of her roses. What a perfume! Don Pablo came out, too, with a pancake sneaked from the table in his hand, eating it like a boy while he jounced Niña on his back. Her tiny hands clutched his neck. They laughed together.

"It was the heat," explained Don Pablo. "He was out two hours—two hours!—in the sun in the middle of the day. Ah, you can't do so here. You must take a siesta. Me—I don't feel hot. But every day after lunch I lie down, if it 's just to close my eyes. Then all right. Work all the time, no. Play, dance." He began a fantastic two-step, bowing and bending. "We all go to the casino ball Friday. Miss Mary, too!" He shook his finger at me. "Oh, interesting! *Only* the best people. It 's an exclusive cloob. And every lady behind a fan—b-z-z-z. Sounds like a lot of bees."

"I was *going* to *ask* her," said Pablino.

His father laughed. His whole face lit up as a speaker's does when he sways his audience. Ah, he was an artist, and a mighty clever after-dinner speaker, so I heard. He finished his pancake.

"I tell you a story. In the village where my father was born there lived a pastor who was very fond of pancakes; and especially the border of the pancake he thought was simply divine. One day he was explaining the love of *Unser Gott*, and says he, 'It is so sweet — so sweet — so sweet — as the border of a pancake.' Ha! ha!"

A GARDEN lay on three sides of the casino building. In the moonlight it seemed dark, thick, tall like a jungle, with narrow paths jutting here and there. Flowers lifted strange, wide faces, pale in the moon-rays, as if they, too, were enameled like the ladies' faces behind fans. Deep in the foliage dark flowers crouched, and there were glimpses of shining dresses, with black shadows alongside.

Pablino was showing me the place. He stopped in the open where a tree-fern raised its stem ten feet above a little marble pool, then bursting at the top like a fountain, sent its fronds whirling up, to bend and curve to the ground and the white pool.

It was just at the edge of the gar-

den, which was inclosed by an iron fence. On the other side lay a long, low grassy hill, which resembled a huge, recumbent animal—earth, warm, breathing, asleep. Over the hill was the ocean, sleeping, too. Outside the garden were lots of little dark, white-backed humans — Doña Ana's "low class." They were listening to the music, and as they listened, they wound in an ellipsis, round and round, past the casino and back again in a slow, sticky movement, as though stirred with a big spoon. They could see the whole show, too — the whirling and twirling, eating and drinking of the exclusive club. There were three times as many taking the crumbs as those who sat at the table.

"Romantic!" said Pablino, waving an arm around.

In a moment I perceived that he had selected this spot for himself to be romantic in—German romantic. He began to smile mysteriously and to come closer, as if he had a pleasant surprise for me.

"I love that ribbon around your hair," said he, "blue—blue, like your eyes." He leaned slowly toward it, with his lips puckered.

I backed into the shrubbery.

"Don't do that! *Americans* don't like that sort of thing."

"Americans? But—you are woman, *nicht wahr?*"

I did not know whether to admire his impudence or his assurance.

"Take me back to your mother," I said crossly. "I think you are acting very foolishly."

He stepped back, still with the curious smile trembling under his mustache, and posed himself in front of the tree-fern, his hand on his heart. He was in black broadcloth evening clothes, rings on his fingers, and a fob like a door-knob on the front of his waistcoat. The tree-fern did not now resemble a bursting fountain. Its fronds curled about the man like petals of a great flower. He was its heart—the worm-eaten heart of tropic beauty.

"After mature deliberation," he said, "I have decided to make you an offer of marriage. I have consulted with my father, and he agrees with me that it is a wise thing for me to do. You are good family. My father and mother both like you. And after we are married, we 'll live in Washington or New York; I 'm tired of Latin America. You have an uncle in the Senate—"

"How do you know?"

"Why, my dear girl, naturally one would make inquiries. Twice one does not make a marriage mistake. And after we are married—"

"But we are not going to be married."

His jaw dropped. He bent toward me, pointed his forefinger at himself, and said rapidly with the utmost amazement:

"But you don't know who I am, *hein?*"

"But I don't care who you are."

"But—you don't know who I am, *hein?*"

"And I don't care who you are."

"But—you don't know who I *am!*" His finger fairly bored into his chest.

"But I know who you were—the husband of Belen."

"What *difference* does *that* make?" He seized my wrist—the marks of his fingers were there the next day—and ground his teeth in my face. "If I thought—" Suddenly he threw my hand down and puffed out his chest. "Ha! ha! *Wohl,* I did n't think there was a woman in the world would refuse me."

As we stood, narrowly observing each other, I heard a rustle behind me, and a stone whizzed neatly past my ear. I spun about. Some one hidden in the shrubbery by the fence began to laugh, low, spiteful laughter. Other voices near by took it up. I could imagine all those little people on the hill giving voice to it—woe and bitterness, sin and mockery, as they wound in their ellipsis and looked across the fence.

The noise stopped with the suddenness of a whip-crack. Two little policemen in high helmets popped out there. I had a glimpse of something light, bent, and skimming the hill, then the white-backs ringed the policemen in excited circles, and it ended. A sleeping creature had stirred in his sleep; that was all.

I looked for Pablino, and saw his back, very stiff, just disappearing around a bend in the path. He had dropped me like a hot cake.

TWENTY minutes later I was climbing the stairs to the Dove *casa*, alone, with mixed emotions. Better dark corners and specters alone than see any of the Doves again that night. In the morning I would hunt another boarding-place. Don Pablo once said to me, "It must always be looked for, the motive. So a German says, the motive; what motive?"

I thought I saw the motive here. "We 'll live in Washington . . . you have an uncle in the Senate." No wonder they had been kind.

No, I saw nothing. Nothing real. The motive of the Dove *casa* was hunger of a family to develop itself and to climax in the son. It had no regard for any other family, and so it had become inhuman and monstrous.

When I came to the head of the stairs the Dove door was ajar and moving slightly, as though some one had just passed through. I stood by the door, pushing it gingerly, to see who was behind. I heard some one panting when a brown hand slid out, gripped my arm, and drew me in. The door shut noiselessly.

The lights were turned off in the house, but moonlight came bright in a window. I could see. It was Quintilla. She leaned against the door, steaming with sweat, panting, choking, and trying to muffle the sound in her skirt. And all the time she watched me with hostility.

One sleeve was torn off her shoulder, and her hair had come loose, and seemed to lift itself from her forehead and float around her in a multitude of dark little waves. She pulled herself together with unexpected suddenness. Throwing her head up high and looking me straight in the eyes, both hands pressed against her bosom, she whispered with indescribable passion:

"Don Pablino es mio!"

Her hand slipped up the door and shot the bolt. She stooped, ripped my slippers off my feet, and began pulling me along the hall in furious, but stealthy, haste.

"Chist! Vamos! pronto! para Doña Belen."

To Doña Belen! the dead Belen.

I would have fallen over the feet of a servant asleep on the floor by the kitchen door if Quintilla had not guided me around and started me up the ladder. I went up without a thought of propriety or impropriety or threats. I went up as if I were carried in a balloon.

Quintilla shut the trap-door behind us. It was pitch-dark until she turned on a light.

A little room, hot, close, and empty, with a peculiar sepulchral smell in which chloride of lime could be detected. I looked all around. There was a door, with a heavy, padlocked bar across, which must have led to the room above mine. And there was a window, bricked up on the outside; nothing else.

Quintilla had crouched down by the side wall. Suddenly a light jumped from another trap-door there, close to the floor. I was looking along the ceiling of a room on the floor below. Quintilla pushed me roughly to the little door.

"Ea, ea! mira! la esposa de Don Pablino! Que hermosa!"

I looked down into the room, and I saw the woman, and she was a leper. She sat on the bed, her knees drawn up, and her arms, one of which had lost semblance of an arm, clasped around them. Her face turned up to the opening. Some sort of whitish cowl was on her head,—she wore nothing else but a grimy shift, which hardly covered her knees,—and from out that cowl her ashen face looked up, unblinking, unstartled as if she never could be startled again.

I could hardly withstand the look. I trembled. I stood motionless, contemplating the dismal fate of the woman to its reliefless end. I noted details: an image of the Virgin over the bed, a window nailed up half its height, a tray with remnants of food partly covered with a rag, a rope-and-pulley dumb-waiter arrangement under the trap-door, odor of a den.

"Pablino half sat on the rungs at the top"

The head turned, sank down on the knees, and a whimper floated up:

"Ay de mi—ay de mi—aydemi!"

It was a continuing whimper, without pause, without inflection, and finally without syllables, like the cry of some little animal in a trap.

My shaking fingers fumbled for the hook of the trap-door, to shut the specter in. The door dropped with a crack. I mustered strength to walk away and to get down the ladder.

I was hanging to the foot of the ladder before I realized that the hall was lighted now. Doña Ana was coming down it, as heavy, steady as a juggernaut. A blue feather wagged on her head. She came on, and then she turned sharply into the kitchen without a word or a look for me. Two servants were coming out, their just-opened eyes ready to pop out of their heads and roll on the floor like buttons.

Farther along the hall were two figures under a light, as in a cinema scene—Quintilla and Pablino. The German had the girl by the arm and was shaking her like a mop. Her hair flew about. She was as limp as a mop while he shook her, but when he let go, she stepped back, gathered her hair off her face with her hands, and, holding it behind her head, smiled gently at him. Her bare, round elbows projected from her head like wings. She had a soft, veiled appearance. She was beautiful.

The German stared. His eyes had been sunk into his head with rage; now they came out from their caverns, and from them to the girl, as clear as lightning in the night, darted the look of a vile mind. A peculiar smile hovered on his lips. Sins of the fathers!

Now Pablino was coming down the hall. I hated him.

"She 's alive—your wife."

"What are you talking about! A man in his house is king! You enter yourself like Pedro in his house!" With each word he became more agitated.

"Don't come too close. I know you now. You take one after another—unclean! Leper!"

For an instant I thought he might kill me there or die himself because of his fear of that word. Foam appeared in the corners of his mouth, which opened and shut. From his throat came a sound resembling a deep, rough voice:

"But not alone—"

A water-cooler stood on a table near by, with a glass under the faucet. Pablino turned the faucet, lifted the glass of water to his lips, then poured it over his head. He went up the ladder, fumbling at his hip-pocket. I caught the gleam of a revolver.

Doña Ana came from the kitchen, began walking up and down, as gray-faced as dried grass. She said, without turning her head:

"Is she also a fool that she stays until he comes down?"

I could n't move. There were four shots—four irregular shots, and not a sound besides but the meaningless, maddening trickle from the almost emptied water-cooler.

Doña Ana stood by the ladder, her head turned up in a strange fixed position, as if she were a petrified block on the marble floor.

Pablino half sat on the rungs at the top. One hand still held the revolver. Suddenly it whirled, touched his forehead, and there was another shot. Then the body pitched over. As it fell, the arms flew out, and one hand struck Doña Ana across the face.

She reeled against the ladder, but kept on her feet. Her gray face turned until she found me. She said:

"My son has treated me well. Even in death he gives me a slap in the face."

She seemed like one going under ether, who feels impelled to demonstrate to somebody outside the whirling fog that he is still perfectly conscious. Her eyes strained wide open, then clouded as if she were sleepy.

She lay down on the bed and turned her face to the wall. She spoke again:

"*My* child always had a bath in the morning when he got up, and at night —every night—a nice, warm bath. And he never slept in the same clothes he wore in the daytime."

The Nineness in the Oneness

By GEORGE MOORE

The nine arts are but nine aspects of a single divinity, the goddess Æsthesia; the Muses are not hostile to one another, but interdependent.

THE Renaissance is never far from the thoughts of the twentieth-century artist, and he often falls to thinking how it was that his illustrious ancestors of the fifteenth were able to practise without failing many different arts, and that it was not till the great tide of inspiration began to slacken that the painter ceased to design cathedrals. We remember, too, that in the seventeenth century our ancestors renounced the chisel and the pen, becoming almost exclusively portrait-painters in the eighteenth. Blake is the only painter that comes to mind who was at once a painter and a poet.

In our own little renaissance in the fifties an interest in literature sprang up among painters. Rossetti wrote some poems imbued with the beauty of his early pictures, and Whistler contributed some prose fragments to our literature, and a description of evening which thrills in the memory and brings tears to the eyes when it is read aloud. But besides the nocturnes and "The Ten O'Clock" Whistler left some maxims which have borne evil fruit, and a doctrine that nobody understands painting but painters. Whistler no doubt said this, but what he meant was that nobody understands painting but a great painter, which, interpreted still further, means that nobody understood painting but Whistler; and since Whistler has gone from us, the doctrine promulgated is that the painter knows or should know nothing but his palette, and our feeblest dabbler believes that he paints exclusively for dabblers, which, when one considers it, is hardly a nobler ambition than to paint to please the public. It is a doctrine certainly to which Whistler would be the last man in the world to subscribe. He would have spurned such a doctrine, declaring scornfully that a man's art was for himself, and though he might allow some examples of it to be taken away and exchanged for pieces of money, I think he said once the examples returned to the artist and became his property "ultimately." But doctrine becomes sadly corrupted in the course of a few years, and what now remains of the master's teaching is a sullen suspicion regarding a painter's talent if he confesses to literary or musical interests. To play the piano, even though he plays it very badly, awakens doubt, and when it becomes known he has an organ in his studio and plays Bach, his name is not spoken again in Chelsea. He drops out; and it has come to pass that pure music existing of and through itself is regarded with more respect than music associated with words and a dramatic action; if words there must be, the musician had better write them himself, as Wagner did. Nor is the point considered that the musician may be without literary vision, for in the highest circles it is an article of faith that whoever writes his own libretto will be inspired to write the music if there be music in him, a valuable proviso, for we have all known a musician who began a dozen different poems, abandoning them all one after the other, and his music brought to nought by the doctrine, *il faut que tout sorte de vos entrailles*, repeated again and again by a sedulous friend. The suggestion that Wagner wrote his own librettos merely because he could write them better than anybody else was considered aggressive, and the remark that he wrote beautiful music to Mathilde Wesendonck's verses in even more doubtful taste. The phrase, *il faut*

que tout sorte de vos entrailles, seemed a sufficient answer to all and sundry, and the musician was invited to lay before us the new subject on which he was minded to write.

The answer that this snippet of musical history will bring forth is that the musician must have had little music in his head for him to waste time trying to do what nature clearly intended him not to do; for a man who has something to say manages to say it pretty quickly and is not troubled with moral scruples whether he should write or beg his libretto. Every man gets the libretto he deserves from his own hand or from another's, and this being so, none needs believe himself called upon to practise two arts; and having reached agreement with all amiable spirits on this point, we find ourselves dropping into thinking that the single vision is enough on condition that we try to enrich it with memories of the other arts which we can do, the Muses not being hostile to one another, but interdependent each possessed of a distinct personality; let us not forget that the nine are but nine aspects of a single goddess, whom the Greeks might have named Æsthesia. Degas used to cry, *"Halte! c'est mon métier,"* when Huysmans passed over the frontiers of literature and descended into what seemed to Degas to be the province of the painter, and some future critic may take it upon himself to decide if the years I spent in studios and in the company of painters rather than of men of letters were a loss or a gain. Now having prepared the reader for biographical details that have not yet appeared in any one of my autobiographical works, I will relate that my interest in painting began in my sixteenth year, when my father reëntered Parliament, and we left Ireland to come to live in London. It is true that I have related in a three-volume book that soon after our arrival my father and I met our cousin Jim Browne in the Exhibition Road, and that Jim was a sort of Irish Gustave Doré, who improvised Julius Cæsar overturning the Druid altars and other historical subjects on large canvasses. But I have not related, at least I think I have not, that it was about the same time that I met Dick, of the "Mummer's Wife," and his brothers in Thurloe Square. A musical family were these Maitlands, inasmuch as they played the scores of operettas by French composers. Dick was going into managership, bringing over from Paris Hervé's "Chilperic" to the Lyceum Theater, with the author of the book and the music in the principal part: a man thereby possessed of the third vision, for we have no account of Wagner as *Siegfried;* the most we know of him in the way of interpretation is that he used to sing "Tristan" to his friends. It is true that he is answerable to some extent for the architecture of the Bayreuth Theater, but the point need not be pressed; enough it is for my purpose to say that the tunes of "Chilperic" caught my fancy, and those of "Le Petit Faust" pleased me, too, without leaving, however, so deep an impression on my mind as those of "Chilperic." Later my friend Dick came into managership at the Globe Theater, with a production of Offenbach's opera, "Les Brigands"; and afterward, when I went to learn painting in Paris, I met a gentleman in Julian's studio who had written an opera, and who was a member of Les Cercle des Mirlitons, a club in which the works of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were played, a kindly old gentleman who invited me to come with him to a concert in return for the interest I had shown in his opera, and when we came out into the Place Vendôme, after thanking him for the pleasant evening he had given me, I said, "Now I know that Hervé and Offenbach are truly Mirlitons, and that there is no music but classical music."

The passion for literature fell upon me, and painting and music were forgotten till dear Edward asked me to come to hear "The Rhine Gold" at Drury Lane, and succeeded in taking me with him despite the usual protests of those days, that unmelodious music was more tedious than anything in the world. Of course it is, but reassure yourself, dear reader; this paper is not written with a view to settling whether Wagner was a greater writer than Homer or Shakspere, but to tell of the great wonder and delight and exaltation "The Ring" brought to me. It cannot

be but interesting to hear a man tell the story of a great delight, how it came into his life suddenly, and lasted for many years, becoming, without his being aware of the change, a memory sad and sweet, the *lachrymæ rerum* of Vergil. The sight of a piano must cause Paderewski to sigh inwardly, and the word Bayreuth comes upon me now like the scent of lavender from an old chest. I should never have gone thither if Edward had not taken me to hear "The Rhine Gold," and the memory of the walk from the Temple to the theater returns to me, and the moment when I sat with Edward waiting for the orchestra to begin, wondering if I should be bored, fearing that I might be, telling Edward that if the music were not like Haydn, Beethoven, or Mozart, I should try to escape from the theater at the end of the act. "But there are no acts," he said, and immediately after the orchestra began. The fanfare of the Rhine told me something undreamed of had come into my life, and I listened as a child listens, understanding nothing, for my poor ears could not follow the intricate weaving and interweaving; my reason tottered like one in a virgin forest, for there seemed to be no path to even a partial understanding of this fulgurant orchestra, predicting at every moment wars and rumors of wars, giants against gods. I did not apprehend much more than this of the music or the story, and when the storm motive broke forth, announcing the conclusion of the truce and god-kind ascended the rainbow to Valhalla, there were no thoughts in me: I could only feel; I could not speak; words seemed trivial, almost futile; and the god, standing on the rainbow, listening to the lament of the maidens for the stolen gold, seemed to bring the story of art to a divine end.

But they stand no longer on a rainbow not even at Bayreuth, for that somebody might think it too high a flight of fantasy to show gods ascending a rainbow. Yet much has been written about the necessity of scenery, lighting, costume, of something that is known as "production," and to my distress, for a rehearsal of *Tristan* with a tenor in a frock-coat, pot-hat, possessed of half the genius of Jean de Reszke, is enough for me. I dread my remembrance of Sir Beerbohm Tree's rhododendrons in "Twelfth Night," and the garish drawing-rooms of the St. James's Theater. An empty, dusky stage is enough for me, and I can recall only one instance of scenery saying something that neither literary nor musical text could say, and that single justification of scenery which is omitted by common consent in Bayreuth, in London, and in Paris. Truly our state is retrograde. But to return to Edward. "I shall never understand," I said to myself on my way from King's Bench Walk to Pump Court, where dear Edward lived, and to him, "It is a cruel fate to be afflicted with a desire to understand, and no means of gratifying it."

"Perhaps you will understand 'Tristan' better," Edward said to console me.

"But all the places are taken," I answered, and my despair was great.

A friend, however, took pity upon me, offering me a seat in his box, which I accepted with a gratitude that must have seemed odd to him. But nothing mattered, for I was going to hear another opera by Wagner. No one will ever hear "Tristan" as I heard it that evening, and when the curtain came down on *Isolde's* death scene, I cried out, "More wonderful than Shakspere, Michelangelo, Ingres, or Manet," and returned to the Temple to sit overwhelmed, asking myself when I could hear "Tristan" again and if I should understand it better.

It was not till I heard "Tristan" a third time that the musical pattern began to disclose itself. I went to Bayreuth again and again to hear Wagner, and to Munich to hear Wagner and Mozart, and for some years was seldom absent from the symphony concerts, where I listened with more critical ears to my old friends, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, thinking how a story might be woven from start to finish out of one set of ideas, each chapter rising out of the preceding chapter in suspended cadence always, never a full close; and as an example of the kind of book that comes out of such ideas as these, I will name "The Brook Kerith," for the story begins like a brook; the old woman telling stories to her grandchild may be

compared to the "Fanfare of the Rhine," and the brook widens out as it flows, a smooth current, not very rapid, but flowing always, turning sometimes east, sometimes west, winding, disappearing at last mysteriously like a river.

In "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Teresa," there are references to many different kinds of music, for the opera-singer's father is an organist in a church that gathers large crowds to hear the sixteenth-century contrapuntalists. She plays the viola da gamba at her father's concerts, but descriptions of madrigals and operas cannot be accepted as proof that the author's style was modified by musical interests. "Evelyn Innes" is externally musical as "Carmen" is externally Spanish; but the writing of "The Lake" would not be as it is if I had not listened to "Lohengrin" many times; and if any of the readers of the "Chesterian" have looked into my story, I think they will catch my meaning when I say that the pages in which an agitated priest wanders about a summer lake recall the silver of the prelude. The sun shining on the mist, a voice is heard in vibrant supplication, is the essence of the prelude; and thinking of how great was my gain, I fall to thinking that the twentieth-century artist stultifies himself when he shuts himself up in his own art, and that our present poets and story-tellers should spend more time in our National Galleries, not, I hasten to say, with a view of imitating D'Annunzio, the flying man, who includes descriptions of Veronese and Tintoretto in all he writes. Such externalities as D'Annunzio's are worthless, for the reader feels that he is reading "eloquent padding," no doubt, but if he be an intelligent reader, his meditations end on the words, "there is no such thing as good; all 'padding' is bad, no matter whence it comes. If he be right,—and who shall say he is not?—it would seem that visits to the National Gallery should be undertaken with the view of enabling him to see the external world more clearly. Of course, there is a danger in these visits. The poet may return as Tennyson did with a commonplace image—

"...till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn."

We will hope, however, that he may escape the obvious and return with a finer sense of color and with a keener insight into nature than he had before, his mind charged—shall we say?—with the idyllic grace of a high birch overhanging a still lake or an appreciation of the melancholy, almost hostile, aspect of a rough wood in which woodmen are felling trees on each side of a ravine. Reubens, I would have the reader remember, did not play the organ himself, but an organist played while the master painted; and who shall say that some of the tumult of the organ does not survive in the painting?

Thoughts

By SARA TEASDALE

When I am all alone,
  Envy me most,
Then my thoughts flutter round me
  In a glimmering host.

Some dressed in silver,
  Some dressed in white,
Each like a taper
  Blossoming light.

Most of them merry,
  Some of them grave,
Each of them lithe
  As willows that wave.

Some bearing violets,
  Some bearing bay;
One with a burning rose
  Hidden away.

Never, when I'm alone,
  Pity me, then;
For I have better friends
  Than women and men.

"The Autumn Reel"

INDUSTRIAL AMERICA

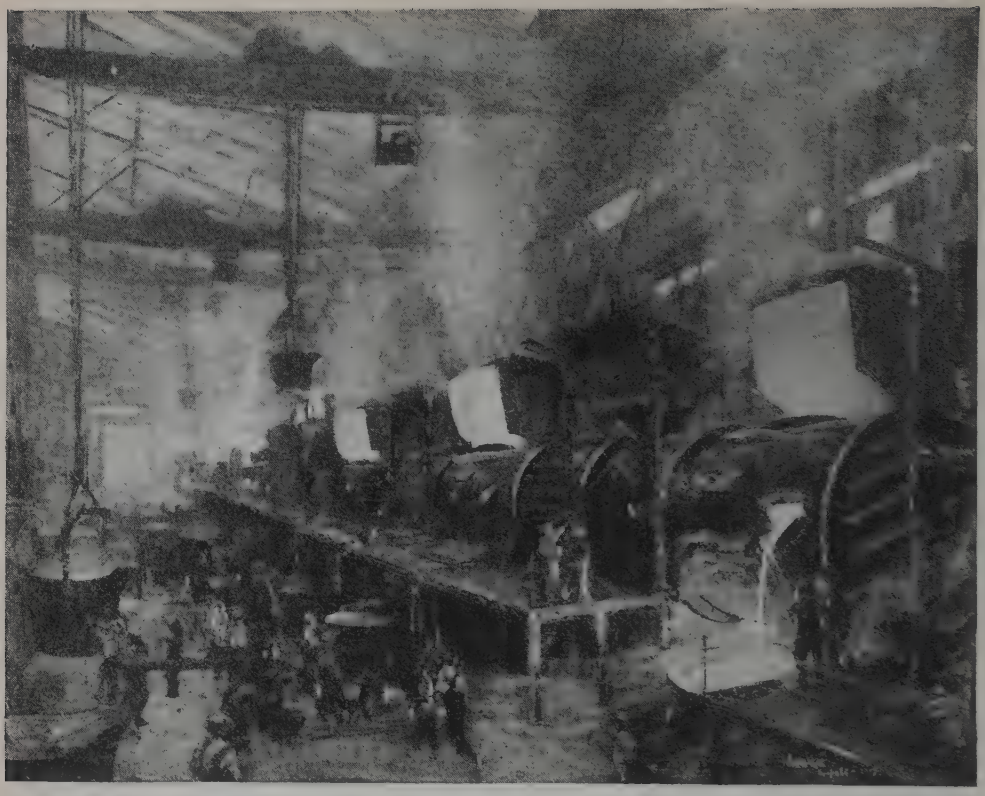
Paintings

by Jonas Lie A.N.A.

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

"The Conquerors"
(Panama Canal)

"The Heavenly Host"
(Panama Canal)



"With Our Army at Home"
(Copper converters, Garfield, Utah)

Courtesy of Rochester Memorial Gallery

"Morning on the River"

Courtesy of Mr. Stephen C. Clark

"The Path of Gold"

Courtesy of Mrs. Henry Crocker

"At Sunrise"
(Rockport, Massachusetts)

"Ice Harvest"
(Lake Placid, New York)

The Problem of Ratifying the Treaty

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

However imbued with idealism and internationalism we Americans may be, it would be folly for us to enter blindly and unreservedly under unqualified conditions a League of Nations which is simply a coalition of victorious powers, presided over by diplomats of the old school.

O ALL the nations that participated in the conference of Paris except Great Britain and China it is a problem, what attitude to adopt toward the Treaty of Versailles.

China solved the problem by not accepting the treaty at all. Her delegates refused to sign the document that put thirty millions of their fellow-citizens of the sacred and historic province of Shan-tung into the hands of Japan. At the command of the President of the United States, the American Minister to China formally invited the Chinese to participate in the World War for the triumph of certain definite principles which had been clearly set forth in detail by the President, who said he spoke on behalf of the American people. On this basis, believing in President Wilson, the Chinese came into the war. When they discovered in the Treaty of Versailles that their confidence had been betrayed, they simply withdrew from the conference, whose leaders seemed to them to have lost all sense of honor and self-respect. In his spectacular trip west to defend the treaty President Wilson tried to explain away the Shan-tung deal, but he could not fool others where he had fooled himself.

The British Parliament ratified the treaty without debate. Naturally. Like the Treaty of Vienna a hundred years ago and the Treaty of Berlin forty years ago, the Treaty of Versailles is a triumph of British foreign policy. The Continental powers are weak and disrupted, incapable of threatening in the near future "the peace of the world" as Downing Street understands that term, and of contesting with the Mistress of the Seas extra-European markets and intercontinental carrying trade. German naval power is destroyed, German colonial and commercial ambitions have received a serious setback. Russia is no longer a menace to British supremacy in Persia and the rest of Asia. The Treaty of Versailles establishes new safeguards to India by recognizing the British protectorate over Egypt, by ignoring the plea of Persia to be a signatory of, or at least a beneficiary by, the treaty, by making no provision for the future of Asiatic and Transcaucasian Russia, and by giving international sanction to Great Britain's secret treaties, no matter what as yet unknown provisions those treaties may contain. It makes Great Britain the dominant power in Africa. It accepts the right of the British Cabinet to speak for and sign for the 300,000,000 inhabitants of India. Above all, it stipulates that the United States shall underwrite the aggrandized British Empire, whose self-governing population numbers 60,000,000, by entering a League of Nations in which the British will have six votes, and in which the United States, with a self-governing population of 100,000,000, will have one vote. Only on a single point, the indemnity question, were British parliamentarians disappointed. But being sensible men, they let well enough alone, promptly ratified the treaty, and looked to the rest of the world to follow suit.

But the other nations have their misgivings. "Contemptible quitters,"

as President Wilson is pleased to call his American opponents, are not confined to the United States Senate. It is important for us to remember this.

The Treaty of Versailles was subject to long and penetrating criticism in the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Clear-headed and far-sighted men in French political life have not ceased to protest against the treaty on the same grounds as American senators: (1) fear that national interests have been sacrificed to questionable international advantages; (2) uncertainty as to the adequacy of the means of enforcing the provisions of the treaty; (3) dissatisfaction with the League of Nation's covenant as it stands in the treaty; (4) doubt as to the wisdom of attempting to incorporate in one document the solution of two different questions, making peace with Germany and setting up the machinery of a new-world order. During the conference of Paris I had the privilege of traveling far and wide in France and of coming into contact with all classes of Frenchmen. I found everywhere the same sentiments that have since been expressed in the parliamentary discussions over the treaty. That part of the "heart of the world" which is France accepted with joy the Wilsonian theories of the bases of a just and durable peace—before the conference of Paris; but when I left France at the end of August, 1919, Mr. Wilson was thoroughly discredited. The last straw was his statement to the Senate committee that the additional treaty he signed with Premiers Clemenceau and Lloyd George, guaranteeing to come to the aid of France in case of a fresh German aggression, was only a "moral understanding." An enthusiastic champion of the Wilsonian principles, with a brilliant record of nearly half a century of public life, said to me sadly, "After all, your President is merely a politician like the others."

In Belgium I found ratification of the treaty regarded as a painful necessity. There was no enthusiasm for it, and no hope that a new order would be born of it. The prime ministers of Greece and Rumania told me that the work of the conference of Paris and the creation of the League of Nations could not be pronounced either good or bad by their countries until the other treaties with enemy countries were concluded. But both of them felt that new wars and not peace were likely to be the result of the secret pourparlers among the "Big Four" that gave birth to the Treaty of Versailles. The minister of foreign affairs of another "secondary state" expressed to me his belief that the incorporation of the League of Nations in the Treaty of Versailles killed its chances of success. "How can international machinery for righting justice and establishing a new international morality be provided for in a document that furnishes numerous instances of just the sort of thing the League of Nations is created to abolish?" he cried. I can see him now as he walked up and down the room, shaking both arms, with elbows bended, and saying, "Pooling of interests, renunciation of special interests, refusal to transfer territories from one sovereignty to another without consulting their inhabitants, recognition of the right of self-determination—bah! *bah!* BAH!" The poor man had just been shown a draft of the clauses relating to his country that were to be put into the treaty of St.-Germain. "If this is the Big Four's idea of how an international council should function," he declared, "we shall not ratify the Treaty of Versailles or any of the other treaties, and we do not want to enter Wilson's League of Nations."

In Italy the spirit of revolt against the League of Nations and the determination to make the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles dependent upon how national interests are acknowledged in the other treaties is universal. It is idle to close our eyes to this fact. Italians claim that the Treaty of Versailles has recognized and guaranteed in every way all British demands and selfish interests, and in almost every particular French demands and selfish interests. It has given Japan what Japan wanted in defiance of Wilsonian principles. Why should Italy ratify a treaty so much to

the advantage of the other Entente nations before she is sure that they are going to do for her in the Treaty of St.-Germain and the other treaties what they did for themselves in the Treaty of Versailles? The comment of the Italian press is all in this strain. I have found no exceptions.

The news we received in Paris from Japan was conflicting. Unless the United States tries to wring a definite promise of restitution to China from Japan, with a definite date set, the Shan-tung settlement will be regarded as a victory. But it must not be thought that the Japanese people attach vital importance to the Shan-tung clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. They are willing to forego special privileges in Shan-tung if the European powers will surrender their footholds and concessions and special political and economic privileges in China. What is good for the goose is good for the gander. If there is to be an open door in China, say the Japanese, let it be really open. When Great Britain and France, in the Treaty of St.-Germain, refused to agree to transfer Austria-Hungary's "rights" in China to Italy, it was not because of any scruples. Had they not insisted upon transferring Germany's "rights" to Japan in the Treaty of Versailles? No, it was not because of scruples. But they feared that Japan would raise the embarrassing proposition, "Let us *all* get out of China!" The fear is still acute, and is the principal reason that the foreign offices of our allies are losing sleep over the American opposition to the Shan-tung deal. Morally speaking, the Treaty of Versailles, with its emasculated League of Nations covenant, is a deception to the Japanese. Not only do they suffer in their pride by our refusal to recognize racial equality, but they view with alarm the continued mortgaging of the colonizable areas of the world—with exclusion for them—by the white race. They may ratify the Treaty of Versailles, but they have little hope that the League of Nations, as it is conceived in the treaty, will bring about a state of peace. They begin to feel that the war which will array Asia against Europe and possibly against America is more than ever inevitable.

The other signatories of the Treaty of Versailles, the republics of Latin America, will make their ratification dependent upon ours, just as they made their entry into the war dependent upon ours. I found among Latin-American delegates at Paris two strong currents, often struggling for mastery in the same man. Ought the Treaty of Versailles, giving birth to the League of Nations, to be welcomed in Central and South America and the islands as the document by which the other states of the Western Hemisphere are emancipated from Yankee overlordship? Or ought the Latin American republics to fear the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine and their entry into a world federation built upon European ideals in a European atmosphere? It may be advanced by the American reader that neither of these alternatives has any justification for existing because (a) Article 21 of the Treaty of Versailles maintains the Monroe Doctrine, and (b) President Wilson has repeatedly asserted that the United States will have the leadership in the new league. But we are dealing with facts, not fancies. No student of the League of Nations' scheme takes Article 21 seriously. The League of Nations idea is not viable if the two American continents are to be excluded from its application. That would mean our privilege and responsibility of intervening in Europe and Africa and Asia coupled with the denial of the privilege and responsibility of the Eastern Hemisphere intervening in the Western Hemisphere. At Paris Article 21 was regarded as an ambiguous sop thrown to American public opinion to quiet the apprehensions born of our traditional instincts. As regards the belief, expressed several times by President Wilson in his tour of the West, that the United States will have the leadership in the league, the representatives of Latin America at the peace conference could not take home with them any such curious notion. The opposite was demonstrated before their eyes. But one did not need to be at Paris. The proof is in the comparison of President

Wilson's war speeches with the Treaty of Versailles. President Wilson has himself confessed that when he was confronted with the secret treaties between members of the Entente Alliance, he was compelled to waive his principles and American ideals. The most notorious of these treaties, those with Japan, were hastily signed during the two months between our rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany and our declaration of war. This disgraceful intriguing behind our backs to confront us with a *fait accompli* is more than an illustration of European diplomatic mentality. It is a warning that the entry of the United States into European international politics has not caused the leopards to change their spots. Have we reason to think that what we could not obtain in the triumph of American idealism when we had saved the Entente from failure to conquer Germany will be secured later in the council chamber of the League of Nations?

I have returned from Europe to find the United States in the midst of a bitter controversy over the ratification of the treaty. This does not surprise me. The same controversy is raging in Europe. But what does surprise me is the effort made by President Wilson and his supporters to represent Europe as eagerly looking to us to ratify the treaty promptly and without reservations, on the double ground that ratification by America will bring peace to Europe, and that "the heart of the world" is yearning for the Wilsonian League of Nations. This is either ignorance or misrepresentation. And then I read the opening paragraph of Mr. Wilson's speech at Kansas City on September 6. He said:

> I came back from Paris, bringing one of the greatest documents of human history. One of the things that made it great was that it was penetrated throughout with the principles to which America has devoted her life. Let me hasten to say that one of the most delightful circumstances of the work on the other side of the water was that I discovered that what we called American principles had penetrated to the heart and to the understanding, not only of the great peoples of Europe, but to the hearts and understandings of the great men who were representing the peoples of Europe.

This is a fair sample of the whole speech. The appeal is to the unthinking masses. A year ago from Mr. Wilson's lips fell the inspiring words of a prophet, speaking the message mankind longed for. Now it is begging the question, and denunciatory.

It is a sad and startling fact that the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and the merits of the proposed League of Nations have become a party question, with the partizans lined up pro and contra and the mugwumps sorely perplexed. In Washington administration and anti-administration forces are pitted against each other in the Senate, with a few bolters on each side, it is true, but the great majority voting on Shan-tung and the other amendments and reservations along party lines. The Republican opponents of unreserved ratification and advocates of rejection charge that the obligations imposed upon us by the treaty are incompatible with the Constitution. President Wilson answers that the Republicans are Bolsheviks, narrow-minded, out of tune with the world of to-day, quitters, German sympathizers, betrayers of the trust put in them by our soldiers, provokers of new wars to draw our boys across seas, responsible for the continued massacres of Armenians, and should be hanged high as Haman. Forgetting his admirable exposition of former years of the functions of the United States Senate, President Wilson, angered by the growth of the opposition to "one of the greatest documents of human history, penetrated throughout with the principles to which America has devoted her life," called upon his critics in the Senate "to put up or shut up." One can cite the President's own exposition of soberer moments that the Senate is not a treaty-making, but is a treaty-ratifying, body. Dr. Wilson of scholastic days was an unreserved admirer of the constitutional check upon the executive which he finds now so irksome. The alternative flung defiantly at the Senate is

claptrap, and the President, who is a man of brains and profound scholarship, knows it. It is not the duty of the Senate to "put up," nor is it the duty of the Senate to "shut up."

For the very reason that the Treaty of Versailles is said by the President to be "one of the greatest documents of human history," is it not the duty of the Senate to examine the treaty in detail, get all the criticism and advice and light it can, and study and discuss the consequences of the treaty from every angle? Denouncing the Senate for performing its duty under the Constitution; imputing unworthy motives to every senator who does not show an inclination to accept the treaty without examination, discussion, and investigation; ridiculing the members of our Upper House; threatening or attempting to influence them by an appeal to their constituents; insinuating that opponents of immediate and unqualified ratification are pro-Germans—all this campaign of passion detracts singularly from the solemnity and spirit of earnestness that should surround the decision of the people of the United States to abandon unbroken traditions that have held ever since the birth of the republic.

In making up his mind about the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, the thoughtful man must get away from questions of parties and persons, and consider four phases of the treaty: the terms as they affect Germany, the terms as they affect our principal allies, the terms as they affect secondary states and subject peoples whose hopes have been aroused by the proclamation of what Mr. Wilson rightly calls "the American principles," and the League of Nations covenant.

The storm of protest and denunciation that met Senator Knox's criticism of the treaty on the ground that it was too hard on Germany is a significant warning to the publicist or statesman who attempts to sound this note. The whole world wants to see the German people severely punished, and Americans are *plus royalistes que le roi* on this subject. And yet, ungrateful as the task certainly is, the student of European politics is compelled to agree with Senator Knox. The contention of our former secretary of state is sound and statesmanlike. We pretend to be building for the future. We cannot allow our natural resentment against Germany to close our eyes to the grave danger of giving blind assent to terms of peace that are impracticable. The powers that dictated the Treaty of Versailles used force to secure the assent of Germany to terms that, if carried out, would mean the permanent economic servitude of the German-speaking inhabitants of central Europe in their own countries and the permanent exclusion of Germans from business or other relations with the rest of Europe and the rest of the world. They cannot maintain the force necessary to carry out the terms imposed upon Germany. To be specific, here are certain stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles that we cannot enforce: separation of German Austria from Germany; the frontiers of Poland as laid down in the treaty; the unilateral limitation of armaments; the unilateral internationalization of waterways and granting right of way to steam-drawn traffic; the unilateral privileges of aërial navigation; renunciation of economic and other privileges in Russia and former Allied states; and the clauses *in toto* having to do with the delivery of Germans to Entente courts martial for judgment. Let us put to one side the question of the justice and merit of punishing Germany and the entire German race. In ratifying the Treaty of Versailles our problem is not whether the Germans deserve what we mete out to them, but whether we are in a position to enforce our decrees. We are not in such a position. And if we were, we should enter upon a period of bloodshed and suffering throughout Europe that would make the war just ended seem but a prelude. Surely it is not pleading for Germany, but for ourselves, to sound the note of warning that enforcement to the letter of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles means for the United States a military effort far greater than we have yet made and extending over a far longer period. No economic pressure that we could bring to bear upon Germany now

would have any other result than the bankruptcy of Europe.

This does not mean that the United States Senate should amend any of the clauses relating to Germany. We have suffered so little at the hands of the Germans, and our allies have suffered so much, that the only course open to us is to agree to the terms imposed upon Germany by the Paris conference. President Wilson was right in yielding to the insistent voice of European public opinion in which American public opinion concurred. But it does mean that we should take into full consideration the possible aftermath in Europe of the attempt to keep Germany down when we are asked to guarantee without reservation the settlement arrived at. From the strictly American point of view Senator Knox was logical in calling attention to the harshness and impracticability of the clauses affecting Germany because other clauses bind us, and pledge our armed forces, to the *status quo* as conceived in the Versailles document.

The second consideration for the American Senate is the terms as they affect our principal allies. The treaty gives Great Britain and France and Japan enormous material advantages, financial, economic, colonial, territorial. The Treaty of St.-Germain will do as much for Italy. Great Britain, France, and Italy are determined to reap rich rewards in the treaty with Turkey. Instead of scolding our senators for disappointing the "heart of the world," we should expect of them, as we had the right to expect of our negotiators at Paris, championship of the material interests of the United States. When President Wilson returned from Paris in March he declared that we were called upon to make "a supreme sacrifice" in the treaty that was being drawn up. In his recent September speeches he makes it clear that the concessions such as the Shan-tung settlement were due to the threats of our allies, who supported one another in securing the rewards promised by secret treaties. The President went so far as to say that refusal to yield on Shan-tung would have meant our having to fight Japan, with the backing of Great Britain and France. The United States went to the Paris conference with high purpose and wholly disinterested. The American nation was solidly behind President Wilson in desiring the kind of settlement the President had outlined in half a dozen memorable speeches. But Mr. Wilson failed to put through his program of world-wide readjustment on the basis of impartial justice. He failed even to secure the triumph of his "fourteen points" in regard to the settlement within the narrow limits of questions relating to Germany. France got Morocco, Great Britain got Egypt, and Japan got Shan-tung. The victors divided up the German colonies without waiting for mandates from the League of Nations. They are engaged to-day in a mad scramble with one another in the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire. They provided for a settlement of Danish frontier readjustment, against the protest of the Danish Government, in the way they thought would advance their own particular interests. From beginning to end the recreation of Poland was envisaged not from the point of view of what was best for Poland, but from the point of view of political considerations affecting the great powers. American public opinion must realize this, and not be misled by such statements as the opening paragraph of the President's Kansas City speech, quoted above. The President now seems to be suffering from an amazing lapse of memory.

The third consideration for the American Senate is the terms as they affect secondary states and subject peoples whose hopes were aroused by the proclamation of what Mr. Wilson rightly calls "the American principles." Here we cannot get away from certain unwelcome facts. In his war speeches, which were heartily concurred in by the entire nation, Mr. Wilson did not limit the world-wide readjustment we went to war to obtain to the questions affecting the territories ruled over by our enemies. The reason was plain. We were assured that this was to be a war to end wars, and that its object was a world-wide, just, and durable peace. The conception of a league of nations, in

fact, was conceivable and feasible only on this basis. If the United States was to make "a supreme sacrifice" to attain this object, "supreme sacrifices" were to be expected of our allies also. No sane man, with a knowledge of history and especially of contemporary moot questions, is able to maintain that the causes of international strife, the powder-magazines liable to set the world aflame, were confined to the territories under the political control of enemy nations. Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, the Trevelyan brothers, Lord Robert Cecil, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Bryce, and other eminent Englishmen did not hesitate to drive home this truth in the midst of the struggle. Frenchmen like Anatole France, Italians like Guglielmo Ferrero, and Americans like Woodrow Wilson were equally John the Baptists crying in the wilderness for repentance and renunciation as preliminary *sine qua non* of the formation of a society of nations.

It was, then, within the province of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs to hear the representatives of secondary states and subject races before ratifying the Treaty of Versailles. The accusation of giving offense to our allies, of fishing in troubled waters, is silly. We chose our senators to safeguard the honor and the interests of the United States. Their electors do not expect them to buy a pig in the poke or to involve this country in treaties contrary to our ideals and traditions and compromising our interests. What did we lead China to expect when we invited her to take part in the World War? Is it to our interest to abandon the "open door" policy in the far East? Why do the British claim that Egypt is outside of the war settlement when the status of Egypt as an autonomous province of the Ottoman Empire, internationally guaranteed with treaty and capitulatory privileges enjoyed by the United States as well as other nations, was unquestioned when the war broke out? Did not a generation of British statesmen officially and unofficially keep assuring the Egyptians and the capitulatory powers that Great Britain would never establish a protectorate over Egypt? In view of the American assurance that no territory would change masters without the consent of the inhabitants, why was the Egyptian delegation refused a hearing at the Paris conference? Is it certain that France will not close Morocco to American trade as she closed Algeria and Tunis? If Article 22 concerning mandatories has any meaning at all, why were the German colonies divided up in a secret session of the Big Four, and why did Lord Milner, representing the British Government, feel himself authorized, without waiting for the constitution of the League of Nations, to treat directly with Foreign Minister Huysmans of Belgium concerning the division of the spoils in German East Africa? And why, when the Treaty of Versailles stipulates that "the wishes of these communities (of the Ottoman Empire) must be a principal consideration in the selection of the mandatory," are the American delegates at Paris given clearly to understand that the partition of the Ottoman Empire is already provided for by secret treaties which must be respected?

If the Senate were to insist on amending the treaty to substitute China for Japan in the Shan-tung clauses and to strike out the clause requiring recognition of the British protectorate over Egypt against which *all* Egyptians, without distinction of class or creed, protest as vigorously as the Chinese protest against the Shan-tung deal, it is probable that neither Japan nor Great Britain would now yield. We have President Wilson's word for it that our allies, if they do not have their own way in matters affecting their particular interests, threaten to withdraw from his League of Nations. Are not experiences of this sort, before the birth of the league, a pretty sure indication that what the powers associated with us in the war intend the league to be is a sort of trust in which they hold the colonies and we hold the bag. Perhaps it is up to us to accept the "arrangements" agreed upon at Paris, if that is the best our allies and ourselves can do to fulfil the war promises we all made; but it is certainly not up to us to guarantee these iniquitous "arrangements" that dishonor our high purpose of fighting, besmirch the supreme sacri-

fice of our dead who fell to emancipate and not enslave peoples, and involve us in inglorious wars of oppression. Among the states invited to accede to the covenant of the League of Nations (see Annex after Article 26) is Persia. Before the ink was dry on the Treaty of Versailles, the British Minister at Teheran induced the Persian Prime Minister to sell his country's independence against the protest of the Persian Cabinet and the Persian people and is now protecting the traitor and upholding the validity of the signature by British bayonets.

The Treaty of Versailles contains four hundred and forty articles. From Article 27 on to the end, although we may disapprove of the treaty in many particulars, we have no choice but ratification without amendment or reservation. It is the kind of treaty that our allies want. Amendment or reservation would jeopardize the whole structure of peace, and mean going through the weary business once more. We are sorry about a lot of things. Shan-tung humiliates us and gives us concern for the future. We are doubtful about boundary-lines and economic clauses. We know that we have treated the Egyptians shamefully and that the mandatory plan for Africa and the Ottoman Empire is pure bunk unless we assume larger responsibilities overseas than the American people would be willing to stand for. But we do not want to get into quarrels with our allies. We do not care to negotiate anew with Germany. Above all, we cannot accept the responsibility of protracting the state of war and unrest in Europe, where peace and a return to normal conditions are absolutely essential before winter. It is imperative for our senators to hold their noses and ratify Articles 27-440 inclusive. The considerations that led General Smuts to sign the treaty are more potent as an argument for ratification than they were as an argument for signing. Said the representative of South Africa at the moment he signed the treaty:

> The months since the armistice have been as upsetting, unsettling and ruinous to Europe as the previous four years of war, perhaps. I look upon the Peace Treaty as the close of these two chapters of war and armistice, and only on that ground do I agree with it. . . I feel that in the treaty we have not yet achieved the real peace to which our peoples were looking and that the real work of making peace will begin only after the treaty has been signed and a definite halt has thereby been called to the destructive passions that have been desolating Europe for nearly five years. This treaty is simply a liquidation of the war situation in the world. There are guarantees laid down which we all hope will soon be found out of harmony with the new peaceful temper and unarmed state of our former enemies. There are punishments foreshadowed, over most of which a calmer mood may yet prefer to pass the sponge of oblivion. There are indemnities stipulated which cannot be exacted without grave injury to the industrial revival of Europe, and which it will be in the interests of all to render more tolerable and moderate.

Failure to ratify the main body of the treaty, however objectionable we may find many of its stipulations, would throw upon the American Senate the onus of having prolonged the economic and social unrest of the state of war. Not only in Europe, but also in America, it will be impossible to continue much longer the discussion, internally or internationally, of the Treaty of Versailles. And when the Treaty of St.-Germain and the Bulgarian and Turkish treaties come along, we must swallow them, too, without long delay. The world is crying for peace, and those who obstruct the conclusion of peace, no matter what the cause, are going to be decidedly unpopular.

But it is asking too much of the Senate to demand the acceptance without serious reservations of Articles 1 to 26 of the treaty, which are assembled under the heading, "The Covenant of the League of Nations." At the time of this writing I have been in America only a few days. Although I realize how powerful are the forces working for ratification without reservations, I have faith in the common sense and patriotism of our senators. There must be Democrats who put the interest of

their country above the interest of their party leader.

An editorial in "The New York Times" of September 10, headed "Peace or War," is an illustration of the effort that is being made in some circles to influence "the man in the street" against the Senate by specious arguments. The "Times" editorial writer draws a logical conclusion from his premises, but the premises are false. Is it necessary to assume that the League of Nations covenant is an integral part of the treaty of peace with Germany, and that reservations in our acceptance of the covenant entail negotiating a new treaty with Germany? Germany has no part in the covenant of the League of Nations. One searches in vain throughout the Treaty of Versailles to find a single phrase relating to Germany that would have to be modified or altered if the United States makes reservations concerning America's entrance into the league. As the treaty is framed, the League of Nations does not regard Germany either now or in the future. Is it necessary to assume that our allies will refuse to accept whatever reservations we see fit to make in the League of Nations covenant, thus putting the treaty back again into the melting-pot? None who has been with the treaty-makers from the beginning, as I have been, believes this. The truth is that the League of Nations covenant was inserted in the Treaty of Versailles because President Wilson insisted upon it and made it America's one unalterable demand. We wanted no colonies, no material advantages. If our allies would yield and give us the covenant in the treaty, they could divide up the world as they pleased, violating every principle of the covenant before it was born. Public opinion in France and Italy and Belgium and in the secondary European states is decidedly against the League of Nations. The few voices that wanted a League of Nations in January have virtually all been silent since June.

Moreover, it does not follow that advocates of reservations in the League of Nations covenant, *as it is set forth in the Treaty of Versailles*, are opponents of the League of Nations idea, or that they unreasonably expect the building of Rome in a day. The yearning of the world for a new international order, which will tend to make wars less frequent and diminish the burden of armaments, is as unmistakable as the yearning for the reëstablishment of peace; but the conception is so tremendous and so revolutionary that we must make haste slowly. All who participated in the work of the conference of Paris were bitterly disappointed, and I know many in high places who are frankly pessimistic. The struggle for peace, following the struggle for victory, was too much for them. They confess that they are not the men to lead the world in new paths. And they rightly attribute the failure of the conference of Paris to the atmosphere of intense hatred, of fear, of suspicion, and, above all, of the realization of a victory beyond their wildest dreams. Premier Clemenceau, before the conference opened, took issue with President Wilson and the "internationalists" of France and other Allied countries, when he said to the Chamber of Deputies that he was going into the conference to get as much for France as he could, with a maximum and minimum program as a basis of bargaining. However imbued with idealism and internationalism we Americans may be, it would be folly for us to enter blindly and unreservedly under these conditions a League of Nations which is simply a coalition of victorious powers, presided over by diplomats of the old school.

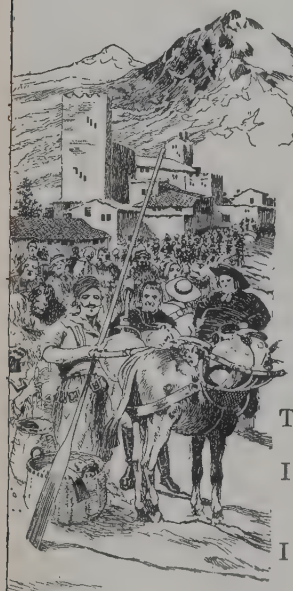
Let us support the Senate in its determination to accompany the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles with reservations in clear language that will preserve our independence of action in international affairs. It is not to be feared that these reservations will be rejected by our allies or our late enemies. They will not delay the reestablishment of peace. On the other hand we shall be in a better position to continue our championship of American principles and to fulfil the high mission of the United States to bring together the nations of the world into an international organization to prevent wars and reduce armaments.

Like a Cur on a Throne

(Ma soutane au bou du lit de la reine, sa tête sur ma poitrine dans l'obscurité)

By LEON D'EMO

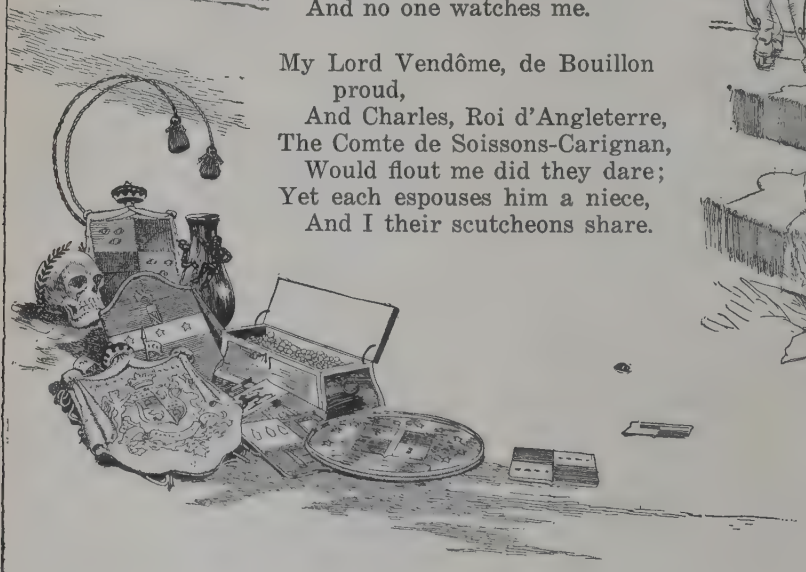
Illustrations by the Author



I know the price of little whelks,—
My father knew it, too,—
How long it takes to trudge a league,
The screaming of a shrew.
I show respect to a gendarme,
As common people *do*.

The human rubbish whence I spring
Breeds Mazarin, *Pardi!*
I teach the little king (God's hooks!),
I touch the royal fee,
I double my quadrupled gold,
And no one watches me.

My Lord Vendôme, de Bouillon proud,
And Charles, Roi d'Angleterre,
The Comte de Soissons-Carignan,
Would flout me did they dare;
Yet each espouses him a niece,
And I their scutcheons share.



My lying coat of arms proclaims
My pedigree is nil;
My filched and borrowed
quarterings
My fortune matches still;
And Louis's golden effigies
My privy coffers fill.

I 'm marshal duke, I 'm cardinal,
I 'm minister in prime;
My vulgar hands are gemmed
with rings,
And jewels crust my sime;
And still my gorge doth rise
against
My antecedents' grime.

I would I 'd never quitted them,
The sunburned fisher crew,
And for a fisher's leathern coat
I 'd change this scarlet hue;
I would the price of little whelks
Were all I ever knew.

The Clash of Color

The Negro in American Democracy

By GLENN FRANK

[*This is one of a series of articles Mr. Frank is contributing to* THE CENTURY *on post-war problems. This article presents the facts that lay back of the recent race riots, and without prejudice or rant offers certain suggestions regarding inter-race relations in the future.*—THE EDITOR.]

THE war has left no end of aftermath as a legacy to American statesmanship. This aftermath in part comprises new problems, but in the main represents simply an intensification and fresh reference of certain old problems with which we dallied rather than dealt before the war. I have referred in earlier papers to the fact that the political idealism of our diplomacy has shown a disconcerting tendency to filter down into the social and economic areas of our national life. It was so easy for the facile idealism of war-days to bandy about that strangely elusive idea of self-determination and to hawk the merits of democracy to the ends of the earth. But the preachers of these doctrines did more than stimulate morale with their phrases. They set the mind of the planet at work thinking out the full implications of these phrases, and the phrases have refused to stay tethered to politics alone. The mass mind has shown a penchant for analogy. When the German throne fell, the crash set many non-political thrones tottering. The crusade for political democracy has stirred to life a crusade for industrial democracy. Self-determination has become a class slogan no less than a watchword for oppressed nationalities. In short, the partisans of problems long unsolved have found a new vocabulary in the phrases of our war-time diplomacy. This has meant a psychological factor of no mean moment in the intensification of certain social and industrial isues. Many of the sleeping lions of pre-war days are now on prowl, and they roar familiar phrases to which we give indiscriminate assent during the war.

These facts stand boldly out in the recent race-riot-dramatizations of our American negro problem, a capital illustration of the tendency to apply our diplomatic slogans to domestic issues. One periodical heads its review of the race riots with the caption "Our Own 'Subject Race' Rebels," and suggests the irony of a race riot at President Wilson's door in Washington so soon after his return from pleading the rights of subject races in Europe. A cartoonist parodies Rodin's "The Thinker" by sketching the pensive figure of a muscular black man about whose feet lie parchments with titles that are a study in satirical contrasts, "American Democracy for the World" and "Black Men in the World War" lying next to "American Lynch Law." Negro publicists, with singular unanimity, find in the ideals of the war a fresh basis for race appeals, touched here and there with a menacing passion.

Local race riots have never been isolated and unrelated happenings. Two years ago the clash of color in East St. Louis was not just an East St. Louis affair. It was only a local bursting of a storm that had been brewing the country over for more than a generation. The lines of its causes ran into other years and into all parts of the North and South. Wherever white and black have met in serious labor competition, as section hands in the South, as domestics in the East, or as mechanics in the West or North, race tension has been the result. It was

impossible to assess the issues at East St. Louis by a merely local study. It was part and parcel of our distinctly *national* negro problem, of the settling of which we have never made even a pretense. Then as always we did our best to hush the hubbub for the moment, straightway proceeding to bury our heads in the sand and to maintain an out-of-sight-out-of-mind attitude toward the problem until the red orgies of Washington and Chicago again brought us to attention.

Now less than ever can we treat these race riots as local issues. They are interknit with the whole complex of post-war passions, prejudices, aspirations and tendencies. The occasions for race riots are superficial and easily determined; the causes of race riots lie deeper. It is these less obvious causes that must be determined and dealt with if we are to do more than bridge over recurrent crises. It is suicidal fool's-play merely to drive the passions of a situation underground, there to gather fresh strength for an even more serious outbreak later. Here is a point at which we must refuse to fall victim to our fatal facility for opportunism. Here is a clear test case of American ability to take the long view, and wrestle with the fundamentals of a national issue.

The daily and weekly press have made unnecessary more than a brief reminder of the details of the recent riots. Washington and Chicago at the moment of my writing are the most dramatic points in the situation, but they are only part of a general situation that has been for months growing tenser. Birmingham and Memphis trembled upon the verge of a race clash earlier in the year. Connecticut, Georgia, Texas, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania have had to reckon with tense local situations. The attempt on the part of many newspapers to explain these outbreaks solely on the basis of a colored "crime wave" is of course dismissed by all students of the situation either as superficial analysis or as deliberate distortion of facts. Several weekly periodicals have justly corrected these hasty conclusions by reference to the records of the Washington police department. These records, it is asserted, show that the alleged "crime wave" in that city comprised four assaults upon women on June twenty-fifth, twenty-eighth and thirtieth, and on July eighteenth. Three of these four crimes were probably committed by one person, who was already under arrest when the clash came. In addition to these assaults, three similar offenses were committed in contiguous Maryland on July fifth, twenty-first, and twenty-second by a mulatto.

The Chicago situation aptly illustrates the course a race riot takes. The situation was packed with inflammable material. An incident provided the torch. A bathing-beach was the Sarajevo of the conflict. Certain parts of the shore were by tacit understanding, not by segragation ordinance, for the use of negroes. On the Sunday afternoon of July twenty-seventh a negro youth aboard a raft floated across the custom-created line that separated the colored from the white sections of the beach. Crowds of blacks were on one side of the line, crowds of whites on the other. With an accurately aimed rock a white man knocked the negro youth from the raft. Negroes who attempted to rescue the negro youth were prevented by white interference. The negro youth was drowned. This white interference with his attempted rescue precipitated the riot. Reliable information indicates that a white patrolman, later suspended by the chief of police, refused negro requests for the arrest of the negro youth's assailant. The assailant was, however, captured by negroes, and other officers arrested him. He was charged with murder, and released under fifty-thousand dollar bail. The first blood drawn was that of a negro who was shot by a negro officer for having fired at a white officer. The rioting spread from the "black belt" into the four smaller negro colonies, blood being shed even in the crowded loop district. The negroes quite generally assert that the white policemen as a body did their duty against serious odds.

The details of the week of rioting are the usual details and are not vital to

this study. It is the details of the situation back of the week of rioting that is vital. It is the soil out of which race riots grow that needs analysis. Chicago is typical of the situation that exists in many, if not most, of our big industrial centers. I shall therefore summarize the factors in the race situation generally prevailing in such centers—factors that made possible the Chicago race riot, factors that will give rise to still other riots unless decisively and constructively handled.

NEGRO MIGRATION NORTHWARD

In the first place, the race situation in Northern industrial centers has been aggravated by the great influx of negro labor from the South during the war. The withdrawal of many white workmen from industry for military service, the return to their native lands of many Italians and other South-European laborers for war duty, and the practical cessation of immigration left Northern industry short of labor supply. Northern industry, facing the demand for increased production, found itself with more work and fewer workmen. It turned toward the negro labor of the South to help fill the gap. Attracted by high wages and influenced by direct appeals, something near a half million negro wage-earners moved North. This is the first factor to reckon with in studying the post-war race situation.

INADEQUATE HOUSING

This rush of negroes to industrial centers created an acute housing problem. Housing conditions in the negro districts of our cities, with certain exceptions, were none too good before the war; but the colored migrations have brought about a lamentable congestion. Take Chicago as a case in point. The results of the most reliable research to which I have access indicate that the colored population of Chicago has doubled within the last five years, having risen to the total of 125,000 or possibly 150,000. Nine tenths of these negroes are concentrated in Chicago's "black belt," which is a region of about eight square miles on the south side of the city. There are four other negro colonies in the city, but three of them are small. That this doubling of the colored population, since it came at a time when the capital and energy of the city were unusually diverted from "welfare work" by the demands of war and war production, resulted in serious congestion, is not to be wondered at. In Chicago the main negro quarter happens to be at the old center of a growing part of the city. It lies in a sort of pocket, sealed up by a thriving white population around it that prevents the logical extension of the negro quarter to meet the requirements of the expanding colored population.

BLACK INVASION OF WHITE BLOCKS

When thirty thousand additional negroes attempted to crowd into this district, which was already congested with fifty thousand negroes, the inevitable happened. Negroes who had been receiving high wages in war industries sought better living-quarters than the congested district afforded. For the reason just stated, they could find better quarters only by invading white blocks. In the process of getting into white blocks, the good temper of the negro was not exactly increased, for unscrupulous real-estate agents took advantage of his necessity by boosting both rentals and purchasing prices, in some instances from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. above what white tenants or purchasers would have to pay. Black as well as white real-estate agents played at this game of tribute. Certainly the good humor of the white residents of the invaded blocks was not heightened as they watched the value of their property, for white occupancy, slump. The usual race tension resulted. The bomb and the torch were brought into play to discourage and discipline the black invaders. In face of the indisputable facts of inadequate housing facilities and a veritable hell of congestion, it is unscientific, to say the least, to leap to the conclusion that the negro invasion of white districts has been prompted primarily by a presumptive desire for social equality or for the prestige that might attach to

such residence. That such motives prompted certain individual negroes may not be questioned, but it savors too much of the facile generalization of a politician's mind to see in social ambitions the basic cause of this process.

CONGESTION'S BRUTAL BREED

Aside from the fact that congestion in the "black belts" has forced negroes to invade white districts in a search for better living facilities, among the negroes who remain in the "black belts" the congestion breeds those vicious and criminal qualities that readily unleash in rioting. Graham Taylor, in "The Survey" for August 9, 1919, refers to a recent investigation of two blocks in this district. These significant facts were uncovered. Eighty-three families lived in these two blocks. Ninety-six per cent. of the boys in these two blocks were truants. Seventy-two per cent. of these boys were retarded in their development. Thirty-one of these families had been deserted by the father. In twenty-eight of these families the fathers were confirmed drunkards. In twenty of these homes the mothers were heavy drinkers. In forty of these homes the mothers worked all day away from home. Fifty-one per cent. of these homes were broken by death, desertion, divorce, drink, promiscuous living, or degeneracy. Good preparation indeed for the reckless brutality of a riot week. While criticizing brutality born of congestion, it of course behooves white men from comfortable homes to display a bit more self-control during a riot week.

TASTING THE WINE OF EQUALITY

Another matter to be taken into account is the fact that our negro soldiers tasted social equality in France. To them it was no doubt an exhilarating wine, and many of them have returned still flushed with its intoxication. In Europe they found a white attitude toward the negro different from the attitude they had known at home. There he was a white man with a black skin. Certain bitter partisans are using, with the demagogue's disregard of accuracy, the phrase "French-women-ruined" to describe the mass of returned negro soldiers. This wholesale charge is manifestly unfair both to the French woman and to the American negro, but it rests upon the clear fact that the American negro's social adventures in France have further complicated our race problem.

An interesting side-light on the French attitude toward the negro has just come to my attention through the translation by Theodore Stanton of an incident from pages 3730-2 of the "Journal Officiel" of the French Chamber of Deputies for the sitting of July 25, 1919. M. René Boisneuf, one of the negro deputies of the Chamber, read an official communication, dated last August, which Colonel Linard, chief of the French military mission with the American Army in France, addressed to French officers. The communication attempted to interpret to French officers the attitude of the white American officers toward the American negro officers, and to prescribe how French officers should act in their relations with American negro officers and American colored soldiers in general in order to conserve French-American harmony in the matter. The communication contained a long and explicit set of recommendations. The tone of the communication is illustrated by this quotation:

> American opinion is unanimous on this "negro question" and permits no discussion of the matter. . . . The kindly spirit which exists in France for the negro profoundly wounds Americans, who consider it an infringement on one of their national dogmas, and if observed by us will greatly indispose American opinion toward us. . . . If French officers treat American negro officers as they treat French negro officers, white American officers will warmly resent it. We should not sit at table with them and should avoid shaking hands with them. . . . The merits of the American negro troops should not be too much praised, especially in the presence of Americans.

M. Boisneuf paid a glowing tribute

to the American colored troops, and declared amidst enthusiastic applause that "in France no distinction is made between her sons, no one asks whence they come or who they may chance to be." The interpellation ended with the unanimous passage of this resolution:

> The Chamber of Deputies, faithful to the immortal principles of the Rights of Man and the Citizen, reproving and condemning every prejudice of faith, caste, and race, affirms and proclaims the absolute equality of all men without distinction of origin or color in the enjoyment of the benefits and protection of all the laws of the land.

The subtle psychological influence of this French attitude on the minds of many of our returning negro soldiers is being played upon and appealed to by that element in negro leadership which has a hankering after social equality.

A NEW RACE PRIDE

Then, too, the negro's race consciousness and race pride have been aroused by his record in the war both as soldier and as civilian. They look with pride upon the near four hundred thousand picked blacks that were drafted into the army and there played their part as Americans. They remember the part they played in essential war industries. They still feel the thrill of self-respect that came with their help in food conservation, the buying of liberty bonds and thrift-stamps, their contribution toward the Red Cross and other relief agencies. This freshened race consciousness has put a confident and aggressive tone into hitherto latent or feebly voiced aspirations.

THE BROKEN TETHER

Another factor entering into the changed attitude of the negro grows out of the fact that the colored migration into Northern industrial centers has shown the Southern negro that he can make a living in the North and that he can stand the Northern climate. Hitherto the rank and file of Southern negroes have been strangely tethered to the South by the fear of Northern climate and Northern conditions. Negroes who have moved North during the last five years say that letters from their home-folk are filled with eager inquiries about the possibility of the negro's adapting himself to the Northern climate and of adjusting himself to the social and industrial situation that prevails. The answers that the home-folk are receiving are giving the negro throughout the South a sense of the possibility and freedom of movement that he has not had. This is a very real psychological factor that introduces an element of restlessness into the race situation.

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM—IN EUROPE

Then, too, the old limitations, social and industrial, appear even more onerous to the negro as he throws them into contrast with the ideals of freedom, democracy and equality for which he was asked to fight during the war. The negro mind is to-day brooding over what it regards as an essential contradiction between our actions in race relations and our ideals in international relations. The negro is displaying that penchant for analogy to which I referred in the opening paragraph of this paper. This began early in the war.

R. H. Leavell, in a recent issue of "The Outlook," recounts a conversation he had with a negro youth in Mississippi four months after the United States entered the war.

"What all dis wah in Europe about?" asked the negro youth.

"The object of this war," said Mr. Leavell, "is to make the world safe for democracy—in Europe."

A shrewdly intelligent negro teacher who was standing in the group hastened to translate the sentence into simpler words that might find readier comprehension in the youth's mind.

"That means that we are fighting to get freedom for the people in Europe. You are willing to fight, are n't you, to help them get it?"

"Yaas," was the quick reply, "but while I 'se fightin' I 'd like to get a little mo' freedom fuh myself."

This application of our war aims to the problem of his civic and social privi-

leges went on in the negro's mind throughout the war.

UNDERWORLD INVADES BLACK QUARTER

Another factor that figures in the race situation in certain cities, Chicago being a good instance, has grown out of the breaking up of the segregated vice districts. In Chicago, when these vice districts were broken up, many of the women moved southward toward and into the "black belt," where their promiscuous relations with blacks introduced two psychological factors, both of which have made for race tension. This mingling of black men and white women fanned alive in many black minds the social equality idea and produced a certain number of black braggadocios, whose swagger irritated the nearby whites. This black swagger and the white resentment were elements in the situation.

BLACK MEN HOLDING WHITE MEN'S JOBS

As white soldiers returned to Northern industrial centers, they found jobs they had held before the war being held by negroes. The white workmen were and are quite naturally impatient to step back into their old jobs. As we know, the problem of fitting our returning soldiers back into our industrial life is not an easy administrative task. In the very nature of the case the process will proceed at a rate discouragingly slow to the man waiting for a job. His impatience seems to take on a more aggressive character when the job is being held by a negro. This situation is further aggravated by the fact that many of the negro laborers are non-union men, while the white men whom they displaced during the war are to a far greater degree union men. This fact figured distinctly in the situation in the Chicago Stock Yards district, where much non-union negro labor was employed during the war, and was found at work when whites returned from France.

THE "CHANGED ATTITUDE" OF THE NEGRO

One more fact should be mentioned before closing this tabulation of the more obvious elements that enter into the race situation out of which riots are springing, and that fact is this: there is a "changed attitude" on the part of the negro toward the question of methods for advancing his social and industrial interests. The Chicago "Defender," which is a negro periodical, apropos of this says:

> The younger generation of black men are not content to move along the lines of least resistance, as did their sires. . . . We have little sympathy with lawlessness, whether those guilty of it be black or white, but *it cannot be denied that we have much in justification of our changed attitude.*

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, the brilliant, but bitter, negro editor of "The Crisis," has been lately indulging in unrestrained counsel of "fight" to his constituency. There is clear evidence that one wing of negro leadership is inclined to counsel violence if the aspirations of the race find the road toward realization blocked. These leaders would probably experience little difficulty in finding a *casus belli* in the present strained relations. I intend no wholesale charge that the negro leadership of the country has turned revolutionary. That is not true. But I must, in the interest of accuracy, list this germinal idea at work in the negro mind as one of the elements in our immediate race situation. There is being carried on, beyond doubt, a propaganda in behalf of the tactics of violence. This propaganda is fostered not only by one type of negro leader, but also by those social revolutionaries who vulture-like hover over every field of discontent. There is undoubtedly an attempt being made to capitalize colored disaffection in the interests of the social revolution.

Here, then, are the more important of the factors that enter into our post-war race problem in the United States:

(1) The great influx of Southern negro labor into Northern industrial centers.

(2) Inadequate housing facilities for the new negro population in the

centers to which the migration has led, with the usual results of congestion in the breeding of those types and qualities that readily yield to the rioting impulse.

(3) The overflow of negroes from crowded colored colonies into white residential blocks, with a resulting depreciation of property values as far as white occupancy is concerned, and the inevitable inter-race irritation.

(4) The exploitation of negroes by real-estate agents, both black and white, in the boosting of rentals and purchasing prices.

(5) The impressions left upon the minds of our returning negro soldiers by the measure of social equality which they enjoyed in France, and the inevitable contrast they are drawing between that attitude and the attitude they find upon their return.

(6) An intensified race consciousness and race pride on the part of the American negro resulting from his having done his share, as soldier and civilian, in the war.

(7) A new sense of the possibility and freedom of movement which the negro has acquired from having learned that a Southern negro apparently can stand the Northern climate and make a living in the new surroundings.

(8) A freshened resentment on the part of the negro against his social and industrial limitations when he thinks of them in the light of the ideals of freedom, democracy, and equality for which he fought during the war.

(9) The stimulus to social-equality aspirations growing out of the relations between blacks and white prostitutes who have moved into negro districts following the breaking up of segregated vice districts in cities, as in Chicago, together with the resentment aroused among near-by whites.

(10) The irritation of many of our returned soldiers when they find their old jobs being held by negroes, while they are having difficulty in getting back to work.

(11) A conflict of interests between non-union negro labor and organized white labor.

(12) A "changed attitude" on the part of the negro that nourishes the idea of revolutionary methods for the attainment of his aspirations—an attitude fostered by one wing of negro leadership, and cultivated by ultra-radicals who dream of a social revolution in the United States.

I have not listed here such factors as a white attempt to "teach the negro his place," which negroes charge as being a vital factor. I am not at the moment in a position to speak regarding this charge from personal knowledge or investigation, but such an attempt would have to be listed a result more than a cause at any rate.

So much, then, for an analysis of the situation. How are we to meet it? Is there a "solution" for our negro problem? Certainly there is no simple patent remedy that can be offered. In a problem so predominantly biological, the statesman is not the final man that he may be in problems that are primarily economic or political. The problem is complicated by many intangible factors of sentiment and prejudice. When a problem is rooted in both biology and prejudice, it is folly to hope for quick solutions. The best we may do is to clear the field of every manifest injustice regarding which the better elements of both races are in agreement, and then set about the educating of the public mind on the fundamental facts in the case. The one thing that groundless prejudice cannot withstand is an onslaught of facts.

NO "QUICK SOLUTION"

At the outset both black and white leaders should frankly discourage the hope for an over-night settlement of the race problem. An ill-founded hope, when defeated, frequently leaves behind a legacy of bitterness, disappointment, and despair that defeats the steady progress that might normally be realized. This point has been well stated by Dr. Jackson, a negro leader in the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, in an article he has contributed to the New Orleans "Southwestern Christian Advocate," in which he reaffirms his confidence that the war has meant "an irreversible victory for righteousness and the beginning of applied democracy."

But he warns his constituency that "no miraculous change of sentiment nor of race relations should be expected." On this matter he says:

> Such, however, seems to be the imperative demand of certain race leaders. The subsidence of race prejudice was not coincident with the downfall of Germany, nor will it be with the formation of a League of Nations, if effected. The white man has it, the black man has it—most men, everywhere, still have it. He who arouses in the negro expectations of a speedy democratic solution of all his depressing race problems will, I fear, do him much harm. It will give frequent occasions for irritating disappointment, which would work evil in various ways. I say to my people: Be patient! Not the patience of insensible apathy nor, indeed, of passive docility, but of active, peaceful effort.

It is small comfort, I know, to say to the negro that despite his valorous defense of the principles of freedom, democracy, and equality in the war, he must return to his home and there begin again the slow upward climb of racial evolution. Four and a quarter years in the atmosphere of dramatic issues and dramatic solutions have made him dream of some swifter solution of his problem. But he is building for bitter disappointment if he goes on the assumption that the war has radically changed human nature either among blacks or whites.

THREE KINDS OF NEGRO LEADERSHIP

Much will depend upon the type of leadership the mass of American negroes choose to follow. Speaking in the broad, there are three types of negro leadership to-day bidding for the allegiance of the race. These are:

First, the ultra-radical or revolutionary type of leadership to which reference has already been made. This type of leadership is clearly described in a recent issue of "Unity," a Chicago periodical, in a paragraph which reads:

> Long years of oppression through disfranchisement, "Jim Crow" laws, segregation policies, lynching, economic discrimination, and so forth, coupled with the bitter experiences incident to the great war, have raised up a group of young men and women in the negro ranks who are impatient with the old leaders of the race, of both the Booker Washington and Du Bois school, and are clamoring for more aggressive action along lines of uncompromising social radicalism. These militants . . . represent not only extreme revolt against racial oppression, but also the appearance among negroes of that same movement of political and economic revolution which is now sweeping the world from end to end. . . . It is too early, as yet, to estimate the significance of this sudden appearance among colored people of this movement for radical social change, but that it marks the entrance of the negro problem upon a wholly new period of development is not altogether unlikely.

It will be unfortunate if the American negro to any marked extent follows these leaders. It would inevitably bring down upon the negro the wrath of the conservative white world and make more difficult his fight for even the most elementary justice. And it appeals to me as very short-sighted policy upon the part of ultra-radicals to attempt the winning of the negro to their side. They will succeed only in confusing their social and economic issues with the unreasoning hatreds, prejudices, and passions that cluster around the race question.

Second, there is the Du Bois school of leadership, which urges the negro to wage an uncompromising fight for the full and unqualified rights of American citizenship. This school would transplant in America the European conception of the negro as a white man with an accidental blackness of skin. This school, in the main, is no more averse to aggressive methods than the first sort of leadership mentioned, but is more concerned with the dogma of equality than with radical social revolution as an economic consideration. Du Bois, in the earlier days of his public career as scholar and writer, wrote in a style of liquid beauty his protests against the color line in American life. His writings were touched with an appealing sadness.

The poet in him spoke in those days. For instance, in his "The Souls of Black Folk," he wrote:

> I sit with Shakespere and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars, I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they all come graciously with no scorn nor condescension. So, wed with Truth, I dwell above the Veil [the color line]. Is this the life you grudge us, O knightly America? Is this the life you long to change into the dull red hideousness of Georgia? Are you so afraid lest peering from this high Pisgah, between Philistine and Amalekite, we sight the Promised Land?

But in these later days hate has rusted his pen. He speaks more bluntly. He snarls as a wolf at bay. The poet has abdicated in favor of the propagandist. He tells the negro soldier that he went to Europe as a fighting man and that he must return fighting, fighting, fighting for the unqualified rights of an American citizen. He is an apostle of impatience.

Third, is what may best be called the Booker Washington school of leadership. This type of leadership covets the best for the race no less than do the two schools just mentioned, but frankly recognizes the existence of race prejudice and puts its faith in evolution rather than in edicts. I can illustrate the ideals of this type of negro leadership no better than by recalling an interview that H. G. Wells had with Booker Washington several years ago when Mr. Wells was making an American tour preparatory to writing his "The Future in America."

The interview took place in Boston. Mr. Wells argued strongly against the idea which Mr. Washington held that blacks and whites might live side by side without mingling and without injustice. Mr. Wells held this to be impossible, and said:

"You must repudiate separation, no peoples have ever yet endured the tension of intermingled distinctness."

"May we not become a peculiar people?" Mr. Washington suggested. "Is n't that possible?"

Mr. Wells did not agree. He pointed out that negroes had no common religion, culture, or racial conceit to hold them together, that the colored people were always ready to disperse and interbreed, that they were not a community in a peculiar racial sense.

All this was so much empty rhetoric to Booker Washington. Mr. Wells might talk lightly of destroying race prejudice. Washington knew better. Statesman that he was, Booker Washington accepted the fact of race prejudice and shaped his policies around that central fact. The color line saddened Washington just as it saddened Du Bois, but he felt that his mission was to achieve all possible progress, and he knew that battering his brains against a stone wall would help very little. So he accepted exclusion as inevitable, and worked out his Tuskegee program of making useful men who would, as skilled engineers and farmers, as trained artisans, make it more and more difficult to launch the charge of incompetence, ignorance, slovenly farming, and careless house management against his race.

"I wish you would tell me," said Mr. Wells, "just what you think of the attitude of white America towards you? Do you think it is generous?"

He looked at Mr. Wells for a moment, and with an evasive smile said:

"No end of people help us."

"Yes," said Mr. Wells, "but the ordinary man. Is he fair?"

"Some things are not fair," Mr. Washington replied, evading the general question. "It is n't fair to refuse a colored man a berth on a sleeping-car. . . . I happen to be a privileged person, they make an exception for me; but the ordinary educated colored man is n't admitted to a sleeping-car at all. . . . Then in some places, in the hotels and restaurants—it 's all right here in Boston—but southwardly he can't get proper refreshments. All that 's a handicap. . . . The remedy lies in education," Mr. Washington said, "ours—*and theirs*."

"The real thing," Washington later

told Mr. Wells, "is n't to be done by talking and agitation. It 's a matter of lives. The only answer to it all is for colored men to be patient, to make themselves competent, to do good work, to live well, to give no occasion against us. We feel that. In a way it 's an inspiration. . . .

"There is a man here in Boston, a negro, who owns and runs some big stores, employs all sorts of people, deals justly. That man has done more good for our people than all the eloquence or argument in the world. . . . That is what we have to do—it is all we *can* do."

Interpreting this point of view in his volume of impressions, Mr. Wells refers to it as a policy that made each educated and efficient negro an ambassador to civilization, a representative and vicarious character, by keeping decent and honorable, doing a little to beat down racial prejudice.

When all is said and done, nothing since his death has invalidated the essential soundness of Booker Washington's policy. In this time of universal unrest and fresh aspirations it will not be easy for the negro to accept the full implications of the policy, but it is the most statesmanlike program that the race has yet evolved, simply because it reckons with facts and looks toward possible progress rather than theoretical perfection.

The poorest friend the negro has is the sentimental philanthropist who, sweeping all of the biological facts in the case aside, thinks to lift the race by according to black men smatterings of classical education and social equality. Some one has suggested that to these well-meaning, but blind, guides the negro might address the words of *Andres* to *Don Quixote*: "For the love of God, Signor Knight Errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see me beaten to pieces, do not come to my help, but leave me to my fate, which cannot be so bad but that it will be made worse by your worship." The negro is not a white man with a black skin; he is a different race at a different stage in racial evolution. It is not fair to judge him by the standards of the white race. It is folly to expect him to respond with white alacrity to the opportunities that white men enjoy. We must remember that the Anglo-Saxon did not leap to his present supremacy at one bound; he has walked over the slow road of racial evolution. That fact should counsel the negro to patience under certain discriminations that may off-hand appear unjust, and should also throw light upon the white man's program for the negro.

TRAINING THE NEGRO'S HAND

As a nation we must develop and extend the facilities for the industrial education of the negro. It is not higher education that the negro primarily needs. The advantages of higher education should be open for every individual negro who displays the appetite and ability for its attainment, but it is a matter of history that sound racial development demands that the education of the hand precede the education of the head. The races that have built cathedrals and universities and art galleries have first been hewers of wood and drawers of water. The negro cannot take a short cut. The invention and use of tools have been reliable tests of racial advance. As a race the negro has not, to the present, been an inventor and user of tools. This distinction he must achieve through the best industrial education that the nation can give him and help him to acquire. The political and educational statesmanship of the nation, joining hands in this matter, can make a fundamental contribution toward the solution of our race problem.

A BILL OF LABOR RIGHTS

It is not enough, however, to train the negro for industry. Industry must be open to him upon a basis of justice. In the past it has been the industrial part of the color line that has most impeded the negro's progress. He has been barred from the trades to a serious extent by the facts of his being barred from membership in the labor-unions of the country. But now a start has been made toward correcting this feature of the race situation. At its

recent Atlantic City meeting the American Federation of Labor voted to grant unconditional membership to the negro. Afro-American periodicals here and there refer to this step as next in importance to the abolition of chattel slavery. Theoretically this decision of the federation makes it possible for the negro workman to enter all of the skilled and better-paid trades and carry on a genuine test of merit unhampered by racial discrimination. This action of the federation was not inspired by any abstract theory of the race problem, but was the inevitable result of conditions brought about by the war. I have already referred to the fact that the withdrawal of many white American workmen from industry for military service, the return of so many Italians and other South-European laborers to their native lands for war duty, and the practical cessation of immigration during the war resulted in a labor shortage in Northern industries; that this resulted in a great influx of negro labor into the Northern States. The American Federation of Labor had to reckon with the presence of this great body of colored workmen already in Northern industry as a result of the migration of the last three years. It saw that the great need for labor during the reconstruction period, coupled with an imminent restriction of immigration by Congressional act, would probably keep a steady stream of negro labor flowing from the South for some time to come. If this mass of colored workmen should be left unorganized or admitted to a qualified membership only, there would be great danger to organized white labor in the use of colored workmen as strike-breakers. If the mass of negro workmen in Northern industries, dissatisfied with discriminatory treatment at the hands of organized labor, were made available as "scab" labor, a complicated situation would obtain. The American Federation of Labor saw this and hastened to throw its doors open to the negro. If this vote can be translated into fact, labor will face the issues of the new era with a solid front.

There are two factors that will make difficult the carrying out of this vote. In the first place, there is bound to be much friction between white and black workmen as the negro enters the unions and takes his place alongside the white workman. The old race prejudice will not be exorcised by executive order. In the second place, it is not at all certain that negro workmen will readily adapt themselves to a far-reaching program of organization. They may feel that their best interests lie in playing a separate game with capital. Mr. John Mitchell, the editor of a negro periodical in Richmond, Virginia, has stated these two difficulties clearly. He writes:

> The greatest menace to organized labor as opposed to organized capital is the black multitude that entered the industrial plants of the country and demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that they could execute and master the tasks assigned. . . . It was organized capital and not organized labor that gave to black labor the position that it now occupies. Will the colored men accept the invitation and join the white labor-unions or will they stand out as independent units under their own leaders and from their respective platforms deal directly with the moneyed interests of the country? On this decision will depend the fate of the white laboring interests of America as represented by the American Federation of Labor.
>
> It is also an interesting question as to whether the American Federation of Labor can hold in leash its own membership should the invitation be generally accepted by the colored men of this country.

Mr. Samuel Gompers said regarding the admission of colored workmen into unqualified membership in the federation that "it is one of the most important steps taken by the federation in many years." It is undoubtedly a challenge to the good temper, the patience, and the statesmanship of the leaders of black and white labor.

JOINT COUNCILS ON RACE RELATIONS

It will materially help the situation if throughout the country, particularly in our industrial centers, there can be organized joint councils on inter-racial adjustment and coöperation, composed

of the best minds of both races. These councils should be permanent bodies and should meet regularly for sustained study and treatment of the race problem in their respective cities. Such bodies could anticipate and discount the sort of crises that have hitherto broken upon cities as out of a clear sky as far as the rank and file of black and white citizens have been concerned. These councils should reckon at the outset with the fact that during the last three or four years multitudes of black men have come into absolutely new civic, social, and industrial environment. The sudden lifting of men out of the restraints of old relations into a new environment is always attended by danger. The negro has been released from repressive conditions in the South and transferred into an atmosphere of freedom in Northern cities. If many have regarded liberty as license, it is no strange happening, and should be treated with sympathetic insight. Joint councils of white and black leaders would tend to introduce elements of sympathy and understanding into the situation. These councils should undertake exhaustive surveys of their local conditions and draw up a municipal program for better housing, sanitary, and living conditions for their colored populations, programs for better recreation facilities, better educational advantages, better economic and industrial conditions, better traveling facilities. These councils should see to it that the negro has access to adequate legal aid and advice that will insure his getting a square deal in our courts.

MORE ETHICS, LESS EMOTION

The churches that minister to the negro have a great responsibility and a great opportunity in this time of vexed race relations. Benjamin Brawley, in his "The Negro in Literature and Art," speaking of the negro's susceptibility to religious ecstasy, says that "the negro is thrilled not so much by the moral as by the artistic and pictorial elements in religion." In the average negro susceptibility to religious emotion and blindness to moral obligations may frequently be found side by side. The churches that minister to the colored populations of America should studiously avoid the highly emotional type of preaching frequently indulged in by those who preach to negroes. These great denominations should emphasize the ethical at the expense of the emotional. Every time a preacher plays recklessly upon the emotions of a negro audience he is further cultivating a racial weakness and defeating, or at least delaying, the ultimate ethical purpose of Christianity among our colored folk. The white denominations should carry out an extensive program, beyond anything yet undertaken, for the selection and education of negro preachers. The emotional type that displays an uncertain perception of ethical values should be ruthlessly weeded out. Better that colored districts be less churched for a while than that this type predominate. The negro clergyman's preparation should include a good industrial education as well as classical and theological instruction, so that he may be a leader of the total life of his people.

THE NEGRO AT THE BALLOT BOX

The question of the negro and the ballot is a matter we shall be forced to consider, and concerning which we must come to some common understanding. Most students of the problem are agreed that the adoption of the fifteenth amendment to our Constitution was a blunder. As John R. Commons wrote several years ago:

> The very qualities of intelligence and manliness which are essential for citizenship in a democracy were systematically expunged from the negro race through two hundred years of slavery. And then, by the cataclysm of a war of emancipation in which it took no part, this race, after many thousand year of savagery and two centuries of slavery, was suddenly let loose into the liberty of citizenship and the electoral suffrage. The world never before had seen such a triumph of dogmatism and partisanship. It was dogmatism because a theory of abstract equality and inalienable rights of man took the place of education and the slow evolution of moral character.

It was partisanship because a political party, taking advantage of its triumph in civil war, sought to perpetuate itself through amendments to the constitution.

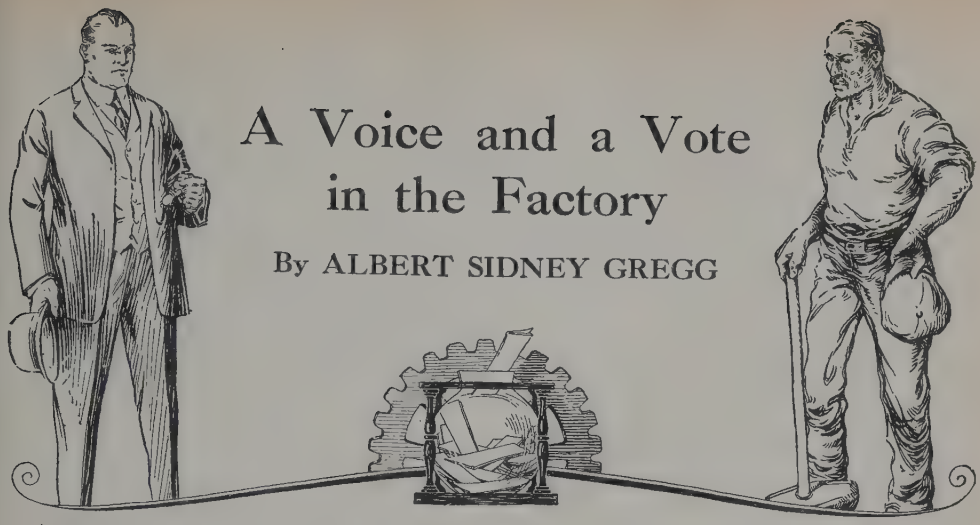
In those Southern States where the blacks outnumbered the whites the threat of black ascendancy was met by an actual nullification of the fifteenth amendment by intimidation, murder, ballot-box stuffing, and false counting. This is frankly admitted. The negro vote virtually disappeared in many regions. Then the white ascendancy that had been regained by force was fortified by legal enactments. Educational tests were introduced and interpreted in a manner that would enable the most illiterate white man to vote and prevent the negro regardless of his intelligence from voting. The "grandfather" and "understanding" clauses were other legal quibbles used to defeat the fifteenth amendment, counting out the negro without technically discriminating against him on grounds of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The negro is to-day clamoring with renewed vigor for the unrestricted right of suffrage. What are we to do about it? Shall we take as our platform the conception that "the cost of liberty is less than the price of repression" and attempt by federal action to sweep away every state restriction upon the negro ballot? Or shall we honestly accept as our platform the principle that "the suffrage must be earned, and not merely conferred, if it is to be an instrument of self-protection" and start over again the education of the negro for citizenship, making that education contribute toward that mastery of tools and industrial processes, that self-control, and that coöperative capacity which must underlie an intelligent use of the privileges of citizenship? We white men have no moral right to adopt educational tests for negro suffrage unless we make a genuine effort to equip every negro in the United States to pass those tests.

It is the height of folly, however, to criticize the white men of the South for their circumvention of the fifteenth amendment. Any man of us placed in the same position would have done likewise. As in so many cases, unwise legislation made inevitable practices that were in the abstract unjust and even criminal. Until the negro as a race is equipped to use wisely the suffrage, white men will, wherever there are large colored populations, find ways to circumvent any legislative enactment granting unrestricted suffrage to all negroes. The way out lies through the frank acceptance of this fact and a sustained coöperative effort by the leaders of both races to equip the negro for a wise and safe use of the ballot.

A NEW CHAPTER IN ANTHROPOLOGY

So far as I know, history records but three results when inferior and superior races have lived together in the same country: (1) Amalgamation; (2) Slavery; (3) Extinction. Is America shut up to a choice of one of these three? Who dares propose the first? Even though race prejudice did not stand in the way, biology lifts its warning finger. When an inferior and superior race inter-breed, the inferior pulls the superior down to its level. The quality of the race, like water, seeks the lowest level in the process of amalgamation. We fought a civil war in vindication of the negro's right to emancipation from physical slavery. We are taking the first steps toward his industrial freedom. Let us hope that we can put through an educational program that will mean an end to his political servitude. And the third outcome—small we permit congestion, disease, vice, and lynching to kill off the race in America?

It is true, as I stated earlier, that there is no royal, easy, and quick solution to this race problem. As in the practice of medicine, our best effort will be the removal of every artificial and unjust restriction that impedes the evolution of the race, so that the biological and educational forces of our civilization may do their just and perfect work. White men must abjure the picturesque charlatanry of a Vardaman as the black folk must reject the poetic frenzy of a Du Bois, and join in the effort to write a new chapter in anthropology.



A Voice and a Vote in the Factory

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

" 'My grandfather rode to his shop in a buggy. He wore a Prince Albert coat and a high hat. . . . During the noon-hour he went out into the yard with his men, sat on a pile of pig-iron, and ate his dinner out of a tin dinner-pail just like the rest. . . . Capital and labor in that plant came together around a tin dinner-pail.' "

"IT is a step in industrial evolution, and I am confident it will make for permanent satisfaction."

These are the words of Henry C. Osborn, president of the American Multigraph Company, Cleveland, Ohio. His company recently instituted a plan of self-government in the plant by which the employees have been given a voice and vote in deciding many details pertaining to the conditions under which they work and in making suggestions for the general improvement of factory operations. Mr. Osborn is a keen-looking man of the younger generation of industrial executives. He continued:

"Industry simply cannot endure if there is to be constant irritation and discontent among the workers. Without attempting to dictate to others, I shall tell you what we are trying to do to solve our own problems. Our force ranges from a thousand to twenty-three hundred. It it not a large factory, but it has gone beyond the small-shop stage in which the men can meet their employer face to face, and talk over and adjust issues as they arise. For a long time the men in one department in our factory did not know their relation to other departments. They did not understand the interdependence of the various parts.

"Our first idea is to give everybody in the concern an all-around view of the business. We want the man at the bench to get our point of view and we want to get his point of view. With that idea in mind we decided to let them govern themselves. They like it, and so do we. Through the congress to which delegates are elected they take care of a great mass of details and differences that have heretofore burdened the foreman and heads of departments. The new responsibility has sobered the men and made them think. Members of the congress know that their shopmates will hold them accountable for whatever they may do, and that there will be a quick reckoning if they are 'not on the level.' It is the best way in the world to transform a radical into a conservative.

"An incident occurred in this plant during the war which shows how important it is for the men to have an exact knowledge of an industry. It is not enough to give them the right to legislate. They must be given the facts about the entire business. In the instance I refer to one of the men out in

the shop had occasion to look over some papers in the front office in the course of his work, and among them he came across a cost-sheet. This sheet showed that we were charging the government twenty cents an hour more than we were paying the men for making fuses. Of course this chap thought he had made a great discovery, and he went about denouncing us as 'profiteers who were robbing labor.'

"Now, there were two ways to dispose of this trouble-maker. One was to discharge him, and the other was to educate him, and we decided to try the latter method first. Step by step we explained to him the mysteries of overhead expense. Finally we made him see that labor is only a part of the cost of making anything. We prepared a statement showing the factors of cost in turning out our product, such as raw material, supervision, spoiled work, light, heat, taxes, insurance, stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks, as well as labor. He had never seen it quite that way before. We won him over by giving him the whole truth, and now he is one of the most loyal men in the plant.

"Radical labor leaders and others who are causing trouble in industry are men with little education, but with more than average ability, who are dominated by wrong ideas derived from wrong or erroneous information. The only effective weapon to use in dealing with such men is to attack their wrong ideas with right ideas based on all the facts, just as we set the man right who thought we were robbing labor.

"It is alarming how many workingmen are being fed on half-truths about economics. Taking these half-truths as a premise, it is natural for them to reason to a wrong conclusion. Millions of pages of printed matter are circulated among wage-earners, and thousands of speeches are made each year based on the affirmation that labor produces all wealth; therefore labor should control all wealth. It is an alluring and a very dangerous doctrine, and should not be allowed to go unchallenged. Thousands of wage-earners, just like the man in our shop, are nursing resentment against employers because they have been told that they are being 'robbed of the fruits of their toil,' and that they should rise and seize what rightly belongs to them. Bolshevism, sabotage, strikes, and other wild outbreaks among working-men can be traced right back to this false teaching.

"I believe in fighting these half-truths by giving the whole truth. It may sound like a joke to advocate the teaching of industrial economics to uneducated working-men, but that is part of our system, and I believe such teaching is just as necessary as to give them a voice and a vote in factory management.

"Ignorance and prejudice are the soil in which agitators sow the seed of discontent and revolution, and our chief weapon is to give the men complete information."

"Tell me what started you in this direction," I asked. "Was it the result of an expensive strike?"

"It is the outcome of long-continued thinking," was the reply. "My grandfather gave me the original idea, although he was not aware of it. He was the organizer of a rolling-mill, a Scotchman, and a close friend of Andrew Carnegie. Although he was very strict with his men, they liked him. That was something I could not understand until I talked with some of the men who had worked for him in their early days. That was when American industry was in its infancy. My grandfather rode to his shop in a buggy. He wore a Prince Albert coat and a high hat, as was the fashion in those days. It was said of him that whenever he was in bad humor he would set his hat on the back of his head, which was the signal that everybody must keep away from him. He was stern, but just, and if a man could not do a piece of work, my grandfather would pull off his coat and show him how. During the noon-hour he went out into the yard with his men, sat on a pile of pig-iron, and ate his dinner out of a tin dinner-pail just like the rest. While they ate together they exchanged views about the work in the shop. The men had a chance to express themselves, and they got information from headquarters on the spot. Capi-

tal and labor in that plant came together around a dinner-pail.

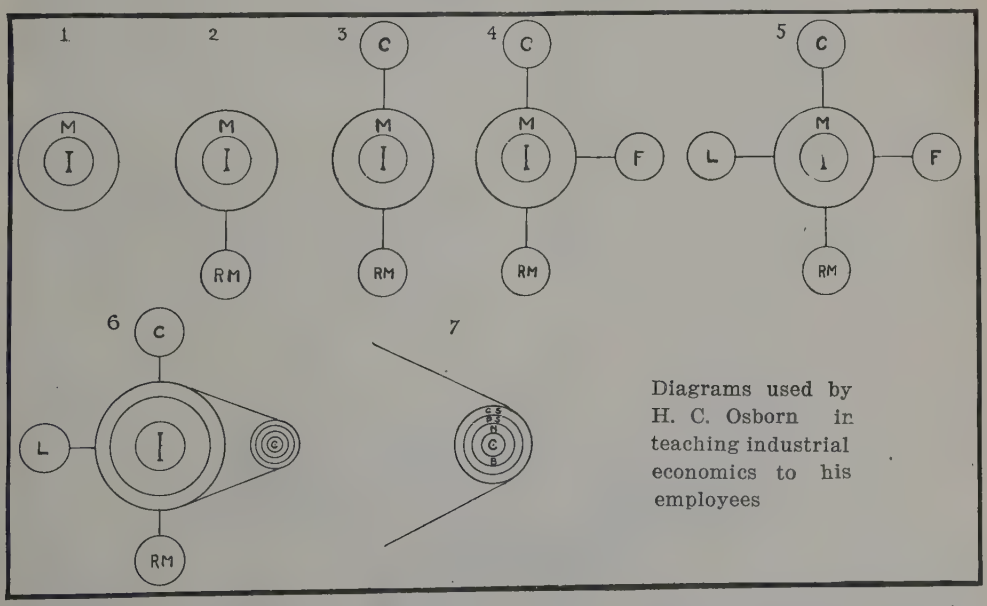
"My purpose is to bring capital and labor together through our factory organization. We have established a method for quick action right up the line from the least employee to the president."

The method of giving instruction to the employees in this plant is one that could be adapted to any factory. It consists of moving-pictures visualizing manufacturing processes, lectures by experts on production problems, and lectures on the general aspects of industry and finance. The president of the concern gives the talks on industrial economics.

Standing before a blackboard with chalk in hand he analyzes an industry from its very inception. For instance:

"Every industry starts with an idea as the basis of an invention or a process. Henry Brown, the blacksmith, runs his shop all alone, and yet he embodies in himself all the elements of a big organization. A time comes when Brown hits upon a new process for making horseshoe-nails. In developing a plant to make the nails he must do several new things not necessary so long as he confines himself to shoeing horses, which is really a form of personal service. To make the nails he must have special machinery, a factory, material, labor, and a way of selling his product, all of which requires capital. Brown has a little money, but not enough. So he must borrow. He can do this by giving notes, taking in a partner, or forming a company and issuing bonds or selling stock. The moment a company is formed, directors are chosen by the stockholders to manage the business."

The speaker then paused while he drew a diagram on the blackboard. He made a circle to represent the original idea and management. At the right he drew a circle to represent the financial department. A circle at the bottom symbolized the purchasing department, one at the left stood for labor or production, and another at the top for sales. Lines running from the financial department to the central circle showed the vital connection between management and the investors. There was no



Diagrams used by H. C. Osborn in teaching industrial economics to his employees

No. 1—First step in founding an industry, symbolizing the fundamental idea and management. No. 2—Department for buying raw material, indicated by circle marked "RM." No. 3—Sales department, indicated by the circle marked "C" for customer. No. 4—Financial department, symbolized by the circle marked "F." No. 5—Production department, shown by the circle marked "L." No. 6—This drawing shows a present-day corporation, in which labor has no voice in the management. Mr. Osborn proposes to give labor a voice and a vote through a factory organization. The outer circle in No. 6 represents the board of directors, with connecting line to the source of capital on the right. No. 7—This is an enlargement of the circle on the right of No. 6, representing the source of capital. In this chart "C" stands for credits at the bank or with the dealer in raw material; "B" for bonds; "N" for notes; "PS" for preferred stock-holders, and "CS" for common stock-holders.

such vital relation between production and management, but the speaker drew lines connecting production with management, just as finance and management were connected. His idea was to show that labor was just as much entitled to a part in management as was capital, and that was obtained by the self-management plan. Continuing, the speaker said:

"This diagram shows at a glance that labor, which is the chief visible element of production, is not the only factor of cost. Financing, buying, selling, and managing all involve cost, and that cost must be met out of the sales. The investors who furnish the capital, as well as the people who do the work, are entitled to 'wages' out of the receipts of the business. Therefore management is not robbing labor when it pays dividends to capital. Ever since the beginning of industry capital has had a voice in management, but labor has not. Industrial democracy is the connecting-link by which capital and labor become united in the management of an industry in which both are vitally concerned."

This blackboard diagram contains the whole system of economics on which modern industry is based, and this corporation president is preparing a little manual embodying his ideas, so that every man in his employ may obtain the fundamental truth about the development and management of an industry.

Following the blackboard talks, he asks the men to write essays giving their conception of industrial economics. Some of the essays are really very interesting, showing that the writers have grasped his teachings in all their bearings. One writer in particular built up a story about a man who had invented a lead-pencil and how he had built up a big business.

"Now you will see why it pays to teach economics," said the president. "No man can study the foundation principles of an industry and still hold the doctrine that 'labor produces all, and therefore labor should take all.' Labor, capital, and management are partners, and I am glad we have found a way for them to get along together.

"One of our men got tangled up about stock transactions. I mention this to show how they are thinking about such matters. He wanted to know why it was that after all the capital stock of a company had been sold, stock sales were still reported in the papers. We then showed him that the sales were not between the company and the public, but between private owners of the stock and the public, which was quite a different matter. Another wanted information about stock-brokers. He denounced them as a set of robbers because of the big profits they made. His idea of their profits was the rise in the price on the market. He felt better after we had showed him that the seller of the stock got the benefit of the increase in price, and that all the broker received was a commission.

"I am a firm believer in giving our men the whole truth about finance and industry. I have staked everything for the future of our concern on democratic shop organization, plus the all-around economic education of our workers."

A Servant of Reality

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustrations by Norman Price

CHAPTER XXIV

ANTHONY had known moments in the year of his captivity when he had let himself go in a sudden compulsion of happiness. He had shut out by an effort of the will all sense of his imprisonment, and enjoyed as separate things the sight and smell of summer fields. He realized that he and Kitty were doing the same thing now; they had their single sunny hour, and behind and in front of it were monstrous experiences. It was a green space, with idelweiss growing between precipices. They had had to climb up, and they still had the dangers of the descent before them; but for a little while they stood safe and triumphant among the flowers.

Kitty managed their precarious footing better than Anthony; her pleasure was not invaded by thought or by the conscious effort of her own will. She had the strange humility of those who have not set themselves free by moral struggles. She could be happy because she expected nothing of herself and very little of others. She knew no more than that it was a fine day and she had Anthony.

Kitty loved her lunch in the old-fashioned dark dining-room at Richmond, and when she reached Kew she loved the gardens more. She caught sight of a squirrel making a brief excursion between the trees in an open avenue, and she held out her bare hands and laughed at the feeling of the warm sunshine touching them. Without a sign of fatigue, she drew Anthony on and on, across the lawn, where in the spring the azaleas bloom, and on into the leafless, empty bluebell wood.

"It 's like a sea," Kitty told him, "when they 're out; not the big, clumsy sea, full of water, but a string of clear blue pools left behind by a tide. You look and look till the blueness closes over your head. I think the light today is a ghost light, for I can almost see the bluebells. We must come here together one day next spring." She broke off suddenly, and said she wanted to see the palace where Henry VIII's wives spent the gayer intervals of their precarious existences.

"It must have been rather nice," Kitty observed speculatively, "to have been one of those short queens; only I don't believe Henry would have cut my head off. I 'd have been short more naturally. The thing with Henry would have been to get tired first. I could easily have managed that."

"Are n't you tired now," Anthony asked anxiously, "without managing it?"

"Ah, you are n't Henry VIII," said Kitty; "I don't have to take the precaution of being tired of you."

She strolled with him round the wide pond that lay as flat as an upturned looking-glass within a whispering thicket of yellow water reeds.

"Fancy it 's being a fine day," Kitty exclaimed, slipping her arm into Anthony's, "and then seeing a squirrel and having nobody about! I like winter best, don't you? There 's nothing to take your attention off what there is. The trees are so jolly and black and bare; the grass is like a special treat; the sky is nearer; and when it 's fine, you don't expect it. It 's so nice to be sold by a surprise."

Anthony was puzzled by this revelation of Kitty. He had not supposed she would like anything undecorative or

bare. She voiced her very thoughts for him, and then, with a sudden little shiver of discontent, she said:

"I hate the water reeds. They all shuffle and chatter so—like a crowd of underbred women in church. It 's cold, too. After all, I think I like hothouses best. Do you know the blue lotus? Let 's go there. I like blue lotuses. They lie in a pool and do nothing but stare at you—awfully nice, lazy, well-dressed flowers."

They walked back to the blue-lotus house. Kitty flung off her furs and gazed down into the pool. Palms and tropical foliage surrounded them, and in the distance there was the broad back of a discreet custodian.

"Funny old thing!" said Kitty, looking down at the blue lotus. "It looks just the same as the one I saw ages ago. I wonder how long the flower lives." Anthony told her, but Kitty did not listen to him. She said suddenly: "I got into an awful row after you left Rochetts. I suppose Jim must have said something to Daphne. When I went back to the lawn to say good-by, they both got up and walked into the house without speaking to me. It 's funny the way married people act in lumps, is n't it? Your poor mother did n't understand. She was awfully bothered and kind, and kept saying she was sure Daphne could n't be well. Finally I said:

"It 's quite all right, Mrs. Arden, really. Daphne thinks I 'm not fit to speak to—and I 'm *not*, you know. Your mother put her hand on my arm and said:

" 'My dear, I 'm *so* sorry.' Was n't it sweet of her? I think it was the nicest thing anybody ever said to me. Papa was examining a rose-tree through his eye-glass. I don't know what he heard or thought about it; what he said was: " 'We must really get a Mabel Vernon.' Then we went home. The nicest part of papa is he never says anything unless you do."

Kitty gave a little inconsequent laugh.

"I think I must have been mad that night," she added reflectively, "for I did such an absurd thing! I worked myself up into telling dear old Peckham all sorts of things she need n't ever have known. It was so silly, for I was n't even going on with them. I knew I 'd come to a stop. You can't be ill and gay beyond a certain point, can you? Besides, I did n't want to very much.

"Of course, I 'm as gay as I can be now, but nothing Peckham need have minded. I always think confessions are worse than sins. Don't you? Usually you only upset yourself by your sins, but you upset other people by your confessions."

Anthony drew Kitty to a seat.

"Tell me," he asked her gently, "what made you make that scene there at Rochetts if you don't believe in confessions and don't like upsetting people?"

Kitty stared at him.

"Oh, that," she said. "Don't you know? I had to; I did n't want you to get dragged into all this. I knew something or other was coming, and I meant you not to have the bother of it. I thought you would n't go on caring for me if I was nasty enough and you got clean away. Heaps of people have got over caring for me beautifully. Of course I see you have n't now; so it 's different. I can't keep you out of things if you really care. I suppose I shall just have to do what you like."

Anthony looked down at her eagerly.

"Will you really, Kitty?" he asked. "There is something else I want. I want it awfully, more than I can ever tell you; I 've been thinking about it all night, hoping I could ask you, but afraid of being a bother, too. It makes the whole thing simpler if you can do it. I want you to marry me at once, in three days, before the operation. I want the right of taking care of you. If you give it to me, you need n't have any nursing homes or nurses. I 'll take a furnished house, and look after you myself with Peckham. Whatever we have to go through, we can go through solidly together. It was my being such a fool as not to share everything with you that left you alone with this—this misery. I can't let myself think of it. You won't mind marrying me now, will you?"

Kitty laughed.

"Silly old thing!" she said. "It was I that did n't want to share anything.

" 'I like winter best, don't you? There's nothing to take your attention off what there is. The trees are so jolly and black and bare' "

It 's awfully sweet of you to think about marriage, but why need we be married? If you want so awfully to take care of me, I 'll let you do it; but marriage seems to me rather off the point."

"It is n't," said Anthony, passionately; "it matters tremendously to me. I want the right, the sanction, whatever you like to call it; I want our lives held together before the world as well as in our hearts. I want every one to know that we 've hit on something that lasts."

Kitty looked at him consideringly.

"Marriage does n't always last," she said a little dryly, then she slipped her hand over Anthony's. "You want nobody to say anything horrid," she said gently, "but I don't care any more what people say."

"I care," Anthony said desperately, "and, O Kitty, I want you for myself. I don't want any one else to interfere or speak or think between us. We 've had so much of that already. Let 's fall in with the world, if it 's the only way to keep out of the world."

Kitty moved a little restlessly.

"It is n't the world," she said; "it 's your mother and Daphne. Those are the people I don't want to come across. They 've been good and dear and kind, but it has n't been possible—and it 's I, not they, who have made it impossible. Because I 'm ill, does n't make me good, you know, Tony."

Anthony bent his head and kissed her hands passionately, one after the other; he held them to his lips as if he could not let them go.

"I can't stand any more, Kitty," he said quietly. "I 'd like to stop and think of them if you want me to, but I can't. I think only of you. I need you as I never needed you. Don't shut me out for anything on earth."

Kitty watched him with bright, unshrinking eyes.

"How long would it be for, Tony?" she asked.

"Always, always," he cried brokenly. "I hope so—I believe so, Kitty. I will have your life. It 'll be all right, if you can stand for a time having to be ill—"

Kitty put her hand up to check the words on his lips.

"No, no," she said; "don't say doctors' things, Tony. I don't need to be reassured. Besides, it would n't have the effect you want. If I thought marriage would really be for long, you see, I would n't do it. I 'd do anything else you want, but not tie you up—and hurt them. I 'd think it boring; but if it 's for just a little while and you awfully wanted to, we could explain to them, and then they would n't mind so much. But I must know the truth; is it only for a little while?"

Anthony bowed his head. The words that had stood outside his mind like armed sentries all the day rushed in and took possession: "She may live a year after the operation if her strength holds out."

"Not awfully long," he said thickly.

Kitty got up and peered down at the blue lotus.

"All right," she said quietly. "Won't it be fun being married? We 'll ask papa to give us lunch afterward at the Carlton. Will you see him for me, Tony, and tell him about it? Dear old thing! He 'll like ordering lunch."

The shadows in the lotus-house had changed; the custodian approached them, jingling his keys significantly.

"It 'll be nicer in the air," Kitty said, taking Anthony's arm. They 're rather stuffy things, blue lotuses, after all."

Anthony became suddenly aware of how exhausted Kitty had become. Without a word they turned toward the gates. The garden was deserted, and the short winter day was drawing to a close. It seemed an eternity before the long road yielded them a taxi. Anthony lifted Kitty into it and held her in his arms.

She gave herself up to pain without resistance, in the same spirit in which she had given herself up to pleasure, only more quietly. The pain beat down on her as rain beats on a flower. Anthony was baffled by his separation from her suffering. His imagination struck and struck against it as the sea fumbles and strikes against the walls of iron cliffs, seeking an entrance. He could not get in to share her pain with her, and Kitty could not let him in.

When they reached Trevor Road, the fire was burning brightly, and Peck-

ham, vigilant and expectant, produced hot-water bottles and tea.

Moment by moment the gray pallor of Kitty's face lightened.

"It 's been such a jolly day, Tony," she whispered. "I had n't any idea Kew would be such fun. Go and see papa now; don't forget to tell him about the lunch."

Mr. Costrelle was always to be seen between four and eight o'clock at his club.

Bridge was his inflexible habit. He found the element of chance, he explained, purer in cards than in women, and nothing ever held Mr. Costrelle permanently except the element of chance. He told Anthony immediately that he could spare him only ten minutes.

"However," he added reassuringly, "most things can be said in ten minutes. Will you have a whisky and soda?"

Anthony not only consented, but poured himself out a very stiff glass.

"Rattled!" thought Mr. Costrelle. "Kitty! What a mistake it is not to diffuse one's sentiments!"

"I don't know if you have any idea," Anthony began after a short pause, "that I care for Kitty."

"You spent the larger part of six weeks in my daughter's company last year," said Mr. Costrelle. "I never ask questions, but salient facts rarely escape me."

"I want to marry her," Anthony said, leaning forward, "immediately, within three days."

Mr. Costrelle's long, white face lifted for a moment; his blue eyes passed rapidly over Anthony, and then returned to his glass.

"Thursday," he said, "I think that brings us to Thursday. People with superstitions, I believe, avoid Friday. I always respect superstitions; there seems as much reason to believe in them as to believe in anything else. I am glad you have avoided Friday."

"Unfortunately," pursued Anthony, "this is not all I have to tell you." He hesitated for a moment. Mr. Costrelle screwed his eye-glass into his eye and waited patiently. He disliked sentences beginning with "unfortunately," especially if they referred to Kitty. "Do you remember," Anthony began again, "that I thought last summer there was something wrong with her shoulder?"

Mr. Costrelle continued to regard Anthony with defensive passivity.

"Certainly I do," he agreed. "Most doctors think there is something wrong with somebody—a most disconcerting profession."

"Well," said Anthony, impatiently, "in this case I happened to be right; there was a growth below the shoulder which threw it a little out of place. It has increased rapidly. I saw Hilton Laurence with her this morning; we both think we ought to operate immediately.

Mr. Costrelle drew out a slim cigar-case, took out a cigar, lit in, and leaned back in his chair.

"What is the nature of the growth," he asked when he completed this arrangement, "and what will be the effect of the operation if it is successful?"

"We are not absolutely certain of its nature," replied Anthony, "but all the symptoms point to its being malignant. It is probably a fibroid cancer. The operation will prolong her life. She could not live six weeks if we left her as she is, and the pain—"

Anthony stopped abruptly. The memory of Kitty lying motionless in his arms choked him. He could not speak to Mr. Costrelle of Kitty's pain. Mr. Costrelle finished his sentence for him.

"Naturally," he observed, "the pain will be considerable in either case. Well, it 's a very disagreeable subject, and as I suppose you know all there is to be known about it, I leave it entirely in your hands."

Anthony drew a deep breath. He had not known what to expect from Mr. Costrelle, but this entire detachment left him with a sense of its not having been necessary to expect anything. He realized what Kitty had always had to face, a responsibility from which in every emergency Mr. Costrelle invariably withdrew.

Mr. Costrelle wished to be quite friendly and nice about it, and as he met Anthony's astonished eyes, it occurred to him that possibly he had not entirely fulfilled his future son-in-law's expectations.

"I 'm quite pleased about the marriage," he added cordially. "The point of it, under the circumstances, entirely evades me, but I am sure it 's an admirable thing for Kitty. Marriage always suits women. Did she send me any message?"

It hardly seemed a convenient moment to suggest a luncheon party, but Anthony, remembering that it was Kitty's wish, made the suggestion a little tentatively. Mr. Costrelle's consent was as spontaneous as if the idea was a relief.

"Certainly she shall have luncheon at the Carlton," he said. "I could have arranged, perhaps, a more perfect meal elsewhere, but women like other things besides food. Shall we say lunch at two o'clock? I shall arrange to bring my own wine. I have a Château Yquêm which is tolerably well known. Our ten minutes is up I think."

Mr. Costrelle's self-possession was complete. He shook hands with Anthony loosely and briefly, and joined his bridge four with his usual long-limbed, lounging gait. But despite Mr. Costrelle's impassivity, his ten minutes had taken the zest from his life.

Sorrow could not disarrange his habits, but it could devitalize a failing taste. Mr. Costrelle knew that he would never enjoy his bridge so much again. Anthony thought his future father-in-law did not know the meaning of grief. He did not realize that the grief which the mind evades is a grief which dogs a man's footsteps to the end of his days.

Anthony plunged into the short concentrated time which lay before the operation with a queer sense of relief. He had gained no support from Mr. Costrelle, but he would have Kitty all the more to himself.

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN Anthony informed Henry of his impending marriage over the telephone, Henry exclaimed, "Good God!" but he was very useful afterward. He gave Anthony the address of a house in Duke Lane that belonged to friends of his who wanted to go abroad immediately and were willing to let it as it stood; and he volunteered to go down to Pannell for Anthony to break the news to his parents.

Henry knew that a great deal of manipulation was necessary if the marriage was to be accepted by the family, and he thought it had better be accepted, because, after a talk with Hilton Laurence, he had come to the conclusion that he could n't prove Anthony mad, and that the marriage was n't a permanent disaster.

"Insane acts are seldom certifiable," Hilton Laurence explained rather dryly to Henry, "and in any case you won't have long to put up with it."

Henry felt very strongly that a thing that could n't be stopped and would n't last long had better not be looked into at all.

It was unfortunate that Anthony insisted his parents should be told the truth before they decided whether they would receive Kitty or not, but Henry, in whose hands the truth had been deposited, felt that it was open to him to deal with it economically.

Powder in sufficient quantities may destroy an empire, but readjusted, and with the explosive elements left out, it is said to give a beneficial appearance to overheated complexions.

Henry told his father that he probably would n't consider the marriage suitable. Miss Costrelle came from a good old Essex family, but she was poor and had lived a long time abroad. She had n't any particular home, and Anthony was marrying her before the operation in order to look after her himself.

"Of course it 's quixotic," Henry continued swiftly before Mr. Arden was fairly launched upon his first negative. "Poor old Tony has had a bee in his bonnet ever since he returned to England. It is n't an ordinary marriage, and you know I feel with you, sir, that ordinary marriages are always the best; but I do think he might have done worse. If the girl recovers, which is, I fear, extremely improbable, she 'll make him more normal; and if she does n't, he 'll have had his head, and be free again, without much damage done."

Mr. Arden listened to Henry with some consideration. He knew that Henry, with very little help from him,

had carved out a successful legal career. His father appreciated success and respected the law. It was true the law was not always amenable to force, but on the whole it usually protected the rights of those who had most of them and you could not override it when it went against you. Mr. Arden listened to Henry, even when he differed from him, with more patience than he usually found convenient.

"If she comes from a good family, she must have relatives," he said severely; "all good families have relatives. It 's pure nonsense for Tony to make himself responsible for an invalid bride. I don't approve of it at all. You may tell him so from me. I sha'n't accept it. Why should I? It 's not the kind of thing an eldest son should do. What 's to become of the place? Tony is as selfish as if he were a scatter-brained young fool, and he has n't the excuse of being one. Does n't he know at his age he ought to have children?"

"But Henry says, dear," interposed Mrs. Arden, gently, "that it 's a really dangerous operation and that it is not likely that Miss Costrelle will live long after it, and then dear Anthony could marry again."

"That makes it worse," declared Mr. Arden. "It sounds to me like adding murder to matrimony. I don't want to sit and wish for a poor girl to die, and I don't like re-marriages. The whole thing is both silly and shocking. I shall have no hand in it."

"You hear what your father says, Henry," said Mrs. Arden, with an air of finality, which always soothed her husband. "I should n't say any more about it until after tea."

But when tea-time came Mr. Arden had had a further conversation with his wife—a conversation in which, after a good deal of heated repetition, on Mr. Arden's part, a few suggestions on Mrs. Arden's, which he had come to feel were his own, had softly permeated the repetitions. They ran as follows: Anthony was of age, he could really do what he liked; therefore opposition was useless, particularly as it had never been known to answer with Anthony. It was almost certain the girl would die, and dead girls are not aggressive. They need not say anything very definite until after the operation. If it was successful, and the girl got better, she did belong to a good family; if she did n't get better, she would n't belong to any family.

Anthony was not asking them for money. He had said nothing about settlements. The squire hated settlements. You had to tie up your money and then keep your hands off it. He would n't have to do this in the circumstances, and he could n't have got out of doing it in any other. A message founded on these facts was produced at tea-time, which could easily be presented to Anthony in the light of acquiescence.

"He 's of age," Mr. Arden said reluctantly, "and I can't stop him making a fool of himself. Tell him from me that we sha'n't come to the marriage,—the whole thing is very disagreeable and odd,—but if the girl gets better, she can come here to convalesce. Pannell 's his home, and I sha'n't keep him or his wife out of it."

Mrs. Arden hid in the shrubbery and preceded Henry to the dog-cart.

"I remember Miss Costrelle quite well," she said, with a curious little flush on her face; "I thought her quite fascinating. Of course I know she 's not suitable for Tony's wife, poor dear. It 's a pity she is so—so French, but I can't help feeling sorry she is ill. Give them *both* my love, Henry."

Henry did not give the whole of this message, either; he thought it was rash. He seldom gave the whole of any message.

He offered to write to Daphne, but Anthony had done this for himself. He wrote:

I know you once understood and loved Kitty. I did n't when I was with you; I only saw what the world had done to her and I blamed her for it. It 's so hard not to blame people for their scars. Anyway, you 'll forgive her now if she hurt you, for she is under the harrow. I can't lift it off; I can stand by her, that is all.

I have found a way of doing it which perhaps you won't understand; but if anybody can understand, you will. I dare n't look ahead at any future, but I suppose instinct, or whatever it is that pushes us forward to help each other, will keep me up to the mark. Laurence operates on Friday; I shall assist.

Don't bother to come even if you want to; only think of her with kindness. For your sake she would not have married me if she had not known that it was only for a little time. Do you remember how happy you were when I came back from prison? I like to remember your happiness; only I think it is true that one loves even more when one is unhappy.

ANTHONY.

Henry settled all the details of the marriage. Bishops and chaplains in his hands were as malleable as butter. There were no impediments.

Kitty had been so exhausted after her day at Kew that Anthony had insisted on her remaining in bed until the morning of her marriage. He had succeeded in keeping her out of pain.

Kitty enjoyed the rest of lying in bed and looking at her new room. It was a quiet, pretty room. The windows overlooked the Carmelites' garden on the other side of the narrow street.

It was not a large garden, but there were trees in it, and Kitty took a great interest in the Carmelites.

"Monks are the kind of men I don't know," she explained to Anthony. "I do so wish I could have one to talk to! I want to ask them what it feels like to live all day long under a rule and never to know what God made the world for. For I suppose He did rather mean it for men and women to live in, did n't He? And yet I admire them; it 's rather fine to shut yourself behind a wall into a stone church because you think it pleases anybody, even God. I wonder if there 's some kind of trick about prayer. Do you think there is, and that 's why they can go on for such an awfully long time and not mind being bored? Peckham prays, too; but she takes off her stays first, and prays in her dressing-gown. Do you think God hears her and the monks as well? It must be rather nice for Him, I should think, that some people don't pray. Peckham expects to get answers. Do the monks?"

Anthony said he thought they did, but probably not the same kind of answers. He told Kitty his own theories about auto-suggestion, but Kitty only said:

"I don't think that makes it any easier. Where does the auto-suggestion come from? There 's always an outside as well as an inside, is n't there? And if God made the outside, He could put the idea into you from it, could n't He? You must start a ball of wool somewhere."

Anthony wanted to go on with the subject, for it surprised him to see that Kitty had lit on a connected form of reasoning. But she broke off immediately, as if she was afraid of anything deeper than a chance question.

"I 'm so glad you like Peckham," she said softly. "I think I 've got an awfully nice family now—you and Peckham and Henry. Henry came to ask me this morning if I wanted a red carpet. He said I could n't have a carpet without a carriage or a carriage without a carpet. I do like Henry's mind. I told him we were going to walk down the little alley to the church, so he said we could n't have a carpet, but we might have bells afterward, if we liked."

The walk to St. Mary Abbotts was a mere stone's-throw from Duke Lane, but Kitty's strength was only in her mind. Her eyes laughed, and she pretended that when she paused to look into the tiny square or at the quaint shop-windows of Church Walk she was doing it for fun and not because her breath had failed her.

She had wanted to walk, because she said it would seem more like the country. She lingered as they came to the open doorway of the church beneath the trees. They could look up the long nave of the church toward the altar.

Henry had had it beautifully decorated with lilies and white lilac. Kitty had not thought of the actual marriage before. She had thought of her dress, which was the color of autumn leaves, of lunch at the Carlton, and the fun of the way Henry had dealt with the bishop; but the grave service under its white shrine of flowers came to her unexpectedly. She had a wave of sudden fear; her face remained impassive, and the gravity that settled down upon her seemed merely appropriate to the hour, but her heart beat against her side like an imprisoned bird.

It was the emptiness of the church which disconcerted Kitty. There was

no one there but Peckham and Henry in a seat in front of the altar. A verger with a duster stood in a distant corner, and an expectant curate put his head round the door from the vestry to see if they had arrived.

Peckham was on her knees, and her black bonnet, with its single red rose, looked as if it were being shaken by concealed emotion. Henry's face was a blank. He was prepared for anything, and his entire consciousness rose to hide the signs of his preparation. Kitty might faint, Anthony might start some dreadful skeptical fad. They might be late; they ought not to have walked in together. The situation bristled with irregularities, and it depended upon Henry's face to make it look as regular as possible.

Anthony was entirely preoccupied with how much Kitty could stand and whether he could n't persuade her afterward to give up lunching at the Carlton. The service passed over his head without any significance whatever except that of length.

As Kitty turned toward him to make her answering troth, her eyes widened a little, and her lips stiffened. She had forgotten the great words, but they raised suddenly in her heart a storm of memory. Dick had said them to her, long ago, by the bridge he had built across their gardens: "For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health."

Anthony wavered and disappeared before her eyes, and Dick came in his place,—Dick, who was all her early life, —and held in his hands her rich, untouched, and perfect memories.

Anthony stood only for broken things, for hours of pain and indecision, for her incomplete and torturing emergencies, and for her blind hours of shame. She laid her small hand firmly on the rails until the pain shot up her arm into her shoulder.. The pain brought back the figure of Anthony. He stood looking down at her with reassuring, watchful eyes.

Death and innocence and Dick took no part in this marriage, but a love that was stronger than youth and innocence stood by her and would stand by her to the end.

Kitty had given Dick her riches without counting the cost. She turned now with an unflinching spirit to give to Anthony her poverty; and for this gift, too, though it was all she had, she did not count the cost.

CHAPTER XXVI

ANTHONY felt that he knew Kitty in the church; she was there in his world, a part of the act that bound them. He was not sure of her thoughts, but he was sure of her attitude. Outside the church she ceased to belong to him. When he suggested under his breath that they should give up the Carlton, her amazed eyes met his in a flash of hostility.

"Give up lunching with papa?" she exclaimed. "But he 's ordered it!"

Anthony had touched by accident on one of Kitty's laws. She had so few that it was not surprising he should have failed to recognize their existence. But the law of pleasure is at least as strong in its compulsion to its votaries as any other law. Business appointments never disturbed Kitty. You kept them if you remembered them and if you had nothing better to do; but social engagements, which were meant to be an exchange of pleasure, were inviolate. Inconvenience, suffering, fate even, bowed before a luncheon party. You could n't put off what was meant to amuse. It might even bore you; but if you 'd promised, you 'd promised.

The intention was, after all, there, and the intention was sacred.

Henry understood this immediately.

"If you had thought it would be too much for her," he said a little reproachfully to Anthony, "you should have telephoned overnight to Mr. Costrelle."

"It won't be too much for me," said Kitty, impatiently; "I shall like it. It will be great fun after that stuffy, old, black church. The flowers were charming, Henry. I like to be drenched in lilies. I could get drunk on the scent of them, could n't you? They 're the least-innocent flower in the world, and yet every one gets taken in by them, especially in church. The curate had adenoids. I dare say he could n't help it, but I hate men with adenoids. This is

what the troth, or whatever it was called, sounded like."

Kitty imitated the curate to perfection. Henry laughed, and Anthony wondered where the Kitty was who at the moment of those uttered words had looked afraid. She had not been thinking of the curate's adenoids then.

He was absorbed in his thoughts of Kitty's remaining hours. Did she realize how few there were, or know the awful curtain which would come down between the Kitty as she was today and the Kitty she was to be to-morrow? He wanted every moment of her held in the privacy of their small house, dedicated to their love and understanding, and he felt a bitter rebellion against the artificial public hours that she had claimed instead.

It was a harsh, unlovely day. London had a look of dirty cold, the houses were pinched into mere shelters, the raw air pursued and baffled the passers-by, forcing them into an irritated consciousness of their errands. There was no color anywhere. The gray of the sky was dead and unluminous, the streets a greasy brown. Their motor skidded and shuffled through the traffic like a sleep-walker, blind to everything but its own passage.

Henry talked cheerfully of possible skating. At present it was too damp, but the temperature was falling fast; a good hard frost.

He hoped Kitty and Anthony were not going to fall out on their wedding day; neither of them made any suitable response to the possibility of frost. These hasty rushes into marriage usually ended in bad temper.

Henry congratulated himself inwardly on his escapes from matrimony. They had never been narrow escapes. He had foreseen the danger a long way off, but they had been complete. People were likely to turn out unsatisfactory at close quarters, especially women. Women were romantic, and when they were married they were incessant, and it took a very strong digestion to stand incessant romance. That was the worst of marriage; you could n't turn away from it with a good conscience.

Of course Anthony had made the situation a great deal more difficult than it need have been. Miss Costrelle was perfectly charming, but none of her charms were domestic, and all of them were undoubtedly a shade too obvious. She reminded Henry of a picture in the Wallace Collection. It was a portrait of Perdita Robinson with a muff. Perdita Robinson had n't been very domestic, either.

Kitty smiled across at him.

"I know what you 're thinking of," she said alarmingly. "You 're like the man in the Bible who thanked God he was n't as other men were. You know the proper kind of a wife is a bother, and the kind of wife who would n't be a bother—that 's me, you know, Tony—is n't a proper kind of wife at all. Confess you were thinking something like that, Henry."

"Few men can be so fortunate as Anthony," replied Henry with skilled irrelevancy; but he was glad when they reached the Carlton.

If Kitty had been guilty of a gust of bad temper, it left her as she entered the hotel. The big, smart lounge was like home to her. She drew in a long breath of the slightly stale, slightly scented air as if it refreshed her. She knew exactly how to hold herself in public. She was more conscious than any Englishwoman is by nature, and more trained than any Englishwoman allows herself to be to hide her consciousness. Her studied spontaneity gave an impression of perfect ease, which is the seal of the true artist.

The Carlton was Kitty's sphere; in a moment she had seen and mastered the human material in the lounge. No other woman there held men's eyes as Kitty held them. She moved slowly, with little pauses, in exactly the right space and light. With each brief phrase she threw at Henry or Anthony she was aware first of its effect upon them, and then in the widening circles of a disturbed pool she noted the further effect spreading throughout the room.

Mr. Costrelle rose slowly from behind a palm and greeted his guests phlegmatically. His eyes ran over Kitty with a steady critical appreciation. Anthony saw with a pang of pure surprise that at the moment it mattered more to Mr. Costrelle that Kitty should be dressed

properly than that she should n't look ill.

She did not look ill to the ordinary spectator, who failed to take account of the carefully hidden signs. She was made up with finished and unerring skill. Her picture hat, with its thick, shaded plumes of dull pale pink, softened the outlines of her face. She carried her head as if she had never known physical fatigue.

Kitty had what other women missed, the art of personality. Nothing that she did miscarried, and no movement of her fine, supple body was without significance. To-day she was more alive than Anthony had ever seen her; differently alive, for it was not the life of her inner self: it was the directed energy of a trained workman performing his task.

Mr. Costrelle led them to the table he had prepared for them. He had chosen the most public and visible spot in the room.

Kitty sat down with her back to the light, and smiled at him across a bowl of mauve and pale pink carnations. Her smile was like a signal between two trained performers.

Mr. Costrelle had done his part. The meal was perfect. He had ordered a few dishes, each one the best and most delicate of its kind. He had chosen two sound wines, and crowned them with the Château Yquêm, which lay in a basket beside him.

It was now Kitty's turn to play hers. She must be entertaining enough to keep everything going, and not so absorbing as to interfere with a due appreciation of the food. She must make each man feel at his best for not too long at a time, and without interfering with the attractions of the other men. She must also make all the other women in the room jealous and their men envious.

Anthony, with his heart on the rack, watched her with grim concern. Everything in the big, spacious room was utterly unreal to him: its little tables, its flowers, its groups of well-dressed people. Their idleness, their privileges, their evocation of temporary tastes, revolted and amazed him.

For years he had lived hard and thought continuously, he had seen pain and struggled with it as the man in the Laocoon struggles with the presence of the coiled serpent; and these people lived dead against the image of pain, even when, as in Kitty's case, it hung poised above them ready to strike; they blinded themselves against the issues of life. They spent money and time and strength on expensive clothes and foods and endless reiterations of unnecessary, unenlightening words.

Sometimes Anthony caught a clever phrase. Mr. Costrelle and Kitty herself were often inadvertently witty, but they had not set out to be, and they never let it go very far. They wanted to entertain, but they had n't any notion of sticking to an idea; it did not seem to them very entertaining to stick to anything for long.

Kitty sat there discussing a notorious career with clipped expert phrases,—the career of a woman she did n't know, a mere bagatelle out of a newspaper,—and she was within a few hours of the sharpest of personal struggles, she was even now menaced by acute and driving pain. Anthony saw the shadow of it in her eyes, and heard in the faint hardness of her laughter, the effort of her self-control.

They were wasting their few hours, that tiny margin left to them, on a dish called *"les jeunes demoiselles,"* a careful preparation of shell-less crawfish in a cream sauce. Kitty's eyes rested on Anthony for a moment, but only with the genial audacity with which they passed on to Henry. They had no message for him. She acquiesced in the *jeunes demoiselles.*

A smart, good-looking man, whose attention had been riveted on their table for some time, rose, and crossed the room to speak to Kitty. His eyes had a look in them which was like the sudden assertion of a claim.

"What luck!" he exclaimed as he reached them. "Who in the world would have expected you here?"

"And why not here?" asked Kitty, with a veiled challenge in her laughing eyes. "It 's very jolly and comfortable and not unknown, I believe, as a European resort. You know my father, don't you? This is my husband—Captain Arden. Sir Frederick Stair."

The claim in Sir Frederick's eyes

sharpened into incredulity. He turned from Kitty to Anthony. Anthony met and returned his hard critical gaze.

The two men measured each other, and Kitty, leaning back in her chair, watched them with unconcealed amusement.

Mr. Costrelle poured out a glass of wine imperturbably. The situation appealed to him; he liked to watch Kitty handle a difficult moment.

Henry cleared his throat. He was not sure that everything was quite comfortable, and he was annoyed that Sir Frederick had apparently forgotten playing bridge with him some time ago at the club.

"Oh," said Sir Frederick at last, with his eyes still on Anthony, "we have n't run across each other before, I think?"

"We have not been particularly likely to," said Anthony, a little dryly. "I spent most of the war in a German prison."

"I was in Egypt," said Sir Frederick. "A good deal going on there one way or another. Where does one find you now, Mrs. Arden? I can't afford to have you disappear again. But perhaps you will be more permanent now that you 're married?"

"I don't think I shall ever be awfully permanent," said Kitty, closing her long eyelashes together and then opening them suddenly. "We 're just passing through town."

Sir Frederick's eyebrows shot up. He was being dismissed, and he had not expected dismissal. Kitty smiled at him. Her smile was reassuring to his pride.

Stupid things, her kind eyes said, had intervened. She did n't like dismissing him, either; but still she dismissed him.

"I was fortunate," he said politely, "to have caught even this glimpse."

Kitty gave him her hand. Mr. Costrelle mentioned his club.

Sir Frederick threw back a very fine pair of shoulders, bowed stiffly to Anthony, and walked away.

He had been perfectly polite and he had shown Kitty no sign of disrespect; perhaps he had been a shade more respectful than a man need be to a woman for whom no other idea had ever occurred.

"An odd coincidence," said Mr. Costrelle. "Stair turning up to-day. I shall now open the Château Yquêm."

He took up a small napkin and the best type of corkscrew in silence, and with great precaution he first held and then detached the cork, handing it round to each one in turn to catch the perfume which clung to it; then with unfaltering gravity he poured out the four glasses. The wine was golden and soft as honey; the dry fire in it had blended with the ripening touch of time.

They drank in silence and without a toast. Anthony raised his eyes to Kitty, but she was not looking at him. She was smiling, but her lips were grave. Some memory or perhaps some premonition held her.

"I don't think," said Mr. Costrelle, slowly and gravely, "that you can beat this wine now in England."

"The war has done a dreadful lot of harm," agreed Henry, sympathetically. "Priceless wine has been parted with—I believe rashly—to Americans."

"People who can take wine like this across the Atlantic," said Mr. Costrelle, "deserve to drink nothing but their own raw grapes."

"It 's been simply awfully jolly, Papa dear," said Kitty, drawing on her gloves; "but I suppose we must be off. I 've enjoyed myself immensely."

Kitty lingered in the lounge. She liked watching the throngs of people passing in and out. The veiled admiration of the men, the covert glances of the women, eased her heart. After all, it was her world. She had succeeded in it.

She said good-by laughingly to Henry and her father. Henry's appreciation of the lunch had brought Mr. Costrelle to offering him one of his best cigars.

"I 'll see you next week, I dare say," Mr. Costrelle observed to Kitty. "That dead pink is a good shade, especially with sable." And to Anthony he added, "You might perhaps ring me up some time."

Henry shook hands warmly with them both. Anthony had, after all, done nothing out of the way, and Kitty had been perfect—as another man's wife. For Henry himself she would have had to be a little toned down.

When they were alone in the motor, Kitty turned to Anthony with appealing eyes.

"You did n't mind awfully, did you?" she asked quickly. "You see, after all, Tony, it *is* the only kind of thing I know how to do."

CHAPTER XXVII

FOR the last three days before the operation Anthony had succeeded in warding off from Kitty any fresh attack of pain. He had studied her with an absorption as acute as the absorption of personal consciousness in the presence of mortal danger. All his senses had been alert to forewarn and protect Kitty, and he had accomplished the temporary miracle.

After the luncheon party, Anthony noticed with alarm that she showed that peculiar physical restlessness which is often the forerunner of severe pain. He made Kitty go to bed, and sat beside her hour after hour, soothing and quieting her. Peckham had been invaluable; she had brought out various garments of Kitty's for correction and comparison. She had been full of stories of Kitty's childhood, and questions about their going abroad. It had been settled that as soon as Kitty recovered from the operation they were to go to Spain.

At last Anthony had left her quiet and apparently asleep. He went into the dressing-room next to hers, leaving the door open so that he could hear her turn or sigh. He felt that he must be alone for an hour. All these days his mind had been taking bitter account of the symptoms ranged against him.

This was his hour of reckoning. He knew that he had done all that was in his power; he had given Kitty a respite before the operation, but he could do no more: the disease was progressive and inexorable. Anthony saw with a terrific clarity the force of all that was against him. The symptoms of Kitty's case came on against his mind like the resistless impact of waves. If he succeeded in beating the first line of breakers, the limitless ocean heaved up a further challenge. His puny strength would spend itself against them in vain; sooner or later the sea would overwhelm them both.

It was too late to save Kitty. Anthony did not need Hilton Laurence's verdict; something in his own heart suddenly failed him. He saw that he had done his uttermost in the last few days, and that his uttermost was worth nothing. He wondered fearfully, if he had been a younger man, untried and undaunted by experience, could he by mere audacity and blindness have snatched Kitty back from disease? Suffering is not a school of strength; it is a school in which one learns one's weakness.

Anthony knew what he could bear, and to that extent knowledge freed his mind; he was not surprised by the weight of pain. He was too used to it, but he was incapable in his turn of surprising pain. He had learned not only his powers, but his limitations. Facts entrapped and hampered him. He was aware of the frailness of his mind, strung to too high a pitch; it would not give him any reassurance of its capacity.

Ever since the early days of Anthony's captivity darkness had broken in upon him from time to time and shaken the steadiness of his mind. He knew the only thing to do was to wait till it passed, to keep before his eyes the fact that the darkness was from outside and impermanent, and to hold to the integrity of his unflinching will.

In the long run, what Anthony had decided to do he could do; he could not attain the desired result, but he could force himself step by step to take the right direction toward the result. He held to his will now, but he was aware that the struggle was harder. He needed more for Kitty than he had ever needed for himself.

He steadied his mind to confront the future. He wanted to envisage the whole course of Kitty's case. He had to put out of his mind the insistent pictures of the operating-table, the arrangements he had made with Hilton Laurence, the minute preparations and precautions for the actual hour. The details kept rushing at him like delusive lists of uncompleted purchases. He knew there was no need for him to

keep them in his mind, but they flickered to and fro, taunting him with his fallibility.

Suppose he forgot something important, something vital? Kitty depended on his memory, and his memory was outrageously tired. It played Anthony tricks to show him how tired he was, and then with a gloomy clearness it reiterated a string of details none of which he needed or could control. He did not want to use his memory now. He wanted to get beyond it to some point of decision. If he could not save Kitty, what should he do?

If he let things take their course, Anthony saw exactly what would take place. There would be the operation, a tedious, dangerous business, which must in the nature of the case be left incomplete. Moment by moment Kitty's life would hang by a thread. Hilton Laurence would hold the threads. Anthony could trust the task to him; he was a masterly operator with a thorough, placid mind. He had been known in moments of great tension to hold the ends of a severed artery together and tell a funny story to relieve the nerves of his audience. Probably Hilton Laurence would safely disentangle and keep together the threads of Kitty's life. She would, what is called, get over the operation.

Her left arm would be powerless for a long time. She would suffer again regularly and without strength the onslaughts of atrocious pain. Kitty would very gradually get better up to a certain point; then she would stick for perhaps two or three months; then the little innocuous-seeming, deadly signs of a return would start up. The disease would be very quick on its returning pathway, and, short of the mercy of an accident, it would be very dreadful.

Words from "The Duchess of Malfi" haunted Anthony's mind: "her death a hideous storm of terror." Was that all he could do for Kitty?

It was n't any use fighting for her life. The question was a smaller one than that—he was only fighting for time. Fighting for life, with every symptom opposed, was only fighting for a convention, an idea. But this convention was a sacred one to Anthony.

It was a professional necessity, a point of honor, to prolong menaced existences. It was not a real necessity; because, unlike real necessities, he had in his hands the power to evade it. Nor could Anthony delude himself with the mercy of an accident. He had no talent for self-delusion, and he had seen too many cases where there were no accidents.

If all he wanted was to save Kitty, why could n't he still save her by letting her go? Why force her through a year of misery, with its shadowed horror at the end? Why not now, on the top of the course of her momentary security, grant her freedom?

But had he the right to let her go? She would have let herself go without a qualm; it was only her confidence in his love, her pity for him, which held her back. But who was he to judge what was best for Kitty? He could not see the sky for the stars, nor her body for her soul. All his being was invaded by his tenderness for Kitty; there was no desire in her which did not meet in him with a passion of response. He did not know what she most wanted now; her reticent, shy spirit was buried under all the haphazard promiscuities of her life. Kitty had fenced it away not only from Anthony, but from herself. She had snatched at the trivial to cover the eternal.

He longed desperately at this moment of her great ordeal to stand by her spirit, as he stood by her beleaguered body, and help it forth upon the chartless seas. Was it fair to set this child soul free? Fear of her anguish and her mortal struggle bit deep into his heart, but he had a deeper fear, a deeper question, to which he found no answer.

He sat torn with his indecision; then he heard her voice murmuring, "Tony! Tony!" and went back into the lighted circle of her room.

The room was full of flowers and shaded wax candles. Kitty sat up in bed with long plaits of dark hair down her back. She looked like a child of ten, a very frightened child.

"Tony," she said—"Tony, it 's the pain coming—"

Her eyes fastened themselves on his

with a look of shaken entreaty; then they left him, to wander restlessly about the room, as if to hold and keep all the safety of the inanimate things beside which her own existence was so fugitive and insecure.

Anthony gave her a slight sedative, and lay down beside her, taking her hand in his. He felt his old power flow back into him to meet her emergencies. He fixed his mind steadily upon Kitty's pain, and held it as the one point upon which his whole conscious being hung. He meant to take her pain away, reduce it, and keep it from her.

He had never yet succeeded in moving pain by his will; he had only helped by his actual service to relinquish the grip of it. The experiment he tried now was different. He determined literally to *take* Kitty's pain. He felt as if in the room beside them there was another strength more formidable than his own fighting for Kitty.

He did not know what the power was, but he was aware of it to his finger-tips. It seemed to be tearing at Kitty as desperate hands tear at a wall between themselves and safety. It was as if the power in the room wanted to take Kitty's life to pieces in order that something behind her life might escape.

It did not occur to Anthony that this was a benevolent power, for Anthony did not believe that there was anything behind Kitty's life; he was concerned only with what he saw, the inert and pain-stricken body beside him. Kitty spoke no word; only her eyes moved, moved as the eyes move of some one who is searching for something which they cannot find.

It was an unhurried, insistent search. Kitty herself knew nothing of it. She lay still with her small, stubborn mouth set to bear her pain, and all her faith centered upon Anthony.

For an hour the fight went on between Anthony and his unseen opponent, and then suddenly he felt it relax; the power, whatever it was, had withdrawn. Anthony knew instinctively that he had not conquered. This had been a voluntary retreat; but it was Anthony, and not the retreating power, who was exhausted.

"I 'm better," Kitty said in a thin, flickering voice; "much better, Tony. I 've not been better so quickly for a long time."

Anthony did not answer at once. He was too aware of a swift, massive pain set like a vise upon his arm and shoulder. He was astonished at the violence of this sensation, but his reason quickly supplied a cause. He had removed Kitty's pain by hypnosis, and had weakened himself too much in the process to be able to defend himself against the hysterical reaction of his own body.

He assured himself that he could not really have taken Kitty's pain, but he could, of course, really think he had taken it. This was the true explanation, and not the delusion which suggested itself to Anthony, that the power he had felt himself struggling against had agreed to transfer the pain in answer to his own intensity.

"Lie quite still, Kitty," he said, "while I make you a cup of tea. You want something to make you warm and comfortable after that attack."

"You 're awfully clever, Tony," she murmured. "I want to ask you something rather queer. You won't mind, will you? What is there ahead of me to-morrow if — if things don't go right?"

"They will go right," said Anthony, quietly, lighting the spirit-lamp. "I am positive of it, or I should n't have suggested the operation. What is it you mean exactly by—'ahead of you'?"

"Well," Kitty explained, "you know when you set out on a railway journey, how quickly everything changes, and you don't. What I mean is, what will happen if nothing else changes, and you do? Or shall I just be dead?"

Anthony's mind shot back to Tom. It was curious how he and Kitty claimed with the same simplicity and without dread a prospect beyond mortality.

Tom had felt it more solidly than Kitty, but neither of them had had Anthony's blank incredulity in the face of the invisible. How could he believe what nobody could prove or see? And yet, since he had answered Tom's question, he had felt his skepticism shaken over and over again. He was no longer sure that there was nothing else.

"I used to think," said Anthony, slowly, watching Kitty's face as he chose his words to meet her need, "that there was nothing beyond death, that all our struggles and our troubles ceased automatically. I am not so sure now. When I thought like that I had n't been in love. There was nothing in my life that felt it wanted to reach beyond it. I can imagine now something stronger than death. I don't say there *is* something stronger, but I can imagine it. You see, I don't know how to put it quite, but since I 've known you, I 've cared, cared all round a lot more for everybody. Before I only knew things from the outside. My work was as good as I could make it, but I always stood outside it. Since I cared for you, lots of me gets inside. It is n't only liking to make a success; it 's caring for a person. It 's you, Kitty, who have given me that feeling."

"Have I really?" asked Kitty, incredulously. "How nice of you to tell me, Tony! I should have thought I 'd put you off. I 've put off most people. I 'm awfully glad you care more because of me. I care, too; that 's what rather upsets me just now. I 'm not afraid a bit, but I do feel sorry. I see now I must have done such a lot of harm not caring. I don't believe my doing all the things I ought n't really matters, do you?

"But not having cared enough about the people I did them with, that 's all wrong, and having hurt poor women who loved their men, that 's rather awful, is n't it? I don't like to think of hurting people now I know what being hurt is like. Besides, if there is a God, I suppose we 're all in the same boat and part of Him; so the worst thing we can do is to hurt each other, is n't it?"

Anthony nodded. He did not attempt to evade Kitty's scruples. Brushing aside truth did not seem to him a kindness.

"We all do it," he said gently, "some of us from being too strict with our lives, so that we feel better than other people, and are worse, and perhaps those who have n't been strict enough—hurt as well. Because, if you have n't counted the cost, other people have to pay as well as you. Still, you 've paid a good deal by now, Kitty, and I suppose, if there is a God, what matters most, is to have learned love and courage. I don't see anything else I want to carry on myself into another world, and you 've had plenty of those. If you do go out anywhere, you 'll take them both with you."

Kitty drew his hand against her cheek.

"I 'll take love with me," she said, "now, Tony."

They were silent while Kitty drank her tea, then she said:

"I 'm awfully sleepy, Tony, but it seems such a waste of time to go to sleep."

He bent over her and kissed her.

"Go to sleep," he said. "There 's plenty of time really for everything, and it will make to-morrow better."

"To-morrow," said Kitty after a little pause, "is just a sort of adventure, is n't it, Tony? It 'll be awfully funny if you and the monks and Peckham and I all come out some day in the same place. Can you hear the bell? They go and pray in the church at two o'clock."

Anthony listened from the open window. He heard very faintly the signal of the monks for their first prayers.

Kitty turned toward him smiling, and she was still smiling when Anthony saw that she was asleep. Anthony's mind stilled itself, and turned once more to meet its new ordeal.

He had determined what to do. Just as he had taken her pain, so he would take her life; he would take everything that menaced her, and dispose of it. It did not matter what the consequences were or what the risk; they would fall upon him and upon him alone. Kitty should go forth upon that great adventure freed of her pain and of the long year's waiting.

Anthony was intensely sure of himself now, and he was aware of nothing else with which he had to reckon.

CHAPTER XXVIII

KITTY slept placidly till six o'clock. She was not conscious of Anthony's leaving her or of his whispered conversation with Peckham at her door. She woke

to a bright fire and her morning tea with a sense of unusual security. Peckham always lit her fire early and brought her tea, but that was usually after a bad night, and this had been a good one. Kitty's arm and shoulder felt numb and stiff from the recent attack, but mere discomfort was a small thing after acute pain. It was a minute or two before Kitty remembered that the day held a new experience for her. Her nerve rose unfalteringly to meet it.

"Well, Peckham," she said, "is it a nice day? Am I to have nothing to eat just when I 'm hungry?"

"That 's Captain Arden's orders, Miss Kitty," said Peckham, firmly, "and I don't need to have starched caps and aprons to carry them out. It 's not many gentlemen would have been wishful to do their nursing themselves, with me by way of being hands and feet to them, when they could have had all the certificated sisters, or whatever they call themselves, and welcome. If I 'd been his mother, Captain Arden could n't be more considerate of my feelings, and I can't say a word to thank him, Miss Kitty. I should say 'Ma'am,' for fear of not looking like flint, the way the young ladies do in the hospitals."

"Dear old Peckham!" said Kitty. "I 'll tell him you 're pleased. Is the cook down-stairs giving him a good breakfast?"

"I dare say he 'll be able to eat it," said Peckham, dubiously. "I don't wish to say anything about other people's servants at a moment like this, Miss Kitty; I will only remark that they mean well and leave it at that. The homlette the cook made him last night looked trod on, and the twenny maid wears corsets that pinch her to the bone, and scamps her work according, as well she may. Only one cup of tea, please, Miss Kitty, Captain Arden says, and then to lie still till he comes up to you. You 're not to have no hair-pins in, and stockings you must. I wish I could have gone in with you, my dear lamb, but the captain says he 'll take care of you there himself."

"Pooh!" said Kitty, "I sha'n't need any taking care of. Don't make faces at me, Peckham. I know you want to say something religious to me, and I don't like religion first thing in the morning. Have you brought in the lace cap with the butterflies on and my best lawn nightgown? I 'll wear my blue satin dressing-gown with the old lace collar."

"I ironed the butterfly cap last night, Miss Kitty," said Peckham, severely, "though I must say I think it out of place, butterflies not being what you should call upon in a time like the present."

"I don't know about that, Peckham," said Kitty. "You 're no more likely to suit eternity plain than pretty; rather less, I should think. However, I 'll turn up here all right again, don't you fret. I shall just buzz off and then buzz back again, and don't forget I want to paste buckles on the blue slippers."

Peckham produced the blue slippers.

"You stick to Captain Arden, whatever happens," Kitty added; "he 'll take care of you. Papa 's no good, poor old thing! I dare say he 'd like to be, but he 's like me; he has expensive tastes. Is that you, Tony? Come in and see what I look like. It 's a pity that you are n't going to have more doctors. I shall be rather wasted on only two of you."

Kitty laughed at him from the fireside. She stood there, blue and white, like one of the June butterflies that haunt the down country.

"You have n't seen my post," she said. "Henry has sent me pink roses, and your mother a box of her own flowers, the flame-color cyclamen I love so. It was too sweet of her. And here 's a wire from Daphne. 'All love and sympathy. Coming up to-morrow.' Of course you must stop her; their baby 's nearly due, is n't it? But tell her I was awfully glad she wanted to come; but I 'll tell her that myself, of course, later on. Your people are most awfully nice, Tony. I 'm not surprised—" Kitty broke off suddenly. She was going to say that she was not surprised he had not wanted her to know them, but it might hurt him to remember this now; so she said instead: "I 'm not surprised. You 're rather nice yourself." She looked up at him with the old provocative light in her eyes.

"Kitty laughed at him from the fireside. She stood there, blue and white, like one of the June butterflies that haunt the down country"

Anthony drew her to an arm-chair by the fire.

"I did n't mean you to get dressed so soon," he said gently. "Hilton Laurence may be a little late."

He sat down opposite her, and Kitty drew a cigarette out of a long silver box, lit it, and put it between his lips.

"You 'll feel happier smoking," she said kindly. "Men always feel so stupid before things happen; they don't know what to do with their minds. It must be specially boring if they 're clever like you, Tony, because then they expect to say such awfully good things, and no one can say good things at last moments."

"I don't know that I want to say anything good," said Anthony; "but it 's true there are things I 'd like to say to you." He spoke as unemotionally as possible, but the words fought themselves out of him.

He could not let her go without a sign into the dark. She would never hear or speak to him again, because before she had recovered from the operation, when they had left Kitty in his care, he intended to inject sufficient morphia to prevent her coming round. He had the syringe in his pocket now, and as he looked across at her, his mind was registering the weight of the moments which lay between her life and his action.

"You do trust me, Kitty?" he asked her in a low voice—"trust me to do what I think best for you?"

Kitty laughed.

"Oh, yes," she said gently; "you 'll always do right, poor old thing. Perhaps I might be afraid of what 's right, but I could n't be afraid you would n't do it."

"You need n't be afraid, Kitty," said Anthony, holding her eyes. "I should do what was wrong without hesitation if I thought it could help you."

"That 's nice of you," said Kitty appreciatively. "I like people to say they don't mind what they do for me; but, still, don't do wrong. It would only make you feel uncomfortable. I shall get on all right. Do you like my buckles?"

Anthony said he did like her buckles. The room seemed full of the clumsiness of great moments. There was so much that lay unachieved between them, everything, except the slender thread of their strange tenderness. Anthony felt that he could say no more; his heart was dumb. He took her in his arms and kissed her. He was intensely aware of her life, of the response in her, the supple sweetness of her youth and its surrender; and deeper still he was aware that his own strength, which he held back for the sake of her frailness, was as incomplete to hold or protect her as if he had been a cripple.

Her slight, delicate body dragged at the root of his being. Her eyes smiled into his, sunny, dauntless, challenging eyes, as laughing as an open stream.

"There," she said, "off you go to meet your old wise men. Don't worry about me. It 'll amuse me to think of all the funny things that may be going to happen in another half-hour."

Anthony forced himself to leave her, but his whole being resisted his will. He felt himself one with Kitty; to go from her was like falling over a cliff.

He guessed by the slam of the front door that Hilton Laurence had arrived. He bent his head to meet her lips and left her. It was a cold, black morning. The little, empty room Anthony had arranged as a theater was very hot and light, a large fire burned at red heat, and all the lights were on.

"You 'd better have a pick-me-up," Hilton Laurence observed to Anthony after they had made their brief arrangements.

"I don't need one," said Anthony, quietly. "Shall I fetch her?"

Laurence nodded.

"It 's a rum job not having a nurse," said the anesthetist, fretfully. "I do dislike innovations in an operation case."

"Oh, well, as long as your tools are handy, and you have a man with a head on to stand by you," said Laurence, cheerfully, "it 's all the same in the end. Nurses have a nice look and save a good deal of bother, especially with a nervous patient. But this is n't a nervous patient. She 's had a lot to fight through, poor little woman. What are you going to use?"

"For a long job like this, chloroform is much more satisfactory," said the anesthetist. "However, we can start with a mixture and see how she stands it."

The amazing vision of Kitty broke off their conversation. She had never looked prettier in her life. The long, blue gown, the butterfly cap, the delicately reddened lips, brought out the intensity of her great, dark eyes, alive with spirit and laughter. She wrinkled up her nose as she entered.

"You poor old things! How hot you have made it for yourselves!" she said. "I shall be the only comfortable person in the room."

She shook hands with Laurence and the anesthetist, and with a quick movement sprang sidewise to the table, swinging her feet toward the floor.

"You did n't think I could do that with one arm in a sling, did you?" she asked gaily. "That 's the advantage of being light."

Her breathing came as swiftly and easily as a child's. Anthony stood on one side of her, his hand on her wrist, and the anesthetist on the other.

Her eyes smiled across the table at Hilton Laurence, and then closed. She opened them as the anesthetist, satisfied by his examination, began to give her his last directions in soothing professional tones. Her lips curved in a faint mocking smile. She looked away from him to Anthony; behind the laughter in her eyes was a sudden gleam of reassurance. It was as if her spirit gathered itself up together and called to him not for help, but to give him help. She had never said in words that she loved him, but her eyes said it now, definitely, completely, without wavering. Then they closed finally and did not open again.

"She 's off like a bird," said the anesthetist, with satisfaction.

Hilton Laurence reappeared from behind a screen ready to begin his task. No one spoke for a time.

Then Anthony became aware that there was another presence in the room. It was the same power he had fought the night before.

It filled the room with a strange, preliminary tension before it began to act.

Anthony's outer attention was fixed upon Laurence's needs, but his inner faculties concentrated to encounter this new element. As he did so, he discovered that the whole force of his centered will was useless. Hilton Laurence and his unrivaled skill, the anesthetist and his intent watchfulness, were nothing against this unseen power; they were blown before it like leaves in a wind.

In a moment of terrible despair Anthony felt himself flung back and beaten before the battle had begun. The unseen force had swept them all aside and broken its way into the life of Kitty. There was a moment of suspense, and then as quickly as his despair there shot into Anthony's brain an amazing and sharp relief.

He knew in a flash that this power was not an enemy. It was true it tore to pieces the husk of the beloved life, but mercy was at the root of the destruction. It was tearing her to pieces because the pieces were in the way, life itself was in the way of Kitty; and Anthony became aware that what he thought was his enemy was an immense reinforcement.

Once more he centered his will in the struggle, but he went with the stream now and no longer threw his impotence against it.

He alone was aware of the unseen power, but he saw the others moving at its bidding.

Anthony knew what had happened to Kitty before the eyes of the anesthetist had caught the sudden change. He leaned forward and said quietly,—he heard the words slip out into the room without effort or excitement,—"She 's gone."

Hilton Laurence, bending over a severed vein, said:

"Nonsense! my dear chap, keep your head! She 's as right as rain." But he looked up sharply as the anesthetist cried:

"By Jove! he 's right! She 's gone!"

Anthony stood by them curiously unconcerned, while Laurence and the anesthetist tried one after the other their useless remedies. He obeyed their flung directions automatically, threw open the window, drew out the oxygen-cylinder,

and filled it; but there was no flicker of a response.

He had prepared everything. Nothing had been forgotten or overlooked, and all the time they used their ineffectual, puny efforts over Kitty's little broken body, Anthony felt his heart singing within him. They could not set back the clock. Kitty had escaped them. She was no longer there.

Swiftly, simply as the lift of a gull's wing, she had flown, and not for anything in all the world would Anthony have recalled her.

After a time Hilton Laurence turned away from the table.

"I 'm awfully sorry, old boy," he said defensively. "You see for yourself, don't you; it 's no damned good?"

"I 'm sure I don't understand it," said the anesthetist more defensively still. "I took every precaution. I 've never had a case slip like that before. It 's most disconcerting. I need n't say, Arden, I 'm most terribly sorry."

They stood looking at Anthony like school-boys detected in crime by the head-master. Anthony turned away his face, so that they could not see the triumph in his eyes.

"Of course you did everything," he said reassuringly, "everything you could. I am perfectly satisfied that nothing could have saved her. The lungs were not working properly, and the heart could n't carry on. It was always a risk, but I feel we were justified in trying it."

"More than justified," said Laurence in a relieved tone. "In my opinion it would have been criminal not to have tried. I am most thankful, my dear boy, you can see it all so sanely."

"I think I 'll carry her back into her room now," said Anthony, uncertainly.

The two men stood aside to let him pass with his light burden.

Peckham was standing by the bed in Kitty's room. He laid her down without speaking, and looked across at Peckham.

"She 's all right," he said gently; "more all right now than we could ever have made her, Peckham."

Peckham bowed her head.

"Yes, sir," she murmured, between her sobs. "I felt she was going to be took. She do look just as she did, poor lamb, when she was a little girl, sir. One could n't, if I may say so, take her naughtiness to heart, and I can't go for to believe the good Lord will be any harder."

Then Peckham left him.

He was alone now with his wife. She was broken like a toy by the hand of science to which he had entrusted her. All his desires were frustrated and his endeavors destroyed. He had not even saved Kitty. Something else had intervened to save her. Anthony was not aware of this power now; the unresponsiveness of death closed down on him.

His eyes fixed themselves on Kitty's little lace cap made in the shape of butterflies, and this last futility broke his heart.

CHAPTER XXIX

GRIEF slows all the processes of time. To Anthony it might have been weeks that he had been alone with silence in Kitty's empty room, and yet it was only two hours before Henry, calling to inquire for Kitty, became aware of what had taken place.

Henry was aghast to discover that nothing had been done. Anthony, though a doctor, had ignored the urgencies of death.

Peckham, who had made tea twice, but never even knocked at Kitty's door, had received no instructions. Anthony remained for two hours, "apparently," as Henry said to himself, "brooding."

Henry always considered time spent upon thought as "brooding," unless it was accompanied by paper, a writing-table, and ink; then it became thinking.

When Anthony came down-stairs, Henry was surprised to observe no outward change in him. He bore none of the marks of grief, and he was disinclined to speak in a hushed voice.

Henry came forward with an outstretched hand.

"My dear fellow," he said in a low tone, "I am shocked and distressed beyond words."

Of course Henry was not distressed beyond words. Words did very nicely for him. He was, as a matter of fact, intensely relieved.

Providence had acted, as it could only occasionally be relied upon to act, with considerable tact and promptitude.

Perhaps the promptitude was a little overdone; six weeks later, considering the date of the marriage, would have been less startling and no less convenient. But Henry was prepared to overlook this slight lapse of taste on the part of the higher powers in view of the fact that they had carried out his main intention. They had got rid of Kitty.

Henry was not, however, in the least prepared for Anthony's saying in an off-hand tone:

"Yes, I suppose it was the best possible thing, really," quite as if he were answering Henry's thoughts and not his words. Henry was sorry for Kitty. He had been charmed by her, and he was readily sorry for those who were capable of charming him; but the fact remained that Kitty was not respectable and that all Ardens married respectable women. Now that Kitty was dead, he thought it would have been better taste on Anthony's part not to refer to her disabilities. To admit death as a solution was, Henry felt, a direct slur upon Kitty.

"Let 's have something to eat," Anthony unexpectedly suggested. "Peckham, have you got some tea hot for us?"

"Yes, sir," said Peckham, fluttering, but justified. "It 's in the dining-room now, sir, and an egg, if you could face it."

"I 'll eat anything you 've got," said Anthony, with conviction. He did not even have to be tempted.

Henry felt a little bitterly how much more devastating grief would have been to him. He had had his lunch two hours earlier, and he did not want tea now, though Kitty had only been his sister-in-law.

"I thought perhaps," he said gravely, "I might be of use to you, my dear fellow. There are certain things—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Anthony, who was standing to eat his food in a thoroughly uncomfortable, restless way by the door. "There are heaps of things —telegrams, undertakers, the registrar. I 'd be awfully obliged if you 'd do them for me. Hilton Laurence said he 'd look in and help later. I want to go out for a walk."

"People will expect to hear from you direct," suggested Henry, who did not think that widowers should go for walks before the funeral.

"Sign my name, do anything you like," said Anthony, hastily. "She had n't any wishes. Will you see Costrelle for me? Don't interrupt his bridge; he plays between five and seven-thirty."

"On an occasion like this—" said Henry, severely. He was going to give up his own bridge.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Anthony, hurriedly; "but Costrelle does n't think in occasions; he won't like being interrupted. It 's awfully good of you, my dear old chap, to do these things for me. I think—I think I must get out."

"There will be questions which you alone can decide," said Henry. "When shall I expect you back?"

Anthony looked for the first time as if he was a little changed. He fumbled perceptibly for an answer.

"I don't know what time it is now," he said jerkily, and without waiting for Henry to tell him he walked out into the hall, shutting the door after him.

The day had grown unexpectedly mild and sunny. Anthony walked listlessly and without any definite direction. He wanted to get to some open space where people would cease to pour past him like part of a great procession. He found himself at last by the river. The light lay faint and thin over its gray waters, gleaming with a pale, transparent silver upon the distant towers of Westminster. The huddled low waterside houses looked full of the stubborn comfort and unconsciousness of England. Westminster brooded high and bright above a flock of little, ugly dwelling-places. There was no background to the ancient river but the smoke from factory chimneys and the low, dim sky.

Anthony was not aware of his grief, but he was aware of a great desire, a compulsion of his inner being, to get away from all pity and arrangements. He wanted to place between himself and Kitty's death a host of less immediate objects.

The towers of Westminster rested him, the rocking motion of the motor-busses, passing like broad-sided ships down the stream of the open thoroughfares, lulled him. The slow pressure of the river upon its unhurrying journey to the sea placed a merciful image between his thoughts and Kitty.

Time stood still. The hours hung on Anthony heavily with the weight of years.

As he leaned over the bridge and watched the long, slow ripples pass his thoughts unnumbered, he felt eternity. The sun sank into the misty west; there was a faint deepening of color and light along the Embankment. Five white swans rose on massive wings high above Battersea Bridge; they slipped dazzling across a path of light into the darkening sky, taking the day with them.

Twilight slipped gray and blue in long lanes between the shadowy houses; the lights at the street corners had misty haloes round them, like a cloud-encircled opal moon.

Anthony became aware of an overwhelming physical fatigue; it was so intense that, despite the chill of the falling night, he sank with relief on to one of the benches. It was empty, for it was too early for the prowlers of the night to seek their rest there, and too late for the belated children playing their last games.

Anthony could no longer see the river, but he was aware of it moving quietly beside him in the dark. It seemed to help his mind to turn slowly and without pain back to the thought of Kitty. He thought what a wonderful and easy chance his life would afford a cynic for laughter. Only a few years ago his career had been so shapely and definite a fact. He knew what he meant to do, and he had the means and the ability with which to do it. He was as sure of his surgical powers and his unshakable nerve as of the continuity of bread upon his table. He had no bad habits, no overmastering temptations. His life was a clear and steadfast plan, and in due time, with substantial success behind him and ripened ambition for the future, he meant to seek and find a fitting mate.

He laughed out suddenly into the dark. He was not that sane man now, with his iron-like securities. He had lost the rapier-like decision of the unbroken. His mind saw many issues, his will flickered at a choice of opportunities; a long day's work unstrung him like a delicate girl. His memory was uncertain, his clean slate was written across with undecipherable, lost activities. He was not sure of anything at all.

And his love, that reserved and whole-hearted quality on which Anthony meant to found a home, had been called out and wasted on a light woman, happily dead. Destiny had applauded him for his equipment and destroyed it.

And yet he was aware, sitting there in the dark and cold, with his weaknesses and his great grief, that he would not for anything in the world be the old Anthony, secure and hidebound, moving with blind assurance among infinite things. The old Anthony had been a master of material facts; he had not been a servant of reality. Broken and twisted and sore, unsure of his aims, diffident of his remaining powers, Anthony knew that there was nothing in him that reserved itself for its own purposes.

He could meet all that came with his naked new possession. The old Anthony had given his faculties only to his work; he himself remained aloof, fastidious, and unused. He had been imprisoned in a fortress of privilege.

An unseen hand had plucked him out of it, and plunged him into a fettered, dreadful intimacy with miserable human beings, so that he should learn the reality of pain. Pain had taught Anthony his own insignificance and broken a little of his isolation away from him. Anthony had given more of himself that he knew to his fellow-prisoners, but he had not given all. His sympathies were touched and widened, but his heart remained intact. He could still blame men for their weaknesses.

He thought of his return to England, and how its beauty and serenity had rebuilt him. But he was not the same again; there was more that was accessible in him, or he would never have known Kitty.

She would have been to him either what she intended to be, a few weeks' amusement, or perhaps merely a fresh peg upon which to hang his measured morality. It would have been so easy for the old Anthony to have dispensed with Kitty. But his new responsiveness to pain had saved him from this ignoble security. Her need had called to him, and his whole being had rushed out to answer it.

Kitty had taken from him one by one his old immunities. She had shaken him with a passion so vivid that he saw his code as a little thing, and she had roused in him a tenderness that was stronger than any self-control. She had not done these things of a set purpose; she had no purposes. She was one of the instruments of life.

She could not give him the completeness of love because love's completeness had been defaced in her, but out of the shattered gifts and images of their hours together she had left him one changeless memory: Kitty had never blamed or judged a human soul.

From her father to the vicar's wife she absolved them all. All women were her natural enemies before their faces, but behind their backs she was their indignant advocate. She could even stand up for the self-righteous with a whimsical admiration. Anthony remembered with a pang of shame how easily and quickly she had let him off his own rigidities.

He had felt his rigidity was his strength. Even now he was aware of the loss of it, with a certain sense of formidable exposure; but he was no longer afraid of the exposure.

He did not want to get out of anything until he had taken with him the comradeship of what was in it.

Kitty's little, narrow life was like the foam of a wave. It had been lived for pleasure; and, miscarried by the wind, had broken itself against the iron rocks of life.

Anthony's wider being was like the force and purpose of the waters beneath; but for a moment the powerless foam had lit it onward and enlightened its purposes.

Kitty had not changed the direction of Anthony's life, but she had changed the angle of his vision. She had told him that she was only an atom of dust dancing in a sunbeam, and that when the light went, there would be nothing left of her but dust. It seemed to Anthony that it was the dust that had gone, and left him with the memory of light.

A cold, wet wind rose from the river, cutting against his weariness. He rose, and set his face toward home.

THE END

Recognition

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Have I not loved you? I had lived
So many years before you came
That, waiting, watching, dreaming so,
I knew your soul before your name.

Each night your heart against my own
Beat like the runner's in the race;
Each day I said, "If we should meet!"
I knew your soul, but not your face.

And then we did meet, and at once
My soul cried out that it was you:
My soul leapt up into my eyes;
Your soul was in your eyes. *I knew!*

Photograph by Paul Thompson
Cheering the Kaiser in Berlin over preparations for war

The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

XXI. SOWING THE WIND—THE SERBIAN NOTE

UNTIL the German Government shall open its private archives, it is impossible to trace the details of events between June 29 and July 23, 1914. But there seems to be absolutely reliable evidence that early in July a great state council was held at which it was determined to precipitate war just as soon as possible, or else to inflict upon Russia such a diplomatic humiliation as would shake her whole prestige and position as a great power, and as a result establish the Teutonic empires as the resistless dominators of the Balkans. Shortly after the outbreak of actual hostilities, Baron Wangenheim, the German ambassador at Constantinople, in an outburst of enthusiasm over the early successes of his country, made a statement to his colleague, Mr. Morgenthau, the American ambassador to Turkey: "The German ambassador informed me [Morgenthau] that a conference had been held in the early part of July [1914] at which the date of the war was fixed. This conference was presided over by the kaiser; Baron Wangenheim was present to report on conditions in Turkey. Moltke, the chief of staff, was there, and so was Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. With them were the leaders of German finance, the directors of the railroads, and the captains of industry. . . . Each was asked if he were ready for the war. All replied in the affirmative, except the financiers, who insisted that they must have two weeks in which to sell foreign securities and arrange their loans."

His Excellency the baron appears to have told the same story also to his colleague, the Italian ambassador to Constantinople. There is not the least reason to doubt that this tale is substantially true in every detail.

At six o'clock on the balmy summer evening of July 23, 1914, when the cafés of Belgrade were full of peaceful citizens busy over their sugar-water and syrupy Turkish coffee, when the band was playing in the beautiful gardens overlooking the Danube, his Excellency, Freiherr von Giesl, the minister of Austria, presented himself at the office of M. Patchou, the Serbian minister of finance. He did not go to the Serbian foreign ministry, because M. Pashitch, the premier, who also managed foreign matters, was absent from the little capital. Freiherr von Giesl presented an official document, and added verbally that he was under orders that "if the note was not accepted integrally within forty-eight hours, he was to leave Belgrade with the staff of the legation."

M. Patchou was so agitated when he read the document that he at once telegraphed for all his colleagues to come back to Belgrade, and also got in touch with the Russian chargé d'affaires. He informed the latter "that he solicited the help of Russia, for no Serbian Government could accept the demands of Austria." The next morning the wires not merely from Belgrade, but from Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, and Rome were overladen with the messages of excited diplomats, and M. Sazonof, the czar's minister for foreign affairs, was issuing a frantic appeal for moderating counsels whereby "to prevent consequences incalculable and equally fatal for all the powers." Obviously the good Giesl had had the honor of delivering a somewhat momentous document. The Serbian Note had been thrust upon the world.

The document was instantly recognized as charged with dynamite. It recited the sins of the Serbian Government in failing to check the unfriendly and obnoxious Pan-Serbist agitation, called on it to make formal repudiation of the same in its official journal, then added ten categorical demands whereof the substance was that King Peter's ministers forthwith promise to suppress every paper "inciting to hatred and contempt" of Austria, to dissolve the Pan-Serbist society, the Narodna Odbrana, and all similar societies, to dismiss from the Serbian public service all military and civil officers "guilty of propaganda against Austria whose names and deeds the Austrian Government reserved to itself the right of communicating,"—that is, without letting Serbia satisfy itself of their guilt,—"to accept the collaboration *in Serbia* of representatives of the Austrian Government" to help put down the anti-Austrian propaganda, to prosecute the accessories in Serbia to the plot against the archduke, in the investigation of which delegates of the Austrian Government would take part, to arrest two Serbian officials who had been implicated by the trial at Serajevo, and to put a stop to the smuggling of arms from Serbia into Bosnia.

But the most deadly sting of this scorpion was in the tail. "The Austrian Government expects the reply of the Royal [Serbian] Government at the latest by 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, the 25th of July."

Any person with a smattering of international law knew that Serbia could not assent to the demands that Austrian officials should enter the country to sit in judgment on Serbian subjects, whose guilt seemed assumed in advance, without withdrawing King Peter's kingdom automatically from the list of self-respecting and independent countries. From the outset the diplomats who read this note knew one or two things to be true: either the Vienna foreign office assumed the Serbians to be veritable rabbits ready to barter soul and honor for safety, or Vienna wished for nothing but war. And only forty-eight hours were left to Serbia to decide either to sign away her national independence or engage in a deadly struggle against hopeless odds—unless Russia stirred. Then the South Slav cried to the North Slav, and he did not cry in vain.

During the terrible twelve days that were to follow a large number of diplomats were to sign despatches that will live long in history, but of course certain figures played the greater parts. In St. Petersburg it was M. Sazonof, the reasonable and moderate foreign minister, one of the really capable men whom Nicholas II, with all his faults, contrived to enroll in his service. In

Vienna it was Count Berchtold, Francis Joseph's foreign minister, bent on a snug little war with Serbia at almost all hazards, but perhaps not so anxious as his compeers at Berlin to bring to pass the universal "Day." At Berlin there were (on the surface) the Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg and his smooth foreign secretary Jagow, speaking peace with their lips and yet somehow always rejecting any effective proposition for insuring it.

On the morning of July 24 the various Austrian embassies communicated the instantly famous note to the foreign offices of the other powers and cheerfully awaited results. The delivery of the note at Belgrade had been devilishly well-timed. Nominally forty-eight hours of grace were given. Actually by delivering the document at 6 P. M. it was the next morning before the various foreign ministers would have real opportunity to digest it.

One of Sir Edward Grey's first comments was, "I had never seen one state address to another independent state a document of so formidable a character"; he added that the demand to send Austrian officials into Serbia was subversive of Serbian independence. At St. Petersburg M. Sazonof met in haste with the French and English ambassadors. His diagnosis of the case was expert and speedy. "Austria's conduct was both provocative and immoral. She would never have taken such action unless Germany had first been consulted." Sazonof now begged of Great Britain that she declare that in case of war she would fight beside Russia and France. The latter was bound by firm treaty to Russia in any case, but England only by an informal "entente" for diplomatic coöperation. If the Teutons, however, were sure they would have to fight England also, they might recede. The British ambassador and Grey in London could not, however, give a binding engagement as to this. English public opinion would never sanction a war which seemed primarily to defend Serbia and Russia. All that London could then promise was to put pressure on Berlin and Vienna to keep the peace, and this pledge was most vigorously fulfilled.

Meantime in Austria the Russian ambassador was hastening back from his vacation by fast train to Vienna. In his stead the Russian chargé was presenting an urgent request that Austria extend her forty-eight-hour time-limit for Serbia, to see if some outlet could not be arranged from a black situation. He was very coldly received; and in fact his request was absolutely disregarded.

On July 25 Sazonof announced that Serbia might evacuate Belgrade and allow Austria to seize it without fighting. Such a move ought to satisfy the pride of Vienna. After that, "Russia would be quite willing to stand aside and leave the question in the hands of England, France, Germany, and Italy." He said, however, that if worst came to worst, "Russia could not allow Austria to crush Serbia and become the predominant power in the Balkans. . . . He did not wish to precipitate a conflict, but unless Germany could restrain Austria, the situation could be regarded as desperate."

The Serbs were terror-stricken. They knew that part of the Austrian demands were justifiable, that the Pan-Serbist propaganda had been undeniably unfriendly, and that there had been unseemly rejoicings in Belgrade at the news of the murder of the archduke. Besides, Serbia had been in bad odor in Europe ever since the killing of King Alexander. Russia was not anxious for war, France was loath to pour out blood and treasure purely over a Balkan squabble, and England was still more unwilling. As a result the Serbs almost literally fell on their knees. They did everything but pawn their national independence. For practical purposes they assented to every one of the drastic Austrian demands save only those requiring that Austrian officials should conduct investigations and trials on Serbian soil, and they would accept this so far as it "agrees with the principle of international law, with criminal procedure, and with good neighborly relations." If Austria was not satisfied with this reply, Serbia would be glad to refer all mooted questions "to the decision of the international tribunal of The Hague."

It was 5:45 P. M. when this formal humiliation of a weak nation before a strong one was placed in the hands of Giesl, the Austrian minister. That gentleman evidently did not feel required to waste much time studying its clauses, to see whether under their "evasive" and "unsatisfactory" phrases (so the Vienna papers soon announced) there might not be terms admitting of accommodation and peace; also little time was wasted telegraphing the document to Vienna and weighing its terms in Francis Joseph's cabinet: for practical purposes the Serbs might just as well have flung back brave defiance. At 6:30 P. M. Freiherr von Giesl handed in a note at Belgrade, declaring "that *not having received a satisfactory answer* within the time-limit set, he was leaving Belgrade with the entire staff of the legation." The train containing this "high-born" Austrian soon rumbled over the Danube into his own empire. Diplomatic relations were broken, and the mobilization of troops opposite the Serbian capital and the approach of Austrian river monitors indicated that bullets would soon supersede protocols. In Budapest and Vienna the people were parading and huzzaing in the streets. Serbia was weak and very much hated. It was generally felt that Russia would not dare to stir in the face of Germany. The short, easy war seemed very popular. The invasion of Serbia would be merely a promenade.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Sir Edward Grey

On the twenty-sixth the diplomats somewhat anxiously waited for the next move. Breaking friendly relations was not quite the same as declaring war. Would it not be possible to limit the case to a little harmless punishment of Serbia for certain unquestioned sins? Sir Edward Grey began moving heaven and earth to convene a conference of the ambassadors of the four "disinterested" powers (France, Germany, Italy, and England) at London to find some outlet for the case honorable both to Russia and to Austria. Serbia might be chastised, but surely her national life and honor must be spared. To this English proposition Italy and France agreed promptly and gladly; but Jagow at Berlin at once raised difficulties. Russia and Austria had better fail to reach an understanding, he thought, before others intervened. So another day was lost.

That night the German Kaiser suddenly returned from Norway. His foreign officials said that he came back on his own initiative and they feared lest his Majesty's "return cause speculation and excitement." The Berlin foreign office was undoubtedly the calmest chancellery in Europe. Good Herr von Jagow talked placidly of taking "a more hopeful view of the general situation."

On the twenty-seventh the British ambassador at Vienna telegraphed that "the country has gone wild with joy at the prospect of war with Serbia, and its postponement or prevention would undoubtedly be a great disappointment." Meanwhile Jagow was still giving smooth words about being willing to coöperate with England to get peace, but he was becoming painfully vague when it passed to details. In London, however, Sir Edward Grey was *not* vague when he talked with the Austrian ambassador. That personage was told clearly that his Government was taking

a terrible risk if it imagined it could attack Serbia and still satisfy Russia. If they failed in this last, "the consequences would be incalculable." The case was becoming so bad that the British had not been able to disperse their fleet after manœuvers, and as for Serbia, that country had already submitted to "the greatest humiliation I had ever seen a country undergo," and it was utterly disappointing to have her groveling answer treated like "a blank negative." At St. Petersburg, Sazonof was again saying that Russia was very willing to let the four "disinterested powers" get together and decide on what was just under the premises. From Berlin there came almost no decisive sign.

On the twenty-eighth Austria formally declared war on Serbia. This meant that the situation could not be put back into its old state without formal negotiations and a solemn treaty. Soon cannon-shots were flying across the Danube. Austria was now mobilizing vast armies, avowedly to crush feeble Serbia, but on so general a scale that it was plain she was getting ready for anything. As a natural answer Russia began to mobilize also, not the entire hosts of the czar, but only in the South—a partial mobilization to prevent herself from being hamstrung by a sudden blow in case it should turn out that Austria was *not* mobilizing against Serbia only, and also, it should be fairly added, to lend weight to her urgent representations that Serbia ought not to be blotted from the list of independent nations, whatever the justice of her cause. Russia took pains to inform Germany that her mobilization was merely partial and facing Austria only, and that she did not intend war. In fact, the Russian ambassador had orders to remain at Vienna and to work for peace. Meanwhile at Berlin Bethmann-Hollweg was telling the English ambassador that he could not consent to a general conference of the powers to put pressure on Austria. Russia ought to keep out of the quarrel. "From Austria's standpoint [and in this he agreed] her quarrel with Serbia was a purely Austrian concern with which Russia had nothing to do." If peace was to be kept, it was to be by a direct agreement between Vienna and St. Petersburg. Almost simultaneous with this interview was another at Vienna between Francis Joseph's foreign minister and the Russian ambassador. The latter was told that no accommodation with Russia as to Serbia was possible. The ambassador therefore wired St. Petersburg that the only hope of healing the breach was by a conference of the powers, which was the very thing Bethmann-Hollweg at Berlin had just rejected.

On July twenty-ninth a great change came over the whole situation. Hitherto the quarrel had been between Austria and Russia as to the right of the latter to interpose in behalf of Serbia. Berlin had simply sat back quietly, folded its hands, and rejected every practical suggestion, especially from England, for averting dire disaster. "The contest must be localized,"—that is, Austria must be allowed to treat Serbia unhindered in her own stern way,—that had been the substance of a dozen "conversations" permitted by Jagow and his superior, the chancellor.[1] Now suddenly Berlin began an amazing activity. Was this because William of Hohenzollern was constitutionally unable to be the spectator of any drama when he might personally be an actor? Was it because the precise point had been reached when by prearrangement Germany was to intervene? Both things are very likely and by no means incompatible. While France and England were still endeavoring frantically to find some decent outlet that would save Austria's interests, Serbia's life, and Russia's honor, while Sir Edward Grey was telegraph-

1 I decline at this late date to enter into the question whether Germany had cognizance of the precise text of the Serbian Note by Austria. The denial by the magnates of the Berlin foreign office that they had had advance knowledge of its precise tenor or wording is the denial of men concerning whose personal veracity Americans have formed a very clear-cut opinion. But in any case the evidence is plain that the German Government knew perfectly well that Austria intended to precipitate a crisis menacing to the peace of Europe, and that it egged on its dupe and ally to accomplish its purpose. This is bluntly admitted in the German "White Book" issued officially at Berlin at the outbreak of the war. "*We were perfectly well aware* that a possible warlike attitude of Austria against Serbia might bring Russia into the field, and that we might therefore be involved in a war, in accordance with our duty as allies. We could not, however . . . advise our ally to adopt a conciliatory attitude incompatible with her dignity."

Such a statement is enough for the densest jury.

ing Berlin that if the proposed schemes for conciliation did not suit, Germany "should suggest *any* method by which the influence of the 'four powers' could be used to prevent war between Austria and Russia"; and that England, France, and Italy would put the scheme into effect "if mine was not acceptable"—while all these things were going on, Bethmann-Hollweg had been not at his office on the Wilhelmstrasse, but with his imperial master at Potsdam, sixteen miles away.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Count Berchtold

There at the old seat of the Hohenzollerns was being held a great war council. The heir of William I and of Frederick the Great was there, his captains, his admirals, his master financiers—all the controlling spirits who had perfected the huge Hohenzollern war machine in expectation of precisely this moment. Doubtless views were exchanged with the uttermost frankness, all possibilities discussed in perfect cold blood, the precise moves by which millions of lives might be snuffed out in the war-game arranged, and everything made ready for the last grim decision. Of course the details were kept carefully hidden, but there is no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of what the well-informed Berlin correspondent of the London "Times" telegraphed the next day: "No secret, I understand, is made at the foreign office this morning of the fact that the military authorities were pressing for immediate mobilization, and that a decision must be reached within a day or two. . . . Imminence of mobilization is so obvious that there is little secret about the preliminary preparations that are being made."

When the conclave broke up Bethmann-Hollweg returned with precipitancy to Berlin and telephoned to the British embassy. He wished to see Sir Edward Goschen. The ambassador at once called on the chancellor. Their interview was memorable. Hitherto nearly all their talk had been about Russia and Austria. Now suddenly Bethmann-Hollweg spoke openly of Germany entering a general war, "owing to her obligations as Austria's ally." But the chancellor "made a strong bid for British neutrality." Let England only stand clear, and Germany would promise not to crush France too severely, and especially would not annex any of her home territories, although he was very vague as to what might happen to her colonies.

"And Belgium?" asked the Englishman.

"It depended upon the action of France," came the answer, "what operations Germany might be forced to enter upon in Belgium; but when the war was over her integrity would be respected if she had not sided against Germany."

There was more pleasant talk about a permanent "understanding with England," on which Bethmann-Hollweg had set his peaceful heart. The ambassador, however, received his words coldly, said he did not think his Government cared to make any pledges based on such propositions, and made haste to put his momentous tidings on the wires to London. That night Sir Edward Grey and his associates at least knew that Germany was plotting war against France and Russia, and that she wished to see England sit calmly by

while Germany stripped France of her colonies and otherwise so crippled her (for example, by a bleeding indemnity) that even if her home territories were left intact, France would be eliminated from the list of great nations.

On July 30, Sir Edward Grey answered, with the bluntness of an honest man deeply stirred, to the proposal sent the night before by Bethmann-Hollweg through the British ambassador, "His Majesty's government cannot for an instant entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms." England is being asked "to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France." To do so would hurt British interests, but still more "it would be a disgrace to us from which the good name of this country [England] would never recover." Nor was it possible to bargain away "whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium." England, therefore, must "preserve her full freedom to act as circumstances require" in case things should come to a head, as Bethmann-Hollweg contemplated. But Grey added an earnest and friendly promise. If the peace of Europe could be preserved, he would do his uttermost to get some arrangement by which *Germany "could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia or ourselves, jointly or separately."*

Grey was not a man to make such a promise lightly. It would be unfair, possibly, to say that Bethmann-Hollweg brushed this suggestion thoughtlessly aside. The probability was that the Prussian war party was then in such complete control of the German situation that nothing England could have said, short of a promise to attack France, to prevent her from being true to her alliance to Russia, would have had any effect on the crisis.

Neither at Berlin nor at London, however, were all the prime actors yet in the drama. For several days St. Petersburg had been terribly stirred. The brutality of the Austrian attack on Serbia had seemed a direct insult to Russian prestige, honor, and self-respect. Nicholas II was assuredly no genius, and some of his intimates were strongly pro-German in their sympathies; but he was not an absolute weakling and he bitterly resented being displayed now before his own people as the shivering puppet of the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg. The Russian aristocracy was not full of schemes for world empire, like their Prussian compeers, but they were proud of their national honor, of the claims of Holy Russia to be the protector of the lesser Slavic people, and of the right of Russia to be treated with decent consideration in every question of the Balkans; and for once the grand dukes and the generals were sustained by their old foes, the "Constitutional Democrats" and all the other more intelligent champions of a more liberal régime.

Around Nicholas were now scores of powerful men repeating the dread words "mobilize" and "fight," and behind them was the voice of all the intelligence of the nation. It was realized that the empire was not well prepared for a life-and-death struggle, but this was a case where national honor demanded even a disastrous defeat rather than an ignominious peace that would show that the dearest Russian interests could be trampled upon with impunity. On the twenty-ninth the czar had written personally to Kaiser Wilhelm, "A disgraceful war has been declared on a weak nation; the indignation, which I fully share, is immense in Russia." The czar therefore begged the kaiser, "in the name of our old friendship," to do his uttermost to avert the danger. The kaiser had offered to mediate, but had denied that "Austria's action was 'disgraceful war.'" Then at 1 o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth he had wired Nicholas that Russia's mobilization against Austria would have "dangerous and serious consequences," adding ominously, "The whole weight of the decision rests upon your shoulders; they must bear the responsibility for war or peace."

The telegraphic service between these imperial gentlemen was rapid. Twenty minutes later Nicholas was wiring back that the military measures Russia was taking "were decided upon five days ago for defensive purposes against Aus-

tria's preparations. . . . We need your strong pressure on Austria in order that an understanding may be brought about with us." Thus Nicholas, in the simplicity of his heart, made answer, imagining that "Willy," as he addressed his august friend, was in good faith working for peace. But to sit with folded hands and without stirring a soldier while Austria assembled her myriads to trample over Serbia was a thing not to be asked of the heir of Peter the Great, that is, if a Czar of all the Russias was to keep his throne. There is no autocracy strong enough to defy public opinion beyond a certain point, and every barrack-room, every military club in the huge Muscovite empire, was seething with impatience and martial fury. If Nicholas had done nothing but write protests in this crisis, he would have written his abdication in 1914 instead of in 1917. But, after all, he was a man and a Russian. By July thirtieth he was being goaded into action, a fact which the Potsdam warlords had of course complacently discounted.

While the kaiser and the czar were exchanging telegrams, the kaiser's ambassador at St. Petersburg was making a frantic visit at 2 A. M. on the thirtieth to the Russian foreign office. This ambassador, Count Pourtalès, was personally an honorable man, who, now that the ground was opening at his feet, began to realize how horrible was the danger. M. Sazonof met him to point out that "war was inevitable." How could it be otherwise when the Teutonic powers were unyielding, and authentic information was coming in that Germany was making elaborate military and naval preparations against Russia, doing everything in short except to decree formal mobilization? "There would be a revolution in Russia if she were to tolerate such a state of affairs."

At this interview the unhappy Pourtalès, overwhelmed by the crisis, "completely broke down on seeing that war was inevitable." He made a fervent appeal to Sazonof to give him something to telegraph to Berlin as "a last hope." The Russian, doubtless also greatly moved, drew up this formula, which went the very limit of possible concession, and should have ended all controversy unless the Teutonic powers were bent on war at any price: "If Austria, recognizing that her conflict with Serbia has assumed the character of a question of European interest, declares herself ready to eliminate from her ultimatum points which violate the principle of the sovereignty of Serbia, Russia engages to stop all military preparations." More than that no Russian could say unless he was prepared to urge his country to sit down as helpless as China before the greatest insult that had ever threatened a great European power.

Nevertheless, the day wore on without any developments much more threatening. The truth seems to have been that at last at Vienna leaders were coming to realize the terrible nature of the tempest they had almost unchained, and that possibly they were being made the dupes and tools of their "loyal allies" at Berlin. Even Cæsar hesitated at the Rubicon, and Count Berchtold and his noble associates were very puny Cæsars. They told the ambassadors that since Russia was mobilizing, they must of course hasten their own preparations, but "this should not be regarded as a threat." Their own ambassador at St. Petersburg could hold "conversations" with Sazonof, although they did not specify just what concessions were possible. The situation was still complex and clouded, but the Russian ambassador at Vienna grew more hopeful "that something may yet be done to prevent war with Austria." He does not seem to have realized that it mattered little whether Vienna stood on the brink of the stream and hesitated or dashed across, provided Potsdam had no chilly scruples.

On July 31 the morning seemed brighter at Vienna, London, and St. Petersburg. Grey sent his last hopeful suggestion: "If Germany will get any reasonable proposition put forward, which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I will support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go to the length of saying that if Russia and France will not

accept it, I will have nothing to do with the consequences. Otherwise, if France is drawn in, we shall be drawn in." If the words that had been coming from Berlin about peace were not those of brazen hypocrisy, here surely was something for German diplomats to work upon; and if they felt that "their duty to their ally" made them hesitant, their ticklish honor might have been appeased by the knowledge that *Austria was actually agreeing to talk terms of accommodation with Russia.* Austria showed a willingness to agree to halt her march into Serbian territory, while Russia "undertook to preserve her waiting attitude," and the six great powers were to "examine how Serbia can give satisfaction to Austria without impairing her sovereign rights or independence."

This compliant attitude of Austria was undoubtedly the very last thing welcomed at Potsdam. It deprived the war party of its best pretext for striking home, namely, its claim that as a loyal ally Germany must stand by Austria, come what might. There had been much excitement in Germany during these days of tension: patriotic demonstrations, preliminary warnings to the reservists to get ready, everything in short save actual mobilization; but although the Junker newspapers had been fiery from the outset, the attitude of the more moderate press had been at first very hesitant to accept the Austrian ultimatum as a thing for unqualified German indorsement. The Social Democrats, who had cast over 4,000,000 votes at the last election, failed to see any reason why their own country should intervene. The "Vorwaerts," their great Berlin organ, had said bluntly, on July 25, that the demands on Serbia "are more brutal than have been ever put to an independent state in the world's history, and can only be intended deliberately to provoke war." On the twenty-ninth it had declared that "the camarilla of war-lords is working with absolutely unscrupulous means . . . to start a world-wide fire to devastate Europe." On that day also there had been several great mass meetings in Berlin to denounce the war, and one of these was said to have been attended by 70,000 men. If, therefore, war in behalf of Austria was unpopular with a great mass of the folk of Germany, what chance of a fortunate "Day" if Austria should ungratefully slink back at the end and refuse to force the situation? Something must be done and done quickly. There was no Ems telegram ready, with Bismarck as the genial editor, but press and electricity could, nevertheless, be put to other purposes. Was it the crown prince himself who knew how to force the issue, or Moltke, the chief of staff, or Tirpitz, the admiral, or some other less prominent Highness or Excellency? The personal memoirs will one day tell. There is little doubt that some noble gentleman felt the impulse of genius and acted upon it. He presumably lived to be amply satisfied by the magnitude of his achievement.

Hitherto Russia had only partly mobilized. She had called out a certain number of corps of her huge reserves to concentrate against Austria. But Austria and Russia had repeatedly mobilized on a fairly large scale during earlier Balkan crises, and then had looked on placidly while the diplomats disentangled the snarls. Austria seemed willing to let Russia mobilize partly again, and to confine her own military energies entirely to Serbia. So far Russia had not mobilized the remainder of her army in a way spelling any menace to Germany. If she did so, the Prussian war-lords could demand the mobilization of their own host, and after that—the rest would be inevitable.

Everybody in Berlin was expecting a mobilization order. Still no order had come, although beyond a doubt the military chiefs were clamoring for it. Why this delay? Because, according to all reasonable inference, the chancellor was feeling great uncertainty as to what he had earlier reckoned upon—the neutrality of England. The German ambassador at London and all his astute assistants had probably sent messages earlier as to the growth of pacifism in Britain, of the absorption of the great labor elements in schemes for social betterment, of the influence in the cabinet of John Burns and Lord Morley, devoted peace-at-any-price men. Better still had been the news that Great Britain

was about to be entangled in a civil war in Ireland over the miserable contentions between the Catholic Home Rulers and Protestant Ulstermen. It had seemed incredible that selfish and pacifist Great Britain could ever draw the sword over a Balkan question. But there were increasing signs that Great Britain did not consider this crisis strictly a Balkan question; that if the Pan-German plot had not been unmasked, it had been seen through a very thin veil, and that England was not prepared to watch Russia's ally France trampled over and stricken from the list of great powers. And if England entered the war, Bethmann-Hollweg, and perhaps his master also, probably had clear suspicions that the "Day" might not close upon a prompt and easy victory. Therefore mobilization had been delayed. All of which was highly irritating to the Excellencies of the great general staff. England or no England, they would go ahead.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg

About midday on the thirtieth of July Berlin news-venders began hawking in the central part of the city a special edition of the "Lokal-Anzeiger" announcing that general mobilization for Germany had been ordered. This paper was reputed to be in close touch with the German government bureaus. It was also alleged to have been financed by Junker capital. Its reputation as a quasi-government organ was high. There had been a "leak," or had there been an inspiration? The police at length were hard after the news-venders, confiscating their copies, and an official contradiction was also ordered. But there had been an appreciable length of time between the hawking of the paper and the contradiction. The moment the paper had appeared, the Russian ambassador and also the St. Petersburg press agents had wired the tidings home. The Prussian warlords, if they knew in advance of this newspaper "enterprise," knew well what effect these tidings would have in Muscovy.

Already Nicholas II was being beset with frantic appeals to order complete mobilization, and now came the news that Germany had done so, which meant, as everybody knew, that she would soon be ready to strike with terrible effectiveness. Nicholas II would have been more than human had he refused to give way, especially as a very awkward interval occurred before the tidings of German mobilization were contradicted. When the contradiction did come, the Russian men of action could wisely say that the tale would never have been printed had not mobilization been imminent, and, what with German secret methods, that it was probably taking place *sub rosa*. To hesitate longer was to imperil the life of Russia.

Nicholas was won over. Early on the morning of the thirty-first the Russian wires were carrying the summons of the "little father" to all his battle-worthy subjects. The Lokal-Anzeiger edition had supplied precisely the needful impetus to produce Russian mobilization. If it was an "accident," it was one of

[1] The Russian judgments as to this "accident" are dark and specific. They allege that not merely was the edition carefully concocted by those in high authority, but that by a suddenly imposed censorship, despatches contradicting the alleged news were held up for hours before they could go on to St. Petersburg.

those accidents that make one believe that the devil directs the laws of chance.

And now the Prussian war-lords could work their will. The instant the news came back that Russia was mobilizing, they could cry in turn, "The fatherland is in danger,"[1] and that, whatever England did, radical measures must be taken to fend off invasion. At noon "Imminence of war" was proclaimed throughout Germany, with consequent martial law and the complete squelching of socialistic demonstrations and protests. On top of this home proclamation went the ultimatum to Russia, couched in terms no proud empire could possibly accept, and reducing all the protesting talk about peace to monkey's chatter.

Alleging that Russian mobilization put Germany in peril, Bethmann-Hollweg telegraphed his ambassador in St. Petersburg to serve notice on Sazonof that Germany would mobilize "unless Russia stops every measure of war against us *and Austria*[1] within twelve hours and notifies us definitely to this effect." Simultaneously another message went over the wires to Paris. To President Poincaré's cabinet the chancellor now sent word that twelve hours' grace had been given Russia to demobilize; and did the French Government "intend to remain neutral in a Russo-German war? Reply must be made within eighteen hours."[2]

In Berlin that day there were tumultuous demonstrations. The "Day" for which every loyal Pan-German had wearily waited was about to dawn. There were great crowds in Unter den Linden, and deep cries, "To Paris!" "To St. Petersburg!" The multitude swarmed down the famous avenue to the huge gray palace of the Hohenzollerns, acclaiming the master of a greater army than ever Xerxes had led to battle. From the balcony of the palace William II sent his powerful voice over the sea of heads of his upward-gazing subjects:

"A fateful hour has fallen for Germany," proclaimed the emperor. "Envious peoples everywhere are compelling us to our just defense. *The sword is being forced into our hand.* I hope that if my efforts at the last hour do not succeed in bringing our opponents to see eye to eye with us and in maintaining peace, we shall with God's help so wield the sword that we shall restore it to its sheath again with honor. War would demand enormous sacrifices of blood and property from the German people, but we should show our enemies what it means to provoke Germany. And now I commend you to God. Go to church. Kneel down before God and pray for His help for our gallant army."

Did the emperor realize the verdict the world would pass on his cry, "The sword is being forced into our hand"? Had he prepared this dramatic call to battle some days in advance, or did he speak with true spontaneity? One thing is certain, that on this July 31 the last faint chance of peace was gone. The military men at Potsdam and Berlin knew well enough what they were doing when they sent threats with a time-limit to St. Petersburg and Paris. Neither Russia nor France could have cringed to them *then* and have continued to hold up its head as a self-respecting nation.

Everybody knew that for the land of the Hohenzollerns mobilization meant the same as war. On this fateful August 1 there went out the imperial order for general mobilization, and all the German Empire rang with the clang of arms. From Paris a similar summons went out to the French Republic, although up to the last Premier Viviani was assuring the German ambassador that "mobilization did not necessarily entail war," and that there was no need for a rupture of diplomatic relations. The position of France needed no pronunciamentos. "I have no intention of making any statement [to the German ambassador] on the subject of his demands," declared Premier Viviani, dryly, "and I shall confine myself to telling him that France will have regard to her own interests."

[1] Why "Austria," unless Germany was bound on forcing the war at any price, inasmuch as Austria had already indicated she did not consider Russian mobilization unfriendly?

[2] Reliable evidence, published in 1918, indicated that if France had pledged neutrality, Germany would next have demanded occupation for the war of Verdun and Toul as pledges of good faith. The Potsdam leaders were anxious to pick a quarrel with France at any cost.

The final move on the chess-board was clearly Germany's, and her rulers had no hesitancy about making it. At 7:10 A. M. on August 1, Count Pourtalès again went his familiar way to the office of Sazonof. He had a communication which, by the errors and duplication of words in the copy presented, had obviously been prepared in great haste and apparently with the intention of declaring war on Russia whether she gave no answer to the ultimatum at all or any kind of answer except one of servile compliance. After reciting the good intentions of Kaiser Wilhelm as peacemaker with Austria, and the ruin of all these efforts by the Russian mobilization, the ambassador closed the document with these fateful words, *"His Majesty, the Emperor, my august sovereign, in the name of the German Empire, accepts the challenge and considers himself at war with Russia."*

So the dream of the crown prince, of Bernhardi, of all the exultant Pan-Germans up and down the fatherland, was about to be realized. The war-machine that had stood silent, but not rusting, for forty-three years was to resume its appointed and glorious task. Yet the world still waited. The picture of embattled Europe was not yet complete. In Germany, in Austria, in Russia, and still more in agonizing France, on whom all knew the first bolt was to fall, there was one all-important question, "What would England do?"

XXII. REAPING THE WHIRLWIND — THE SCRAP OF PAPER.

England was in a position of terrible difficulty. If the crisis had come a week later, Ulster and the rest of Ireland would probably have been at one another's throats in civil war. Several members of the cabinet up to the last minute refused to see the ground opening at the nation's feet, and threatened to disrupt the Liberal party in event of Grey and others pressing for action. Mr. Asquith, the premier, seems to have realized that what Germany was forcing was not merely a "Balkan question" but an issue of world power in which England was enormously interested; but he was very loath to anticipate public opinion, very loath to see all the fine Liberal program of domestic reform thrown overboard in the face of a foreign tempest, and very loath, so his critics insisted, to let matters come to a point where the Liberals might be pushed from power and their Conservative rivals seize the helm of state. Englishmen generally were decidedly unwilling to pour out blood and treasure merely to save the independence of Serbia, and although they did not love the German kaiser, they had very little enthusiasm for defending the despotism of Nicholas II, many phases whereof they not unjustly hated.

Nevertheless, the case was very different with France. Very many Englishmen realized that to have France trampled over again by German armies, to have Paris taken, to have France bled white by a tremendous indemnity, even if there were no more annexations, meant striking France from the list of great powers and an inordinate growth of the new Teutonic colossus. The ruin of France was the immediate preliminary to a direct stroke at England, and the majority of intelligent Englishmen knew it.

But not all Englishmen were intelligent. The laboring and the rural classes and the small tradespeople were probably the least military and the least imaginative folk in Europe. That any summons from across the channel to march forth to battle could take them away from their firesides and their toast and tea seemed one of the most improbable things in the world. And among Englishmen who should have known better divers had been temporarily infected with pale pacifism and its gospel of crass materialism—a gospel that agreed well with the hopes of regular dividends and undisturbed vacations. Never was there a people less prepared for a horrid crisis than the good people of England.

Since July 23 Sir Edward Grey had been placed in a dilemma indescribably difficult. He had been besought by France and Russia to tell Germany that if war *did* come, then England would surely fight against her. He knew that if he made this threat the chances of keeping peace were probably greatly in-

creased; Germany did not want too many foes at once. But he also knew that if Germany, despite everything, drew the sword, England was involved in a war as to the wisdom of which her cabinet was divided and her people wholly uninstructed, and which very likely they would refuse to conduct with the sacrifice and energy without which no great war can be waged. The most he could do was to warn Germany that England reserved "complete liberty of action," to assure France and Russia that she would take an extremely friendly attitude in case worst came to worst, and finally, on August 2, when it was clear that peace between Russia and Germany was broken, to inform France, after a British cabinet meeting, that, subject to approval of Parliament, "I am authorized to give assurance that if the German fleet comes into the channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power." That was all for the moment, although great interests and parties in London called for more radical action, and action was in the air. Then while England shook herself from her dream of peace, while the rumblings of the mobilizations drifted across the channel, came one word "Belgium," and the pacifists slunk to their caves.

Belgium was one of the most happy and prosperous countries in the world. She also was not merely neutral, but she was especially *neutralized* in Europe. In 1815 the Congress of Vienna had annexed Belgium to the kingdom of Holland, but this arrangement had not worked well. In 1830 the Belgians revolted against the Dutch. In 1831 the great powers recognized the independence of Belgium, and at the same time determined that Belgium should form "a perpetually neutral state" and that they should guarantee to her "perpetual neutrality and also the integrity and inviolability of her territory." This pledge was signed by England, Austria, Russia, France, and Prussia, Italy not having yet come into national existence.

In 1839 this treaty was reaffirmed by the powers in a still clearer treaty: "Belgium . . . shall form an independent and perpetually neutral state. It shall be bound to observe such neutrality towards all other states." It was well understood that one of the prime points in this neutrality was that no foreign armies were to be allowed to cross Belgium for any warlike purpose. To enable Belgium to discharge this duty she was allowed to maintain an army and to fortify certain strategic points, notably Antwerp, Namur, and Liège. Seemingly the position of Belgium was very secure.

The resistance of any violation of her territories was thus a part of the duty of Belgium, and ought not to have involved her in any general war. In 1907 the Hague Conference decided that "the resistance, even by force, of a neutral power to attempts against its neutrality cannot be considered as acts of hostility."

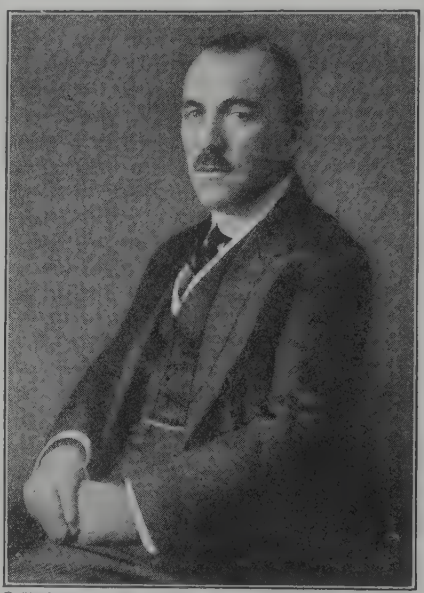
Belgium thus seemed doubly protected, (I) by the clear sanctions which that once reverenced thing called international law afforded to *all* self-respecting neutral countries in general; (II) by the special compact of 1839 which gave Belgium a peculiar and privileged place among the nations.

After 1870 it was clear enough that France would not for a long day be in a position to overrun Belgium. If there was any aggression, it would be from Germany. That a German invasion was possible, military men long knew. The case had been stated pithily in 1882 in a quasi-official German newspaper, "Germany has no political motive to violate the neutrality of Belgium, but the military advantages which might result may force her to do so." The reason for this military opinion is clearly explained in the Deutsche Krieger Zeitung[1] just one month after the great war actually began: *"The plan for the invasion of France had been clearly settled for a long time.* It had to be pursued with success in the north through Belgium, thus avoiding the strong line of delaying forts which the enemy [France] had made to defend its frontiers towards Germany, and which would have been extremely difficult to break through." Military books had

[1] Official organ of the German Military Union; Sept. 2, 1914.

discussed this desirability of "the Belgian route to Paris" with the uttermost frankness. Everybody knew that in case of war the Germans would throw away a great martial advantage if they respected the treaties and tried to advance on the direct road from Lorraine via Verdun or Nancy. What, of course, the Pan-Germans thought about respecting these treaties was no enigma.

Nevertheless the government of William II did not denounce the treaties, despite dark suspicions. On the contrary it used every effort, apparently, to stifle unfriendly surmises in Belgium and England without actually making a cast-iron statement that the neutrality pledge was in all cases to be respected. In 1904 the constant building of "strategic railways" near the Belgian frontier began to make Brussels anxious, but nothing actually came to pass until 1911, when the Belgians inquired of Bethmann-Hollweg whether something could not be done to dispel their growing anxiety. Upon this the latter "declared that Germany had no intention of violating Belgian neutrality," but he could not make a public declaration to that effect because then France would know she had nothing to guard against on that part of the frontier. However, in April, 1914, during a Reichstag debate a Socialist deputy asked Jagow, the foreign minister, about the fears in Belgium lest her neutrality be not respected. Jagow replied, "Belgian neutrality is provided for by international conventions, and Germany is determined to respect those conventions." Heering, the minister of war, added, "Germany will not lose sight of the fact that the neutrality of Belgium is guaranteed by international treaty."



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Herr von Jagow, Foreign Minister of Germany

When the crisis broke over Europe, the Belgians made haste to assure all the jangling powers of their perfect neutrality and began taking military precautions to protect their frontiers. Naturally they drew near diplomatically to England, which was obviously the one power fairly disinterested that could give them real protection, and England had already stirred in their behalf. Her honor was deeply committed to seeing that the Belgian compacts were observed, and besides her honor it is not unfair to add that her national safety would be obviously jeopardized if a great rival empire, under the guise of attacking France, were actually to seize upon Antwerp and Ostend. As soon as the chances of a general war became serious, Grey began giving plain hints to Berlin that assurances as to Belgium were in order. The answers he obtained only strengthened rising suspicions. At last, on July 31, he sent identical questions to Paris and Berlin. Would France and Germany respectively "engage to respect the neutrality of Belgium so long as no other power violates it?"

The answer from Paris was a clear and satisfactory affirmative. Not so that from Berlin. Jagow told the British ambassador that "he must consult the emperor and the chancellor before he could possibly answer. I [the envoy] gathered from what he said that he thought any reply they might give could not but disclose a certain amount of their plan of campaign in the event of war ensuing, and *he was therefore very*

doubtful whether they would return any answer at all."

Such a reply of course confirmed Grey's worst suspicions. The next morning (August 1) he took up the matter directly with the German ambassador at London. If Germany could give some assurance about Belgium, "it would materially contribute to relieve anxiety and tension here [in England]." Prince Lichnowsky blandly replied with the counter question: If Germany gave such a promise, would England engage to remain neutral? Grey could only tell him the future must decide British policy; but it was true that respect for Belgium would appeal very strongly to the peace element in England.

During these days of clamor in Europe Belgium had mobilized her small army and taken precautions. She had sent very solemn assurances of her neutrality to all the great powers. Her statesmen of course were extremely anxious, and yet the danger did not seem imminent. On the morning of July 31 the German minister at Brussels had assured the Belgian foreign office that "he was certain the sentiments expressed [in 1911 by Bethmann-Hollweg, to the effect that Belgium was not to be violated] had not been changed."

On August 1 it appeared that the Germans had seized the small, independent, and neutralized Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. This caused a shock at Brussels, yet the cases of Luxemburg and Belgium were not quite parallel. The good folk of Brabant and Flanders refused to take alarm. "Every one thought," wrote a Belgian, looking back on the causes of his exile, " 'they will not fight here. It will be just as in 1870.' " The German minister to King Albert's court was indefatigable with reassurances.

The Luxemburg affair, however, made King Albert's ministers still more anxious. When on the morning of August 2, Herr von Below, the German minister, called on M. Davignon, the latter said they had received a very firm promise of inviolability from France, and yet nothing had come from Germany. His Excellency the minister replied that nothing indeed had come from Germany yet, but "we [Belgians] knew his personal opinion as to the feelings of security which we had a right to entertain towards our eastern neighbors." At seven o'clock in the evening Herr von Below appeared again at M. Davignon's door at the Belgian foreign office.

The Belgians had asked for an assurance of peace and inviolability in a conflict in which they had not the slightest interest or concern. They received instead an ultimatum.

The sum of the document was that Germany had learned that French forces "intend to march through Belgium against Germany."[1] Since it was unlikely that Belgium could repel such an invasion, Germany would have to "anticipate any such hostile attack." However, if Belgium interposed no resistance to the passage of German hosts, Belgian independence would be graciously preserved, the whole country evacuated at the end of the war, and payment made for any supplies taken or damage done. If Belgium should make the least resistance, however, "Germany will to her regret be compelled to consider Belgium as an enemy"; and in that event also Germany could give no guaranty as to the future of Belgium when "left to the decision of arms." Twelve hours were granted in which to answer this ultimatum—until 7 o'clock the next morning; that is, not enough time to hold any real consultation as to what to do in a most awful crisis, much less sufficient time to consult with the only efficient adviser Belgium could have, England.

It is recorded that the moment the Belgian Royal Council gathered at the palace there was not one voice upraised for submission. It was 4 A. M. when the council dissolved.

That morning (August 3) the Belgian reply declared: "[The Belgians] refuse to believe that the independence of Belgium can only be preserved at the price of the violation of her neutrality. If this hope is disappointed, the Belgian Government is firmly resolved to repel with all the means in its power every

1 At this day there is no need of saying more of this alleged French design in Belgium than that it appears nothing but an impertinent lie.

attack upon its rights." King Albert sent a personal telegram at the same time to King George, beseeching the diplomatic intervention of England, Belgian pride forbidding a direct appeal for military aid.

When this telegram reached London, the British cabinet was still sitting. The appeal of the Belgians came now as the last decisive argument to aid the men in the cabinet council who said that in the circumstances peace for England meant alike utter dishonor and equally certain physical ruin. Sir Edward Grey received the appeal of the King of the Belgians just as he was about to leave the cabinet to speak in the House of Commons. The speech he delivered there on August 3 really left no question in the minds of all decent Englishmen as to what their Government should do. It was no longer a case, Grey plainly showed, of Serbia or of Russia, or even of protecting France against the aggrandizement of Germany. All those things might be important, but they were swallowed up in the one obvious duty of redeeming the Belgian treaty. When Grey rose to speak in Parliament there were still many pacifists in England ready to argue for peace at *almost* any price. When he finished a plain recital of how Germany had shuffled, twisted, and evaded on the Belgian question, with this her ultimatum to King Albert as her finale, the pacifists were beaten men. Most of them were no longer pacifists; the remnant were a dazed, helpless minority, silenced or whimpering witnesses of events over which they had not the slightest control.

With the conscience and high consent of the British Empire back of him, on August 4 Grey sent another telegram to Berlin. It was to be almost the last of a long series.

Sir Edward Goschen went to the German foreign office and fulfilled his instructions. He inquired of Jagow, "in the name of his Majesty's Government, whether the Imperial German Government would refrain from violating Belgian neutrality. Herr von Jagow at once replied "he was sorry to say that his answer must be 'No,' as in consequence of the German troops having crossed the frontier that morning Belgian neutrality had already been violated."

The German added the already standardized excuses that it was a "matter of life and death" to them to get into France by the best roads and by the least defended way. Therefore, to his great regret, "it was impossible for them to draw back."

Goschen had to wait until this answer could go on the wires to London and he could get his reply, although he knew what the reply would be. Almost at the moment that the ambassador and Jagow had been in conference, Bethmann-Hollweg had been addressing the Reichstag, called in special session. Concerning Belgium he used words, already quoted at this present time of writing until they have grown threadbare, yet destined assuredly to be quoted in many another history a thousand years from to-day. Speedily the chancellor was to regret his frankness, but his statement could never be recalled: "Gentlemen, we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, perhaps already they have entered Belgian territory. Gentlemen, this is in contradiction to the rules of international law. . . . France could wait, but we could not wait. . . .[1] So we were forced to set aside the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian governments. The wrong—I speak openly—the wrong which we do now, we will try to make good again as soon as our military ends have been reached. When one is threatened as we are, and all is at stake, he can only think how he can hack his way through."

Meantime the telegraph wires had been working. Sir Edward Goschen received his final message from London so that he could deliver it to Jagow about 7 P. M. "I informed the secretary of state that unless the Imperial Government could give assurance by 12 o'clock that night that they would

[1] The chancellor repeated some assertions that although France had indeed promised to respect Belgian neutrality, "we knew that France stood prepared for an inroad." In other words he charged that France, besides intending to invade Belgium, intended to break a solemn pledge just given. Such assertions need not now be refuted.

proceed no further with their violation of the Belgian frontier, and stop their advance, I had been instructed to demand my passports and to inform the Imperial Government that his Majesty's Government would have to take all steps in their power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium and the observance of a treaty to which Germany was as much a party as themselves."

Jagow regretfully replied that no reconsideration was possible. Goschen asked then if he might take farewell of the chancellor. Jagow begged him to do so.

Bethmann-Hollweg received his visitor "very much agitated." The plain truth seems to have been that up to the last instant Berlin had cherished the hope that, for all her threats and fury, England would not fight. Seemingly as things drew to a climax Bethmann-Hollweg had realized that all was not well at London and had tried to put on the brakes, but the war party was now in complete control in Berlin and had thrust him aside. Now the last hope was shattered. Instead of humiliating Russia without a war, instead of fighting Russia and France simply, the war was bound to assume simply incalculable proportions. No wonder the chancellor lost self-control and "began a harangue which lasted for about twenty minutes."

England was going to war for "neutrality; 'neutrality,' a word which in war-time had been so often disregarded —*just for a scrap of paper* Great Britain was going to make war!" So Bethmann-Hollweg continued, his gray-bearded face doubtless purple with passion, his tall form leaning toward the British ambassador, while the other, with pale countenance, mantaining the habitual coolness of his race, answered that if Germany wished to talk of "life and death interests," he also "wished him to understand that it was, so to speak, a matter of 'life and death' for the honor of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her uttermost to defend Belgium. . . . That solemn compact simply *had* to be kept, or what confidence could any one have in engagements given by Great Britain in the future."

"But at what a price will that compact have been kept!" groaned the chancellor. Clearly he was "so excited, so overcome by the news of our action, and so little disposed to hear reason that I [Goschen] refrained from adding fuel to the flame by further argument," and speedily went away.

That night a cursing, roaring crowd, brushing aside the police, cast cobblestones and lumps of coal into the front windows of the British embassy, where excited attachés were busily packing. The next morning all the world was reading the despatch from London that Great Britain had declared war on Germany the preceding midnight. England had gone in. Hereafter, for a period vastly longer and more terrible than any man in 1914 could have imagined, the history of the world was to be written not by the diplomat, but by the soldier, while "the boundaries of Europe were being retraced in blood."

On the night of August 4 came the end of that era in European history which began that fateful night in 1870 when Otto von Bismarck rewrote the Ems despatch from King William. This epoch had been ushered in by a deed which, if it had failed, would have been branded as an act of outrageous depravity but which, since it succeeded, was to be lauded as the master stroke of genius. It was to end with the chancellor of the German Empire calling a most solemn international treaty a "scrap of paper," when the ambassador of a great power talked of truth, justice, and faithfulness between nation and nation. The dawn of this epoch had seen the consolidation of the German states under the domination of Prussia into the formidable German Empire. It found its sunset when, disregarding all established sanctions, covenants, and moral processes, the rulers of this new empire surrendered themselves to schemes of world conquest which would take them straight along the paths of imperial Rome.

THE END

Invocation

By ROBERT NICHOLS

Courage born of fire and steel,
  Thee I invoke, thee I desire,
Who constant hold'st the hearts that reel
  Before the steel, beneath the fire.

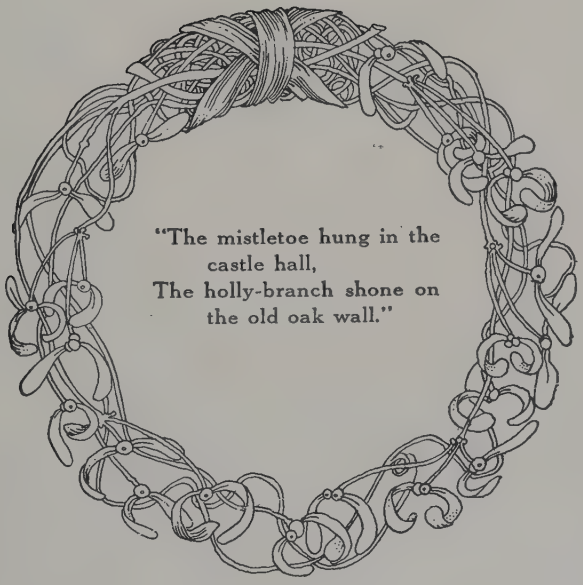
Though in my mind no torment is,
  Yet in my being's hazard mesh
There run such threads of cowardice
  That I must dread my untrue flesh.

Therefore possess me, and so dower
  The sword's weak spot that the true blade
May nor in least nor direst hour
  Betray the spirit unafraid:

For in the past, whatever ill
  I did, or good with much of naught,
Daily I strove to make my will
  The soldier of my earnest thought.

And now is opened honor's way,
  And the voice peals I knew times past,
And once again I stoop and pray
  The same short prayer, perhaps my last:

Not passively to suffer ill,
  A world-complacent sacrifice,
But happy and rebellious still
  To prove faith's courage can suffice.


"The mistletoe hung in the
castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on
the old oak wall."

"THE CHRISTMAS WAITS"

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by George Wright

THE CENTURY

Vol. 99 DECEMBER, 1919 No. 2

The Peace Christmas

By HELEN DAVENPORT

"ON earth peace, good will toward men!" For five years the motto of Christmas had seemed a mockery to us. Our city was the goal of the German armies. They reached it sometimes with their air-planes, and before the end of the war they reached it with their cannon. Scarcely fifty miles away from us, within hearing distance when the bombardment was violent, fathers and sons, brothers and sweethearts, were fighting through the weary years in constant danger of death. Each Christmas brought more vacant places to mourn. Of course we celebrated Christmas all through the war. There was little heart in it for grown-ups; but we had the children to think of. The war could not be allowed to rob them of childhood's Christmas memories.

In 1918 we were looking forward to a Christmas that would be Christmas. All around us the Christmas spirit was accumulating. The war was over; we had won. Ever since armistice night we had been saying to ourselves, "And now for Christmas!" We might have to wait for a revival of the second part of the Christ child's message, but at least the first part was once more a reality.

Three days before Christmas I sent a telegram. I took my brother's enigmatic military address and put two words in front of it, "commanding officer." I begged the gentleman to have a heart, and to send me my brother for Christmas day. I told him that I had not seen my family for five years, that four little children born abroad wanted their uncle, and that we would welcome the C. O., too, if Christmas in Paris tempted him. On the morning of December 24 my brother appeared, and before lunch many others I had invited "to stay over Christmas" turned up or telephoned that they would be with us. I had to plan hastily how the studios in the rue Campagne-Première could be turned into dormitories for a colonel of infantry, a major of the general staff, captains of aviators and engineers and the Spa armistice commission, lieutenants and sergeants and privates of all branches. Last year few of the invitations to men in the field were accepted. This year all came, some all the way from the Rhine. Bless my soul! we 'd tuck them in somewhere. On Christmas eve we were going to have open house for the A. E. F., welfare workers, peace delegates, and specialists, and fellow-craftsmen of our own.

As each house guest arrived, I gave him a job. His "But can't I do anything to help?" was scarcely finished before he was commissioned to find blankets, army-cots, candles, nuts, fruits, bonbons, drinks, or sandwiches. "Just that one thing. I rely on *you* for that," I would say. None failed me, and the evening came with everything arranged as if by magic. I have never found it hard to entertain, and the more the merrier; but when you have American men to deal with, it is the easiest thing

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in the world to have a party in Paris or anywhere else.

Of course I went shopping myself. My husband and I would not miss that day-before-Christmas last-minute rush for anything. And even if I risk seeming to talk against the sane and humane "shop-early-for-Christmas" propaganda, I am going to say that the fun and joy of Christmas shopping is doing it on the twenty-fourth. Avoid the crowds? I don't want to! I want to get right in the middle of them. I want to shove my way up to counters. I want to buy things that catch my eye and that I never thought of buying and would n't buy on any day in the year but December twenty-fourth. I want to spend more money than I can afford. I want to experience that panicky feeling that I really have n't enough things, and to worry over whether my purchases can be divided fairly among my quartet. I want to go home after dark, reveling in the flare of lamps lighting up mistletoe, holly wreaths, and Christmas-trees on hawkers' carts, stopping here and there to buy another pound of candy or a box of dates or a foolish bauble for the tree. I want to shove bundle after bundle into the arms of my protesting husband and remind him that Christmas comes but once a year until he becomes profane. And, once home, on what other winter evening would you find pleasure in dumping the whole lot on your bed, adding the jumble of toys and books already purchased or sent by friends, and, all other thoughts banished, calmly making the children's piles despite aching back and legs, impatient husband, cross servants, and a dozen dinner-guests waiting in the drawing-room?

Paris is the ideal city for afternoon-before-Christmas shopping. Much of the Christmas trading is on the streets, and it gets dark early enough to enjoy the effect of the lights for a couple of hours before you have to go home. You have crowds to your heart's content. And Paris is the department-store city par excellence. *Scrooge* would not have needed a ghost in Paris. If you have no Christmas spirit, go to the Bazar de la rue de Rennes, the Bon Marché, the Trois-Quartiers, the Printemps, the Galeries Lafayette, Dufayel, the Louvre, the Belle Jardinière, and the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville. Do not miss any of these, specially the first and the last. At the Bazar de la rue de Rennes the Christmas toys are on counters according to price. At the Hôtel de Ville you do not have to wait for a saleswoman at the outside *rayons*. You hold up the article you want and catch the cashier's eye. He pokes out to you a box on the end of a pole, such as they used to use in churches before we became honest enough to be trusted with a plate. You put your money in. If there is change, he thrusts it back immediately.

On the *grands boulevards* and in our own Montparnasse quarter, the Christmas crowds were like those of the happy days before we entered into the valley of the shadow. As we did our rounds, falling back into peace habits and the old frame of mind, I realized how hollow was our celebration of the war Christmases, how we pretended and made the effort for our children's sakes. The nightmare was finished. Really, I suppose, we had less money than ever to spend, and everything was dear; but everybody was buying in a lavish way that was natural after the repression of years. Bargaining, a practice in street buying before the war, would have been bad taste. We paid cheerfully what was asked.

I was hurrying home along the rue de Rennes with one of my soldier guests. My husband and my brother had left us on the boulevards to get ham and tongue at Appenrodt's and peanuts and sweet potatoes at Hédiard's. A vender accosted the American uniform with a grin, holding an armful of mimosa blossoms.

"Fresh from Nice this morning, *mon capitaine*. Only fifty francs for all this."

"Come, Keith," I cried, "she wants to rob you!"

The woman understood the intent, if not the words. Barring our way, she reached over to her cart and added another bunch, observing;

"It 's Christmas, and I give our allies good measure."

Keith took it all, saying:

"Don't stop me; I have n't spent any

money for months, and mother always made such a wonderful Christmas. I've got the money to spend—a lot of money." He patted his pocket. "Two month's pay here that I have n't touched yet!"

Christine arranged the mimosa in tall brass shell-cases from Château-Thierry.

"See my flowers! she exclaimed. "This is better than war!"

The consul-general, always a Christmas-eve guest in our home; the colonel commanding the hospital in the rue de Chevreuse; a New York editor and his wife; a *confrère* of the French press and his wife; a peace delegate; and the head of a New York publishing firm, who looked in to see if we were really working, all sat down with us to dinner, squeezed in with our A. E. F. guests. When the last flicker of plum-pudding sauce died down, we set to work for the Christmas-eve preparations. There was no question of rank or age. Each one fell to the task at hand. Dishes, glasses, bottles, doilies, disappeared into the kitchen. The table was set for the big party: piles of plates, knives, and forks, sandwiches and rolls, a cold boiled ham, a tongue *écarlate*, as tongues come in Paris, turkeys roasted by our baker, olives, salted almonds, army graham crackers, candy, a tall glass jar of golden honey worth its weight in gold, and the fruit-cake with sprigs of holly, which comes across the Atlantic every Christmas from a dear American friend. People could help themselves. How and when—I never worry about that. My only care is to have enough for every one.

We sent out no invitations. The news simply passed by word of mouth that friends and friends' friends were welcome on Christmas eve. In a corner of the drawing-room the engineers of the party made the Christmas-tree stand up. The trimmings were on the floor. Whoever wanted to could decorate. With the trenches of five years between us and Germany, Christmas-tree trimmings were pitiful if judged by ante-bellum standards. I wonder what my children are going to think when they see this Christmas a full-grown tree with the wealth of balls and stars and tinsel that Americans can use. In Paris we had only a few baubles pieced out with colored string and cotton and flags and ribbons. But the effect was not bad when the brains of half a hundred trimmers contributed to work out ideas on a tree that did not come up to my chin.

We started the victrola: "Minuit Crétien," "It Came upon a Midnight Clear," "Adeste Fideles," and—whisper it softly—"Heilige Nacht." Then our guests began to come until salons and hall and dining-room overflowed into bedrooms. Never again can I hope to have under my roof a party like that, representing many of the nations that had fought together on the soil of France, but with homesick Americans, Christmas-hungry, predominating. The first to arrive were patients from the American Hospital in the rue de Chevreuse, men who had been unable to forget the nightmare of war when the armistice came.

Crutches and the music, the tree and my children, a American home—the first reaction was not merriment. I felt instinctively that something had to be done. "Heilige Nacht" brought a hush. Some one turned off the phonograph. Bill took in the situation. I shall not tell you the rest of his name. If I did, you would know him. Every one who reads in America knows Bill He backed into a corner by the bookcase, took off his glasses, and began to make a speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am an unregenerate soul. There is not a respectable bone in my body. I am going to sing you a little ditty, the national anthem of California." Here Bill winked his eyes and opened his mouth wide to sing, "Hallelujah! I 'm a bum!"

"The writer of the song is an I.W.W.," he interrupted himself, "and at the end of the first line from up-stairs is heard the voice of his wife demanding [here Bill changed to high falsetto], 'Oh, why don't you work, as other men do?'

"Then the I. W. W. answers gently, 'Why the H—— should I work, when there is no work to do?'

"I told you I was an unregenerate soul. I see that I 'm not alone. There are others here like myself. I want a volunteer to sing my part with me, and volunteers, equally unregenerate, for

the pointed question of the I. W. W.s wife.

"The gentleman there with the eagles on his shoulders—I have for you a fellow-feeling. You are disreputable like me. Come! And the little girl in the pink dress that only looks innocent, come you here. And others of like character join us as quickly as you can push your way through the admiring audience."

The surgeon from New York, who is as military as any regular-army man, was a good sport. So was the editor's wife. As he reached both hands to the recruits, Bill did a simple dance step, the contagious step of those standing in the lines of the Virginia Reel while other couples are doing the figures. Soon the chorus was a line that reached the hall. At this moment there were shouts of laughter at the front door. A parade of alternating khaki and nurse's blue invaded the salon. Each had a flag or horn. The chorus and parade joined forces, with Bill as leader, and soon "Hallelujah! I 'm a bum!" was being sung in every room of the apartment at the same time. Crutches no longer kept any one from joining the serpentine march from room to room. Strong arms picked up babies in their nighties, and we were all in the parade.

I did not know half my guests and never will. Some of them are sure to read this article and remember that night in Paris when C. O.'s and journalists, tired by the grind, nurses weary of watching, wounded and homesick who had not expected to laugh that Christmas eve, and soldiers fresh from chilly camps and remote and dirty villages caught the spirit of Christmas. When people forget their cares and woes, they always behave like children. The national anthem of California made my party, where Christmas carols had proved too tear-compelling. After "Halelujah! I 'm a bum!" wore itself out, nobody needed to be introduced to anybody else, and everything disappeared from the dining-room table.

While the party was still raging, my husband and I slipped for a moment out on the balcony. Merry-makers with lighted lanterns passed along the boulevard du Montparnasse, singing and shouting. Before us lay Paris, not the dark and fearful Paris to which we had become accustomed when we stood there after the warning of the sirens and listened for the *tir de barrage* to tell us whether the time had come to take the children down-stairs, but Paris alight and alive, Paris enjoying the reward of having kept faith with France and with the civilized world.

A Corner for Echoes

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

"But chiefly it is the echoes of older steps I hear — steps whose sound is long since stilled, feet that have crossed the horizon and have gone on journey for a while. And when I listen I hear echoes that are fading into silence."

SOMETIMES in a quiet hour I see in the memory of my childhood a frame-house across a wide lawn from a pleasant city street. There are no trees about the yard, in itself a defect, yet in its circumstance, as the house arises in my view, the barrenness denotes no more than the breadth of sunlight across those endless days.

There was, indeed, in contrast, and by way of shadowy admonishment, a church near by, whose sober bell, grieving lest our joy should romp too long, recalled us to fearful introspection on Sunday evening, and it moved me chiefly to the thought of eternity—eternity everlasting. Reward or punishment hereafter mattered not. It was time itself that plagued me—time that rolled like a wheel forever. And on Thursday evening also, another bad intrusion on the happy week, again the sexton tugged at the rope for prayer, and the dismal clapper answered from above. Strange that a man in friendly red suspenders, pipe in mouth as he pushed his lawn-mower through the week, should spread such desolation! But presently, when our better neighbors were stiffly gathered in and had composed their skirts, a brisker hymn arose. Tenor and soprano assured one another vigorously from pew to pew that they were "Christian soldiers marching as to war." When they were off at last for a fair Jerusalem, the fret of eternity passed from me. And yet, for the most part, we played in sunlight all the week, and our thoughts dwelt on wide horizons.

There was another church, far off across the house-tops, seen only from an attic window, whose bells in contrast were of a pleasant jangle. Exactly where this church stood I never knew. Its towers arose above a neighbor's barn and acknowledged no base or local habitation. Indeed, its glittering and unsubstantial spire offered a hint that it was but an imaginary creature of the attic, a pageant that mustered only to the view of him who looked out through these narrow, cobwebbed windows; for here, as in a kind of magic, the twilight flourished at the noon, and its shadows practised for the night. Through these windows children saw the unfamiliar marvels of the world-towers and kingdoms unseen by older eyes, which were grown dusty with common sights.

Yet, regularly, out of a noonday stillness, except for the butcher boy upon the steps, a dozen clappers of the tower struck their sudden din across the city. It appeared that at the very moment of the noon, having lagged to the utmost second, the frantic clappers had bolted up the belfry-stairs to call the town to dinner. Or perhaps to an older ear their discordant and heterodox tongue hinted that Roman infallibility had fallen into argument and that various and contrary doctrine was laboring in warm dispute. Certainly the clappers were brawling in the tower and had come to blows; but half a mile off it was an agreeable racket, and did not rouse up eternity to teaze me.

Across from our house, but at the rear, with only an alley entrance, there

was a building in which pies were baked,—a horrid factory in the very midst of us!—and insolent smoke curled off the chimney and flaunted our imperfection. Respectable ladies, long resident, wearing black poke-bonnets and camel's-hair shawls, lifted their patrician eyebrows with disapproval. Scorn sat on their gentle noses. They held their skirts close from contamination. These pies could not count upon their patronage. They were contraband even in a pinch, with unexpected guests arrived. And the building did smell heavily of its commodity. But despite detraction, as one came from school when the wind was north, an agreeable whiff of lard and cooking touched the nostrils as a happy prologue to one's dinner. Sometimes a cart issued to the street, boarded close, full of pies on shelves, and rattled cityward. A hundred forks at the journey's end, if they had known the cargo, would have clattered on their plates in glad anticipation.

Near the school-house was the reservoir, a mound and a pond covering all the block. Round about the top there was a gravel path that commanded the city—the belching chimneys on the river, the ships upon the lake, and to the south an horizon of wooded hills. The world lay across that tumbled ridge, and there our thoughts went searching for adventure. Perhaps these were the foot-hills of the Himalayas, and from the crest were seen the towers of Babylon. On a summer afternoon clouds drifted across the sky like mountains on a journey; emigrants, they seemed, from a loftier range, seeking a fresh plain on which to erect their fortune.

But the chief use of this reservoir, except for its wholly subsidiary supply of water, was its grassy slope. It was usual in the noon recess—when we were cramped with learning—to slide down on a barrel-stave and be wrecked and spilled midway. In default of stave, a geography served as sled, for by noon the most sedentary geography itched for action. Of what profit—so it complained—is a knowledge of the world if one is cooped always with stupid primers in a desk? Of what account are the boundries of Hindustan, if one is housed all day beneath a lid with slate and pencils? But the geography required an exact balance, with feet lifted forward into space and with fingers gripped behind. Our present geographies, alas! are of smaller surface, and unless students have shrunk and dwindled, their more profitable use upon a hill is past. Some children descended without stave or book, and their preference was marked upon them.

It was Hoppy who marred this sport. Hoppy was the keeper of the reservoir, a one-legged Irishman with a crutch. His superflous trousers-leg was folded and pinned across, and was a general quarry for patches. When his elbow or his seat came through, here was a remedy at hand. Here his wife clipped for her crazy quilt. And all the little Hoppies—for I fancy him to have been a family man—were reinforced from his extra cloth. But when Hoppy's bad profile appeared at the top of the hill, we seized our staves and scurried off. The cry of warning, "Peg-leg 's a-comin'!" still haunts my memory. It was Hoppy's reward to lead one of us younger fry roughly by the ear. Or he gripped us by the wrist and snapped his fingers at our nose. Then he pitched us through the fence where a wooden slat was gone.

Hoppy's crutch was none of your elabarate affairs, curved and glossy. Instead, it was only a stout, unvarnished stick, with a padded cross-piece at the top. But the varlet could run, leaping forward upon us with long, uneven strides. And I have wondered whether Stevenson by any chance, while he was still pondering the plot of "Treasure Island," may not have visited our city and, seeing Hoppy on our heels, have contrived *John Silver* out of him. He must have built him new above the waist, sheering him above his suspender-buttons, scrapping his common upper parts; but the wooden stump and breeches were a precious salvage. His crutch, at the least, became *John Silver's* very timber.

Tinkey's shop was on the Circle, a sunny park with artificial mountain from which one could spit down upon the sidewalk. One side of Tinkey's window was a bakery, with jelly-cake and angel-food. The other window un-

bent to peppermint sticks and grab-bags to catch our dirtier pennies. But this meaner produce was a concession to the trade, and the Tinkey fingers, from father down, touched it with scorn. Mrs. Tinkey's in particular, who was high in the instep and above her place, lifted a grab-bag at arm's-length, and her nostrils quivered as if she held a dead mouse by the tail

But in the essence Tinkey was a caterer, and his handiwork was shown in the persons of a frosted bride and groom who waited before a sugar altar for the word that would make them man and wife. Her nose in time was bruised, —a careless lifting of the glass by the youngest Miss Tinkey,—but he, like a faithful suitor, stood to his youthful pledge.

Beyond the shop was a room with blazing-red wall-paper. In this hot furnace, outrivaling the boasts of Abednego, the neighborhood perspired pleasantly on August nights and ate ice-cream.

Around the corner was Conrad's bookstore. Conrad was a dumpy fellow, with unending good humor and a fat, soft hand. He sometimes called women customers, "My dear," but it was only in his eagerness to press a sale. I do not recall that he was a scholar. If you asked to be shown the newest books, he might offer you the "Vicar of Wakefield" as a work just off the press, and tell you that Goldsmith was a man to watch. A young woman assistant read the Duchess between customers. In her fancy she eloped daily with a duke, but actually she kept company with a grocer's clerk. They ate sodas together at Tinkey's. How could he know, poor fellow, when their fingers met beneath the table, that he was but a substitute in her high romance! Conrad had also an errand boy, with a dirty face, who spent his days on a packing-case at the rear of the shop, where he ate an endless succession of apples. An orchard went through him in a season.

Conrad's shop was only moderate in books, but it spread itself in fancy goods, crackers for the Fourth, marbles and tops in their season, and for Saint Valentine's day a range of tender sentiment. A lover, though he sighed like a furnace, found here mottos for his passion. Also, there were "comics," base, insulting valentines of suitable greeting from man to man. These were three for a nickel just as they came off the pile, but two for a nickle with selection.

Nor must I forget a line of Catholic saints. There was one jolly bit of crockery—St. Patrick, I believe—that had lost an arm. This defect should have been considered a further mark of piety, a martyrdom unrecorded by the church, a special flagellation, an act of supererogation for a sinner's pence; but although the price in successive years sank to thirty-nine, and at last to the wholly ridiculous sum of twenty-three, cents, less than one third the price of his unbroken, but really inferior, mates (Saint Aloysius and the tempted Anthony), yet he lingered on.

Nowhere was there a larger assortment of odd and unmatched letter-paper. No box was full, and many were dirty. If pink envelops were needed, Conrad, unabashed, laid out a blue, or with his fat thumb he fumbled two boxes into one to complete the count. Initialed paper once had been the fashion,—G for Gladys,—and there was still a remnant of several letters toward the end of the alphabet. If one of these chanced to fit a customer, with what zest Conrad blew upon the box and slapped it! But until Xenophon and Zeno shall come to buy, these final letters must rest unsold upon his shelves.

Conrad was a dear good fellow (Bless me! he is still alive, just as fat and bow-legged, with the same soft hand, just as friendly), and when he failed at last in business, the street lost half its mirth and humor.

Near Conrad's shop and the Circle was our house. By it a horse-car jangled, one way only, cityward, at interval of twelve minutes. In winter there was straw on the floor. In front was a farebox, with sliding shelves down which the nickles rattled, or if one's memory lagged, the thin driver rapped his whip-handle on the glass. He sat on a high stool, which was padded to eke out nature.

Once before, as I 've read, there was a corner for echoes. The buildings were

set so that quiet folk could hear the sound of coming steps—steps far off, then nearer, until they tramped beneath the windows. Then, as they listened, the sounds faded. And it seemed to him who chronicled the place that he heard the persons of his drama coming —little steps that would grow to manhood. But there is no plot to thicken around our corner; or, rather, there are a hundred plots. And when I listen in fancy to the echoes, I hear the general tapping of our neighbors—feet that have gone into darkness for a while.

There was an old lady lived near by in almost feudal state. Her steps were the broadest on the street, her fence the highest. Her door was of massive, carved walnut. Her furniture, the year around, was covered with linen cloths, and the great chairs resembled the horses in full panoply that draw the chariot of the Nubian Queen in a circus parade. With this old lady there lived an old cook, an old second maid, an old laundress, and an old coachman. The secondmaid thrust a platter at you as you sat at table, and nudged you in the ribs if you were a child. "Eat it," she said; "it's good." The coachman nodded on his box, the laundress in her tubs, but the cook was spry despite her years. In the yard was a fountain,—all yards had fountains in those days,—and I used to wonder whether this was the font of Ponce de León, and to watch for the miracle. With this old lady there dwelt a niece or daughter or a younger sister,—relationship was vague,—and this niece owned a little black dog. But the old lady was dull of sight, and in the dark passages she waved her arm and kept saying, "Whisk, Nigger! Whisk, Nigger!" for once she had stepped upon the creature's tail. Every year she gave a children's party, and we looked for magic in a mirror and went to Jerusalem around her solemn chairs.

Then there was an old neighbor, a justice of the peace, who, being devoid of all knowlegde of the law, put his cases to my grandfather. When he had been advised, he stroked his beard and said it was an opinion to which he had already come himself. He went down the steps mumbling the judgment to keep it in his memory.

It was my grandfather's custom in the late afternoon of summer, when the sun had slanted, to pull a chair off the veranda and sit sprinkling the lawn. Toward supper-time Mr. Hodge, a building contractor and our neighbor, went by, his wagon, as usual, rattling with some bit of salvage. Mr. Hodge was of sociable turn, and he cried "Whoa!" to his jogging horse.

Now ensued a half-hour's gossip. It was the comedy of the occasion that the horse, after having made several attempts to start and been stopped by the jerking of the reins, took to craftiness. He put forward a hoof, quite carelessly, it seemed. If there was no protest, in time he tried a diagonal hoof behind. It was then but a shifting of the weight to swing forward a step. "Whoa!" yelled Mr. Hodge. "Yes, yes," the old horse seemed to answer, "certainly, of course, yes, yes; but can't a fellow shift his legs?" In this way the sly brute inched toward supper. My grandfather enjoyed this comedy, and once, if I am not mistaken, I caught him exchanging a wink with the horse. Certainly the beast was glancing round to find a partner for the jest. A conversation, begun at the stand-pipe, progressed to the telegraph pole, and at last came opposite the kitchen. As my grandfather did not move his chair, Mr. Hodge lifted his voice until the neighborhood knew the price of brick and the unworthiness of plumbers. To clinch an argument, Mr. Hodge had a usual formula: "It 's neither here nor there,"—and he pounded his fist upon the dashboard,—"it 's right here." He was a Democrat and he spoke against the tariff. But finally the horse prevailed. Mr. Hodge slapped his reins in consent, and they rattled home to supper.

Around this house, also, there are the echoes of children's feet—running feet upon the grass, glad cries of hide-and-seek; and when the sewer was dug along the street, we were mountaineers or miners as we pleased.

But chiefly it is the echoes of older steps I hear—steps whose sound is long since stilled, feet that have crossed the horizon and have gone on journey for a while. And when I listen I hear echoes that are fading into silence.

The Enemy of Santa Claus

By MARION TANNER

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

A Christmas story with many differences from the standard patented variety. A tale centering around a twelve-year-old Scotch boy who constitutes himself British plenipotentiary when he visits his American cousins.

WE were bitterly disappointed in Angus MacLeod when we first met him. From this distance I recall with shame how apparent our disappointment must have been to him. But if it was, he gave no sign.

His mother was to blame. How could we know what to expect? She wrote us one of the most misleading letters it has ever been my fortune to read. You can judge for yourself. Here is what she wrote in her erect, emotionless, school-teacher's handwriting:

Dear Kinsmen:

I have decided to send Angus out to you. England is fermenting, Scotland likewise. If he remains in school here, he will be exposed to contagious ideas.

In addition he *must* have a year or two of American education. Every future member of Parliament needs to be equipped with personal knowledge of your country.

Naturally, Angus will make a parliamentarian, like his father, whose untimely, though gallant, death robbed England of one of the sanest of the younger members at a time when he could ill be spared. I have never forgiven Malcolm for rushing off to the front, but he was always impulsive.

Angus is twelve years old to-day. He is a merry little fellow, yet not downright mischievous. I mean to say that his mischief is not malicious. I fear his temperament is rather frivolous, for at times he will play cricket and golf, to the detriment of his studies. Also, I regret to state, he has a deplorable tendency to acquire picturesque vulgarisms. I do hope you Americans will not encourage him in that. Like other only children, he is probably badly spoiled. If he annoys you too much, pack him off to a school somewhere.

In a month or two, as soon as I finish settling up his father's estate, I shall come over and take him off your generous hands.

The Rookery. MOLLIE MACLEOD.
Edinburgh,
Scotland.

Now, I ask you, from that letter would n't you have expected a little devil? We saw in him a young scapegrace who detested books as heartily as our own Bob, and to whom strange, new, muddy language of the street stuck as frequently as it did to our own Betty. Her latest retort when admonished was, "Aw, run up an alley and yell 'Fish'!"

We knew that his family was wealthy enough to educate him by means of private tutors, but that was all we did know about him. When his mother's dour letter was read to the family, an appalled silence fell over the dinner-table. Betty's lips moved uneasily for several moments before she ventured to speak.

"Daddy, what 's a vulgarism?" she asked in a hushed voice.

"Pretty much anything you happen to say, sweetheart," her father replied.

She digested this outrage.

"Then I won't be able to say *nothing* to Cousin Angus," said she, indignantly.

"He sounds like a good guy to me," Bob admitted in his most self-assured manner; "but what 's cricket?"

Bob is only eleven, though he claims that his voice is beginning to break.

His ignorance of cricket was due to the fact that his family had decided to withhold him from the fashionable boarding-school they had selected until he should be twelve. How parents hate to let their babies grow up!

"Cricket," replied his father, scowling at the letter, "is a cross between croquet and shinny."

Mrs. Ferguson had been thoughtfully silent until now.

"I do hope he won't get Bob into bad habits," she said, "or break things around the house."

Her husband grinned maliciously.

"I 'll bet the young devil smokes," he averred.

Poor Martha cried out in alarm:

"O Will!"

"He either smokes or chews," said William Ferguson, solemnly. "All those Scotch kids begin to use tobacco when they first put on kilts."

Bob's eyes were very bright.

"I 'll *bet* he smokes," he asserted hopefully. "He 's a good egg."

"Please, Robert," his mother begged, "never use that expression again! Boys and girls are not eggs."

Betty had been sniffling the delicately perfumed stationery.

"I 'll bet he 's some sa-weet bebby," said she. Betty always pronounced "baby" as if it were spelled "bebby."

"Dearest," her mother wailed, "'bebby' is Yiddish! Where *do* you get these horrid words?"

"Aw, run up an alley—" Betty began, but her father cut in hastily.

"I 'll have to lay in a stock of Scotch and soda," he said, thoughtfully stroking his chin.

"Will, you promised me—" his wife protested.

"I know, dear, I know; but Angus will have to have his Scotch and soda morning and evening. We must think of our guest, you know."

"O Will," poor Martha Ferguson lamented, "do you suppose the child takes liquor?"

"All future members of Parliament," Mr. Ferguson burlesqued, "should make the acquaintance of the demon rum early in life."

She smiled then, for she realized that he had been joking.

By the time Angus reached these shores, and he came on the first boat after the armistice, we were all braced for a perfect imp, and secretly Martha Ferguson had written to the heads of a number of boarding-schools to ascertain whether, in the event of her desiring to "pack him off to a school somewhere," they would consent to accept him. Several favorable replies had somewhat comforted her, but she was as filled with wild anticipations as the rest of us when we waited on the pier for the twelve-year-old tornado whom our imaginations had created with the aid of his mother's letter.

I wonder now why we were so stupid. But, as I said before, how could we know that—but wait; let me tell you about it.

He came off the boat with an Aberdeenshire terrier under one arm and a book under the other, in complete Highland costume, bare knees, kilts, and everything, followed by three stewards, who were simply staggering under his luggage.

"Good Lord!" mumbled William Ferguson under his breath. "He has enough baggage for the Shah of Persia. Let 's grab him and rush him out to the car, where we can hide his bagpiper's get-up."

We might as well have tried to rush the Metropolitan Tower off its base. He submitted so graciously to our boisterous greeting that we were quite chilled. When big-hearted, bluff William Ferguson told him to "run along out to the car, sonny, with the rest, while I shove your carload of freight through the customs," William was waved aside with a smile and a gesture that struck him dumb.

"I could n't think of troubling you. Please wait for me in your motor," said Angus MacLeod, cheerily, in his exquisitely enunciated English, smiling at us all and adjusting the bonnet, which our greeting had disarranged, upon his amazingly red hair. "I 'll be with you presently. Now, where 's the customs fellow?"

He turned his back upon us and began marshaling his collection of traps, Gladstone bags, suitcases, and golf-clubs. We were awed by the ease with

"He came off the boat with an Aberdeenshire terrier under one arm and a book under the other"

which he captured an inspector from three irate old gentlemen by a slight gesture. Remembering our own experiences with these same customs officials, we were simply overcome by the respectful alacrity shown by this one under Angus's direction. Lingering in the background, we watched him tip the panting stewards and swiftly dispose of one piece of baggage after another; there were fifteen of them all told. William stuck at the little chap's elbow and dodged clumsily out of his way, and I could tell by the expression of his face that William was cursing heavily. Finally he threw up his hands and came over to join us, and I heard him say to his wife, "I 'm glad to report that the young prime minister has some civilized clothes in his kit."

A moment later Angus also joined us.

"I 've asked them to express everything to your place in Scarsdale except that one bag. You don't think it will crowd the motor too much, do you?"

William Ferguson beckoned over his shoulder to our big surly Irish chauffeur, and jerked a thumb.

"Kelly," said William, "get the bag, will you?"

But Kelly already had the bag.

"Is that your man?" Angus asked. "What 's your name, old chap?"

"Timothy Kelly, sir," said our surly Irish chauffeir in a tone that none of us had ever heard him use before, a tone of breathless respect. Imagine our feelings! We had constant cause to complain of Kelly's rudeness and impertinence, and the more impudent

Kelly was, the louder William would laugh. William positively enjoyed the ugly temper of the man, and ridiculed us. You see, William detests the traffic regulations, and he demands that his chauffeur defy them. A traffic officer's uplifted hand meant nothing to Kelly, and from his driver's seat he would "sass" the biggest mounted policeman that ever headed a parade. William called him "beautifully blind" to speed-signs, and had grown very much attached to him, never omitting an opportunity to encourage his disrespect for law and good manners.

But here was our hulking, irascible Kelly eating out of Angus's hand. It was too humiliating. I could see that William Ferguson was enraged. And Angus was asking Kelly, sternly:

"You 're not a Sinn Feiner, are you, Kelly?"

"Not I, sir!" said Kelly, amazed. "My home was Ballyclare, sir. Sure, I 'm a Carsonite."

"I 'm very glad to hear that," said Angus, gravely.

"Thank you, sir," said Kelly with great heartiness, and stalked off with the bag as proudly as if it had been the Holy Grail he held in his dirty fist instead of a fat, brown portmanteau.

Angus favored us with a smile that showed all his even teeth.

"It was really ripping of you," he said enthusiastically, "to meet me coming off that boat. I did n't expect it, you know."

"Young man," said William, fiercely, "what the devil would your ducal highness have done if we had n't met you?"

"I should have gone to an hotel," said Angus, somewhat taken aback, "and tubbed and changed before ringing you up on the telephone. I travel in these things, and they 're top-hole for a voyage; but they 're not exactly presentable, now are they?"

" 'Top-hole,' " murmured Betty, relishing the word.

I tried to make conversation by airing my infinitesimal knowledge of Scottish terminology.

"It n't that a very large sporran for a little boy to wear?" I asked brightly.

"My father," he said quietly, "was wearing this sporran when he was shot. It was the only part of his uniform they could save for me. You see, the pater had led his men over the top, and when the Hun drove them back, the pater hung on the wire between the lines all day and was shot to shreds. Colonel Grahame fetched his body in for burial when it grew dark enough, and sent this sporran to mother."

Naturally, I could have bitten my tongue off. I walked down the pier mentally kicking myself. We proceeded through the gates in dead silence, but when Angus saw the new car, he brightened up at once.

"Well, now," he exclaimed, "this *is* rather swish!"

" 'Swish'!" Betty fell upon the word.

"Whaddeyuh mean, 'swish'?" Bob glowered.

"Now I 've done it!" said Angus. "Mother told me to be careful about that word. It 's very inelegant, as mother says. What I mean is, I 'm most awfully glad you have a car like that, because that 's what we have at home in Edinburgh. May n't I drive, Cousin William?"

"You don't know the traffic regulations, old son," said William, meaning, I suppose, that he would n't know enough to break all of them as Kelly always did. "Wait until we get out into the country," he added. William was rather subdued since the sporran incident. He sat beside Kelly, and the rest of us were piled into the rear, Angus still clinging to his little Aberdeenshire terrier and his book.

"What 's the name of your dog?" Mrs. Ferguson asked timidly.

"His name is Joshua," said Angus, and held him out to Martha, whose hesitating reception allowed Betty to seize the terrier. Joshua's tail had been wagging steadily ever since they came down the gang-plank; now his whole body wagged while Bob and Betty bent their heads over him.

"Why on earth did you call him Joshua?" I asked as we sped up lower Broadway.

Angus withdrew his wondering eyes from the skyscrapers.

"I don't know," he said, and grinned. "I dare say you 'll think it silly of me, but I 'm certain that if Joshua had

been a dog instead of a man, he would have looked like—Joshua. Don't you see a resemblance?"

Kelly doubled up over his wheel, and William unbent enought to smile sheepishly. I felt like a fool, and I knew I had been "had," as Angus would have said. His mother was right; there was mischief in him. He looked at me with a half-apologetic grin.

"I 'm just rotting you. I hope you don't mind," he said. "You see, when Joshua was a little pup he was a frightful coward. Mother was terribly worried about us both. Dad had just been killed in the Somme show, and I had had pneumonia and could n't seem to buck up after it. When I kept on having chills and fever, mother gave me the pup, and told us we 'd have to set each other an example. He was such a coward and I was so ratty, don't you see? Mother said I had the MacLeod name to grow up to, and I must give the pup a name that would make him ambitious. Poor little Josh has had a task to grow up to deserve the name of a great warrior."

At Twenty-third Street Kelly shot past an outraged traffic-policeman and scudded ahead of the mid-afternoon jam of vehicles up Fifth Avenue. The very devil seemed to possess Kelly. Martha Ferguson and I sat on the edge of the seat holding our breath all the way up to Fifty-ninth Street, while we had one hairbreadth escape after another from collisions and arrests. William may find that sort of thing "relaxing" after a hard day in his office, and "exhilarating at the beginning of one, but it exhausted us.

At Fifty-ninth Street the inevitable happened. Kelly ignored the stop signal, and the huge officer in charge of traffic stepped squarely into our path. We screamed, and clutched Betty, who sat between us. Kelly nearly threw us all out of the car by the violence with which he put on the brakes.

"I say," said Angus, "what wonderful big chaps these bobbies are!"

"What in h—— is the matter with you!" shouted the officer, coming around to Kelly. "Is it blind you are, or crazy?"

"What in h—— is the matter with yourself, making me slide the wheel on a thousand dollar's worth of tires!" Kelly replied, equally angry.

"I 'll give you a black eye and a summons, both with the same lick, if you talk back to me," the officer threatened furiously.

"Is it so?" said Kelly, rising up in his seat. "You strike me, and I 'll find you after hours and open your fat skull long enough to let some sense in."

"You 're pinched," said the officer, decisively.

"One moment, please," said Angus, laying a restraining hand upon Kelly's shoulder. "I don't think you two fellows could hurt one another." He smiled at them.

"What is it?" "What do you say?" they inquired together.

"Do you box, old chaps?" Angus asked.

They looked at each other and then at Angus.

"Sure I do," said the officer.

"If you mean me," said Kelly, "I do indeed."

"Cousin William," said Angus, "may I arrange a bout?"

"Go to it, kid," said William.

"Give me your card," said Angus, and William hastily fished a card from his wallet. "Now, then," Angus continued, holding out the card to the perspiring officer, "come out the first bank holiday to Mr. Ferguson's country place at that address, and we 'll stage a bout between you. How would ten rounds do? That is, if you 're not afraid of each other?"

"Give me your address, Captain," said William Ferguson, pencil in hand, "and remember there 's a five hundred-dollar purse for the winner, and two hundred dollars for the loser."

"I promised my old woman—" the officer began, scratching his head in a doubtful way.

"Fetch her along," said Angus. "Fetch your family and friends and have a fine day with us in the country."

"Thank you, sir, I 'll think it over. There 's an ordinance against prize-fighting."

"We 'll stop another time and ask you again," said Angus.

"All right, sir. As for you," he added

"'Come out the first bank holiday to Mr. Ferguson's country place . . . and we 'll stage a bout between you'"

to Kelly, "wash the dirt out of your eyes and watch your step."

As we flew out Fifth Avenue William reached over and shook Angus by the hand.

"Welcome to our shores," he said gratefully.

"You know,"— Angus turned to us and lowered his voice,— "the Irish are like that. If England should leave them to fight it out among themselves, there would be hardly any left in three weeks."

We rode on uneventfully for the next half-hour or so, while Angus questioned Kelly as to how many "stone" he weighed and if he were in training and what weight of gloves he used, and a lot of other things I could n't hear for the rush of air. Kelly will not drive slower than forty miles an hour. At length we pulled up to the curb.

"We 're in the country now," said Kelly, with a wave at the gorgeous autumnal foliage all about us. "Do you want the young gentleman to take the wheel?"

"Come on, diplomat, let 's see how you can drive," said William. He got out and came around to take Angus's place, while Angus scrambled over behind the wheel, and peered down at the confusion of gages and things on the dash-board. Our car had a wonderful collection of dash-board fixtures. Angus was fingering these things and mumbling something to Kelly.

"I never touched it, sir," said Kelly. "I don't know what it 's for."

Angus went on fingering these things and mumbling, and Kelly repeated after a moment: "I swear to you, sir, on my bended knee, I never used it. There 's a terrible lot about this car that I don't understand at all."

"Let me explain it to you," said Angus, and got out, followed by our former "expert." "Just open the hood, will you?" Angus went on. William got out, too, and Angus, noticing him, turned to us all.

"I say," he said, "please don't think me a meddlesome blighter for messing with your motor." Then to Kelly he added, "And please don't think I 'm swanking or trying to make a bally ass of you."

"Certainly not, sir," said Kelly.

" 'Swanking,' " Betty repeated quickly—"does that mean 'showing-off'?"

Angus nodded.

"You see, I spent a month in the factory," he apologized, "getting the hang of our car. Mother said it would be educational. I don't know about that, but it was jolly good fun. "

By the way, I might mention that Angus drove quite as well as William Ferguson himself, and I have always thought my brother was the finest driver in the world. What is more, Angus taught my reckless nephew Bob to drive beautifully. Angus cared no more for driving than William did. He said he was lazy about it, and that you could n't enjoy the view and the bright colors in the woods. But he was n't lazy about teaching other people.

That child was forever teaching somebody something in that utterly unobjectionable manner of his. He taught Kelly to repair the car. He taught the gardener how to make his own compost for the rose-bushes. He taught Bob to box, and, what was harder, he explained to Bob why it was necessary to keep one's temper while boxing. He discovered Betty's penchant for queer language, and taught her Britishisms and certain Gaelic expressions that sounded for all the world like swearing. Those two children would giggle over them, and Angus would explain elaborately, with a twinkle that showed he was "rotting" us.

He actually had the temerity to teach William Ferguson golf, our own William, who has been a champion golfer for years. It was bad for William's temper until he discovered how good it was for his game, and thereafter he simply monopolized his Scotch "pedagogue."

After a week in the best of our New Rochelle schools, Angus informed us that he was "fed up with that case of mummies." The people in charge were "simply childish." The poor dears did n't even speak grammatically. So William took him downtown every morning for a couple of weeks, and let him explore the intricacies of the stock-broker's business. That was new to him, and he picked up a wonderful lot of Wall Street jargon. William could have made a broker of him, he declared, but the boy decided he ought to broaden his field, and William finally entered him for a lot of lecture courses at Columbia University. He and William motored to town every morning. Angus dropped off at 116th Street, and William returned at three o'clock to pick him up for the regular afternoon golf.

One evening Angus came down from his room brandishing a book in one hand and shouting that at last Professor Somebody had told the truth. We were all in the library, and he took the center of the fireplace to address us.

"Here 's an American scholar," he declared with enthusiasm, patting the little book, "who has examined all the books on history that are used in your schools, and who proves that all of them deliberately lie about England, espe-

cially about the silly little war we had over a century ago."

"Are you sure he 's not a British propagandist?" William asked, with a grin.

"Yes," said Angus, "I have a confidential list of them up-stairs, and he 's not on it. He 's merely a scholar interested in showing how the anti-British attitude was produced in this country.

"Thomas Jefferson went through your Revolutionary War," said Angus, "and *he* said that England was the best friend the United States had or could win for herself. Those are not his words, but that was his idea. Cousin William, I wish it were possible"—Angus was tremendously in earnest —"to force every history teacher in the United States to tell the whole truth about the revolt of the American colonies."

"What do you mean by the truth?" William asked, puffing away at his cigar as he always does when he is very much interested.

Angus drew himself up, and his eyes flashed.

"A certain German king named George III," he declared, " a man who spoke English with a marked Hanoverian accent and who was a madman and had to be confined not long after, seized by corruption the government of my country. He it as who attempted to oppress the American colonists. They revolted, like the true Britishers they were. The war over here was hopelessly mismanaged, and after a time the colonists succeeded in obtaining complete separation from the mother country, just as the great bulk of Englishmen wanted them to."

"Bravo!" said William, applauding.

Angus maintained his gravity. He was really very impressive.

"The true Briton," said he, "is as proud of America's independence as he is of the British Empire. We Anglo-Saxons cannot be robbed of our liberties by any German that ever lived or that ever shall live."

"Hail to the new British ambassador!" William shouted, laughing, and the children cheered with him. Then William declared, "Long may the British lion and the American eagle hunt together cheek by jowl!" and they cheered again.

Early in December William made his annual announcement.

"Well, kids, the day has come to begin your letters to Santa Claus."

Instantly Bob and Betty broke forth into joyous hubbub. When they had left the table to go to school, Angus said:

"I say, you American parents do spoil your children, don't you?"

"Angus," said Martha Ferguson, "you must write a letter, too."

"Dear Cousin Martha," he stammered, "I really can't, you know. I— I 'm most awfully sorry."

She was deeply hurt.

"Why, Angus, why should n't you?"

Angus was shifting most uncomfortably in his chair.

"I—I don't believe in the Santa Claus thing, don't you know, and—"

She smiled at him, relieved.

"I sometimes wonder if Bob does, either. Betty is hardly old enough to question Santa Claus's reality yet; but I 'm afraid Bob has his doubts. That does n't matter at all, Angus."

"But you see, dear lady,"—Angus was evidently distressed,—"in my case it does matter. I 'm most awfully sorry."

I thought I knew what the trouble was.

"Do you hate being given presents, Angus?" I asked.

He was amazed at the question.

"No, no; rather not."

"Would n't you prefer to receive the things you want instead of a lot of things you don't want?" Mrs. Ferguson asked.

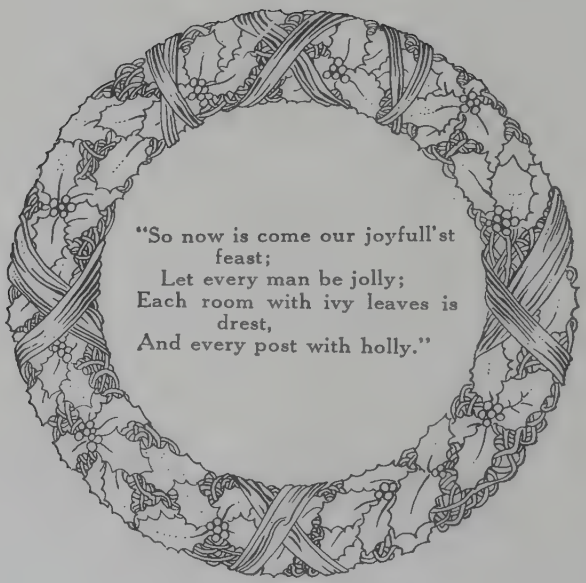
"Oh, I am so sorry!" Angus was quite miserable. "I 'm so sorry, but, you see —oh, dash it all, I 'll have to tell you what I think of the whole Christmas racket. You Americans have been doing this Christmas thing so long you 've forgotten where you got the idea. It 's a dirty Hun trick."

Martha Ferguson stared at him in open-mouthed horror.

"Why, what a dreadful thing to say!" she cried indignantly.

"Now you 've put your foot in it," William growled. "When you get

"'WILL YOU PLEASE LET ME BE SANTA CLAUS?'"
From a painting made for THE CENTURY by Arthur G. Dove
(Illustrating "The Enemy of Santa Claus")


"So now is come our joyfull'st
feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is
drest,
And every post with holly."

Martha roused up, there 's the devil to pay. Come and help me find a nice fir sapling in the wood-lot over the hill. I sha'n't cut it to-day, but I want to pick it out."

"I know you 'll think me a beastly rotter," said Angus, "and I don't blame you at all for having the Christmas thing if you want to, but, really, you know, I simply can't mess in it. You must excuse me, Cousin William. The *Boche* crucified some of our chaps on his Christmas-trees. I can't go it. It 's too German. Please forgive me."

"But we 're not Germans, Angus, not even German-Americans."

"That 's what makes it so hard for me, Cousin Martha. I can't tell you how beastly I feel. But don't you see, I—I—not long ago I helped organize a secret society whose object is to uproot all German customs and ideas that have taken root in England—kindergartens, Christmas, and all that. We call ourselves the Enemies of Christmas and *Kultur*."

"Angus, does your mother know about this?"

"No, Cousin Martha, she does n't. We were obliged to make it a secret society because people in England think the Christmas thing was brought over from America,—but, you see, America got it from Germany,—and they would oppose us if they knew. Besides, you can enroll more members for a secret society. I never dared tell mother, because she said once that a secret society is a society that is or ought to be ashamed of itself. But I 'm sure she would approve of this one," he concluded doubtfully.

"Angus MacLeod," said Martha, and her voice quivered and her eyes were full of tears, "Christmas is the happiest time of the year for my babies and for me. I adore giving them things. I adore decorating their tree. I look forward from year to year much more than the children do to seeing their father in his Santa Claus clothes. I don't care whether Christmas is German or Turkish or Chinese; I love our Christmas. I just *love* it, and I think it 's dreadful of you to talk as you do!" Martha fled, weeping.

I felt sorry for Angus, but sorrier for poor Martha, and I followed her upstairs. She was crying over William's Santa Claus costume when I found her.

"I 'm not going to let that boy spoil our Christmas!" she declared defiantly. She threaded a needle, and tightened some of the buttons on the red muslin disguise. Between bites at her thread she confided to me in a tone of triumph, "I knew that child was too perfect to be quite right in his mind." The consolation of this thought was very real. Angus did put Bob and Betty more or less in the shade, he had been so beautifully educated, he had had such unusual advantages, such wonderful associations. But that did n't make it pleasant to have him outshine our own children. We had never warmed to him as William did, nor as Bob and Betty did. Martha and I, though I less than Martha, had been a little jealous for our babies. That is the truth of the matter. And now it was good to find a flaw in the perfect prodigy. We were just a little glad that Angus was such a fool about Christmas. That also is the mere truth.

Martha bit off her thread and looked at me.

"That boy is cracked with his notions about Christmas being a dirty German custom. Oh, I could shake him! I don't care if the custom did originate in Germany. Trousers originated in Persia. That 's no reason for civilized men discarding them."

"But what are we going to do with him in the house?"

"I don't know," she replied desperately. "I 'll cable his mother, if necessary, and make her order him to behave himself."

She began to cry again, and I could have cried with her. Christmas is such a joyous time with us! We begin to plan for it nine months ahead, and by Thanksgiving the hiding-places in the house and all the high shelves and closets and dark corners are filled to bursting with the most thrilling secrets in packages and boxes and barrels and crates. You learn to walk warily into rooms, and knock with tingling timidity at doors that were wont to stand open. What can be gayer than the suspense of the week before Christmas? Is there any more rapturous music than the

rustle of Christmas tissue-paper or the soft clink of ornaments being hung on a brilliant tree?

"I won't have it ruined, I won't have it!" exclaimed Martha. "Take this down-stairs, please, dear, and ask Susan to wash it," and she thrust William's masquerade into my hands.

"Won't it shrink, dear?"

"Can't be helped. It 's all dusty and dirty and must be washed. William will have to squeeze into it."

I took it with some misgivings. I remembered that it had been none too large last year.

That day Angus received a letter from his mother—a momentous letter, which he read to us at the dinner-table; so momentous that it drove the Christmas quarrel into the background for the time being. I cannot attempt to paraphrase one of Mollie MacLeod's letters. You must read it in full and draw your own conclusions.

Angus, dear boy:

Colonel Wallas Grahame was invalided to Edinburgh the day you sailed from Liverpool. He convalesced at the Rookery, and now is ready to return to his ranch in Wyoming. I am coming with him. We shall see you within a week after you read this letter, for we are taking the *Belgic*, a somewhat faster boat than this letter will catch.

Do you recall that expanse of gorse and heather next to our hunting-lodge in the Trossachs? That has been in Wallas Grahame's family for three hundred years. Wallas left it and went to Wyoming not long after I married your father. I loved Wallas, but I chose Malcolm. Your father thought Wallas one of the finest men he knew.

Malcolm MacLeod has been dead for two years, and there are so many things a man can teach you that no woman ever knows. We are coming to ask your approval of our marriage.

The Rookery, Edinburgh, Scotland.

MOLLIE MACLEOD.

Below was a postscript in a large, sprawling hand. Looking at it, I was sure it was a strong, freckled hand that made those characters.

Dear old chap, are n't you Scotch enough to want to add five hundred acres of grouse-land to your patrimony?

WALLAS GRAHAME.

"Does that mean they are married already?" William asked.

"No, no," said Angus; "mother would n't marry without consulting me."

Martha has a strong vein of sentiment, and she was quite moved. "I 'm so glad Mollie is going to marry her old beau. She 's still a young woman, and I see no reason why she should n't suit herself if she has a chance."

Angus shook his head over the letter. He had already read it six times, and now he read it again slowly, his lips moving without sound.

"I don't like her marrying just to get me a father and five hundred acres," said Angus, finally. "That 's a bit thick, you know. I don't see how I can let her do that, much as I should like to inherit the Grahame place."

Martha was exasperated.

"Angus," she exclaimed crossly, "can't you see that your mother loves Colonel Grahame?"

Angus looked startled.

"Oh, I say," he admitted, " I can't imagine mother caring like that. No, no; I think you must be wrong."

It turned out that Martha was right. In their restrained, terribly well-bred, "dour" Scotch way they adored each other. That was clear from the moment they arrived. I have never seen two people more charmingly suited or more delightfully in love. And when the children had gone up to bed they confessed to us shyly, but with a good deal of mirth, that they had "practically eloped," and their marriage was solemnized in Edinburgh just before they started for America. But they wanted Angus's approval before telling him.

Martha had been fidgeting with impatience all evening, and as soon as congratulations had been enthusiastically offered, and toasts drunk, she burst forth:

"Mollie, did you know that Angus has organized a secret society?"

"It 's too bad to split on the kid," said William, and laughed, "but are you

"He actually had the temerity to teach William Ferguson golf"

aware that he is a founder of the Society of the Enemies of Santa Claus?"

Mollie and her new husband burst into shouts of laughter. They laughed till the tears came.

"We heard of nothing else for a week before we left England," the colonel explained.

"It 's no laughing matter," said Martha. She was laughing, too, but there were tears in her eyes, and she went on to tell them the whole story of the agonizing week we had put in since Angus told us that Christmas was a filthy *Boche* performance. We all talked at once.

"Wallas dear," said Mollie, when we had finished, " I know how to buy the boy's consent to our marriage."

"How is that, Mollie?"

"Wait until after breakfast to-morrow morning," was all she would say.

We were almost apprehensively silent at the table the next morning. Finally Colonel Grahame exchanged signals with Mollie. Breakfast was over for everybody except our Betsy Greedykins. Colonel Grahame arose, stuck his thumbs into his Sam Browne belt, and then in a gruff military voice he called out:

"Angus MacLeod! 'Tenshun!"

Angus leaped to his feet and saluted stiffly. Angus had not been a Boy Scout on active duty for four years for nothing.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"You are accused of being a secret enemy of Santa Claus," said the colonel, sternly, " and you are about to receive a public reprimand."

The colonel turned away, his shoulders heaving, and Mollie took charge of proceedings.

"A week before I sailed," said she, "a deputation of angry mothers called upon me at my home in Edinburgh and stated that my son had inveigled their sons into pledging an oath that they would have nothing to do with the so-called German Christmas. These young men had become alarmed at the prospect of receiving no gifts and also at the anger displayed by their parents when informed of the secret society into which they had been initiated by

Angus MacLeod. But some of them felt bound by the solemn oath which had been administered to them. Two days later I gathered them all into my drawing-room."

"How many came, Mother?" Angus asked.

"All twenty-five of the Enemies of Christmas and *Kultur* were present. I had the honor to explain to them that they had taken an oath without knowing what it was for, and that it was not binding, and that I forthwith absolved them of all obligations, in your name. I explained that Christmas is a Christian festival, originating with the three wise men who brought gifts to the Christ child. I informed these young ignoramuses that Santa Claus is not a German, but a Scandinavian, saint, who has been adopted wherever the Norsemen have ever gone, including our own Scotland. And I urged them never to belong to another society which was so ashamed of itself that it had to be kept a secret."

Angus was quite crushed.

"Oh, I am an ass!" he said in a smothered voice.

"Further," his mother continued implacably, "I pointed out to those splendid young gentlemen that Christmas was a time devoted to 'peace on earth and good will toward men,' a time for 'forgiving those who have trespassed against you,' a time for universal loving-kindness."

"Please don't say any more, Mother!" Angus begged.

There was a silence, and the rest of us stole out of the room. I confess I lingered in the hallway and listened, but everybody else sneaked away, feeling whipped. I was fascinated by that woman's power over the boy, and I could n't believe she would keep it up. As a matter of fact she could n't. Through the crack I saw that Colonel Grahame had taken up a position behind her chair.

"Angus," said his mother, gently, "I have just been abusing my power as a grown person over a child. I did it deliberately. I did it to show you that you must learn not to abuse your power over other children or their parents. You 've been tyrannizing over this house. I don't know what you 're going to do about it, I really don't."

"You 'll have to think up something very handsome to do for poor Mrs. Ferguson," said the colonel. "Get your cap, and we 'll go for a long tramp and see what we can think of."

"By the way, Angus," said his mother, "I have n't told you that Wallas and I were married in Edinburgh on December tenth. We 've each had secrets. We 'll just have to forgive each other."

"I don't know what to say," said Angus, "except that I 'm very proud indeed, sir, to have you for a father, and I *am* Scotch enough to relish the prospect of inheriting your lovely place in the Trossachs." He and the colonel shook hands warmly.

"Let 's take that tramp I suggested," said the colonel, and they started toward the door behind which I was shamelessly eavesdropping. I fled up-stairs and watched them from a window as they swung down the drive side by side.

They were gone all day. By nine o'clock we decided they were not going to eat the dinner we had saved for them. The children went up to bed at nine-thirty, and William declared that this would be a fine time for him to try on his "Santa rig." Martha tiptoed up-stairs and brought it down, but when she and William unfolded it and spread it out, their faces fell terribly. It had shrunk away almost to nothing. We were aghast.

"Is n't there some way you can boil me down to the dimensions of a quart-cup?" he asked breathlessly.

At that moment Colonel Grahame and Angus came in together, laden with many of packages. They evidently had put in a day in New York.

"Look what Santa Claus has to wear," said William, holding out the shrunken costume.

Angus dropped his bundles to the floor and leaped at him. He snatched the costume and dashed over to Martha.

"I have it!" he shouted. "Cousin Martha, I want to ask a perfectly tremendous favor, a perfectly tremendous favor. This—this will fit me! Will you *please* let me be Santa Claus?"

I must say it was the merriest Christmas we have ever had.

Sunday Bells

By GERTRUDE HENDERSON

Illustrations by John R. Neill

ARE all of us potentially devotees, I wonder, Now, I am an unbeliever, a heretic, a backslider from the tried ancestral Presbyterianism of my grandfathers. I do not know by what ill name you would call me; I do not know how to classify myself; only I find myself disbelieving almost everything I hear when I sit under the Sunday bells. My reason moves in a different world of thought. It is nevertheless true that when the bells ring and I look up to the aspiring steeples against the sky in the middle of a Sunday morning, or when I hear them sounding upon the quiet of the Sunday evening dusk or sending their clear-toned invitation out through the secular bustle of the mid-week streets and in at doors and windows, summoning, summoning, there is that in me that hears them and starts up and would obey. It must be something my grandmothers left there—my long line of untraceable grandmothers back, back through the hundreds of years. I wonder if in all the other people of this questioning generation whose thoughts have separated them from the firm, sustaining certainties of the past the same ghostly allegiance rises, the same vague emotions stir and quiver at the evoking of the Sunday bells. I should think it altogether likely, for I have never found that in anything very real in me I am at all different from everybody else I meet

I suppose all our grandfathers would recognize it as pointing to the invincible truth of the body of doctrine we deny—the spirit wrestling within us to bring us back out of our wilful darkness into light. But we heretics, we misbelievers, we see it otherwise. We do not find ourselves able to substitute an emotion for an argument. The genesis of our emotions is too complex. How can what we know has been variously molded, however poignantly we feel it—how can it stand to us for proof of the world and the world to come?

The Sunday bells! I sit in the morning quiet of the old Moravian Cemetery and

I hear them ringing near. They are not so golden-voiced, those first bells, as if they had been more lately made; but I think it may be they go the deeper into my feelings for that. Some people pass, leisurely at first, starting early and strolling at ease through the peaceful Sunday morning on the way to church, talking together as they go: ladies, middle-aged and elderly, the black-dressed Sunday ladies whose serene wontedness suggests that they have passed this very way to that very goal one morning in seven since their lives began; a father with his boy and girl; three frolicsome youngsters together in their Sunday clothes loitering through the sunny square with many divagations, and chattering happily as they go,—I am not so sure their blithe steps will end at the church door,—but yet they may; a young girl, fluttering pink ruffles and hurrying. I think she is going to sing in the choir and must be there early. She has the manner of one who fears she is already the least moment late for flawless earliness. Other young girls with their young men are walking consciously together in tempered Sunday sweethearting. And so on and on till the bell has rung a last summons, and the music has risen, and given way to silence, and the last belated comers have hurried by, looking at accusing watches, and gone within, to lose their consciousness of guilt in that cool interior whose concern is with eternity, not time. Along all the other streets of the diverse town I fancy them streaming, gathering in at the various doors, on one business bent, obeying one impulse in their many ways, one common, deep-planted instinct that not one of them can philosophize back to its ultimate, sure source, though it masters them all—the source that is deeper than lifelong habit or childhood teaching or the tradition of the race; the source out of which all these came in their dim beginnings.

"Each lifting his soul to his God within his own self-contained and inexpressive consciousness"

But how multiform the expression of that instinct! In how many moods and understandings the various public walks to church! Here in the Moravian Church I know how they sit, sprinkled somewhat sparsely through the pews, devout, but seeming chill, austerely other-worldly, the *unitcs fratrum*, but not making one feel brotherhood dominant in their gray-walled, cool-lighted, earnest church; individualistic, rather, each lifting his soul to his God within his own self-contained and inexpressive consciousness, sitting a little apart from his next neighbor. Down on the other side of the river, where the Slovaks come to their Catholic Church, there is scarcely room for them all within the doors; they sit close, as many as the pews will hold, and the rest kneel on the bare floor to the very doors. The air is thick with the candles and the prayers and breaths and crowding of so many, many people, day after day. The children of this faith must not stay away from church, or their souls, they know, are threatened. It is the one rigid rule of life.

One half the crowded, colorful great room is packed with women and girls, the other side is packed as close with the boys and men, and there is no mingling. The color is along the walls, in the painted holy sculptures; in the rich-colored silken banners hanging from their standards down the long side aisles, with holy pictures on them, too; in the glittering high altar; in the innumerable yellow jewel points of candle-flames. It is not in the women kneeling there. They come soberly to church, dressed for the most part in dark colors, and many of them in black.

their heads black-shawled or black-veiled with devout humility. There is more variety of color, or at least of high lights and shadows, on the men's side, where the bared heads give the variety of flesh tints, at least, above the black shoulders, and of different hues of hair. It is a strangely somber congregation in a church vivid with color and candle-light. The black-robed priest stands before the altar, speaking to his dense, silent people in an eloquent voice in the Slovak tongue. Beside him, high over him, hangs a tortured, realistic Christ, fascinating, compelling, terrible. Its painted, life-sized reality is a thing to haunt the imagination. To me, the heretic, it is an image of gruesome horror, an unforgiving symbol for a religion of eternal resentment, not tenderness. But under it the people kneel humbly and pray; lips move, and the beads of rosaries slip through accustomed fingers. Far in the dim, outer aisle a little old, old woman, a black wraith with veiled head, drifts like a silent shadow to the altar of a saint and kneels and whispers her supplication. In all the pews and in the kneeling group in the space behind the pews work-roughened, knotted, swollen hands hold worn Slovak prayer-books, their covers limp with long handling, though they came to church and will go home again wrapped in clean handkerchiefs, reverently. The old and the young are here, and babies in arms; but so many old! People are old after few years among the hard-working; women especially, for they bear many children quickly.

"Going ungovernably to sleep"

This is not in America. It is thousands of miles and a wide ocean away from the Moravian Church on the other side of the river, farther still removed from the Lutheran and the Presbyterian and the Methodist on their several corners up the street. As you stand there, an alien, on the edge of the congregation, and feel that solemn bell of the service sounding again and again through the hidden deeps of the responding multitude and your own self, the thick air is vibrant with the South-of-Europe emotionality and fervor of expression. The church, you feel, is poetry, romance, the fullness and richness of life. The glow of color feasts these hungering, black-veiled communicants, irradiating the whole fabric of gray years. The imagery is not melodrama, but release, all that poor life denies.

Amidst the Moravians the antipodal mood is about you, and shows you its beauty in turn, austere, repressed. Light comes restrained through windows whose long lattice takes away its outdoor sparkle and lets it enter cool and nun-like, a disciplined and sober light. No stained glass paints it with deluding color; no candles burn. It is a beautiful interior, gray, quiet, spacious, restrained, reminding one of the sober seriousness of life, they duty of morality, of calm patience, of the abnegation of things wordly, of the stable soul. Sitting there, one knows gradually that the church is for a stronghold against the buzzing, petty, transient, foolish things, the sanctuary where man may keep unmarred and unforgotten that higher inner dignity that sustains his life amidst unmeaning circumstance.

What it is, I wonder, to the Mennonites in their little, bare wooden chapel at the far other end of town. Is all beauty a snare of this world and dangerous that it should be so sternly excluded here? Or is beauty expensive, and the Mennonites so few, and a dollar so big to give and so little to buy things with? Or did nature leave out that hunger when she fashioned the Mennonite soul?

"You go to Main Street and go down it, and there 's a street, and you turn yourself to the left," and half a block before you have arrived you hear the preacher thundering denunciation .He preaches not only vehemently, but very long, and I don't know how early you would have to start to get to the real beginning. His is a little congregation, sitting close, in a little room that is only a few pews long from pulpit to

door, and only a few steps wide from the outer wall of the brothers' side to the outer wall of the sisters'; and his voice fills the neighborhood and announces the nearness of the chapel to people getting off the car at the next corner. He leans over his reading-desk; he emphasizes his periods resoundingly upon it; he crouches; he springs to his height. It is an athletic fervor of exhortation; it would need a strong man to sustain such an exhausting business through meeting after meeting. He almost loses his balance at the edge of his platform, keeps it, and admonishes the table that stands on the floor below it with his fist as if it were the sinful world. "Amen!" "That 's true!" "Yes!" "That 's right!" "Amen!" rises and falls the accompanying chorus from the pews. A white, old head slips jerkily back and forth in the manner of one going ungovernably to sleep; its white, old beard stands straight out. Suddenly one last jerk wakes the uncomfortable sleeper; his mouth snaps shut, and his eyes open for one minute. "That 's true!" he ejaculates fervently, and yields to sleep again. "Listen!" shouts the preacher, like a pistol-shot, and all wandering thoughts jerk back to hear about the sinner, once pious, who slipped from grace and did things that "in all my lifetime I never thought he would do," because he was a hypocrite, deceiving and self-deceived, of an unfounded false semblance of religion worse than none.

"Unseating the scornful"

The preacher wipes his brow, glances at the clock, and changes his voice to conversational.

"I preached short," he said, with an understanding smile, looking round upon his friends and neighbors. "That was n't bad—about an hour." And they sing, without the artifice of organ or of piano even, without a choir, just sing, the unexhausted preacher leading from his desk. And then they pass the ballots and elect a Sunday-school superintendent, old and young voting, from the smallest who are old enough to direct a pencil up to the white-haired sleeper, refreshed from his nap. Have they all stayed through, I wonder, from Sunday-school straight through. They have their Sunday-school papers, and have hospitably given one with the hymn-book to the stranger within their doors, so I judge they have. There is more business yet, which the preacher goes on with while the election committee counts the ballots on the table at the foot of the pulpit-desk, and the young people exchange remarks no longer repressible, and the very young, the babies, whose voices have been making an unnoticed undercurrent of small pipings all the time, change tone and begin to be insistent, with a rising and earnest wrath at these protracted hours.

It is not the mood of reverence here

"An elder"

—not reverence for life or man or God, say I, the alien, swayed by the outsides of things. In this form, too, that Protean, strange urging in the soul of man

comes to expression, as genuine in its kind—his manifold, mastering belief in something beyond that sets him a duty and dictates him a law. Week-days are not enough to live in; besides the house of daily habitation, there must be the meeting-house for Sundays, where one may be rebuked, reminded, and may fortify his determination with new armor for the six days to come, buckling it firmly on with each "That 's true!" "Amen!" looking vigilantly around to see whether his neighbors buckle theirs, too. Duty is harsh; all men are vile; it is the preacher's business to chastise, and, unseating the scornful, to point the finger at him and to hold him up to the deserved reprobation of mankind

"Slovaks come to their Catholic Church . . . and . . . and kneel on the bare floor to the very doors"

I do not know what the Mennonite Church means. I cannot understand its preacher. He speaks a foreign tongue. His words are English, but their significance is foreign to my soul. I cannot go there again. I am an esthete in religion, a romanticist. I shall go down the hill and across the bridge, rather, to the place where a little white chapel stands on a hilly lot, shut in by a high fence, and set on a high foundation, so that one must climb a dozen steps to its door. In its steep yard the flags of the United States and Poland hang together and invite the young man to the Polish recruiting station. At the top of the steps the door can scarcely be pushed open for the kneeling worshipers behind the crowded pews. Women are there with their little, little babies, new mothers, waiting till the end of the service, when the priest will come down in his robes and give them baptism there in the space behind the pews. A very young mother, with a broad, tranquil peasant face, pushes the door open and comes in, and stands for a moment hushing tiny murmurings from the morsel in her arms, —so little, so swathed, and so motionless it seems scarcely yet alive,—and the people in the back pew sit closer and make room for her, reverencing the Madonna there, too. Before the altar the young boys in their vesture of white lawn and scarlet kneel, and their young voices rise in the service, and the heavenly choir—I think it must be, for I see nothing, and music comes heart-shakingly from behind me and above—the heavenly choir pours a flood of music over their light tones; and the priest, standing in the middle of their kneeling white-and-scarlet row, is a figure so splendid in his luminous robe of green and gold, with his face to the altar and his back to the church, and his arms uplifted, that my spirit is content, my ears, alone in this Polish congregation, understanding not one word.

Or sometimes, having wandered, in choosing, I will turn back past the low stone Greek Church on its hillside, and the little Italian, and the square, brick-built Hungarian on opposite sides of the street, and on toward the Irish Catholic, whose high, gray stone spire slenderly pierces heaven, and when I come to the Windish Evangelical Lutheran, holding its gold crosses aloft on its red-tiled steeple, there I will stop, and pushing open its door, I will sit in

the midst of its Windish people, a foreigner, while the congregation sings on and on in strains unfamiliar to my ears, lifted by the pealing organ, falling again and again into strange supplicating minors, pierced by the high voices of the boy choir—on and on, a great sweeping onrush of song in which one feels mankind making utter offering of his soul to the limitless something, somewhere, he dreams of. Or I will sit content when the voices cease, and one voice, speaking out of the candle-lit radiance high up over the altar, where the springing arch begins and all the lines of the walls bend and converge to make the church one great niche to enshrine the embodied doctrine—one voice, rich, full, and beautiful, speaks on and on, a voice whose strange, æolian quality, like only one other I ever heard, holds me enthralled. I do not know what it is about, that voice. It holds one vibrant sound till the next sweeps by it on great wings like strong winds. It sings, speaking; but it is without all artifice. I sit in the flow of sound merely. I am the foreigner; only I understand no word. And when I come out, it is America, after all, and I walk back through the Moravian Cemetery in the quiet sunlight and see the other people going home from church.

Closed Gentians

By MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

Illustrations by S. H. Wainwright

Two women, poles apart, and the man who chose between them as he had to choose. A thoughtful view of the old "triangle" through distinctly modern eyes

"SHE 's not exactly overdressed, but dressed like a bride. There 's a difference. Everything about her is patently new, as if her elaborate shoe-buckles had just been taken out of the box and her hair marcelled ten minutes ago. She 's very pretty, is n't she?"

"Ye—es, though a shade complacent and of the type that takes on flesh. She has a few pounds too much even now. But nobody need stay fat."

The crocheting brigade on the hotel veranda dropped the bride and a few stitches to take up the pros and cons of dieting. Two or three of the women could not keep their wistful glances from straying to the girl under discussion, she seemed so young and lighthearted as she chatted away to her husband.

The little bride had just learned something which appealed to her as "perfectly delicious."

"Guess who is here, Dicky, at this very hotel? It 's a rich joke on you to bring your wife here to flaunt in Sylvia's face."

"Here—she in this hotel—Sylvia?" Richard Dalton repeated rather stupidly.

He experienced a tremendous sensation of emancipation. It did n't matter. He had broken the spell which had held him. He rose to his feet as if swept up at that moment by a wave of exhilaration.

"Let us go into our room," he said, "unless you are willing to run the risk of being kissed before that row of tabbies who can't keep their eyes off my sweetheart."

Inside their room he took her in his arms and exulted as he held her close to him.

"You are mine, mine; you are the dearest little wife in the world, darling." Then for the first time he broached the subject which had never been mentioned between them since their marriage two months before. "You don't mind about"—queer how difficult it was to articulate the familiar name!—"about Sylvia?"

"That old maid?" Louise said scornfully. "Why, she 's nearly eight years older than I am. I know it for a positive fact that she 'll be twenty-six on her next birthday."

"You forget that you 've married a doddering old gentleman of thirty-four," he chided.

"It 's different with a man. Sylvia would never have kept you dangling all that time if she had n't thought she could get you whenever she wanted you. I suppose the announcement of our engagement was the worst shock she ever had in her life."

"Don't, dear!" He changed the subject abruptly. "Come for a walk with me while the car is being overhauled."

"In these shoes and this frock?" she asked.

She had been poor and she had experienced the difficulties of being dainty and presentable on slender means, and now that she had married a rich man the habit of thrift clung to her.

"I 'll wait until the car is fixed, as

we 've a long ride this afternoon."

He thought of her mother's amiable face and heavy body.

"You 'll grow too plump if you never take any exercise."

"You can't object to more of me," she returned with unruffled equanimity. "Bring me some chocolates, Dicky."

She pursed her lips to be kissed, and he kissed the soft pink cheek as well.

The hotel was built at the foot of the mountain, and a short walk brought Dalton to the woods. He disdained the rustic sign which indicated "Laurel Lane" and "Lover's Leap," and turned into a by-path which presently left him to make its own trail up the mountain-side. Yet there was some spirit of the forest he failed to find. His mind slipped off to an investment; he began to figure the per cent. He came to himself with a sense of irritation; he had always been able to forget the mechanism of life when in the woods, and to find a sense of communion with the trees, the cool, shady spaces, the tiny flowers, which Sylcia would stoop to caress. Perhaps that was the difference. Before, he had walked with Sylvia. Lifting up his eyes, he saw her.

It was characteristic of her that she forgot to speak. She lost sight of the fact that it was an occasion on which she should speak with undiminished cordiality when for the first time since his marriage she saw the man who had wooed her for many years; but she merely put up a warning hand with an imperative little gesture he knew. He drew nearer, treading noiselessly. She had taught his forest-craft. Her body was swaying forward as she listened to the note of the shy wood-thrush. She was hatless, and the sunshine which filtered through the trees touched the brown of her hair—the soft brown of pine-needles. Her eyes were hazel. Her brown tramping-suit was faded to mellow neutral tints; everything about her seemed a part of the warm October earth. If the shy bird had flown toward her and nestled against her it would not have seemed strange.

He remembered that once they had stood together by a clear pool in which autumn leaves had fallen.

"Your eyes are like that," he had told her. "Like sunshine on brown leaves under clear water."

It was inarticulate, but she always seemed tenderer when he was inchoate and inarticulate than when he accomplished a well-turned phrase.

"It 's the same difference one feels between a bed of cannas, carefully arranged as to size and color, and a clematis tossing a white spray of bloom by the wayside," Sylvia had said.

With a sudden flash of wings the bird had gone, and they were free to speak.

"It is good to see you, Richard."

Sylvia and her mother had always called him Richard. He had been aware of a secret relief when Louise's choice fell upon "Dicky."

"How well you look!" She scanned his face with earnest frankness. "Are you and Louise at the hotel?"

"Only until this afternoon. We are motoring on to Highlands. What have you been doing since your return from California?"

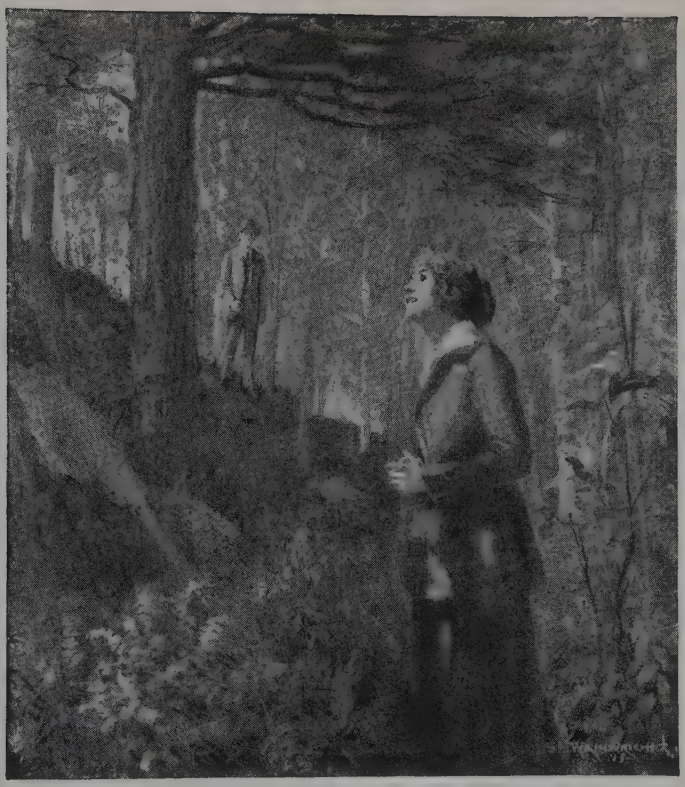
A certain constraint came into his voice. For how many summers had he begun the day with his letter to her, and now he had not known her whereabouts for months!

She laughed, the elusive, elfin laughter which is the gift of *Peter Pan*.

"Richard, it 's too absurd to tell, but I 've been frivolous, I 've been gay; I 'm not quite sure if I have n't been indiscreet. I suppose it was the reaction from war work. I 've been with Jim and Mary Adderson at their wonderful place, and there have been house parties galore and nice men and pleasant women, and I 've been riding, dancing, golfing, and even flirting a little. Last week I came here to escape from quite so many diversions into the woods again."

There were phases of her he knew by heart, with much he had never understood. He retorted in a bantering voice:

"In other words, you were so enormously relieved when you heard that I was to be married that you 'had a fling'? You had grown to think of me as a responsibility, as a dead weight tied around your life, and you were free when you were loosed from it."



"Lifting up his eyes, he saw her"

The instant he was with her he spoke the simple truth; he had never lied into those candid eyes in his life.

They were wonderfully gentle as they met his squarely now.

"Not you, Richard, but your happiness. The responsibility for that was a weight." She pondered a little over his words. "Perhaps you are right. I did have a queer sense of emancipation. I have n't played for years as I 've played this summer."

"Have you fallen in love with some one?" He tried to ask it casually and was startled by the peremptoriness of his tone.

"No," she answered. "Just now I am possessed with the new freedom."

"Shall we walk on and talk a little?" Dalton asked. "You were n't going anywhere in particular?"

"Only hunting for gentians."

"Scrambling up and down hills and ruining shoes,"—that was a touch he had learned from Louise,—"and finding a gentian—and leaving it there!" he teased.

"Of course. Have you ever seen exiled gentians stuck into vases?" she demanded. "The closed-up hearts! In the quiet mountain spaces they seem to part with their secret. But at the hotel to-day you will see them in a pompous cut-glass vase, and people all around them eating dinner. The little shy, blue things don't belong there—in the midst of creamed vegetables."

He took it up with warmth.

"Why don't they belong? How many of those old tabbies who sit around and gossip on hotel porches could discover a gentian even if they puffed around in the woods in search of them? How many tourists and business men passing through a resort like this know there 's such a flower in the world? But at this hotel they pay fancy rates for the mountains, and a flower that is typical of the mountains belongs to them. They 've bought and paid for it.

"For the first time since first they had met he had lied to her"

Perhaps it may open a new door of consciousness to them. How shall you demand that the door stay shut?"

"I do not demand that it shall stay shut. More than anything else on earth I desire that it shall be open to every soul. Only I do not think money is the key to the door. I do not feel a gentian can be bought and paid for."

They were back at their old habit, he hot and protesting, she cool and ineffably gentle, yet with a certain eagerness about the faith which was in her that always seemed to him like white flame.

"We won't quarrel over a flower." He laughed shortly. "Show it to me instead, dear."

The endearment, the only one she had ever permitted him to use, fell from his lips naturally. It startled him, but she seemed not to have heard as she walked a little in advance with that light, free step of hers.

With a cry of eagerness she stooped down.

"Look, Richard! This is the striped green-and-white gentian which 'is like Venetian glass,' one of the botanists says. It is rarer than the blue, but less beautiful."

Her finger-tips touched it with a lingering, caressing gesture. So she might touch the down on a baby's head, he thought.

"You are sure you did n't fall in love?" he asked.

"Richard, now that you are an old married man, do get your thoughts away from lovers!" she said with a touch of impatience. She remembered his old sharp jealousy of every man who cared for her. "You have everything before you to make life delightful and successful, a lovely young wife, an interesting profession, big civic interests," ["You taught me that," he interpolated,] "and the building of your new home. Or is it homes?"

"Home. We are to have a town place. Louise wisely decided to sell the old place in the country. It 's an inconvenient distance," he added loyally.

He recalled the evening he had brought Sylvia the architect's plans for remodeling the house in which his father had been born, and her sympathy with his wish to keep the homestead in the family. The difficulty about a long wooing was that no topic was safe to touch; everything brought back some intimate recollection.

Presently they sat down near a cascaded stream, and as they talked together he felt that wonderful sense of well-being which her companionship always gave him.

In some way they happened to touch upon the summer he went to Alaska.

"The trip bored me to death," he confessed. "It was a wet year, and everything was foggy and dreary. You had just told me that you would n't marry me, and I went away to punish you! It does no harm now to admit that the trip was intended as a chastening measure. You were supposed to miss me, but I learned you were never lonely, as nature is never lonely. You don't understand the word any more than a birch-tree might, or a stretch of sea; you are too alive to be lonely."

"Am I? You understand better than I can. I am not introspective, you know. You have always interpreted me."

"And you never accepted my interpretations." His face hardened suddenly, painfully. "Sylvia, I am married to a girl I dearly love. Now that everything is over between us forever, explain the thing I have never understood. Don't try to spare my feelings, as you have done in the past, with your dear aversion to wounding any one. You were absolutely honest with me; it was my will to hold on doggedly all those years. I know that you gave me a fair field and that you honestly tried to keep other men away. *Why* could n't you care? I believe that you came near caring. I believe that you were almost won, and then something impalpable snatched you away. Now that is all over and we can talk about it dispassionately, what kept us apart?"

A little silence fell between them, and then she answered slowly:

"You had this hold on me: I entirely trusted your spoken word. You had a deeper claim: you greatly loved me. Yet through all these years you have had it in your soul to give to another woman what you have given Louise,

"This young, compliant creature, this pink-and-white youth, was his for the taking"

and I could never marry a man who had that possibility."

"But if I had married you, I should have been true in word and deed always. Don't you believe that?" he asked, bewildered

"Yes. But though I wanted to yield you all my heart, I felt this phase in you, and it held me back. Perhaps it seems unjust to you, but to me it was like muddy water in a clear stream, and I could not make it my life's fountain. Whenever we would quarrel—"

"When I quarreled with you, you mean," he broke in, the old raw wound uppermost again. There 's hope of a reconciliation after a quarrel; it was through your unalterable gentleness that you always escaped me. I might try to frighten you by brandishing weapons and beating tomtoms, but you escaped me by the simple, but effective, method of flying out of my reach."

"It was n't the tomtoms," she said, with a little smile, "if that 's your word for temper. I never cared less because of your temper. *But it was that you always tried to punish me with another woman.* If you were vexed or angry with me, you would pay violent attention to some other girl. It never lasted; you always came back to me. But that balance of woman against woman, that effort to create love by arousing jealousy, that was our fundamental difference. If you had realized that it was the factor which was keeping us apart, you would not have had—the others. But if it came simply in response to the way I looked at it, it would not be something inherent in you. It had to be a fundamental thing, as fundamental as your fine uprightness, your sense of honor. Take your love of books, for instance; think what a part it has played in our years of comradship! But that was something in you, not a quality you summoned to please me. Always there has been this trait which I could never understand—this intense desire to make me jealous, as if love were something in which woman was pitted against woman to win a man's love like a prize in a bridge tournament! It was not only the times you actually did try to make me jealous, but the many times you threatened it, brandished a possible other girl over my head, as it were. It never failed to humiliate me, Richard, not in the way you meant it to do, but in a way to make me realize we were basically out of sympathy. Your attitude was to keep me aware that if I did n't love you, there was many an-

other woman to be won. It seems strange," she reflected, "that the last time you flung yourself furiously out of the house was because we had disputed about Louise. I thought of it afterward, and I wanted to tell you I was sorry about my mistaken indignation."

He remembered the evening of which she spoke. Dalton had joked to Sylvia about the mother's assiduous efforts to throw Louise and himself together, and Sylvia had defended the young girl.

"It 's abominable for her mother to expose that pretty child to your ridicule and unkind in you to laugh over it."

Sylvia's censure always pricked the ignoble strain of vanity in Dalton. Why, the girl was his if he wanted her, like ripe fruit to his hand.

So it had begun, and Sylvia had elected to leave just at that time for a long visit to California. He was horribly lonely without her, and her infrequent letters were filled with interest in the life around her. Why should n't he go often to Louise's, to the cozy little dinners, the atmosphere of adulation? It began to mount to his head that this young, compliant creature, this pink-and-white youth, was his for the taking. With an impulse he took her in his arms and kissed her. Six weeks later they were married.

As the chaotic memories stormed him, it was good to be a gentleman and to have the proprieties of speech to fall back upon.

"I have many things to thank you for." He held his voice steady and casual. "It was you who taught me to love the woods, and my interest in books would have been buried under the weight of business if you had not kept it alive. Do you remember the first year that I knew you, when I explained that I had n't time to read a certain great poem, you said, 'But you took time to eat your dinner.' There have been countless ways in which you have made me the mixed creature that I am to-day, so it was fitting that it should really be through you that I found the girl who has honored me by becoming my wife and who has made the happiest of men."

Sylvia's eyes turned away. She gave a sigh that was scarcely a breath of sound. Both knew what had happened. For the first time since first they had met he had lied to her, and the frankness which had been the joy of their association was ended, was over.

Sylvia rose to her feet.

"I have n't found the gentians yet. I am sorry I cannot show them to you," she said.

"And I must get back to the hotel. Where shall I find the best chocolates? Never mind; you would n't know."

He must return to Louise and go on to Highlands. The one thing he could not bear would be her interpretation of his chance encounter with Sylvia.

"So she ran you down in the woods, where you could n't escape, did she? Poor old thing!" He could imagine how Louise would gloat over it.

"Good-by, Sylvia," he said.

Because she said nothing, a habit of hers when there was nothing to say, he met her eyes again, profound with understanding, prescient with pity. He turned away and started down the trail.

He felt as if he must shout back to her that he was a man to be envied, not pitied. He had everything the world gives and he had married the prettiest débutante of the year. What was it that he lacked, that Sylvia knew he lacked? And why did the sense of tingling life which had coursed through his veins suddenly desert him? His limbs felt tired and clogged.

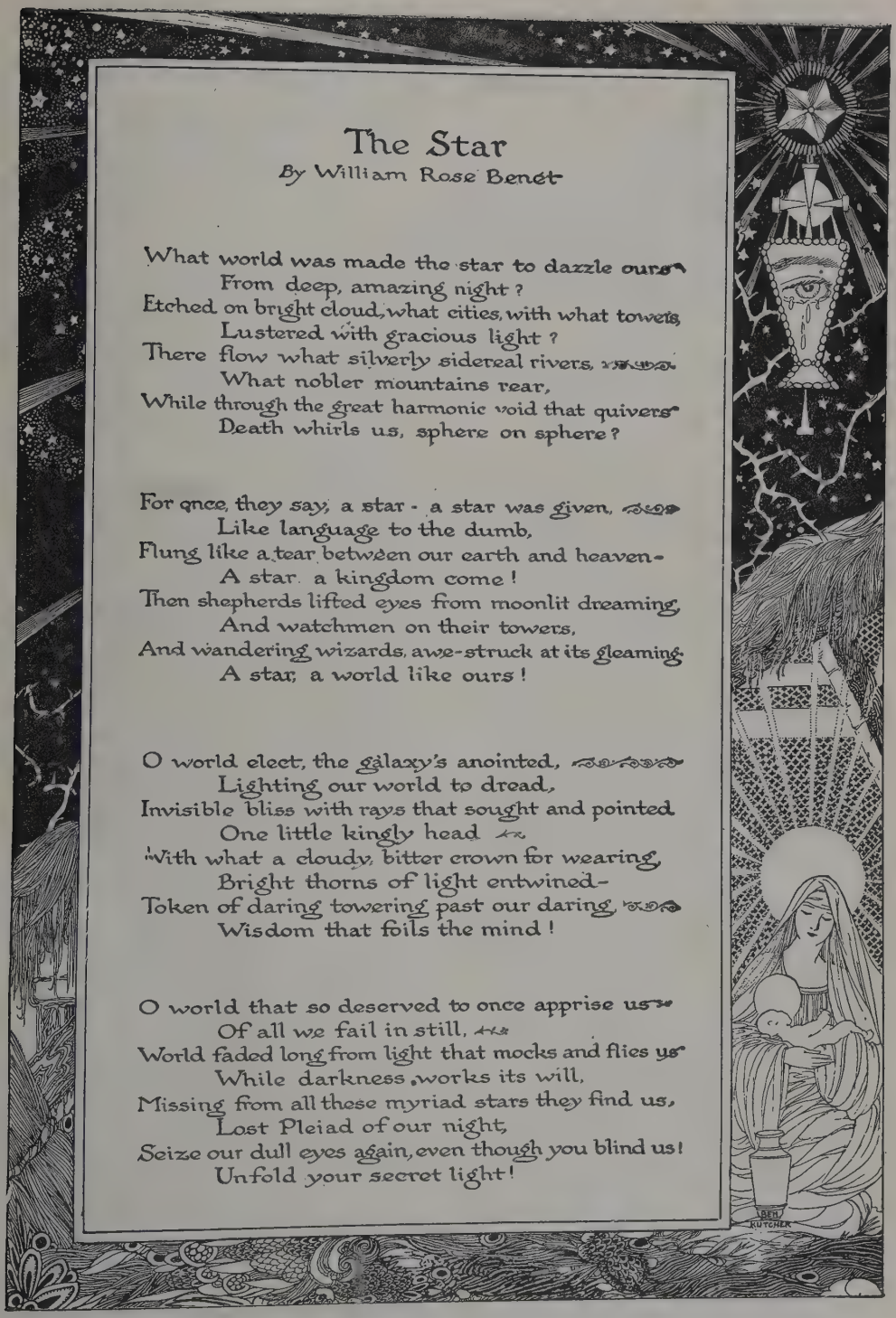
At a turn he saw Sylvia again, though the whirring water plunged irrevocably between them. Speech was impossible, but she pointed to a blur of sky-color.

"Sylvia has found her gentians; she always looks for beauty and always finds it. In herself or in the rest of us, she is content only with the best. That is what keeps her different." The autumn woods made his thought clear to himself. "She is the spirit of spring, of growth, as glad and impersonal as nature. She is youth; when I lost her, I lost my youth. It is what we all had from Sylvia; she quickens the pulse of life. Without her I am rich, successful, happily married—and old."

The woods had hidden her from his sight. He called aloud to her, knowing she could not hear the cry.

"Good-by, dear—dearest!"

BEN
BUTCHER



The Star

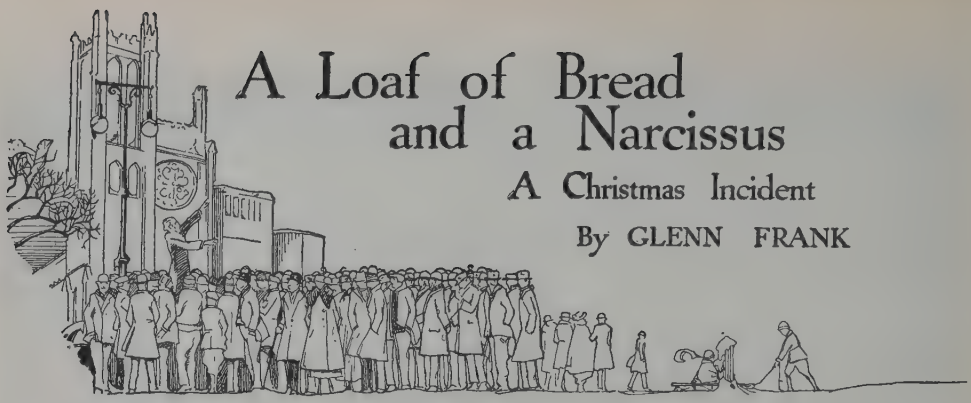
By William Rose Benét

What world was made the star to dazzle ours
From deep, amazing night?
Etched on bright cloud, what cities, with what towers,
Lustered with gracious light?
There flow what silverly sidereal rivers,
What nobler mountains rear,
While through the great harmonic void that quivers
Death whirls us, sphere on sphere?

For once, they say, a star - a star was given,
Like language to the dumb,
Flung like a tear between our earth and heaven -
A star. a kingdom come!
Then shepherds lifted eyes from moonlit dreaming,
And watchmen on their towers,
And wandering wizards, awe-struck at its gleaming:
A star, a world like ours!

O world elect, the galaxy's anointed,
Lighting our world to dread,
Invisible bliss with rays that sought and pointed
One little kingly head.
With what a cloudy, bitter crown for wearing,
Bright thorns of light entwined -
Token of daring towering past our daring,
Wisdom that foils the mind!

O world that so deserved to once apprise us
Of all we fail in still,
World faded long from light that mocks and flies us
While darkness works its will,
Missing from all these myriad stars they find us,
Lost Pleiad of our night,
Seize our dull eyes again, even though you blind us!
Unfold your secret light!



A Loaf of Bread and a Narcissus

A Christmas Incident

By GLENN FRANK

"'If any man have two loaves of bread, let him trade one for a narcissus. The bread is nourishment for the body, but the narcissus is nourishment for the soul.'"

MOHAMMEL

IT was somewhat past the middle of the afternoon on the day before Christmas. The resilient spirit of the nation, after the somber seasons of war-time, was giving itself over to an uncalculating holiday generosity. Fifth Avenue, with its alluring windows, its holly-wreathed lamp-posts, and its carnival crowd of late shoppers, might have been a street in Bagdad. All the details for a picture were there: the prodigality of the rich, the enforced carefulness of the less opulent, the tonic gladness of children before the windows of toy-shops, with only here and there the reluctant look of those who bought remembrances from a sense of duty, too drab in soul to catch the sacramental spirit of the day. It was ultra-prosperous and middle-class New York that filled the street. There was just a reminder of New York's "other half" in the blue-cold hand of the red-coated and bewhiskered Santa Claus who rang a bell over a Salvation Army kettle.

This scene had two interested observers. For more than an hour Gordon Mackenzie and Joseph Rawlins had been sitting at their club window watching the crowds swing up and down the avenue. Both were solid men of affairs, with just enough variation in temperaments to make for an interesting congeniality.

Gordon Mackenzie, business man, was a singular blend of pedantry and practicality. He was not a man who sensed the essential poetry and adventure in his own business, but he had an after-office-hours self that took keen delight in vagabond ramblings through history, literature, and philosophy. He was not a collector of rare editions, but, what is far more interesting, a reader of rare books. He gave the specialist's allegiance to no particular field. Every subject was grist for his mill. Any incidental topic of conversation was to Mackenzie an always seized excuse for wide excursions into literature and philosophy. He liked the fun of playing off historical parallels one against the other, a habit of which one would never suspect him as he played the rôle of effective, but unimaginative, executive in his William Street offices.

Although Joseph Rawlins was less the littérateur, he fitted into the cultivated life of this fine old club as a hand into a glove. Whatever craving for poetry and adventure Rawlins had, he satisfied inside his business rather than outside it. Industry was for him replete with human as well as financial and administrative interest. He had made his fortune in a business that was in itself a high service to its millions of patrons. He displayed an innate sense of justice and fair play in his relations with workman and consuming public. He had an uncanny sureness of judgment in recognizing reality in men and measures, and a setter's nose for sham. He was a good foil for the half-dilettante, half-practical Mackenzie.

"Is n't it strange, Joe," said Mackenzie, waving his hand toward the crowded street, "that one man could have started all this? To-day this same scene is being acted in many lands and in many languages, and it all started with a self-tutored carpenter."

"I guess we 're so used to it," said Rawlins, "that we forget what an amazing accomplishment it really is."

Neither spoke for several minutes. They were interestedly watching the crowds again, both evidently musing on the magnitude and mystery of the miracle of Christmas. As usual, it was Mackenzie who started the play of their minds.

"Joe, do you remember the story of old Thomas Carlyle and the drawing-room group in a discussion of what would happen if this carpenter should appear in London?" asked Mackenzie.

"Never heard the story," replied Rawlins.

"It 's been a long while since I read it," continued Mackenzie, "but, as I remember, the story ran that Carlyle, arriving late, found the group discussing, with the polite animation of the salon, the sort of reception London society would be likely to accord a flesh-and-blood visit of the founder of Christianity. The hostess contended that, after all these centuries of Christian progress, he would be spared the tragic misunderstanding and rejection he met with before. 'We would hasten to do his slightest bidding and even anticipate his wishes. Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?' she asked.

" 'No!' thundered the old Sage of Chelsea. 'If he should appear in London and speak of London life with the same fearless frankness, with the same withering scorn of sham that marked his ministry before, you and your coterie would be among the first to cry: "Away with him! Away with him! Take him to Newgate and hang him." ' "

"I wonder ," mused Rawlins, half to himself, as he continued gazing into the street.

"That sort of story has always had a peculiar fascination for me," said Mackenzie, "and I think it 's because most of us have a lurking suspicion that maybe, after all, the modern world has missed the real nub of Christianity. The thousand and one theologies and philosophies have n't clarified the matter very much; they 've only confused it. This carpenter has been lost in the house of his friends. So even we old pagans find ourselves interested when we pick up a story that attempts to show his mind playing directly upon the problems of our own time. I certainly do. I remember the keen interest with which I furbished up my neglected French and read Charles Morice's 'Il est ressuscité!' That was a capital story of the fencing of minds between Jesus and Narda, a Parisian journalist, who was the embodiment of the indecisive and cynical intellectualism of modern times. It showed what happened to Paris in eleven days when Jesus appeared in the city, and the contagion of his presence spread through the commerce and culture of that modern Babylon."

Mackenzie paused to light a fresh cigar. Rawlins, knowing that Mackenzie had started on one of his rounds of bookish philosophizing, said nothing. Mackenzie settled more comfortable into his chair and went on:

"Most novels on this theme have been abominably written," he said, "but something about their subject has made them popular. Just think of the vogue of Sheldon's 'In his Steps'! You could hardly call it literature; there was little of fresh insight in the thing; it was rather mawkish moralizing: but it caught on. I remember, back in ninety-three, how the fellows in the club here spent a long evening discussing William T. Stead's little book, 'If Christ Came to Chicago.' It all shows what a grip this carpenter has on the world, after all."

Rawlins was listening to Mackenzie well enough, but his mind was still toying with the Carlyle story.

"I wonder what *would* happen," queried Rawlins, "if he should appear in New York in the midst of these Christmas festivities. I don't know, but I 've always had a suspicion that there 's more real Christianity in the world than church statistics indicate. I venture there 's a lot of anonymous religion in this city that would come into the

open on a real test. To me Christianity is n't all, or even mainly, the organized movement of churches and missions. It has a good deal of the Gipsy in it, for it is likely to turn up in the most unexpected places. Democracy is a religion to many. The fight for right, for justice, for the square deal to-day, has a lot more real religious passion in it than some of those old Crusades you were telling me about the other evening. The organized church has n't always led this fight, but the fight is Christianity in action just the same. There 's a lot of that sort of thing abroad in the world, and the radicals have n't a corner on it, either. So I 'm not so sure your Carlyle story would hold good to-day. I don't know, but I imagine that if this carpenter should strike New York about now—"

"What do you say," interrupted Mackenzie, "to a stroll up the avenue for a bit of air?"

This interruption was not the discourtesy it might seem. Mackenzie and Rawlins indulged in these club-window or club-corner discussions more for the joy of the talking than from any desire to reach conclusions. So, as usual, their afternoon at the club ended on a broken sentence.

II

THEY walked leisurely up the avenue, talking at random of the market, of politics, of a peculiar copper tone that graced the winter sky, when they ran full into an adventure that bore more than a casual relation to what they had been chatting about at the club. A dozen blocks up the avenue they found the street fairly blocked by a crowd of richly attired folk literally fighting their way into a church. A vacant lot alongside the church was filled with a clamorous throng of unemployed and strikers shouting their approval at the man who was haranguing them from a soap-box. Street-corner meetings of the discontented were not uncommon sights during these winter months, but plainly no ordinary vesper service had drawn this surging crowd of well-to-do New-Yorkers to this church. Mackenzie and Rawlins found their interest intrigued. They paused for a moment.

"What 's all this about?" asked Rawlins of a man on the outskirts of the crowd about the church-doors.

"John Arewen of the steel-mills is to speak here this afternoon," the man replied.

At the mention of the name, Mackenzie recalled a magazine article he had read a few months before describing the personality and work of this man Arewen. He sketched the story to Rawlins as they stood there on the curbstone. And an interesting story it was, worthy of a more careful telling than the memory of one brief magazine article could give it.

It seems that some years before, a man of strangely compelling powers of leadership had arisen among the workmen in the steel-mills of the Pittsburgh district, a man with the cryptic name of John Arewen. This leader of the steel-workers was one of them. He had entered the mills as a mere slip of a boy. He had submitted himself to the rough tutelage of adversity. He had tasted every experience that was the lot of his fellow-workmen. As he grew to manhood he took part in the labor discussion and action of his fellows. But from the start he displayed unusual qualities. Denied the privileges of formal education, he had made himself, thanks to a free library, a reader of the great books of the race. By the time he reached his majority his mind was refreshingly at home among the great fundamentals. He never lost even for a moment his devotion to good craftsmanship. Neither the injustice of a system nor the perfidy of men could make him give less than his best to a job in hand. No man was ever more sensitive to injustice, but he never saw in sabotage a road to freedom. And in all the bitter labor struggles that took place during his most impressionable years he hever soiled his soul with class hatred. He was of his class, yet beyond his class.

With no authority save the intrinsic authority of his own sincerity and wisdom, the leadership of his fellows gravitated into his hands. When, in a strike situation, the next step was not clear, they turned instinctively toward

John Arewen for counsel. He was a labor leader, but more than a labor leader. By the grace of a rare breadth of knowledge a wisdom beyond the wisdom of the schools, and a sympathy that understood without the need of explanations, he came to be a sort of unordained priest to the needs of his fellow-workmen. His cottage became a secular confessional where the men of the mills poured out their doubts and aspirations about the political, the social, and the industrial issues in which they found themselves involved. And they always left his presence with minds cleared and lifted in spirit, for beyond the sanity of his judgment there was about him a subtle spirituality that breathed refreshment into their sordid lives, as air from the hills. In all the tense hours of strikes and lockouts he was never known to counsel an unethical thing. Now and then some labor leader from the outside charged him with criminal caution and challenged his loyalty to his class, but through years of intimate association with him his comrades had gained a deeper knowledge of their leader, and they trusted him even when he opposed them at times when passions ran hot.

The demands upon his time and strength for counsel to his fellows became so heavy that finally, forgetful of his own future and putting away the hope of family and home, he left his work in the steel-mills and, with only slender savings, began to give all his time to a ministry of singular helpfulness among his comrades On his thirtieth birthday he dedicated himself to his class and flung himself with abandon into its service. On the afternoon of this story he had completed three years of this free-lance service. They had been three crowded and wonderful years. Comrades still came to his cottage one by one for light and leading, but more and more he had become the dominant figure in their union meetings, and necessity had driven him into talking to groups of his fellows in informal public addresses on the problems of their common life. Now he spoke at a luncheon hour in the steel-mills, now in a hall, now from a box on the street corner to the men who came out from their crowded homes that lined the narrow, sooty streets.

Several churches, haunted by their empty pews, marked his rising influence, noted the ethical passion that swept through all his utterances, and invited him to fill their pulpits. He smiled, and quietly refused all these invitations. One of the liberal denominations that had repeatedly failed in its attempts to carry on religious work in the mills district urged him to organize and lead, under its subsidy, a "Church of the Workman." With courteous firmness he refused to organize and formalize his influence, choosing to remain a free-lance.

These incidents found their way into the newspapers. An Associated Press despatch carried a ten-line story of his refusal to accept the headship of the proposed "Church of the Workman." The alert editor of a New York magazine published an article on "The Rise of John Arewen," interpreting sympathetically the story of this man who had turned a labor leadership into a spiritual ministry of singular power. It was this article that Mackenzie was recounting to Rawlins.

The society of New York, like the society of ancient Athens, always eager "to hear some new thing," was agog with interest in this new personality. A Fifth Avenue church had invited him to deliver a vesper address from its pulpit on the day before Christmas. Hitherto he had refused all such requests, but for some reason he had accepted this. His name had been bandied back and forth across New York dinner-tables during the month since it had become known that he was to appear in the city. Most of the men and women who talked about him at dinner-tables knew little about him. Most of them had not even read the one article that had appeared describing him. They had simply heard of this figure that had arisen in the steel district as a man who had exerted a profound spiritual influence among the workmen of the mills, and knew that he was to speak in a Fifth Avenue church on the day before Christmas. Winged conjecture about his personality and power flew from home to home and from club to club.

If expectation took any definite form, it was of a sort of unlettered Tagore who would bring some new preachment of mystic spirituality. The very indefiniteness of knowledge about John Arewen whetted New York's curiosity. It was this curiosity that had drawn to the church-doors the surging crowd into which Mackenzie and Rawlins had run.

Rawlins was keenly interested as Mackenzie told him the essential facts of this story about Arewen.

"There may be some real stuff here, Gordon," he said. "What do you say to our going in, if we can get in?"

"All right," agreed Mackenzie.

They shoved their way into the church and succeeded in finding standing room on the steps that led to the gallery in the extreme rear. This gave them an unobstructed view of the pulpit.

III

CROWDED in the nave, in the aisles, and in the transepts of the huge building appeared the culture and wealth of the nation's premier city. Men and women who had long carried but lightly the obligations of the church were there. A palpitant expectancy was in the air. The rich tones of the organ rolled among the arches. The audience repeated mechanically the magnificent words of the appeals and prayers of the church. There was a hushed reverence in the dimly lighted building, and yet there was the contradictory atmosphere of a "first night" as the audience waits for the curtain to rise on a new and long-heralded star. The longing of New York's jaded palate for a new sensation impudently trailed across its hour of worship.

From the moment the distant chant of the processional began, the eager tensity of the crowd had increased. The church, of a Protestant denomination, indulged in just a touch of ritual. Finally the door to the left of the pulpit opened, and Dr. Ellsworth, the pastor, entered, accompanied by the spare, but dominantly masculine, figure of John Arewen. A flutter ran through the audience. The decorum of the church was forgotten in an eager cranning of necks to catch full sight of the stranger. Dr. Ellsworth was in his regulation pulpit gown. John Arewen was in simple gray tweeds that had known several seasons' wear. He was a swarthy and slightly bearded figure. There was nothing immediately striking about his appearance; and yet his appearance was of an uncommon commonness. He seemed a perfect type of the average man. A certain wistfulness in his eyes bespoke the dreamer, but his whole bearing was instinct with virility.

He had asked Dr. Ellsworth that he be permitted to speak without the formality of an introduction. As he arose to speak he seemed unaware of the curiosity that his coming had aroused, and was as thoroughly at ease as though speaking to a group of workmen in the steel-mills. Of what new religious light was this man the bearer? Had visions been vouchsafed to him that had been denied the men and women who waited for his first word? In the hush before he spoke the crowd's mere curiosity seemed for the moment to give way to a genuine hunger for a fresh spiritual revelation. He began simply.

"I bring no new doctrine," he said. "I speak of things as old as the traditions of the church; older. I am not concerned with doctrines, but with the life out of which doctrines spring, and without which doctrines are dead things. I have lived a busy life, a burdened life, which has left me little time to worry about the roots of religion, but I have been forced to an interest in its fruits."

There was about these words a fresh directness, but they were hardly the sort of beginning the crowd expected. They might have come from any preacher. As he went on, his speech was not without an easy grace of diction and occasional flashes of imagery; there was now and then a touch of the prophet's passion in his sincerity, but in the main he spoke in athletic sentences stripped of every overweight of embellishment.

"That I should be called a preacher of Christianity has come to me as a surprise," he continued. "I did not intend it. I cannot to this day conceive myself as the salaried servant of an institu-

tion, obliged to discuss religion in a stated place, at stated times, and at the call of a bell, although I admire the man who can thus serve the organized church without allowing the care of its machinery to steal away his strength from the serving of its deepest mission."

What did he mean? Was he about to criticize the organized church from its own pulpit! The touch of challenge in his opening sentences had keyed even higher the attention of the audience. He went on quietly to explain his meaning.

"Problems that lie close to the hearts of disinherited men have crowded upon me so thick and fast," he said, "that I have had as little time to think of machinery as of doctrine. My ministry, if my service to my fellow-workmen may be called a ministry, has been simply an honest attempt to deal justly with the problems of our common life as they have arisen day after day. My surprise at being called a preacher of Christianity is doubly great because—I say it regretfully—until two years ago I knew little of the Bible and had little conscious concern in Christianity. Neither before nor since that time have I had any dramatic religious experience. No light has struck me down on the road to any Damascus. The story of my religion is a strangely simple story.

"Two years ago, as I went about counseling, advising, helping my fellow-workmen, doing my best to lighten the burdens that bore them down and to increase the forces that bore them up, I began to catch rumors from many quarters that men looked upon my work as the preaching of a gospel. One day a comrade showed me a newspaper that said I had carried Christianity into the smoke and heat of the mills. That I, who knew nothing of its doctrines and was an alien from the church, should be the bearer of its message, was a puzzling thought indeed."

There was a touch of the novel about this that made the crowd forget its disappointment at his plainly practical beginning.

"Since then," he continued, resting his hand on the Bible, "I have looked with a growing interest into this much revered, but little read, volume, and I think I see what the newspaper meant."

The heads of five of America's important industries were seated in pews under the gallery. Rawlins called Mackenzie's attention to the way they had cupped their hands behind their ears and leaned forward to catch Arewen's next sentence.

"In reading this book I found," he went on, "that without knowing it, I had been working away on things that were ever in the mind of the carpenter around whom so much of this book has been written. I had chosen my course in ignorance of the doctrines of this book. I know little of the Virgin birth. I did not disbelieve it; I did not believe it; I simply had not thought of it. I was too busy planning and working that the children of my fellow-workmen might have a safe and sanitary birth and a fair chance to grow in stature and strength. I knew next to nothing of the doctrine of the atonement. I did not disbelieve it; I did not believe it; I simply had not considered it. I was too busy laboring with my fellow-workmen to get them to see that their fight for justice would fail, even though it succeeded, if they fought it, each for himself, to no higher purpose than to fill their stomachs fuller and to clothe their backs better; to get them to see that in their fight the individual worker must sink himself in the group and, if need be, sacrifice himself for the group. I knew little of prayer; but many times when the sky has hung low and black over the hopes of my comrades, I have sat alone in my cottage, disheartened and hungry for some fresh light on our problems, and in those times I have felt myself borne up by some power beyond my own I thought it was the inspiration of my comrades' cause, but maybe it was more than that."

It seemed as though when Arewen arose in the pulpit he really began wondering whether the audience would accept his words if they knew the uncertain orthodoxy of his religious life; but he would not sail under false colors, or take advantage of the pulpit to assume an authority that was not his own. So he seemed concerned to present his full credentials.

"The more I read this book," he con-

tinued, "the more I am led to believe that this attitude toward doctrine and life was true of the founder of Christianity; not literally true, perhaps, but strikingly similar. I find him saying very little about doctrines. I must go to others in this book if I would hear his birth discussed or the logic of his sacrifice dissected. I confess I find it hard to understand some of the men in this book. But when the carpenter speaks, I understand him. He speaks in my own language.

"When others in this book speak of 'the kingdom of God,' I become lost in the twists and turns of their mystical explanations; but when he speaks of 'the kingdom of God,' I seem to recognize the sort of society, the sort of life, I covet for my comrades. I cannot understand those who try to explain the incarnation; but when he says 'I am the way,' it seems but the earnest appeal of one who knows how pathetically dependent upon personal leadership most of us are. I remember how much more quickly my comrades will follow a person than a program, and the incarnation is easier to understand."

He was speaking subtly here, and yet plainly. And the audience understood him. Here was a man who, while yet ignorant of the doctrines of the church, had lived them. Here was a man to whom doctrines were discoveries, not dogmas.

"I find in this carpenter," Arewen continued, "the rich spirituality I should expect in the founder of a religion that has gone the world around. But I find in him a man who did not seek spirituality as a thing for its own sake. In the deeper matters of the spirit I find him the least self-conscious of men. I find him surprisingly careless of the rites and ceremonies that the men of his time observed as approved aids to spirituality. The men of his time fasted at regular intervals; he fasted only when he felt that abstinence would really help his body or spirit. The men of his time prayed at set times and in set places; he observed no hard-and-fast schedule; prayer was to him counsel when counsel was needed; he prayed with as little sense of routine as the child who tumbles into its father's arms to be comforted after a fall. Spirituality breathes through his every word and action, but he did not consciously cultivate it; it was with him as artless a thing as the perfume of a flower."

Here and there through the audience were men who did not quite like the rational freedom with which he handled the orthodox doctrines of the church—men who were not quite sure whether Arewen meant to say that he had come to a belief in these doctrines or not; but in the main Arewen had won the sympathies of his audience. With what he had said as a background, he turned abruptly to the real burden of his message to this Fifth Avenue congregation.

"The things this carpenter *did* consciously concern himself with," said Arewen, with increasing earnestness, "were *justice* and *mercy* and *brotherhood*. He took the rest for granted. About the rest he did not argue, but justice and mercy and brotherhood he preached in season and out of season. He discussed them from every angle, and by their standards judged the men of his time. In this time of discontent and threatening unrest, justice and mercy and brotherhood are once again the big words of our language. And to you, members of this carpenter's church, they should be bigger words than to any other men or women in the world. And finally your kinship to this carpenter will rest upon what you do with these words more than upon all else."

There was an uneasy movement noticeable throughout the audience as Arewen said this. The winter had been one of radical unrest in which strikes had become an epidemic as well as a method of protest against legitimate grievances. Large elements in the ranks of labor had lost their heads and revolted against their saner leaders, showing an increasing disregard for law. Several times during the winter militant minorities had held a gun to the head of society and enforced their demands. So this was no time, in the opinion of this congregation, to spread doctrines that could be easily misinterpreted by the masses. Of course they all believed in justice and mercy and brotherhood, but of late these words had been perverted in the hands of mobs drunk with power, and

they had become dangerous words to handle. Besides, with his last words Arewen's bearing had changed. At first he had been the calm expositor of truth; now he was more its impassioned advocate. Something about his bearing seemed to hint that he would not hesitate to condescend to details. The audience listened for his next sentence with a latent hostility.

"Justice and mercy and brotherhood," he continued, "are not mere doctrines to be *believed;* they are policies to be carried out. The test of your belief in them does not lie in your intellectual assent to them, but in your practical application of them in your stores, your factories, your banks, your shops, your mills, and your offices. The examination of a man for membership in the church might, with as much point, be conducted in his factory as at the altar."

The shouts of the unemployed and strikers floated into the church from the lot outside; the men of the audience felt doubly sure that Arewen was treading on dangerous ground. Of this they were more convinced as he went on. Displaying an unexpected knowledge of the situation in industry after industry, he dealt in ungloved frankness with standards, conditions, and policies in modern industry that hamstring justice, make a mockery of mercy, and repudiate brotherhood. He spoke concretely of matters of housing, working conditions, hours, wages, and profiteering. He told how modern industry had turned workmen into servants of machines where once they had been masters of tools, crushing out of them creative interest in their work, leaving them with a sense of disinheritance that at times warped their judgments and tempted them to grasp at radical counsels to regain their birthright. He deplored alike the violence of revolt and the violence of repression. He insisted, however, that the mouths of the men before him were sealed from any right of criticism of the orgies of discontent, of strikes, and their social wreckage, until they, the avowed followers of the carpenter, had gone to the last limit of their strength and statesmanship to remove the causes of discontent, and to saturate the standards, conditions, and policies of their industries with justice and mercy and brotherhood.

"In saying these things," he continued, "I am giving no mere counsel of selfish safety; I am only repeating the things that lay closest to the mind and purpose of the one from whom your religion sprang. By these things the orthodoxy of your faith is tested more than by your creeds and rituals. You say you believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. How much do you believe it? It is this idea that has set the world in ferment and loosed the dreams of democracy. Are you the men who are *leading* the fight for these things, or are you playing a game of unwilling concession? Why should the world of industry be split into two armed camps to-day? Why should the ranks of those who to-day have most to say about justice and brotherhood be filled so full with men opposed to you and outside your church? You, of all men, should be in the forefront of every battle for justice and brotherhood. It should never be that a follower of the carpenter must be cajoled into justice or driven into brotherhood."

The prophet in him was speaking. His muscles were tense and his eyes flashing as he hurled these questions at his audience. He saw the angry resentment of faces throughout the audience, a resentment that had been plainly noticeable since he had brought the ideals of the church down out of the rarefied atmosphere of intellectual belief into the field of industrial practice.

"If you had been leading this fight through the years," he said, with a burning conviction, "what tragedies we might have been spared! What scars of passion and class hatred we might have avoided! If you, who openly confess your belief in justice and brotherhood, if you, upon whom life has smiled, have at times forgotten your ideals in a lust for power, is it to be wondered at that men who are strangers to the finer graces of life, men upon whom life has laid a heavy hand, at times grow unreasonable and get drunk on power?"

A prominent member of the board of trustees of the church arose from his

pew and stalked angrily out of the church, muttering something about "profaning the house of God with his impertinent muck-raking."

Arewen's countenance softened as he saw the man leave the church, and his voice dropped.

"I know how hard it is," he said, "I know what a complicated thing it is, to be a good man while caught in the tangled skein of present-day business and industrial relations. I find it easy to sympathize even as I condemn. But I say unto you, unless you seek first these things, your observance of ritual and your assent to doctrines are only travesties upon the simple gospel of Christianity; you miss the meaning of the world's supreme martyrdom, and turn the crucifix into a mere piece of jewelry to dangle from your waistcoat or a piece of bric-à-brac to adorn your walls. You have thought of Christianity as a comfort; I bring it to you as a challenge."

Arewen paused. There came into his face the sadness of the unheeded prophet. He knew that it was not only the men and women before him, but their whole training and environment, the whole system of modern society, that was turning a deaf ear to his appeal.

"Maybe I have spoken of justice and brotherhood as things opposed to the inner spirit and the observances of the church," he said. "If so, it was only because I wanted to lay all possible emphasis upon the things we are most likely to forget. I meant only to say in a new way, 'These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' I would not have you think me a hostile critic of the church. I am not of the church, I am not even sure that I am a Christian,—I suspect many would say that I am not,—but of this I am growing surer every day: the message of the church, the *full* message of the church, is the only hope of civilization in these strangely troubled times. Wars of nations and wars of classes will end only when society everywhere accepts the platform of the carpenter-leader of the church."

With these words, Arewen closed. The choir sang the doxology; Dr. Ellsworth pronounced the words of the benediction. The audience had been so stirred by the address that whispered discussion of it ran through the doxology and benediction. The aisles were crowded with men and women who felt that an unfair advantage had been taken of them, tricked into listening to a harangue under the guise of a vesper sermon.

"Very interesting, very interesting indeed," ventured Mackenzie; "but the fellow is hardly orthodox, I should say."

"If that man is n't a Christian," countered Rawlins, "then the whole world 's pagan."

Mackenzie and Rawlins listened to the comments of the crowd pushing its way out of the church as though eager to get away from an unpleasant experience.

"It 's blasphemy pure and simple, this dragging in of the Son of God to bolster up his soap-box doctrines," angrily exclaimed one elderly man.

"How did Dr. Ellsworth ever get fooled into inviting this wild-eyed reformer to our pulpit?" asked another.

"It 's an insult to the men who have supported and made this church what it is," hotly protested a portly gentleman who only a few days before had been fined by the Government in its investigation of sugar hoarding.

It was plain that there were few men in that congregation who did not feel that their pulpit had been prostituted to the purpose of an agitator. John Arewen was left alone in the church with Dr. Ellsworth, whose face bore a troubled look as he watched his congregation angrily leave the church. But as the two men turned to face each other, there was a light of honest appreciation in Dr. Ellsworth's eyes. He gripped the stranger's hand tightly, and said simply:

"Thank you, Brother Arewen."

IV

Besides Rawlins, there was one man at least who had approved without reservation that part of Arewen's address he had heard. One of the unemployed, an unkempt figure with the reputation of a revolutionary, had been standing for more than two hours in the meeting out-

side. The winter rawness had crept through his threadbare clothing; his hands were stiff with cold, and he had decided to go into the church for a moment to warm himself. He had crept unnoticed into a corner at the rear of the church just as Arewen had begun to challenge the audience with the practical applications of its doctrines of justice and brotherhood. It was the first time he had been inside a church for a score of years. He was bitter against the church. As he listened to Arewen, he could hardly believe his ears. He chuckled with vindictive glee as the audience of the upper classes moved uneasily at Arewen's words. Without waiting for Arewen's conclusion, he rushed out of the church and made directly for the man who was heading the rather headless meeting on the lot outside.

"Say," he exclaimed breathlessly, "is the world comin' to an end, or ain't it? There 's a feller in there who 's certainly handin' that bunch of plutocrats a hot package. He 'll probably get kicked out, and I think we ought to be here to catch him when he lights. He 's one of us, or I 'm a bum guesser. It 'd be a big card for us if we could get him to talk to our crowd just after he gets through with them in there."

The leader of the meeting asked what the man inside had said, and then enthusiastically agreed to try to catch him as he came out and get him to talk to their crowd. They watched both doors of the church, the front and side doors, for Arewen's appearance, Before long Arewen appeared, alone. He stood for a moment as in mediation on the steps at the side door.

"That 's him," eagerly exclaimed the man who had been in the church, rushing up to Arewen.

"Say, that was great stuff you handed 'em in there. You certainly got under their hides all right, all right. We want you to talk to this crowd out here, where you won't get the cold shoulder you got in there," he said to Arewen.

"Who are these people?" asked Arewen as he moved a bit closer to catch the words of a man who was widly gesticulating from the soap-box.

"They 're men out of work, who 've got good and sick of the rotten deal that 's been handed 'em," the man replied.

Arewen heard the man's reply, but he was listening to the man on the soap-box, who was giving vent to as bitter an appeal to class hatred as Arewen had ever heard. The bitterness of the speaker's appeal seemed to decide Arewen.

"I will speak," he said simply.

When the speaker had finished his bitter counsel of hatred and violence, the man who had been captured by Arewen's appeal in the church jumped upon the soap-box and spoke to the crowd.

"Comrades," he said, "I 've got a surprise for you. A little while ago I went into the church there for a minute to get warm. I did n't figure on listenin' to the sermon,—you know what I think of preachers,—but I *did* listen. There was a feller talkin' to that crowd in words I could understand. He was handin ' that bunch the truth hot and heavy. And, say, you ought 've seen 'em squirm. I says to myself, 'He 's our kind, and I 'll get him to talk to us outside, where he 'll get a real welcome." He says his name 's John Arewen and that he 's spent his life in the steel-mills. Here he is."

Arewen mounted the soap-box. Mackenzie and Rawlins, who had stopped as they came out of the church to watch the crowd of unemployed and strikers, were surprised when they saw Arewen facing the crowd. They drew nearer to catch his words.

"He will go better with this crowd, I should say," commented Mackenzie. Rawlins said nothing.

The crowd shouted its welcome to Arewen. They were eager to hear him arraign the upper classes he has been addressing in the church.

"As I listened to our comrade, who has just spoken, counsel you to hatred and violence to gain your ends," Arewen began, "there came to my mind a saying of Mohammed's. This man, who said many good things, said that 'if any man have two loaves of bread, let him trade one for a narcissus. The bread is nourishement for the body, but the narcissus is nourishment for the soul.' I suspect the narcissus blooms very

little in the crowded sections of the city where most of you are compelled to live; I suspect your cupboards are not so full of bread that you would care to trade even one loaf for a flower; and of course Mohammed did not mean, and I do not mean, for you to take this literally. But, comrades, there is a spiritual side of this whole fight of ours that we must not forget even in the hours of hateful poverty and oppresion. We must not let class hatred kill the soul out of us, and leave us mere animals fighting for food."

"That 's the same old bunk the preachers have been handin' us all along," shouted a man from the crowd, "gettin' our eyes fixed on heaven while they pick our pockets."

Plainly, the crowd was disappointed. These men had expected he would talk about the crowd inside the church; instead he talked at the men before him, and they muttered their unmistakable disapproval.

"We 'll never get anywhere by class hatred," Arewen went on, "and violence is a weapon that will turn in our hands and stab us to the heart."

"We thought you were one of us," shouted a voice from the crowd, derisively. "What are you trying to put over on us?"

"The comrade who heard me in the church," replied Arewen, "will tell you that I did not mince words with the men of wealth who were there. As your comrade, I pleaded your cause before them; but I am no less pleading your cause, our cause, now in what I am saying. I know the bitter experiences that have put this hatred in your hearts; I have tasted every one of those experiences. So I do not blame you; I counsel you. I tell you that class hatred not only makes your own lives ugly, but that it misses the whole point. You have let the insanity of a few men who, in their lust for power, have driven rough-shod over your rights as men blind you. You think that every man with power and property is plotting, with a devil's cunning and glee, to see how much oppression and misery he can perpetrate. But I tell you that the men of that class do not do the wrongs with which you charge them just for the fun of doing them, but they are themselves the victims of social forces no less than you; they are free only within very narrow limits."

"Who 's paying you to say this?" shouted an angry voice from the crowd.

This cut Arewen to the quick. He had given his whole life to his class. His comrades who had lived with him for years understood his loyalty and listened to his counsel; so he was not prepared for this sort of reception at the hands of his own class. But he was too big to drag his own feelings into the matter.

"In the past, men have overworked and underpaid many of our comrades," Arewen continued earnestly, "but we must remember that many of these men have done this not because it was their personal wish, but because they were pushed along by the customs of their day. We must remember that in a world of competition the most ruthless man sets the pace. I know men of the class you hate who have yielded to such practices with a heavy heart. We have damned the upper classes for their failure to understand us; we must not fail victims to an equally stupid and perilous blindness. Our problem is not just a question of 'bad' men in places of power. What we must see is that it is the whole tone and system of modern life that must be lifted to a higher plane where there shall be no aristocracy but the aristocracy of accomplishment. We 'll never do that alone. Our brothers of the propertied classes must join us in this work of regeneration. I know that little reform has ever come from the top, but what are we for if not to make new history? All of us, all classes, must continue to live together, whatever the outcome of our struggles may be. What good does it do for us to gain a few concessions now and then if we leave the world a battle-ground of classes, and have to stand eternal guard over what we have gained?"

"Take your dreams somewhere else," growled a battered figure near the soapbox; "we want bread."

"I tell you that violence is a mistake," Arewen said, with all the strength of his conviction. "The oppressors have used violence through the centuries to

gain and hold their privileges, and they are just now waking up to the fact that their senseless violence is pulling their own house down about their ears. Are we, just as they are throwing it away, to pick up this suicide's weapon?

But the crowd would hear no more. The tolerance of the mob was even less than the tolerance of the pew. Arewen was shoved unceremoniously from the soap-box, and the crowd broke up, with shouts of "Traitor!" and "Shame!"

Mackenzie and Rawlins had withdrawn to an opposite corner of the street to watch the outcome of the affair. The angry crowd quickly dispersed. Arewen was left alone. His shoulders drooped with more than a physical tiredness as he walked out on Fifth Avenue. He turned southward. It had grown dark. A winter fog had settled down over the city. The rays of the street lamps fingered the murky dampness. Mackenzie and Rawlins watched Arewen's figure slowly disappear in the fog —despised and rejected.

"I can't make him out," said Mackenzie. "Is he a trimmer? In the pulpit he defended the working class; on the soap-box he pleaded for sympathetic understanding of the upper classes."

"Look at the man, and you know he is n't a trimmer," Rawlins retorted, still looking down the avenue, where Arewen had disappeared. "If he were a trimmer, he would use other tactics. He won the hatred of each class by his defense of the other."

The two club men turned northward up the avenue toward their homes. The whole affair had been only a diverting incident to Mackenzie, but it had struck deeply into Rawlins's mind.

"Damn their yellow souls," he said hotly, "both of them! Neither crowd had the nerve or the honesty to stand up to the part of the truth they had left out of their thinking."

They walked on in silence until they came to Mackenzie's home. As Rawlins lifted his hand to his hat in a good-night gesture he said:

"Gordon, what was it that Carlyle said to the hostess?"

Retrospect

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

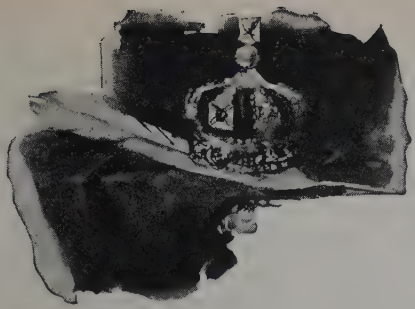
Why should this down-at-heels December day
  Remind me of the springs we knew together,
Of your thin hands and the peculiar way
  You had of looking back, hard to tell whether
The eyes were solemn or gay?

It 's raining, a slow, penetrating rain,
  Ending an afternoon of heavy languor.
And, like a trumpet-blast or a gust of pain,
  Comes your young face, flushed with a queer anger,
Trying too hard to explain.

Trying to sound a note you could never find;
  Struggling to reach the depths of a puzzling emotion;
Groping among strange passions, bewildered and blind.
  Dear, how I envied that dogged devotion,
    All heart and no mind!

The strained assurance, the hysterical vow
  That silence, war, or death could never sunder
Our bonds, our faith, and so on. Yet somehow
  Those words persist, and this cold day I wonder
    Who hears them now.

"'All persons who dispute our prophecies are burned at the stake'"



The Feathers of Olrun

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Illustrations by Leslie L. Benson

"So did it come about that as King Hoel rode a-hunting under the hunter's moon he came upon a personable young fellow is decent black, who was wandering at adventure in the high woods of Dun Vlechlan; and the king remembered what had been foretold"

THEY of Poictesme narrate that in the old days Manuel was a swineherd, living modestly in attendance upon the miller's pigs. Manuel was content enough; he knew not of the fate which was reserved for him.

Then, toward the autumn of the year, Manuel came from his wattled hut by the Wolflake to his sister Math, who was the miller's wife.

"And whatever is the boy groaning about?" said she.

"I have cause, and cause to spare." He told her of how he had surprised a fair maid bathing in the Wolflake, and of what had befallen.

Math nodded.

"Take shame to yourself, young rascal! Well, that would be Oldrun, the Unattainable Princess. Thus she comes from the far land of Valland in, they say, the appearance of a swan; and thus she bathes; and thus she slips into the robe of the Apsaras when it is high time to be leaving such impudent knaves as you have proved yourself to be."

"Yes, yes, a shift made all of shining white feathers, Sister. Here is a feather that was broken from it as I clutched at her."

Math turned the feather in her hand.

"Now, to be sure! And did you ever see the like of it! Still, a broken feather is no good to anybody; and, as I have told you any number of times, I cannot have trash littering up my kitchen."

So Math dropped the shining white feather into the fire, on which she was warming over a pot of soup for Manuel's dinner, and they watched this feather burn.

After which Manuel said, sighing:

"Even so my days consume, and my youth goes out of me, in a land where there are no maids so lovely as Olrun."

"No really nice girl," Math considered, "would be flying about the treetops and the tall, lonely mountains and the low, long marshes, with nobody to keep an eye on her. It is not proper, and I wonder at her parents."

"But, Sister, she is a princess!"

"Just so; therefore I burned the feather, because it is not wholesome for persons of our station in life to be robbing princesses of anything, though it be only of a feather."

"Sister, that is the truth. It is not right to rob anybody of anything, and in taking that feather I have committed a crime."

"I do not doubt she thought you were attempting some crime or another," Math said sagaciously. "Therefore I burned the feather, lest it be recognized, and bring you to the gallows or to a worse place. So why did you not scrape your feet before coming into my kitchen? And how many times do you expect me to speak to you about that?"

Manuel said nothing, but he thought a great deal. In the upshot he went into the miller's chicken-yard and caught a goose and plucked from its wing a feather. Then Manuel put on his Sunday clothes, and, without taking leave of any one, set forth for the far land of Valland.

So did it come about that as King Hoel rode a-hunting under the hunter's moon he came upon a personable young fellow in decent black, who was wandering at adventure in the high woods of Dun

Vlechlan; and the king remembered what had been foretold.

Said King Hoel to Manuel the swineherd:

"What is that I see in your pocket wrapped in red silk?"

"It is a feather, King, wrapped in a bit of my sister's best petticoat."

"Now, glory be to God, friend, and at what price will you sell me that feather?"

"But a feather is no use to anybody, King, for, as you see, it is a quite ordinary feather."

"Come, come," the king said shrewdly, "do people anywhere wrap ordinary feathers in red silk? Friend, do not think to deceive King Hoel of the Peohtes, or it will be the worse for you. I perfectly recognize that feather as the feather which was molted in this forest by the Zhar Ptitza Bird in the old time before my grandfathers came into this country. For it was foretold that such a youth as you would bring to me, who have long been the silliest king that ever reigned over the Peohtes, this feather, which confers upon its owner perfect wisdom; and for you to dispute the prophecy would be blasphemous."

"I do not dispute your silliness, King Hoel, nor do I dispute anybody's prophecies in a world wherein nothing is certain."

"One thing at least is certain," remarked King Hoel, frowning uglily, "and that is that among the Peohtes all persons who dispute our prophecies are burned at the stake."

Manuel shivered slightly and he said:

"It seems to me a quite ordinary feather; but your prophets, most deservedly, no doubt, are in higher repute for wisdom than I am, and burning is a discomfortable death. So, since you are assured that this is the Zhar Ptitza's feather, I will sell it to you for ten sequins."

King Hoel shook his little gray head. and said:

"That will not do at all, and your price is out of reason, because it was foretold that for this feather you would ask ten thousand sequins."

"Well, I have no desire to appear irreligious. So you may have it at your own price rather than let the prophecies remain unfulfilled."

Then Manuel rode pillion with a king who was unwilling to let Manuel out of his sight, and they came thus to King Hoel's vine-covered palace. Heralds, in bright red tabards that were embroidered with golden thistles, proclaimed the fulfilment of the prophecy as to the Zhar Ptitza's feather, and the priests of the Peohtes gave thanks in all their curious underground temples. The common people, who had for the last score of years taken shame to themselves for living under such a foolish king, embraced one another and danced and sang patriotic songs at every street-corner: the Lower Council met, and voted that out of deference to his Majesty All Fools' day should be stricken from the calendar; and the queen declared there were two ways of looking at everything, the while she burned a quantity of private papers. Then at night were fireworks, the king made a speech, and Manuel was paid ten thousand sequins.

Thereafter Manuel abode for a month at the court of King Hoel, noting whatever to this side and to that side seemed most notable.

Hoel now wore the feather from the wing of the miller's goose affixed to the front of Hoel's second best crown, because that was the one he used to give judgments in. And now that it was noised abroad that King Hoel had the Zhar Ptitza's feather, the Peohtes came gladly to be judged, and the neighboring kings began to submit to him their more difficult cases, because everybody knew that King Hoel's wisdom was infallible, and beyond the criticism of ordinary persons.

And now that doubt of himself had gone out of his mind, Hoel lived untroubled, and his digestion improved, and his loving-kindness was great, because he could not be angry with the pitiful creatures haled before him, when he considered how little able they were to distinguish between wisdom and unwisdom where Hoel was omniscient; and all his doings were merciful and just, and his people praised him. Even the queen conceded that, once you were accustomed to his ways, and exercised some firmness about being made a door-

mat of, and had it understood once for all that meals could not be kept waiting for him, she supposed there might be women worse off.

So every one was satisfied in King Hoel's realm except Manuel, whose conscience troubled him about his debt to Olrun, the Unattainable Princess. "For it is not right," he reflected, "to rob anybody of anything, and perceive that wisdom weighs exactly the weight of a feather."

He went into King Hoel's chicken-yard and caught a goose and plucked from its wing a feather. Manuel went glitteringly now in brocaded hose, and with gold spurs on his heels; and he rode on a tall, dappled horse when he departed from King Hoel's realm, for Manuel nowadays had money to spare.

Now Manuel came into the country of wicked King Wencelas, and toward Allhallows they bring him to the king in the torture-chamber. The king was not idle at that time, and he looked up good-temperedly enough from his employment; but almost instantly his merry old face was overcast.

"Dear me!" said Wencelas, and I had hoped you would not be bothering me for a good ten years!"

"Now if I bother you at all it is against my will," declared Manuel, very politely, for there were one or two things that he did not like the looks of in this torture-chamber.

"That is as it may be. In the meantime what is that I see in your pocket wrapped in red silk?"

"It is a feather, King, wrapped in a bit of my sister's best petticoat."

Then Wencelas sighed, and he arose from his interesting experiments with what was left of Sir Guivert, the seneschal, to whom the king had taken a sudden dislike that morning.

"Well, after all," said Wencelas, "I have had a brave two-score years of it, with my enormities and my iniquities, and it is not as though there were nothing to look back on. So at what price will you sell me that feather?"

"But surely a feather is no use to anybody, King, for, as you see, it is a quite ordinary feather."

"Come, come," said King Wencelas, as he washed his hands, "do people anywhere wrap ordinary feathers in red silk? Friend, do not think to swindle me out of sainthood by any such foolish talk. I perfectly recognize that feather as the feather which Milcah plucked from the left pinion of the Archangel Oriphiel when the sons of God were on more intricate and scandalous terms with the daughters of men than are permitted nowadays."

"Well, sir," replied Manuel, "you may be right in a world wherein nothing is certain." Manuel had deduced from one or two things in the torture-chamber that it was better not to argue with this King Wencelas.

"How can I help being right, when it was foretold long ago that such a youth as you would bring this very holy relic to turn me from my sins and make a saint of me?" said Wencelas, peevishly.

"It appears to me a quite ordinary feather, King; but probably your prophets are wiser than I," conceded Manuel, looking sidewise at the result of the king's experiments.

"Do you name your price for this feather, then."

"I think it would be more respectful, sir, to refer you to the prophets, for I find them generous and big-hearted creatures."

Wencelas nodded his approval.

"That is very piously spoken, because it was prophesied that this relic would be given me for no price at all by a great nobleman. So I must forthwith write out for you a count's commission, I suppose, and must write out your grant to fertile lands and a stout castle, and must date your title to all these things from yesterday."

"Certainly," said Manuel, "it would not look well for you to be neglecting the fulfilment of such a famous prophecy with that bottle of ink at your elbow."

So King Wencelas sent for the Count of Poictesme, and explained to him as between old friends how the matter stood, and that afternoon the count's head was severed from his body. Poictesme now being a vacant fief, King Wencelas ennobled Manuel and made him Count of Poictesme. Thereafter Manuel abode for a month at the court of King Wencelas, noting whatever to

this side and to that side seemed most notable.

First the king's heralds rode every whither in fluted armor to proclaim the fulfilment of the old prophecy as to the Archangel Oriphiel's feather. Never before was there such a hubub in Lacre Kai, for the bells of all the churches sounded all day, and all the people ran about praying at the top of their voices and forgiving their relatives and kissing the girls and blowing whistles, because Lacre Kai now harbored a relic so holy that the vilest sinner had but to touch it to be purified of iniquity. And that day King Wencelas dismissed the evil companions with whom he had rioted for two-score years in all manner of wickedness, and Wencelas lived henceforward as became a saint. He builded two churches a year and fared edifyingly on roots and herbs; he washed the feet of three poor persons daily, and went in sackcloth; and he made abbesses of many of his former acquaintances, because he knew with certainty that people are made holy by contact with holiness and that sainthood is retroactive.

The feather from the wing of Hoel's goose King Wencelas had affixed to the unassuming skullcap with a halo of gold wire which Wencelas now wore in the place of a vainglorious earthly crown; so that perpetual contiguity with this relic might keep him in augmenting sanctity. And now that doubt of himself had gone out of his mind, Wencelas lived untroubled, and his digestion improved on his light diet of roots and herbs, and his loving kindness was great, because he could not be angry with the pitiful creatures haled before him, when he considered what lengthy and ingenious torments awaited every one of them either in hell or purgatory, while Wencelas would be playing a gold harp in heaven.

So Wencelas dealt tenderly and generously with all. Half of his subjects said that simply showed you; and the rest of them assented that indeed you might well say that, and they had often thought of it, and had wished that young people would take profit by considering such things more seriously.

In a word, every one was satisfied except the Count of Poictesme, whose conscience troubled him about his debt to Olrun, the Unattainable Princess. "For it is not right," he reflected, "to rob anybody of anything, and I perceive that absolute righteousness is a fine feather in one's cap."

He went into the chicken-yard behind the red-roofed palace of King Wencelas and caught a goose and plucked from its wing a feather. Thereafter the young Count of Poictesme rode out of Lacre Kai on a tall, dappled horse, and a retinue of six lackeys in blue-and-yellow liveries came gallantly cantering after him.

In such estate it was that Count Manuel came, on the morning of Christmas day, into Valland. This land, reputed sorcerous, in no way displayed to him any unusual feature save that the king's marmoreal palace was fenced with silver pikes whereon were set the embalmed heads of young men who had wooed the Princess Olrun unsuccessfully. Manuel found these rather droll-looking, because snow had fallen during the night, so that each head seemed to wear a nightcap.

They brought Manuel to King Kiar, who was holding his Christmas feast in his warm hall. Kiar sat on a fine throne of carved white ivory and gold, beneath a purple canopy, and beside him, upon just such another throne, not quite so high, sat Kiar's daughter, Olrun, the Unattainable Princess, in a robe of watered silk which was of seven colors and was lined with the dark fur of barbiolets. In her crown were chrysolites and amethysts. It was a wonder to note how brightly they shone; but they were not so bright as Olrun's eyes.

She stared as Manuel came through the hall, wherein the barons were seated according to their degrees. She had, they say, her reasons for remembering the impudent young fellow whom she had encountered at the Wolflake. She blushed, and spoke to her father in the whistling and hissing language which the Apsaras use among themselves; and her father laughed long and loud. Said Kiar:

"Things might have fallen out much worse. Come tell me now, Count of

"So he gave her the feathers he had plucked from the third goose"

Poictesme, what is that I see in your breast-pocket wrapped in red silk?"

"It is a feather, King," replied Manuel, wearily, "wrapped in a bit of my sister's best petticoat."

"Aye, aye," said Kiar, with a grin that was becoming even more benevolent, "and I need not ask what price you come expecting for that feather. Well, you are an excellently spoken-of young nobleman, who have slain no doubt a reasonable number of giants and dragons, and who have certainly turned kings from folly and wickedness. For such fine rumors speed before the man who has fine deeds behind him that you do not come into my realm as a stranger; and, I repeat, things might have fallen out much worse."

"Now listen, all ye that hold Christmas here!" cried Manuel. "A while back I robbed this princess of a feather, and the thought of it lay in my mind heavier than a feather, because it is not right to rob anybody of anything. So I set out toward Valland to restore to her a feather. And such happenings befell me by the way that at Michaelmas I brought wisdom into one realm, and at All-hallows I brought piety into another realm. Now what I may be bringing into this realm of yours at Heaven's most holy season, Heaven only knows. It seems to me a quite ordinary feather. Yet life in the wide world, I find, is a queerer thing than ever any swineherd dreamed of in his wattled hut, and people everywhere are nourished by their beliefs as the meat of pigs can nourish nobody."

Kiar said, with a wise nod:

"I perceive what is in your heart, and I see likewise what is in your pocket. So why do you tell me what everybody knows? Everybody knows that the robe of the Apsaras, which is the peculiar treasure of Valland, has been ruined by the loss of a feather; so that my daughter can no longer go abroad in the appearance of a swan, because the robe is not able to work any more wonders until that feather in your pocket has been sewed back into the robe, with the old incantation."

"Now, but indeed does everybody know that!" said Manuel, in a sad taking.

"Everybody knows, too, that my daughter has pined away with fretting after her lost ways of outdoor exercise, and the healthful changes of air which she used to be having. And, finally, everybody knows that, at my daughter's very sensible suggestion, I have offered my daughter's hand in marriage to him who would restore that feather, and death to every impudent young fellow who dared enter here without it, as my palace fence attests."

"Oh! oh!" thought Manuel, "but seemingly it is no wholesome adventure which has come to me unasked."

"So, as you tell me, you came into Valland; and, as there is no need to tell me, I hope, who have still two eyes in my head, you have achieved the adventure. So why do you keep telling me about matters with which I am as well acquainted as you?"

"But, King, how do you know that this is not an ordinary feather?"

"Count of Poictesme, do people anywhere—"

"Oh, spare me that vile bit of worldly logic, King, and I will concede whatever you desire."

"Then do you stop talking such nonsense and give my daughter her feather."

Manuel ascended the white throne of Olrun. Queer things had befallen Manuel, but nothing stranger than this could ever happen, he reflected, than that he should be standing there with her and holding her small hand in his. For this was the Unattainable Princess whose loveliness had kindled a dream and a dissatisfaction in the heart of a swineherd to lead him forth into the wide world and through the puzzling ways of the wide world and into its high places; so that at the last the swineherd was standing, a-glitter in satin and gold and in rich furs, here at the summit of a throne, and at the last the hand of the Unattainable Princess was in his hand, and in his heart was misery.

"Is it the truth," asks Manuel of Olrun, speaking not very steadily, "that you are to marry the man who restores the feather of which you were robbed at the Wolflake, and can marry none other?"

"It is the truth," she answered in a

small, frightened, lovely voice, "and I no longer grieve that it is the truth."

But Manuel thought of how composedly his sister had declared that a feather was no good to anybody, and of how his sister had burned the shining feather, with him sitting by and thinking about cabbage soup.

"Well, but," said he, "all water that is past the dam must go its way, even though it be a flood of tears. A feather I took from you in the red autumn woods, and a feather I now restore to you, my Princess, in this white palace of yours, not asking any reward, and not claiming to be remembered by you in the gray years to come, but striving to leave no debt unpaid. And whether in this world, where nothing is certain, one feather is better than another feather, I do not know."

So he gave her the feather he had plucked from the third goose, while the trumpets sounded as a token that the quest of Olrun's feather had been fulfilled, and all the courtiers shouted in honor of Count Manuel.

"Now it well may come about," thought Manuel, "that I must straightway take a foul doom from fair lips, and that presently my head will be drying on a silver pike; for she cannot fail to perceive this is a goose-feather, with no magic about it. Even so, one never knows; and I have learned that it is well to put all doubt of oneself quite out of mind."

And Olrun looked at what was in her hand, and saw it was a goose-feather, in nothing resembling the feather which, when she had fled in maidenly embarrassment from Manuel's love-making, she had plucked from the robe of the Apsaras and had dropped at Manuel's feet in order that her father might be forced to proclaim this quest, and the winning of it might be predetermined. Then Olrun looked at Manuel. Now before her this man's blue eyes were as bright and steadfast as altar candles before a saint; she saw that this man expected her to declare the truth, when the truth would be his death-sentence; and she had no patience with him whatever.

Said Olrun, with that lovely, tranquil smile of hers:

"Count Manuel has fulfilled the quest. He has restored to me the feather from the robe of the Apsaras. I recognize it perfectly."

"Why, to be sure," says Kiar. "Still, do you get your needle and the recipe for the old incantation, and the robe too, and make it plain to all my barons that the power of the robe is returned to it by flying about the hall a little in the appearance of a swan; for it is better to conduct these matters in due order and without any suspicion of irregularity."

Thought Manuel:

"Now again it may be that I am lost despite her dear pity upon me. With my own eyes I saw the burning of that shining feather which alone can restore the robe's magic, and it does not stand to reason that a goose-feather can help to turn anybody into a swan. Yet I, who am to-day a count, with plenty of money in my pockets, and with a puzzled head none too securely fastened to my shoulders, would wager nothing either way."

And Olrun said:

"My Father, I am surprised at you! Have you no sense of decency at all? For you ought to know it is not becoming for an engaged girl to be flying about Valland in the appearance of a swan, far less among a parcel of men who have been drinking all morning. It is the sort of thing that leads to a girl's being talked about."

"Well, now, that is true, my dear," said Kiar, "and the sentiment does you credit. So perhaps I had better suggest something else."

"Indeed, my Father, I see exactly what you would be suggesting. And I believe that you are right; it is not well for any married woman to be known to possess any such robe. There is no telling what people would be saying of her, nor what disgraceful tricks she would not get the credit of playing on her husband. For you, who have the name of being the wisest king that ever reigned in Valland, know perfectly well how people talk, and how eager people are to talk and to put the very worst construction on everything; and you know, too, that husbands do not like such talk. Certainly, I had not thought of these

things, my Father, but I believe that you are right."

Kiar stroked his thick, short beard, and said:

"Now, truly, my Daughter, whether or no I be a wise king, though, as you say, of course there have been persons kind enough to consider, and in petitions, too— However, but be that as it may, and putting aside the fact that everybody likes to be appreciated, I can imagine no gift which would at this high season be more acceptable to any husband than the ashes of that magical robe."

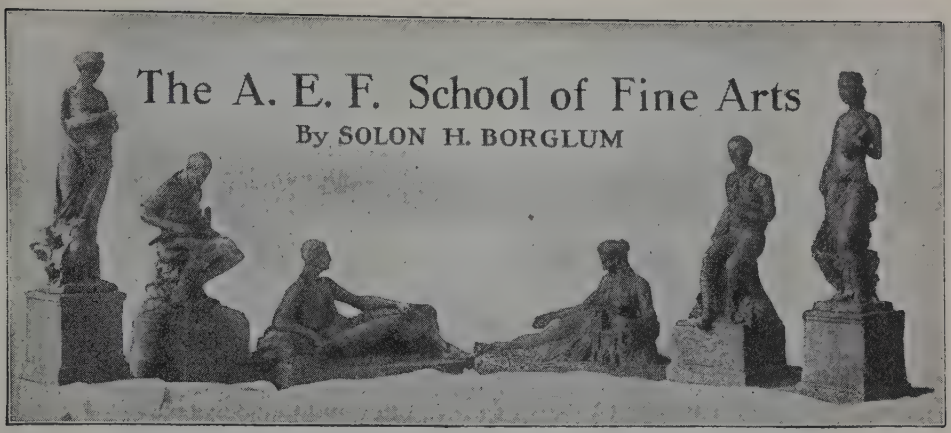
"This is a saying," Olrun here declared, "well worthy of King Kiar; and I have often wondered at your striking way of putting things."

"That, too, is a gift," Kiar said, with proper modesty, "which to some persons is given, and to others not; so I deserve no credit for it. But, as I was saying when you interrupted me, my dear, it is well for youth to have its fling, because, as I have often thought, we are young only once; and so I have not ever criticized your jauntings in far lands. But a husband is another pair of shoes. A husband does not like to have his wife flying about the tree-tops and the tall, lonely mountains and the low, long marshes, with nobody to keep an eye on her, and that is the truth of it. So, were I in your place, and wise enough to listen to the old father who loves you, and who is wiser than you, my dear—why, now that you are about to marry, I would destroy this feather and this robe in one red fire, if only Count Manuel will agree to it. For it is he who now has power over all your possessions, and not I."

"Count Manuel," said Olrun, with that lovely, tranquil smile of hers, "you perceive that my father is insistent, and it is my duty to be guided by him. I do not deny that, upon my father's advice, I am asking you to let perish a strong magic which many persons would value above a woman's pleading. But I know now"—her eyes met his, and that which Manuel found in the eyes of Olrun was to him a joy well nigh intolerable—"but I know now, very certainly, that you, who are to be my husband, and who have brought wisdom into one kingdom and piety into another, have brought love into the third kingdom; and I perceive that this third magic is a stronger and a nobler magic than that of the Apsaras. And it seems to me that you and I would do well to dispense with anything which is second rate."

"I am of the opinion that you are a singularly wise woman," said Manuel, "and I am of the belief that it is far too early for me to be crossing my wife's wishes in a world wherein all our sins are nourished by our beliefs."

All being agreed, the Yule log was stirred up into a blaze, which was duly fed with the goose-feather and the robe of the Apsaras. Thereafter the trumpets sounded a fanfare to proclaim that the king's collops were cooked and peppered, his wine-casks broached, and his puddings steaming. Then the former swineherd went in to share his Christmas dinner with the king's daughter Olrun, whom people everywhere had called the Unattainable Princess.



The A. E. F. School of Fine Arts

By SOLON H. BORGLUM

It is not very generally known that, following the cessation of hostilities in France, the War Department joined with the Y. M. C. A. in creating a school of fine arts for the men of the A. E. F. Mr. Borglum was one of the organizers of this work.

I. SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE

WHEN the results of human endeavor have been misapplied, they must be either destroyed and built up anew or they must be directed into their proper channels. We must admit that during the war science and invention have carried the whole world completely beyond control. Before the war, science had raised itself steadily to the level of the arts; with the coming of the war, it was employed to destroy; in other words, a great human work was being misapplied.

During the winter of 1917 the art schools all over America were losing their students; the men were volunteering for the army, to take up work entirely opposite and contradictory to their chosen professions. They unselfishly thrust from their minds the thought of their art. Instead, they devoted themselves to the employment of military science with all its resources, so as to reëstablish civil science in its legitimate constructive human purpose.

In anticipation of the end of the war, which we knew must ultimately come, it was quite natural that the Y. M. C. A., which had already taken up educational work in the hospitals and rest camps, should prepare to avail itself of the wider opportunities which would open when peace came. From the beginning, through their war organization, instructors were constantly being sent about, in order to prevent the men from losing all contact with their peace-time habits of study and mental development.

An army of two million Americans in Europe, under control of our Government, was placed in a peculiar position when the fighting was finished; that is, it remained under military discipline, thus giving to those interested an ideal opportunity to develop an army educational scheme unheard of and without precedent.

The War Department thereupon united with the Y.M.C.A., and together they secured a building admirably adapted to house under one roof the various departments of the School of Fine Arts. The site was perfect, and within easy reach of Paris, with its stupendous wealth of rare works of art. The French Minister of Fine Arts, specialists in the history of the arts, and all the government schools of France gave freely every assistance possible.

The French masters in different branches of the fine arts opened their studios, so that the young student could see with his own eyes great works in the process of making. Time was short, but the mind of the soldier was ready to receive, and the unselfish effort to give and help in this work was a joy and a privilege to the teachers. With this spirit permeating the faculty, the

The entrance to the school

students were quickly assigned to their respective classes as soon as they reported.

There are two kinds of aspirants that take up the study of the fine arts: the first is the worker, who gives his ideals concrete form, puts them into motion, and passes them on into the world, where they follow their natural evolution; the second is the student who spends all his time pondering and dreaming over his ideals. This happens only when the mind and body are still in a very nebulous state. To force one's esthetic ideals into materialization means persistent effort. There were no idle dreamers in the Bellevue School, or, if there were, they were quickly awakened by the stimulating daily routine, which had just enough military snap back of it to act as a bracer.

The soldier-student upon his arrival was first astonished, then overjoyed. He would throw down his pack at the door and wonder if it was really true. This hesitation, however, lasted only a moment. A little later it would have been impossible to distinguish him from the rest of the student group, for he soon became as absorbed in his work as those ahead of him. No chance or thought of dreamy idleness, or questioning of his military orders, could possibly enter his mind; for he soon realized that the Government had planned three short months for him, and was not only giving him the masters, but also the time and the tools. When our students entered their classrooms, they found all necessary supplies: each architect was given a new drawing-board, mathematical instruments, and pencils; the painter, a fresh paint-box, tubes of paint, canvas, and easels; the sculptor his clay and modeling-stands. They were not only enabled to study, but actually were paid to study the professions they loved and which they had willingly shelved to enter the war. The man who had been at the front had suffered, and he had seen his companions shot down around him; was there any reason why his life should have been spared or that he should ever have got back again to the study of art? It seemed to be a dream. No one can realize the great joy of the soldier who had staked everything and won, and who suddenly found himself in a well-equipped studio, one of hundreds of comrades, some working over their drawing-boards, some on their canvas, and others with clay, each trying to give form to ideals which he thought he had lost.

The students of architecture and sculpture respectively followed their special studies in separate classes, but they combined in the study of architectural monuments of France: that is, the

châteaux, churches, municipal buildings, art palaces, and city residences. The constructive and ornamental features, and the settings of these monuments in relation to their surroundings, offered invaluable material for both sculptors and architects.

During their course of instruction the students of architecture were given the opportunity of seeing and analyzing buildings in their finished state, and it proved for them an exhilarating experience. With the lines of construction, composition, ornamentiation, and setting actually before them, the teachers were better equipped to explain the points of vital interest found in the magnificent creations of the old masters.

Study trips were planned and conducted by thoroughly competent instructors, men who in previous years had spent their student days at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. With the real spirit of the soldier, these teachers gladly brought to their work all of their wide experience and knowledge, which was eagerly absorbed with spontaneous response on the part of the art students, thus developing throughout the whole school a fine feeling of fellowship, joy, and keen coöperation.

When the average young man goes to Europe to study art, he flounders around more or less for a long time before he realizes that much of his study period in Paris is being wasted. Undecided as to his needs, he does not know just what to look for, and it takes him some time to discover that the guide-book is nothing but a road-chart, giving dates and places for travelers who never stop to contemplate or to master.

In order to cover as much ground as possible in the short time alloted for this special work, Paris, its environs, and then all of France were divided into sectors. In the Paris sector alone the monumental buildings are so numerous that it was necessary to select only a few of the most important in each case, the students being advised in advance of the monument that would be visited. They were accompanied by an instructor, or some one who knew how to select, explain, and emphasize the salient features of the construction and decoration; the significance of its school, whether pure or mixed, and what effect it had, if any, on other schools.

Trips were made by train to the different sectors outside of Paris, which had been carefully marked off as possessing special architectural monuments that would be of value to the student. It was obvious that these trips to special points of interest were planned by the teachers with as great care as a general in the field would plan a drive. These student-doughboys also were determined to make every drive a success, a victory, so to speak. To make this doubly sure, an order was issued to the art students to bring back from their trips proof of their work. Consequently,

At work in the sculptors' atelier — study from the nude

Sculpture and architecture

the walls of the exhibition-room in the school were always covered with careful drawings, made on these trips: sketches of bits of architecture in the sunlight, ancient towers, old doors surrounded by beautiful carving, gateways leading to some château in the distance, and many parts of ornamental design taken here and there from the buildings themselves.

Now that it is all over, every student treasures many sketches that will always remind him of the many beautiful points of interest he has seen, bringing back to his memory the ensemble of the châteaux, cathedrals, or some charming little village home, built centuries ago. What an overpowering inspiration these young men have received! And it can never leave them, for it has infused them with such spiritual and artistic force that its influence will be felt through their own work and the work done in their studios here in America.

The students of architecture, having just studied and clearly visualized these monumental buildings on their study-trips, were all prepared to enter the ateliers of the school filled with enthusiasm. The advanced architectural students were then given special opportunities to work out the problems issued by the Ecole des Beaux Arts, which gave them a clear appreciation of what kind of work the best schools in France were doing and of the special aim toward which each school was working. Many of these problems were exceedingly difficult, but the continued enthusiasm of the Americans, aided by the French masters, brought forth in the final result designs that in conception and execution approached a remarkable degree of excellence. The time required to work out many of these problems was a special feature in this class; there were two-, three-, and five-day problems. There were also twelve-, twenty-four-, and forty-eight-hour problems. With these time limits, it is easy to understand why it was frequently necessary for the student to work far into the night in order to be able to hand in on time the result of his efforts to the *massier*, or head student.

Among other problems set to the students were buildings intended for special social functions only, such as a restaurant by a lake, buildings of utility, an institute of mathematics and physics, a riding-school and stables, which was an exceedingly difficult problem, entrances to buildings, and architectural gateways for parks. Special classes of instruction in pencil- and water-color work also occupied part of the curriculum, the men learning to express the problems given with ease, accuracy, and effect. A very complete French reference library, which was furnished to the school by the American Library Association, supplied all information needed, and these books were fully illustrated with masterpieces of all branches of the fine arts. Neither was the French language neglected. A special course of forty minutes was given every day to its study, so that the student could better understand, appreciate, and enjoy the great value of these French reference-books.

It will be seen that the opportunities presented were remarkable. To the

Buffalo group

architect who needs facts that he can utilize, analyze, and work from, and which will inspire him to accomplish greater work in this field of art, was uncovered a mine rich in resources.

Attached to the school was the lecture-hall. Here the young student heard for the first time the statement that art had always represented in line and form the bigger movements of life, which had survived through all the joys and sorrows of mankind. He was told that it had entered into the very heart of life from prehistoric ages to the present day, and that it had been applied by the savage to raise his people to higher and higher planes; also that governments and religions had used it as a medium for the expression of their ideals.

The student gradually became convinced that his special art could not possibly stand alone, but must have something bes des form. He soon realized that if his conception was to be of value to the world, he needed a thorough understanding of his material, a clear and clean conception of his ideal, and a distinct appreciation of the everyday life of his own epoch.

Some of the lectures were fully illustrated with stereopticon views to bring out special points of interest and importance. The weekly lectures on the history of France gave the student a vivid impression of what is required to build up a country, especially one replete in historical events. Other lectures were presented on prehistoric art, ceramics, textiles, and sculpture, when it was first used, and its part in the recording of French history. There were lectures, too, on painters and paintings of France and their influence on the fine arts, also descriptive talks on architecture and its different styles, particularly the Gothic. We know that, excepting the Greek school, the Gothic has been the purest in its interpretation of an ideal in conception and form and, like the Greek school, has bequeathed to the world a wealth of material for study.

Of special interest were the dissertations on interior decoration, giving the students a clear picture of how the fine arts had been assembled by ancient schools to make the home beautiful, vivid pictures often being drawn by the speakers to emphasize the tremendous and direct influence that this branch of fine arts had and will always have on the home and social life.

The diversity of these lectures was wide. There was, for instance, bookcraft, comprising the art of binding books so beautifully that one would be tempted not only to handle them, but

also to open the covers and see what their contents revealed; besides such outdoor subjects in the field of art as city planning and landscape architecture, the latter convincing the student that the government, state, and city councils would not be complete without including a landscape architect.

In fact, a wealth of knowledge was gathered from these lectures, and the student was not slow in taking valuable reference-notes from them; for they were based on actual facts, pointing out constantly where more detailed information could be gathered from existing objects, thereby making it easier for them to understand the significance of the talks.

The student in sculpture profited considerably by these lectures on topics allied to his own. It would remind him of the time when the young Florentine painters and sculptors of the fourteenth century wandered from place to place, seeking knowledge and coming in contact with other minds and other thinkers and other types and kinds of artists. In this way they became acquainted with their country, their religion, their government, became the real interpreters of their country, their religion, their government, and finally were the real interpreters of their country's ideals. But in the case of the A. E. F. school the soldier-students had all this information actually brought to them.

The study trips made together by the architects and sculptors were vitally important. The students gained much from the study of sculpture as applied to architecture, whether it was ornamental, allegorical, or realistic; and from heroic groups, whether their existence was purely ornamental, or whether each group, figure, or ornament had some specific expression, making it of value in its place. Consideration was given to the right proportions of a composition, lines, and mass; to architectural features and setting, whether in relation to buildings, avenues, or parks. The differences of opinion that would arise from these discussions were an education in themselves. The architects and sculptors realized how necessary it was that their respective branches of the fine arts should be allied as closely in the studio and school as it was when finally assembled in buildings.

In the war zone it was interesting to the sculptor to see the effect of partly destroyed statues still remaining in place. It often occurred that half demolished figures on some buildings had thus become better adapted to the framework they embellished than oth-

Reclining figure

ers near by, which still stood whole and in place where the sculptor had left them centuries before.

The sculptor-students were inspired by visits to Paris studios, which enabled them to see the variety of work undertaken by living master-sculptors. This comprised such various types as a great monument destined to stand alone in a park; statues or ornamental features for edifices; exquisite statuettes finished in ivory, marble, or alabaster, to be finally decorated with delicately modeled ornaments in gold, silver, and studded with jewels. The master might also show the student a simple, but beautiful, door-knocker in process of making. In France, the country of fine arts, we are constantly impressed by the fact that the Government not only recognizes art for its beauty, but also for its cultural value.

It was in the class-room that the sculptor-students were to be found most of the time. They, like the painters, can express their ideals only by the continued study of natural objects. Knowledge of form is acquired by the understanding of the principles of sound construction as employed by nature in the human figure, in animals, and in plant life. Our sculptor-students were given every opportunity possible to increase this knowledge by the simple use of these principles.

Every morning the workers could be seen busily drawing from branches, leaves, and flowers in order to discover the similarity of construction which exists in all natural forms from their very foundation to their completed state. Every afternoon careful study of the nude figure was made in clay; the sculptor would then return to the proper handling of his particular material, and would try to put into his small clay figure sound construction, movement, proportion, and the character of the model's posing. Thus having studied elementary theory in the morning, the afternoon's work was intended to enable the student, through concrete application of the principles of form, freely to express his personality.

To apply the knowledge which they had thus acquired by the careful study of the human figure and plant life was the next step. Therefore time was set aside for the study of composition, one of these problems being a plan to decorate the school grounds with sculpture. In order to make a practical demonstration which would be of value to the student, the latter was given the following subject: "What is the significance of the present use of this building?" The building in which the fine-arts school was assembled was originally a fashionable restaurant, "Pavillon de Bellevue," afterward used for a school of classic dancing. When the war broke out, it was commandeered for hospital purposes by the different armies.

France

A large-scale model, eight feet long, was made of the building and grounds, which was clear enough to give a good idea of the architectural line of the façade, and the lawns and driveways as they existed. With this model in the class-room, the students had an opportunity to work out their problems methodically and comprehensively.

After a month's study, six figures in sculpture were selected from those made by the students: two standing figures representing France and America as the support of the educational scheme; two reclining figures, one representing the fine arts of France and the other the classic arts; and, lastly, two figures seated, representing soldiers who had thrown down their implements of war, one having taken up the study of sculpture and architecture and the other the study of painting. Their accoutrements had been dropped on the posts placed on each side of the steps leading to the entrance of the building.

At this period of development of their sculptural groups the students were continually "trying out" their composition on the class-room model they had made of the building and grounds. This gave them a chance to see the whole building and their groups at a glance; the ensemble could thus be studied effectively. To visualize the whole setting became an easy matter. This brought up many points for the young men to work out; for instance, that a statue must be of a certain size to be in harmony with the whole; it should be placed so as not to destroy the value of another figure; and each statue should reinforce the value of the whole group and enhance the beauty of the grounds and building.

Again, it was shown hereby that sculpture, no matter how beautifuly modeled, should not stand alone. It must be properly presented on its pedestal. The light and its surroundings must be in harmony with the subject, just as a book should be appropriately bound, or a picture richly framed, in order to increase the value of the subject.

Thus each student gave a great deal of time to the proper presentation of his statue, every part of the work being done with as much care and excellence in workmanship as was possible in the short time allowed. In this problem the student understood that no matter how fine his ideal might be, he must always consider the probable location of his statue, whether it was to be in the country, in a park, or in the street of a city, or the embellishment of a building. He was shown that if he did not give special attention to this, his work would be only a spot without color, without life, and the idea embodied in his statue would be lost. Finally, what he thought was sculpture might be nothing but a chaotic mass of thoughtless lines.

It should be remarked that the combination of military discipline with school curriculum, thus giving to the students control and guidance, a feature absent from art schools at home, gave the earnest worker encouragement and showed most wholesome results in the work and character-training of the men. Far from finding the discipline irksome, they soon realized that it was the best aid in the serious pursuit of their studies. *Verb. sap.*

Unfortunately, all this ideal school work was brought to an abrupt close. By the receipt of a military order telling him to leave his study of art, the student suddenly awakened to the fact that he was still a soldier. He was instructed to pick up his implements of war and go home, there to be free again, but to use for the betterment of his country all the experience and knowledge which his Government had made it possible for him to acquire.

My Diogenes Night

By ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE

Etchings by Claxton B. Moulton

My love was a house, a little, low thing, straggling over a bushy dune, but all my own, dreamed, drawn, created out of my veriest soul and self.

A LIGHT bag in my hand, I walked very fast up the narrow boardwalk of the old fishing-village, my linen skirt flapping in the sea-breeze. It was the end of a fair day in June, and the low sun was coloring the harbor. I hurried along, a delicious consciousness making my heart warm within me. I was hurrying because I was going to my love. The boardwalk seemed to fly beneath me, and yet it interminably crawled. The old street, under its great willows, straggled relentlessly on, the sunlight warming the green-shuttered white houses and the long line of picket-fences, on which purple shadows were splashed. At last I passed a clear space between houses where fish-nets were drying; the boardwalk took a sudden lift up a little hill, and in the distance dunes appeared.

"Nearly sunset," I thought, hastening over the brow of the rise. "The carpenters will have gone long ago."

My love was a house, a little, low thing, straggling over a bushy dune, but all my own, dreamed, drawn, created out of my veriest soul and self, and nearing completion now at the hands of lackadaisical local workmen. I resented these workmen. I loved every nail they drove, every beautiful fresh board they handled; but I wanted to handle them myself. It was tragic to be forced to turn over the realization of one's dream to a bunch of sea-bred *insouciants*. The little house, though yellow and raw now, would go gray after a winter's weathering, and cuddle that dune as if it grew there. Wild creepers would soon appropriate it and welcome; and bull-briers, convolvulus, wild things of all sorts, could have it if they would leave me just enough space to peep out at storms and sunsets and tides. That was all there was to be seen from my house, all I wanted to see. For months I had been living in a rush and clutter of people and work and plans, and was thirsting to be for once alone, to be cool, silent, creatively apart. Soltitude—there could be no more beautiful word. I had never known much of it, but the idea of it had always fascinated me; to be as that delightful medieval person, whether a lone lost knight or a melancholy and forsaken lady I have quite forgotten, who, on the edge of something also delightfully forsaken and forlorn, a marsh or a mere, was found

. . . alone, and palely loitering,

had grown to be one of my half-conscious dreams. And just now I felt that no extent of solitude could be too great; a year would not be too much.

Except for its edges and eyebrows and other trifles that the sea-going persons were still dawdling over, the little house was done. It smelt ecstatically of clean, new forest lumber, had been wastefully doing it while I was yet cooped up in a city. For weeks the strong salt air had been tangibly rushing through it like a living thing; and at last I had contrived to get away, to spend one stealthy, precious night with this sea-swept creature of my heart and brain — a fresh, bare, silent night, with only the tireless wind blowing from the marsh, and the tide chuckling at the foot of the dune.

In short, I meant to sleep in my house, or on it; for as yet it contained no aloof, disdainful beds, but just smooth, sweet-smelling, fawn-colored floors, and it seemed as if this first, symbolic occupying should be a thing between us two alone.

As my feet crunched into the wet, coarse sand of the flats, seaweedy, crabby, and delicious, I sniffed hungrily at the briny air. How good it was to be *damp* once more after these months of drying up—damp through and through, inside and out; damp hair, damp face, garments, lungs, soul! Here on my left lay the water of the upper harbor, which twisted itself oddly around toward the sea while shaping itself into creeks. Inland on the right —though that way, too, if one wallowed far enough, one met the sea—was a bushy and delightfully unproductive bog, full of suppositious cranberries and ditches and swamp-holes and wetness, stretching vaguely away among the dunes of the back country.

The easiest place in the world to be damp in. And the quiet of it! Instinctively I drew enormous breaths not merely of air, but of horizons and immenseness and silence and space.

Clambering up some rough log steps to the little terrace, a small oasis of flatness built out over the bushes of the dune-side, I saw marsh and creek and oceans in a glory of late light. Even the dull-hued bog was warmed to a brightness; of course the June marsh-grass was hectic. Beyond, stood a tall, pale dune with a rim of illuminated green. Schooner-sails rounded the point, making in, and a faint *rat-tat* came shoreward from returning "gasoleners," black dots on the shining water to the westward.

And behind me my love patiently waited. Its yellow boards, aglow with a rather awful, orangy color in this light, would not interrupt, I knew, one's joy in the air and sky, for they were full of sky, soaked with air. If its walls, even on the inside, should have their individual and cherished portraits done, they should be given blue high lights, I felt, like a face sketched out of doors.

With a happy sigh I turned to go in. To my amazement, the door was inhospitably locked. I stood quiet a moment, adjusting myself to this rebuff. Of course even these lackadaisical workmen of mine might lock doors occasionally; I had notified no one of my coming.

Feeling unpleasantly stealthy, I tiptoed around to the studio door. Locked, too! Absurdly thorough, these men were getting. I hastened round the corner and tried the third and last door; very much locked, and the window beside it heartlessly nailed down.

A cold dread began to take possession of me. "Why should they fasten up an empty thing so tight?" I thought indignantly. "Half-built houses are *always* left open." I stepped back to survey my beloved with irritation and with unspeakable, though frustrated, affection. Those upper rooms, so clean and wooden and inviolate! From where I stood I could hear the wind from the sea blowing maddeningly through them. Determindely, I raced around to the terrace again. I would get in. I would not be baffled by cautious idiots. This was my one undiscoverable chance to be alone with my house, the dune being pleasantly out of sight from the village, and my nearest neighbor a harmless pink revolving-light on a sand-bar across the bay; so I prowled devouringly along the house front, only to find every window hopelessly secured. I gave one of them a little shake

"I 'd like to break you!" I muttered, then turned desolately away and wandered about the dune-top. The sun had set, and the sky was of green and gold, with copper-red clouds drifting low. The marsh still glowed, the pattern of

its creek a shining pink. The harbor, too was consolingly pink; a few late-arriving schooners, anchored near together, had their mainsails up, and colored by the light. Even the tall dune across the bog was faintly rosy; and although dusk was creeping among the folds of the wooded dunes, above them the glory of the sky grew brighter. I strolled through a thick grove of young hornbeams to our little wooded hill, the last obstruction between us and the tide, and perched disconsolately on the low limb of a wild cherry, old and strong, gnarled by its resistance to the storms till it resembled a Japanese dwarf tree. Several of these stood together, overlooking the wide marsh. The tide lapped, the bell-buoy across the water sounded softly now and then—the Angelus of the sea. There was a protecting tenderness in its tone. The whole world seemed wrapped in gentleness and quiet. Gradually I settled back in the support of the cherry-limbs, feeling the mysterious, soothing quality of the evening, its calm and acquiescence, stealing over me. The color on marsh and sea deepened as dusk came down; one big solitary star shone in the east, its reflection making a tiny path on the bay, now glassy calm. And I sat serenely on in the cherry-tree, gazing and listening.

Where was one to sleep? Now that it could not be as I had dreamed, the matter seemed commonplace and indifferent. There was an inn, of course. The evening crept imperceptibly along. Five lighthouses, bright or dim, white or yellow, blinked their messages over dune and sand-bar and sea. Opposite, my neighborly pink one threw a rosy lance on the dark waters. The air was inexpressibly balmy, sweet with the scent of the matted wild roses on the little hill. After a long wait, a long lightening of preliminary warmth on the horizon, the moon rose. It was enormous and red. Gradually the dunes awoke into a fairy-land of pale and vanishing tones; the creek in the marsh gleamed faintly; and seaward, as the moon ascended, a point of land stood out black in its glittering path.

The breath from the ocean grew ever so slightly chill. My cherry-limb was becoming uncomfortable; and, peering at my watch under the moon-rays, I was astounded to find that it was long past eleven. At the little inn they would be in bed and asleep. How could I have been dreaming so long? Now I must tramp the street of the old town and wake them up; surely an unpleasant time of night for a new-comer to be knocking at unfamiliar doors! I trudged unhappily through the sand of the flats, lamenting my absent-mindedness, and disliking even the innocent moon-gleams on the harbor. It was *their* fault, and the stars' and the light-

houses' and the bell-buoy's. Under their compulsion I had spent four actual idiotic hours in that cherry-tree, and now it would be midnight when I reached the inn.

Through the village my ill-timed footsteps echoed frightfully. As I rounded a little hill, however, a rare perspective stretched away—moonlit street, huddled moonlit roofs, dark-blue splotches under the silvered masses of the willow-tops. There was not a light in any window, nor a soul astir in the whole village. It was sound asleep, as I knew it would be, innocent and sweet in the pale light. Even the boats out on the bay were motionless. I began to feel insidious and stealthy as I crept along, but reached at last, in a solitude which had grown to seem just the least bit oppressive, the quiet heart of the town, where empty wharves, so busy and alive by day, led out into the harbor.

Suddenly, instinctively, I wheeled, walking blindly out on one of them. Impossible to go on, and batter at an impenetrable and sleeping inn. I gripped my useless bag in dislike of the very thought. But how charming the wharf was at this hour, silver gray, empty, calm, and very long, its far end fading imperceptibly into the pale harbor-water! I passed the fish-house, with its row of huge fish-pickling tubs tipped up to the air, clean and dry; and sat down in a sheltered nook at the very end of the wharf.

In the strip of sharply defined and jet-black shadow before me, beside another wharf, a white dory bobbed at its mooring-rope. Its slender lines, curving tenderly like the sea-swells they fitted, stood out purely against the shining, dancing dark of the under-wharf. I had never seen a shadow so alive, so sparkling, and yet so black. All around a wide stretch of moonlit water glittered, and the lance of red from my lighthouse on the bar threw itself rhythmically down. The moon-white dory gestured exultingly, while under my wharf the tide slopped and flip-flopped unseen.

What a night! A glow of happiness came over me at thought of that house waiting on the dune, with all the wonderful nights to come in its keeping, the rich twilights, the stars, the dawns, the midnight beat and drift of storms.

"Prrr-ow!" sounded astonishingly at my elbow, and there beside me was a cat, a snow-white and most indubitably domestic cat, tail in air, courtesying and purring ecstatically, somehow restoring, by her household presence, a sense of the accustomed and the decorous in one's aquatic surroundings. She was a pretty, round, creature, balancing on the very edge of the wharf, her whiteness curved against the same jet-black shadow in which the dory delicately swung. Around her fur was a shining, iridescent ring of light. She rubbed and courtesied, caressing the planks, making evanescent designs of herself against the darkness of the water. Hearth-loving pussies and cold water do not usually coincide; there was a subtle charm in her ungrudging happiness thus on the brink of the inimic tide.

I looked from dory to cat, both of them moon-white—that delusive, fairy-dream color that makes an angel out of a girl in a garden; and wondered which was lovelier. They both curved and gestured as exquisitely as if they had done nothing else all their lives. I stretched out a hand to the creature near me, and she promptly stood on her head with rapture, performing marvelous and very Japanese contortions, mingled with soft sounds of appreciation—a midnight cordiality, after the stolidity and silence of the village streets, that I found pleasing. The dory, too, demanding my attention, slapped musically at the end of its rope, showing how deftly it could courtesy when little waves came along, and keeping itself artfully against the becoming black of the under-wharf. The cat convoluted joyously, and I marveled at her devotion to the stiff board-ends; her nose was constantly in them.

"I should think, Cat, you would find it fishy enough if you sat up occasionally," I remarked. "I do."

For a wonderful reek seeped out from the fish-house at my back, and the wharf floor, I reflected, must be even more intense and gratifying—to a fish-lover. Luckily, I was fond of longshore odors, and so leaned on contentedly

staring at the twinkling expanse of sil ver-gray before me, and the two moon-white things curvetting. The strong slap of the water beneath matched the strong salt breath now beginning to blow in from the sea. A sudden yawn, however, tore into my satisfaction. I realized that even silver-gray, moonlit wharf-boards belie their appearance and become hard; and that for all the poetry of the pale and airy world with which I was surrounded, I deeply and materialistically wanted to lie down. The friendly cat had spirited herself away. The harbor looked suddenly blank and empty, the black wharf-shadows dreary.

So I rose stiffly, and picked my way cautiously along by the fish-house. There was, of course, the same wearisome necessity of being always very quiet. On the shore lay the silvered water-line of the old town, magical under the light; but no invitation came from *there*. My hand, as I passed, rested for an instant on the rim of one of the tipped-up tubs, great things, cavernous with shadow, and I wondered to find how velvet-soft it was inside. I stopped, feeling it with pleasure. It was absolutely dry, as soft as a peach, and very similar in touch. The fibers had been scrubbed until they were furry. I bent, putting my head in. How fresh and clean it smelled! It was as large as a tiny house.

And then an impulse seized me violently. I laughed, my head still in the tub; a broad gurgle of sound surrounded me. Quickly smothering the laugh, I gave one swift glance around at the empty night, and stepped into the tub, sliding unexpectedly far down. It rocked gently, then subsided. Smiling at my small quarters, I wriggled around; head-room was low, but cozy. As I turned, a perfect circle of moonlit harbor confronted me, framed by the dark edge of the tub. It contained three neat boats at anchor, and one point of land sticking out, an adequately furnished view, and, like everything I was destined to see that night, immoderately Japanese. Its roundness made it extraordinarily charming, after all, more a Botticelli of a landscape; and, still crumpled in the bottom of the slanted tub, I stared out at it absorbedly.

Whenever I touched the tub, I met a velvetiness; the whole tub smelled of wonder at the comfort of it, and finding a delicious curve whereby one's feet mildly ascended, following the half-circle. The tub was offering its best hospitality, as my poor, bolted house had been rudely prevented from doing. Could there be a sweeter spot, a better outlook? Not even my wind-swept dune was more refreshingly bare and airy. After a moment's hesitation I leaned my cheek boldly against the soft curve, concluding that if the tubs of antiquity were as comfortable as this one, I should certainly waste no more pity on Diogenes, and wondering, with our easy distrust of older times, if the philospher's selected residence could indeed have been as roomy, as seemly, and as presentable as mine.

Below, among dark mysteries of the under-wharf, the water placidly slip-slopped; the sea-wind blew gently in, fluffing a lock of hair across my face. In another instant I was asleep.

A sound, huge and vague, began to trouble my weary half-consciousness. It grew clearer and steadier, becoming at last loudly syllabic:

"Ker-*chug*, ker-*chug*, ker-*chug!*"

Waking, I listened tensely. It was a boat approaching! I could distinguish the wooden *clop* of oars on thole-pins, the short, hasty strokes of a fisherman accustomed to rowing in a sea. And it was coming horribly near; evidently he was rowing himself in from one of the schooners to land at this very fish-house. He would have to pass close by my tub, for it was set in the only and narrow thoroughfare of the wharf, and as he passed, he would undoubtedly look in. At which somehow awful thought I shriveled far down into its depths. What were the embarrassments of a midnight inn to *this*! I dared not jump out or even glance out, for the tubs stood in a commanding position, and I should certainly be seen; so I continued to cower as low as possible, pulling my linen coat frantically down.

"Ker-*chug*, ker-*chug*—" but *was* that really any nearer? I listened, holding my breath. "Ker-*chug*, ker-*chug*, ker-

chug—" Thank Heaven, it was going away, growing fainter and fainter!

That blessed and wholly delightful fisherman had betaken himself to some other wharf.

With a gasp of relief I sat up, my Panama very much over one eye, the sound of oars meanwhile drawing pleasantly farther and farther away. Peering cautiously from the Botticelli circle, I perceived a pallid rim of sky already showing to eastward, though a vigorous morning star was shining across the water, and my pink lighthouse still blinking on its bar. How lovely this dim hour before dawn! But soon, I knew, more boats, more domestically minded fishermen, would be coming ashore; now was my time to climb out without being seen.

Woefully sleepy, I scrambled out, though with far more difficulty than I had coasted in. Was my tub a relative of Avernus, then, into which descent had ever been of classic ease? I stood upright on the wharf, feeling chilly and exposed, facing the dawn-wind and the two lighthouse-eyes across the harbor. I glanced back into my comfortable refuge, giving it a grateful pat as I turned lingeringly away. Poor dear Diogenes! did etiquette ever rout you out of *yours* when you did n't want to go? Mine, I saw, had not budged from its original angle, but stood in a slanted row with the others, empty and unremarkable. If early fishermen now visited the wharf or came ashore in their dories, they would see nothing to interest them in my night's establishment.

Perhaps, indeed, these special tubs, set up so insistently to the air, were soon to be used; perhaps they would pickle something in them this very day. Trying to choke back audible mirth at this diverting idea, I retreated along the wharf, on which there was now no revealing moonlight or any friendly blocks of shadows, either; for the moon had dipped low. My unique resting-place had given me at least an hour or two of solid, if circular, repose, and though I had never before been part of so Botticellish an arrangement, or slept in anything so engagingly simple and guileless as a tub, still, at the moment, weighed down by sleepiness, I could have obliterated myself gladly again within its rotund and kindly accommodation.

Soon the sandy road dimly led me around the point of our dune. The small house stood darkly, unrecognizably on its hill, a mere impersonal bump, making me feel oddly lonely as I stared up at it. The world seemed composed either of utter solitude, or else of a succession of places crowded with sleeping people, where one must try very hard to make no noise. Wearily I turned to the nearest dune-face, which

showed here and there a receptive, bald hollow untufted with beach-grass, and resigned myself to an intermittent doze, waking after a time to the roar of gratified mosquitoes from the marsh, who in the breathless dawn were having a *fiesta* over this unexpected meal spread upon the dune. Across the bay a red ball was rolling up behind a blue bar of distant shore. Sunrise!

A puff of air, foretelling the wind that comes up with the sun, met me as I ran down to the edge of our creek where it widened invitingly toward the harbor. It was running swiftly out, well on the ebb. The light glinted on the sandy bottom through the clear water; I looked at it longingly a moment, then seized my supine bag and fled up the path to the wooded hill.

Far out in the marsh a figure swathed in trailing white presently picked its way through the stiff-bladed grass to the edge of the upper creek. Splash! and down the deep channel it gleefully drifted, over great holes scooped by the current, a wall of bright-green reeds on each side, rosy clouds overhead, and the tips of the grass-wall becoming charmingly alight with sunrise; on and on, around a bend, hurrying with the serene hurry of the tide. The slit of sky above was changing to fiery red; the push and sweep of the water was delicious. Perhaps, I thought, as it curled around my chin, even *Ophelia* may have exulted in that brief moment in the "weeping brook" when

> " . . . Her clothes spread wide,
> "And, mermaid-like a while they bore her up;"

for it is told of her that as they did, poor maid, "she chanted snatches of old tunes."

I, too, should have very much liked to chant or to shout, but was quite breathlessly busy steering around turns and over deep spots where one glanced thrillingly down and saw the delightful scary green depths below, with dim eels wriggling, and great crabs parading about. The strong-willed tide twisted freakishly, trying to cast me up on sand-bars, as all proper drift should be cast; and once it impelled me enough out of my course, so that I brushed against the bank of the marsh and felt its crabby breath in my face as I looked far into its mysterious, cathedral-like dusk between the stems of the reeds, which in the distance stirred slightly with the passing of some unseen water-creature. Near by, small brown crabs were scrabbling through the roots of the grasses, happy and light-hearted in their mud,—just like biologists!—and waving their nippers ferociously at one another.

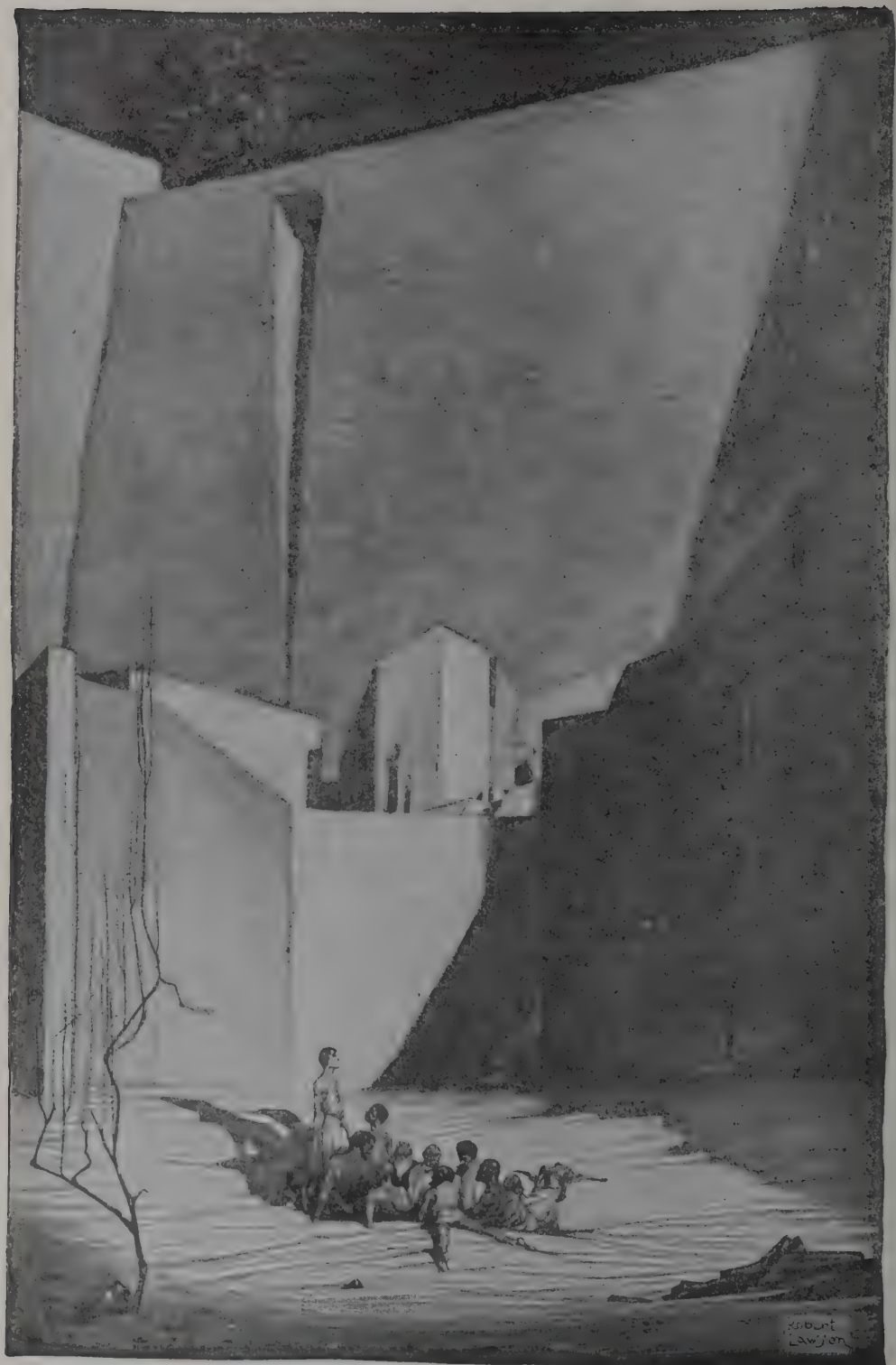
With only the sweep of the tide about me, an unearthly glow from fiery cloud overhead, and the green, fast-flying walls on each side, the world was utterly shut out; indeed, after indefinite drifting, it had almost begun to seem as if there *were* no world but this one of silence and swift waters, when, swinging around a familiar bend, I found myself at last grounding on familiar sands.

Snatching my linen coat from its twig in the cherry-tree, I hastened gladly across the reassurance of stolid sand-flats under discouraged willows. The surface of the sea was wrinkling; a sailing-breeze had sprung up. I felt damp and cool and very salt, and ravenously hungry not so much for food as for mere, priceless speech with my kind, having lived through in that one night, it seemed, considerably more than my desired year of solitude.

From the harbor came inspiriting sounds: a competing *chock* of oars; ropes running through blocks as schooner-sails went up, the retrogressive *rat-tatting* of gasoleners already on their way to sea.

The good sunshine lay on white fences and houses, smoke soared ingratiatingly from many small chimneys, and as fishermen hurried back and forth from the shore, I found myself actually clutching at snatches of their rough talk and laughter, listening eagerly as to something precious.

By a familiar, gray wharf, which wandered seaward from the heart of the town, I stopped, staring at a line of busy figures in oilskins bent absorbedly over a row of tubs that stood besides the wall of a fish-house. Pickling had begun!



"'I loved — I dared to love, the sister of the sun'"

The Sister of the Sun

By ZOË AKINS

Illustrations by Robert Lawson

"In her own strength lies her pride. She is not a woman. She is force—force, beauty, loneliness, cruelty and the ultimate passion of all life."

THE prisoners who were to die by the queen's command at the rising of the sun (her brother) lay face downward in the sand, some of them drunken, and others sober despite the wine that the guards had permitted them on their last night on earth, and told the strange histories of their wayward souls—the histories that were to end at dawn.

There were twelve of them. They had come from all parts of the queen's kingdom to this moon-lit prison-yard, set about by insurmountable walls so thickly built that soldiers paced their heights three abreast. The prisoners, if they cared to look, could see them up there, their arms and armor glinting in the moonlight as they moved back and forth, so far above that they seemed to promenade among the stars. One date-tree in the distance beyond spread its palms against the moon-washed sky. The youngest prisoner, the silent and imperturbable boy who often smiled at his own thoughts, had a special name for the date-tree; "the queen's fan," he called it. The soldiers on the wall laughed and talked, but the prisoners could not hear them, and the soldiers could not hear the prisoners, who also talked and sometimes laughed.

Only the beasts slept, the great beasts from the jungle who paced by day the broad area that circled the deep-walled yard, and kept a watch that the most desperate man, even though condemned to die by torture, would hesitate to chance even in a drunken dream of freedom. And beyond the vast ring of the beasts there was still another circle, broad, and defined by sharp walls set within the higher outer wall. Here, where there were only sand and rocks, and about a spring a few low trees and some rank grass, lived the reptiles, long, evil snakes, forever athirst for the blood of man or horse or bird, or low-lying, prowling, seeking, hateful, forever waiting to whip his life from some intruder.

An ascetic young man, always pale and wet with a continual sweat, wiped the cold moisture from his eyelids, dried his hand in the sand, and then turned on his back to look up at the stars. He was from another land, a land to the north; he had come preaching a strange religion. The sun, he had preached, was not God. The sun could not be God; the sun was only the sun. God was a mighty being who kept himself in a silver heaven, and with a million eyes looked down upon this world; God, he preached, had a million hands with which to scourge the wicked and the unbelievers and from which to pour benefits upon the righteous and the meek. The queen herself did not hesitate to listen to the strange prophets and priests that now and then came down the great yellow road that ran through her kingdom. They amused her; sometimes they excited her: but she felt that it was very bad for the morale of her subjects to have the validity of her religion debated. Her brother, the sun, whom all men and women and even the littlest children, worshiped as the giver of all good things, was not to be spoken of skeptically by strange young men from the north. So this white and feverish one was taken and flogged and

starved and ordered to speak no more. When, after only a few days, upon leaving the prison he resumed his blasphemy, he was again taken, and this time sentenced to die.

Of the other eleven who this midnight awaited their last dawn only the youngest was noteworthy. The murderers, the thieves, the traitors, and the fool who had milked the sacred white cow and given the milk, in the jeweled bucket of gold, to a beggar woman and her baby, all, however, had done deeds in some way curious or violent or mad. They were men who had been without proper respect for the laws; they talked viciously, with many oaths; they drank deeply of the wine; they laughed and scoffed; they spoke of women with a strange blindness in their eyes; they told the most dreadful things. One man who had gone to sea and had been a pirate repeated for the last of many hundred times a tale at which even these others shuddered.

"I tell you, my brothers," said the fool, presently, "that men who have never lain together under the shadow of death and waited for the dawn to pour like blood along the sky do not know what life can hold. It is as well not to be afraid to milk the sacred cow."

"Come, boy," said another to the youngest, "talk. Amuse us. The night passes. Live again in words as well as in your dreams. All that is secret and incommunicable in life will go with us into our graves like shadows that God, the sun, himself could not banish. But the other things, the deeds, the crimes —come, talk. Share your secrets with friends whose tongues you may safely trust."

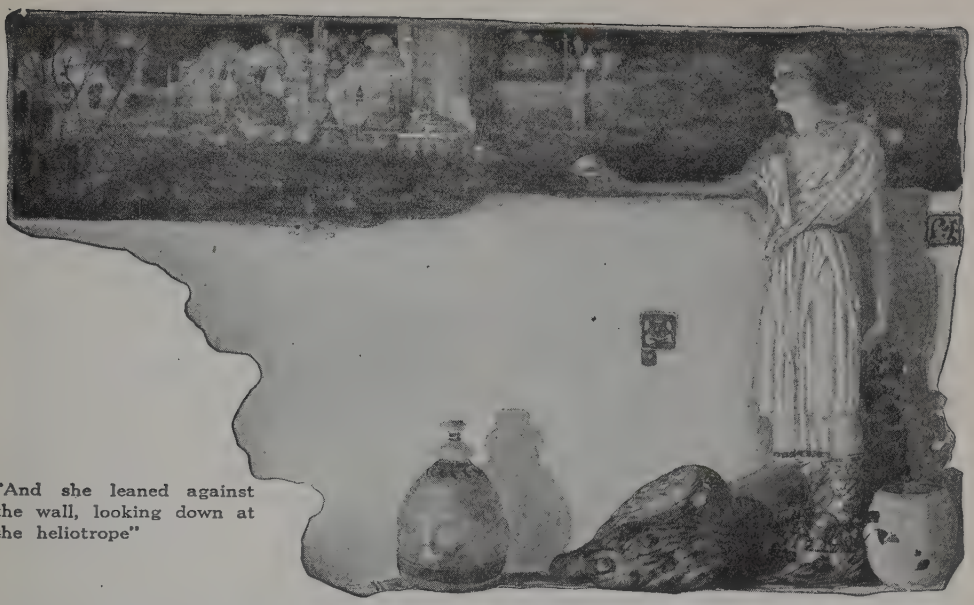
He laughed at this; they all did, except the youngest, who sat up suddenly, shook the sand from his hair, and spoke.

"I will tell you my secret, my crime," he said. They were surprised, he had been so reticent during his month among them. "I will tell you not to amuse you, for I will choke the man who smiles. I am very strong, really." He spread out his hands and looked at them as if examining a weapon. Then he resumed, smiling himself. "I will tell you because I must tell myself again; that is all. It was not a great crime, my crime; it was a beautiful crime. I loved—I dared to love, the sister of the sun."

He paused. The men lying in the sand stirred, and burrowed a little closer, making a smaller circle, drawing more intimately together, for his last words had come a little faintly. The silence held for a second. The palm-tree against the stars (the queen's fan) stirred as if the queen had barely moved her hand.

"I am a boatman," the youngest prisoner continued presently, "but I was brought up in the household of a philosopher, and I know more, perhaps, of what has been taught and written by the wise than any of you here, unless it is you," he allowed, looking at the one who maintained that the sun was not God.

"Also I am a poet; I have made very beautiful songs. How I happened to be a boatman is not the story I shall tell you to-night. Indeed, it is not a story at all. The sister of the sun is very capricious. One night I saw some one standing on the white steps leading from one of the city gates down to the river, waiting, I thought, for a boat. I rowed closer. I thought it was a young man, for although it was the queen herself, as I came to know, she wore the dress of a man. Her cloak was of white silk, very simple and without embroideries, but heavy and rich, and tied about her with a gold cord. And slung about her shoulders, held in place also by a gold cord that crossed the first, was the skin of a lion. It was exactly like the sky in color, for it was the hour of sunset, and you know what sunset is like on our river. Her legs were bare beneath her white cloak, but on her feet, and reaching half-way up to her knees, were curious shoes of scarlet leather laced about with silver. Her head was bound with a turban, not exactly like a man's turban; in fact, I have never seen anything quite like it. It was an invention of her own, I suppose, designed to hold up and conceal her hair. Her hair is a torrent when it ripples down her back; there is an enormous mass of it. It is very tawny; gold and red, like the lion's skin and the sunset on our



"And she leaned against the wall, looking down at the heliotrope"

river. The turban was turquoise in color and showed most deftly the proud shape of her head.

"While I held my boat at the landing I could not speak for looking at her. It did not come to me instantly that it was a woman. It was only a dream I saw, until she spoke in a voice at once clear and low.

" 'No,' she said, 'I do not want a boat. I came out to look at the sunset. I must go back.'

" 'If you will come with me, sir,' I said, for since she pretended to be a man I did not falter at humoring her mood, 'I will row you down the river to a green hill where I myself often go to watch the sunset.'

" 'You will find me a poor passenger,' she answered. 'I have left my purse behind and have no money.'

" 'I will take the sunset's gold for my fare,' I said.

" 'Who are you?' she asked curiously.

" 'Only one of the river boatmen,' I told her.

"There was a slight pause. She was staring at me.

" 'Is the sunset more beautiful from any place in the world than from this gateway?' she asked, but more of herself than of me. However, I answered:

" 'The sunset is not more beautiful, perhaps, from my hill by the river than from this gateway, but looking back, one can see the city shining in the afterglow. The river, too, as golden as a dagger—a curved dagger in the hand of the night. Then the white walls and the towers and the minarets seem to come loose from the land in the gradually growing darkness, and there is no more a golden city by a golden river, but a garden carved out of pearl, rising from purple shadows toward the first stars. When the gate-keepers hang out the red lanterns, which look like small dragons of fire, I return. But there is one wonder there on my hill by the river of which it is difficult to speak.'

"I paused.

" 'The fragrance,' I explained; 'a fragrance of many strong, sweet odors that no one can describe. The early night winds, blowing in from the desert, bring the aroma of thousands of herbs pressed between the hands of the day and the night. And along the river the slopes covered with sweet grasses seem to awaken at the cool urge of the dew and send out of their soil a scent—something like the scent of the earth after the first spring rains. From the groves of camphor-trees to the south, far to the south, the winds bring a faint, poignant odor more delicate and yet keener than that from the sweet-gum-trees just beyond the city walls. Yet that is not all, for about one's feet

spring the lilies-of-the-valley—lilies-of-the-valley that grow wild beneath the tangled purple heliotrope, which stands sometimes little short of my arm-pits.'

" 'Are there paths up this hill?' she asked. 'Can one find one's way in this dense wild garden of yours?'

" 'There are paths,' I said, 'that I have made myself, and kept clean with sand from the river-bank.' I told her of the paths, but not of my little house, or of certain treasures I kept there, locked behind a heavy door to which there was but one key—this one." He held up a piece of metal that flashed in the starlight. For a moment he stared at it. "The key that once was the queen's jailer for a day and a night," he said quietly; then he put it back against his bare skin, beneath his soiled silk blouse. His blouse was of silk, the finest silk, though it had become sand-stained and torn. Then he resumed: "She stepped into the boat. I put off. She was silent, but I could not help singing.

" 'Sing that same song again,' she commanded when I had stopped.

"I sang the song again.

" 'What is it called?' she asked when again I had finished.

" 'It has no name,' I answered.

" 'From whom did you learn it?'

" 'From myself. It is my own song.'

" She was quiet again.

"Presently I drew the boat up on the white sand of the river-bank, and she stepped out. The hill above us rose dark, like the dome of an impenetrable tree, against the long, phantom, radiant river of light flowing against the western horizon. We ascended the white sand paths. We pressed our way forward against the reluctance of the flowers and foliage arching across the paths against our bodies. You might think that the fragrance would become intolerable, but it was not so. The light winds lifted it and bore it away just as it grew too heavily sweet, or just as it seemed about to lodge, with the paralysis of a drug, in one's brain, one's nerves. And the winds that came and went, remember, bore other odors more aromatic, lighter, less disturbing than that of the heliotrope mingled with the new keen scent of the lilies-of-the-valley.

"So we came to my little house; it is a white plaster house, very small, and made entirely by my own hands.

" 'I thought all little houses were hideous and dirty,' she said as we stood on the roof, and she leaned against the wall, looking down at the heliotrope, flowering high, below. Then she sat on a rose and turquoise rug that I threw over some grass cushions for her, and drank the wine that I brought her from a jar which had hung suspended by a rope in a deep well. She drank from one of the most beautiful glasses in the world. I had it from the philosopher, but that would not interest you. Only she knew that it was beautiful; and when she had drunk the wine she held the glass between her eyes and the sunset, turning now and then to look up the river toward the city.

" 'Yes, this is the loveliest place in the world from which to see the sunset,' she said. 'How golden the city looks, and, oh, the river! It *is* a beautiful city, is it not?'

"From her tone she might have been a mother speaking of her child.

"That was the first of many sunset hours that brought the sister of the sun to my little house. Always she dressed herself as a man, for as a woman she could not have gone alone through the streets; and the queen likes to walk alone. She is a very lonely woman. I did not know that she was the queen, however, not then, and for a time I used to wonder. Sometimes her cloak was black instead of white; sometimes her turban was green instead of blue; but she always wore the skin of the tawny lion about her shoulders, and her tawny hair was always bound up under the turban. I could talk many hours, telling you of the things she said, of how she looked, of the emotion I felt; but I will tell you only the things that you cannot possibly understand, for I am talking to myself, and not to you." He paused. The fool groaned. The man who did not believe that the sun was God shivered. The others were quite still. Even the soldiers who had been pacing the wall were motionless against the sky, like figures carved from shadowy silver.

"The queen is a very strange woman," resumed the prisoner who had known

the queen. "But a woman should not be strange," he added quickly, with a certain violence in the words which died almost instantly. "A woman should be simple, and beautiful perhaps, if it pleases Heaven to make her so; and she should be easy to love, and even easier not to love when the spirit and the senses are worn. If I were God, I should know how to make a world of women, and make them all less mischievous and less capable of evil and disturbance than they are now. They should be all mothers and meek and all tender. I shall not try to tell you how strange a woman the queen is. She talks wisely and listens often to the talk of wise men, but she does many foolish things. She thinks a great deal in silence, but her thoughts lead her nowhere that she will let one follow. She is cruel and merciless, but to no one so cruel and so merciless as to herself. I think she lives from sheer pride. I know that she regards the dead not without envy. Her spirit is like an arrow drawn tight, but the bow of her desire is never unloosed. It is said that the queen has had many lovers. That is a lie. The queen has had no lovers. Sometimes she has gone disguised into brothels and sat among the men, terrible sailors and soldiers, and debauchees from the desert who have come into the city, and rivermen who have recently returned from the jungle. She has sat among them and listened to their talk and drunk deep of the wine that the keepers of such places flavor with a powder made from amber. You know, all of you?"

The men stirred.

"Yes, yes," they muttered.

" But she has gone forth sober of soul and chill of body. The queen has had no lovers, I tell you. The queen does not love love. Her eyes are the most beautiful things in the world. There is that look of light in them, and also that somber look of torture. You see it sometimes. When she is very unhappy, they are very luminous. The queen is a very unhappy woman. I think love is something that should be like sunlight. It should be waiting for one in the morning of one's life and go with him to the twilight. It should warm him, and bring to growth all the flowers and fruit of his soul. It should be a very happy, easy thing, love. One should never love a strange woman—or a queen. A queen can send one to death for merely having touched her hands in love. You expected a tale, and I am telling you none. I am saying things that you cannot possibly understand. I am telling you of a woman whose loneliness is a tragedy, who will not let herself have happiness, upon whom a curse has fallen—an intolerable holiness that makes her the priestess of an impossible dream; who refuses pleasure as a captious man refuses poor fruit; who looks upon life and knows its beauty, and yet puts it aside as a judge puts aside the testimony of a fool. And you expected a tale. Very well, listen."

He paused, sat erect, and then leaned forward, speaking as if seeing:

"The bazaar is stormed by a clamor of voices, all crying out at once. They are telling of the wars to the north. They are telling of the battles lost, of the truce made by the queen's councilors, of the victorious prince who will spare this land and all the queen's cities if she will take him as a husband. The rumor comes to the bazaar that the queen refuses; that she offers to assuage the anger of her brother, the sun, against her people by going without water or food or sword into the desert. That would have meant her death, certainly. Or she will lie down on a burning barge set adrift upon the river. And that would have been a death more terrible than one from thirst or hunger or wild beast in the desert. Or she would lock herself in the vaults of the temple and pray and fast until God heard her and took her as a sacrifice. One of these things the queen would have done for her people. And the sister who was homely from her childhood, or the one who was lame from birth, or even the brother who was born a little mad, would have been left to rule in her stead. But the populace would not have it so. They wished their queen to marry the strong prince who waited with his armies for her answer in the north. Night comes, and the queen's house is surrounded by fierce men and fiercer women, crying out to the sister

of the sun. Even I am there, having forgotten what I thought I could never forget—that twilight tryst at the city gate. The mob clamors and calls, and presently she comes, the queen, and stands in the blue archway above the central portico. I see her and know her for my passenger—"

He stopped sharply, as if he could not breathe. The man who had been a pirate lifted his head from his arm and sat up in the sand.

"I was there in that mob," he asserted. "I saw her."

There was a moment's silence; then the youngest prisoner continued:

"You must know, all of you, of course, what she said to her people that night. She promised to take the prince for a husband if they would consent to choosing a second subject from among her own subjects. This, as you know, they promised, and the runners went north to summon the prince. I returned to my house by the river and lay all night on my roof, staring at the stars.

"The next day at sunset she came to the gateway by the river. She was very quiet, and so was I, and my boat went forward silently except for the beating of the oars and the wash of the water as we passed through it. I did not sing.

" 'You are the queen,' I said to her after the sun had set and the red lanterns of her city had been hung out by the watchman, 'and I love you.'

"For a moment she stood idle by the wall.

" 'Take me back now,' she said.

"But I did not take her back that night; not until the red lanterns again gleamed from the city walls.

"All kisses are sweet, and it is good to feel them warming one's life for an instant; but the kisses I took from her that night were death-kisses. They gave my soul to its fate. They were arrows in my spirit. I was hers, and she knew it, then and forever.

" 'You will have no husband but me,' I told her. 'I will go to the prince and kill him.'

" 'You would have to be very skilful to find the prince and kill him,' she said.

" 'May I go?' I asked. 'May I go and find him?'

" 'Yes,' she said, 'and be skilful.' "

I went. You know that the prince died of a strange sickness before he reached our city to claim his bride. I *was* very skilful. And now that is what you will not understand, what I do not understand—my own self. I came back to my queen, and I said to myself that I had no desire to live in the palace as her husband. I had no desire for her riches. But I swore that she should belong only to me, always. I did not go to her. I knew that she came every night, as she promised, to the city gate, and there I waited for her all day—waited without food; waited, trembling from feet to my lips, as if from cold or weakness. At last I saw her. She came down the steps slowly. Two men were following her. She did not speak to me. I saw that her eyes were full of tears. I started toward her, but she lifted her hand suddenly and pointed at me. Then she went away, and the men came and tied my hands and brought me here, and I knew that she wanted me to die. I am not sorry that it is to be so. I know, I think, why she wishes it, despite the kisses that I had from her that night. There is a sort of madness in her brain, a madness keen to the point of unreason. And that she has found life possible despite her melancholy has been her triumph. She will not weaken now. She will go her way alone. She is a spirit leaping toward her brother, the sun. Vast as the light of the sun is her aspiration toward strength. In her own strength lies her pride. She is not a woman. She is force—force, beauty, loneliness, cruelty, and the ultimate passion of all life. To be oneself is the ultimate passion, I think, of living. She will be herself, none other. No one may touch her to weaken her, to change her, to destroy her. She will not permit it, and love, she knows well, overthrows the strongest.

"And so, my friends, to-morrow at dawn I die."

He paused. The smile that was forever near his lips had gone.

The other prisoners took up his story and told one another many strange things that they had known of women and of the abyss that lies between a woman's soul and her body.

The man who did not believe that the

"She came down the steps slowly. Two men were following her"

sun was God, but that a great being dwelling in a silver heaven ruled the land and sea from afar, told of certain women in his own land who in early maidenhood bound veils over their faces and went into a certain grove which men were never permitted to enter; if one of the women dwelling there was violated, great ill fortune always came upon the country, so that all people pledged themselves together to guard the forest, which had become sacred to them. The man who had been a pirate brought forth another tale of girls on a certain island who of their own volition took vows of chastity that they might be fit sacrifices when their people, oppressed by war or famine or fevers, sought to propitiate their gods by the blood of their maidens. And still other men had other tales to tell, one of a wife who wept incessantly at his caresses until he turned to other women, when in her jealous despair she leaped into the sea; one of the courtesan who stripped the jewels and fine clothes from her body, and, wrapping herself in filthy rags, went into the desert to be alone.

"They are all little sisters of the sun," said the youngest prisoner after a pause. "There is something in all of them, even the most abandoned, that is beyond us, with our explicit demands and our insistent need. Yet she whom I loved was the great sister of the sun, the daughter of the hills, the beloved of the winds. Her body was a field for the seed of love, her soul a sky to sow with the stars of one's dreams; but she wishes me to die, and so I am glad to die."

"I would die for no woman," said the pirate. "My game is ending in death; but it was a great game, full of danger and joy, and I would go back and play it again in the same way even if it were to bring me to the same end to-night."

There was a silvery film in the air. They saw it, and knew that the dawn was not far away. They found the wine-jug and passed it from one to the other. Twice all around they drank, all but the youngest prisoner. He lay back in the sand and stared at the stars, at the date-palm moving a little among them in the first light wind that blew in with the dawn.

The ache of life was passing. Again he lay face to face with the sister of the sun and touched the phantom rose-leaves of her lips. Sudden tears rushed over his eyes. But they were not for himself; he was thinking only of her as four guards, moving like the sound of metal clinking, came toward him, their mail flashing back the dawn's first flame.

"Poor soul," he whispered, "poor lonely soul! My beautiful, my wonder!"

The Celt

By WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

This is the sorrow of our Celtic hearts,
Lonely and fey:
Grieving that the old mystery departs,
We pass for mummers in ignoble marts
And learn to say
The words of every day.
Drunken with dreams, we know the joy thereof;
But though we strove,
We might not turn from beauty's quest to love.
Before the banners of lost wars are furled,
April's first flower starts,
Vagrant and sad,
Our feet to find where magic may be had
About the world.

Women of France

By THORNTON OAKLEY

Drawings by the author

" 'It is the women who have won the war as much as men' "

PEACE has come. The carnage ceases. The guns no longer roar. A leaf of history is now to be turned—a leaf charged with record of the great suffering of the entire world. Upon its pages are found engraved the passions, the emotions, of mankind. Here stand revealed the loves, the hopes, the hates, the fears that war, and war alone, engenders. Here, too, stand records of ideals, the goals toward which men struggle, the list of peoples who, suffering all that civilization might not perish, threw themselves into the Titan task. Upon that list of nations many a name will glow undying, but glittering in splendor among the brightest of them all will stand forever the name of France—France who, as her allies waited, girding their strength, stood a bulwark against the foe; France who against the gray and mighty tides of onward-sweeping armies hurled her cherished sons; France who at the Battle of the Marne preserved all that man holds dear. Holy forever upon the lips of men will be held the name of France. The memory of the deeds of her fair sons will endure through the ages.

And what of France's women? Will not the memory of her daughters live undying with her sons? Was it not they who, sending their beloved to the battle-line, turned without a word, with bursting hearts, to do the work of men? They gave their husbands, brothers, children, lovers, but that was not enough. Yet more their country needed. That wall of men that on the frontier stood unflinchingly against the foe had to be maintained. The armies were but flesh and blood; they cried aloud for weapons, food, and clothing. The labor in the fields, the guarding of the flocks, the work in factories, in mills, in mines, on railroads, ships, and wharves, could not for an instant cease. Else would the armies perish, the nation's sacrifices be for naught, and over France, nay, over all the world, would sweep the devastating hordes. The women heard their country's cry. Laying down their buckets and brooms, they bared their arms and poured into the fields and mills. Their weapons might not be the guns, but in their hands they grasped the ax, the hoe, the scythe, the net, the handles of machinery. These would overcome the enemy as much as any cannon.

O women of France, was not yours the greatest anguish of all? Your sons upon the war-racked front had their moments of enthrallment. Though the guns raged, and mutilated bodies fell, yet the mad frenzy of the conflict carried them on. But yours, O wives and mothers, was the waiting and suspense. Your thoughts, distracted not by scream of shells, dwelt ever on the horror that had descended on the world. Your days dragged by—days upon days without a word from loved ones at the front. What can be happening now? you questioned endlessly, your minds upon the battle. Joyless and drear, those hours

Fisherwoman. The town and wharves of Audierne, Brittany

followed hours when, upon deserted pastures, fields, you guarded flocks, or when throughout the nights you sat alone beside the candle, tirelessly knitting, spinning.

In those days before the war—days of happiness, tranquillity, when all the world was bright, and France dreamed not of that black cloud of horror and destruction soon to envelop her fair fields and people—Brittany glowed with life. The cobbled streets resounded with the clatter of sabots, children romped noisily,—no dwindling of the population here,—women, in their headdresses, filled the market-places, men, with velvet ribbons to their hats, dotted thick the fields. Along the coast the towns hummed with fishermen. Daily the boats sailed out into the channel; daily they returned laden with their catch. Long before the first pale light of dawn the men would gather at the wharves, and there would rise a tumult of gruff voices, shouts, creaks of windlasses and pulley-blocks. Among forests of dim masts, sails would be hoisted, strange-shaped, ghostly black; yellow gleams from lanterns came, splash of oars, ripplings of water; then, with voices receding, the fishing-boats moved off into the night. In afternoons the boats returned. One by one they crept up softly to the quays. The wharves, which through the daylight hours of the mornings had lain silent and deserted, now again grew rife with sound. Tongues wagged. Boats gave up their catch. Sunlight glistened on wet scales and fins. Now, with tug on ropes and rhythmic cadences from shanty-men, the ends of dark-brown nets were lifted to the mastheads. Other nets, in need of mending, were spread upon the quays, and sturdy fisher-folk, drawing the meshes tight with their bare toes, with curiously formed needles and thick twine fell to upon repairs.

Then came the war. Brittany's sturdy race of men was called to face the enemy. Her bronzed sons were torn from the sea, and boats and sails and nets and catch of fish—the sardine catch, upon which the land leans chiefly for its food and income—were left in the hands of women. Of men only the old and the boys remained. To her women Brittany turned for maintenance of life.

A Bigoudenne, near Pont-l'Abbé, Brittany

Brittany perhaps more than any other province of France distant from the battle-front has felt the throes of war. In common with all France she had her anguish of departing troops; with all France she suffered as her wounded, mutilated sons returned: but also through her channel ports, through Brest, there poured the armies of America, those armies of her mighty sister nation that surging on the railroads across the country's face kept Brittany in turmoil. Yet amidst the thronging of troops, upheaval, agonies of grief, steadfastly the Breton women toiled with nets, with oars, that loved ones had lain down. Theirs was the task to see that the catch was not diminished—the catch which now more than ever in the history of their land was needed by men.

As it was throughout these years of conflict, so it is to-day. For though battles no more rage, and Teuton hordes no longer ravage the fields of eastern France, still for undetermined months to come must armies guard the Rhine, patrol the neutral zones, devote all energy to the Herculean task of reconstructing wastes of devastation. Not yet may the sons of France return to hearth and home.

And so the wharves and quays of Finistère, which formerly resounded with the deep voices of the men, still give forth their shriller note, the high-pitched cries of women. Trousers have all but disappeared. The fishing throngs are now skirt-clad. Now aprons, apron-

Fisherwoman of Mont-Saint-Michel, Normandy

strings, and tresses blow in the wind. Women's arms swing baskets of sardines and *crevettes* to their heads, and women's legs, with feet thrust into sabots, stagger off beneath their loads. The winches rattle, the sails are hoisted, and in the dark before the dawn the fleets of boats as ever make mysteriously out to sea, and return at glow of afternoon as ever laden with their harvests from the deep.

Look casually upon these fisherfolk and you will perhaps judge the skirt to be the greatest change the war has brought among them; but look again. Is it not now the faces of the women that most compel attention, most vividly reveal the revolution in their lives? Gone from all their countenances is the care-free look of early days. A seriousness, a sternness, dwells upon them all, and though at times they laugh, perhaps, and chatter, there is no gaiety among them. Steadily they ply at baskets, sails, and nets, and as they answer when you speak to them, there is a far-away expression in their eyes. Their thoughts are not of you, but always of their work, their purpose, to do that which they have been called upon to do, and through their faithfulness to duty each moment to bring nearer that blessed, longed-for day when, with permanent peace assured and reconstruction well accomplished, their returning husbands, sons, and brothers will be welcomed to their arms.

DIM and white along her Swiss and Spanish borders loom the mountains of France. Their snow-clad peaks, their glaciers, from heights above the clouds look down remotely on the plains. They stand aloof from the tempests of the lowlands, soar majestically against the sky. Wrapped in mystery, seen now through rifts in vapor, lost now in haze, they speak of other worlds, of worlds untorn by passion. "What is war to us?" they seem to question. "What the strife of men?"

"Why war, indeed?" the peasants' hearts made answer when upon that fateful day of August had come their country's call to arms. Throwing down their rakes and scythes, the mountain men had donned their uniforms, poured down the valleys to the lowlands, joined the army's mighty surge that, rising like a tidal bore in answer to the nation's call, swept on to quell the enemy. "Why war, indeed?" the mountain men kept asking when upon the plains, turning for a final vision of their peaks, they beheld their virgin crests calm and white against the sky. "What is this war about?" their hearts cried out. "Why must men fly at one another's throats? Why may we not live in peace upon the high plateaus we love so well?"

So France's mountains were denuded of their men, and women undertook their tasks. The little figures of the herdsmen with their *bâtons*, flying capes, are no longer seen mounting the steep ways of upper pastures, following the cows along the dizzy paths that cling upon the faces of the hills. The sound of shepherd's song no longer echoes from plateaus. Shorter, skirted figures now struggle up the zigzags, guard the flocks as with tinkling bells they browse

A shepherdess on the pastures of La Camargue. Church of Les Saintes-Maries in the background

In the Gavarnie Valley, the Pyrenees

upon the turf. Far above the valleys, among the topmost pastures, above the fir-line close beside the snows, where throughout the summers graze the mountain herds, here now are found the women. Their dark-clad figures move sharply silhouetted against the glittering peaks. No sound is here. Far removed from noises of the valleys, from tumult of the towns, these vast and upper regions of the mountains wait silently beneath the dome of heaven. Perhaps a gurgle from a melting snow-bed may come, a note from deep-toned cowbell, an eagle's whir; but these intensify the stillness.

Women of the mountains, war's cloud is lifted from the heart of France; but yet a little while and to your hamlets in the valleys, to your cottages that nestle at the foot of giant crags, loved ones will return. Ahead lies not another winter such as those through which you have just passed. Soon heroes will be standing at your side, will be taking up again the work which five long years ago they entrusted to your hands. No more will dreary months drag on. No more through bitter cold will you exist alone within your barns. Those months to you seemed endless, to you cut off by snow from all the world. You were prisoners in your huts. Outside howled the winds, Snows mounted to your roofs. From windows, through the drifts, you cut alleys to get light; while always, as you toiled with spindle, shovel, even while questioning children clung about your knees and spluttering fires filled the dim interiors of your cottages with smoke, were you weighted down with apprehension, torn by hopes and fears and longings, waiting feverishly for news from husbands at the front.

As in Brittany, as in the Alps and the Pyrenees, so throughout all France today women do the work of men. In cities this may not at once be evident, for cities appear as ever crowded with trousered folk. Troops throng the streets; the railroad stations of the major towns are jammed with military. Indeed, at stations one might think the work of women was now over. The platforms are no longer filled with waiting nurses, those never-wearying Red Cross nurses who throughout the war were to be found in every town in France, in every station, at all hours of the days and nights, ready for the trains of wounded, eager with their bandages, their stimulants, their pitchers of cold *grenadin*.

It is, however, when your train has left the towns and is steaming across country that the scarcity of men becomes apparent. At the rural villages the station folk are always women. *Ouvriers* have vanished. Baggage and freight are handled by young girls. The *chef-de-gare* is nowhere to be seen; in his place officiates an important-looking person in skirt and visored cap. On local locomotives soot-stained women in blue jeans shovel coal, and at stops come down to oil the drivers. Upon the passing country scarce a man is visible. One looks in vain for the blue-bloused tillers of the soil, the peasants with their dark-blue *bérets* who before the war dotted thick the landscape. Their absence tells vividly the tale of conflict, how pitiless, how inexorable, has been the trenches'

Herdswoman of the Pyrenees. Upon the high pastures of Mount Astazou

call upon the fields. A few old men driving carts,—carts drawn by horses so advanced in years as to have escaped the Government's requisitioning hand,—boys yet too young for service, returned wounded soldiers working with one arm, maybe a foreigner or two, a

In Arles, Provence

Spaniard, Hindu, or a Chinese coolie—that is all. Those upon whom France still depends for cultivation of the soil are women. One sees women bending to the rake, swinging the scythe, tugging at the harrow. Here and there they drive the plow, struggling with handles, reins, and horse, and ox. Indeed, where horse and ox as well as men are few, women may themselves be seen in harness, bent double as they pull slowly and rigorously, overturning all too reluctant furrows.

In Normandy, where once the sturdy peasant men harvested the orchards and to the railroads drove their overflowing loads behind their stalwart horses, now horses and men have all but vanished. Beneath their hampers women stagger to the trains.

Mont-Saint-Michel rises wonderously as ever from the sands, but about her feet no longer wade the fishermen. Fishwives, with skirts rolled up, displaying lean, bare legs, with nets and baskets, now brave the water, risking quicksands and sudden tides.

Along Biscayan coasts, where surf and tide, uncaring for the petty strifes of men, ever cast on the rocks their harvests of the deep-sea kelp, men have disappeared. With blowing skirts and bending backs women gather in the weed, spread it out to dry, rake it into piles, and set fire to them in order to obtain the iodine in the ashes — the iodine needed for the armies and all too difficult to get in these days. Smoke pours off, hangs in haze along the shores. With cries the gulls sweep overhead. The air is filled with brine and smell of ocean. Here by the wild beaches and the rocks, were it not for the absence of the trousered folk, war, tragedy, and trenches, devastation, neutral zones, and armistice, treaties, armies of occupation, might be a dream.

It is in southern France perhaps that one most keenly realizes the loneliness of women. In Provence, that land of vineyards, olives, wealth of sunshine, laughter, fullness of life, men have melted quite away. The gay throngs of swarthy-skinned young figures, loosely clad, many with the square-cut, bushy, blue-black beards wholly Provençal in type, are no longer to be seen. In Arles, in Tarascon, in all Provence's quaint and medieval-looking towns, the streets lie silent, nigh devastated. Women only, some solitary, some in groups of twos and threes, make to and fro along the narrow, tortuous ways. At night all is still. Maybe a single-skirted figure goes about lighting a street lamp here and there. The clatter of her sabots echoes startlingly. The lamps throw inky shadows, unbroken by a passer-by.

Leave Arles, drive along the sunlit, dusty roads that wind among the miles of olive-groves or by the endless reaches of the vineyards, and you will behold only women. You will see them, with their overflowing hampers, gathering the grapes, their arms stained crimson to the elbows, or on ladders climbing amidst the olive-boughs. Lacking now are the joyous voices of bygone days. Earnestly they work away. Harvests must be taken in, life go on, but a stillness hangs about the gatherers, speaking all too eloquently of the yearnings of their hearts. And their coifs—coifs of the Arlésiennes—is it that they seem no longer to flutter gaily as in days before the war?

Burning seaweed

"*Ah, oui, monsieur,*" the bent old driver at your side remarks, nodding to your question, "the war is over. God be thanked! *Nos braves garçons* will soon again be here among the olives. *Les Boches sont battus* — America be praised! Would that I, too, could have gone to fight the accursed race! But I am old, monsieur. My scar—1870—I got it in Alsace.

"*Ah, oui, monsieur,*" clucking between words to his halting horse, muttering to it, "*s'il vous plaît, s'il vous plaît,*" as though the nag were human—"*ah, oui, monsieur,* it is the women who have won the war as much as men. They have never given up, *monsieur.* They have never rested. Their harvests have not failed. And the sheep, *monsieur,* give always wool. Is it that *monsieur* has visited Les Saintes-Maries, and seen on the Camargue the women with their flocks? It is wild down there, *monsieur.* The mistral blows bitter cold, but always one may see the women and the flocks. They have courage to brave hardships, *monsieur,* more than men. And now at last *leurs braves garçons* come home!"

In Betnmale, the Pyrenees

The old man pauses, clucking to his feeble nag. The road has passed the olives, vineyards, has dwindled now, and stretches on, a thin white line, into widening reaches of flat country. Wind-blown tamarisks are seen. Mares'-tails sweep the sky. A white flamingo rises from a bog. The old man speaks again.

"But all will not come home, *monsieur.* Some will stay away forever, and in the fields here that they left behind the women will work on alone. *Que voulez-vous? La guerre! Toujours la guerre!*"

IN the cities, as has been said, the work of women does not thrust itself upon one's notice as in the country. There seems no dearth of men in cities. The streets of the major towns—Paris herself, St.-Etienne, Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles— are all alive with hurrying multitudes. Here the war, the armistice, and of late the long suspense until the final climax of the treaty, have combined rather to increase the busy throngs than to diminish them. But look more searchingly, and you will see these men upon the streets can be readily resolved into two main groups, far different from the great profusion of all classes in former days.

The first of these two groups is that of the business man—the merchant, manufacturer, the professional man, civil official—who, either because of the importance to the town or nation of his work, or because of his advancing years, has been exempted from military service. The second group is that of the army itself. Soldiers choke the pavements, crowd the cafés, fill the trams and busses, march continually to and fro in squads and companies and regiments. There are young ones, still in training, seasoned veterans on furloughs, wounded ones with canes and crutches displaying the Croix de Guerre. And not only are they French, but men from every Allied nation. In Paris, now the melting-pot of all the world, in Bordeaux, Marseilles, where ships bring in and take away the troops from distant lands, all is a surge of uniforms, a mixture of strange tongues, kaleidoscopic blues and grays and khakis, glittering insignia. Beyond these major groups, the military and the somber civilian-clothed figures of the business folk, not many men are seen. The *ouvriers*, the porters, drivers, waiters, smaller shopkeepers, newsmen, peddlers, market folk, have dropped away, and as you look you suddenly discover, which at first, amidst the crowds of soldiers, you had not noticed, that all this humbler work is done by women. You realize with ever-growing keenness the part played by

city women in the winning of the Titan struggle.

Perhaps in no French town is this so evident as in Marseilles. There upon the Cannebière, amidst the hurly-burly of the trams and troops and drays; amidst all the foreign crowds that pour in and out the city's gates, the sailor folk that line the quays, dark-skinned, yellow-skinned, turbaned, strangely pantalooned—there upon that broad and teeming boulevard that leads downward from the shadows of the Allées de Meilhan to the Vieux Port, with its masts and sails and old-time bowsprits, the women never rest. The shops that still are open are kept by women, for many have been closed, awaiting the return of men. In the cafés women serve the tables, serve the ever-crowding hosts of soldiers that throughout the war have replaced the dusky beauties of Provence who once with black-bearded escorts thronged the Cannebière. Women run the trams. The huge two-wheeled carts typical of Marseilles—at least those that are left of them— are driven by the women. With axles creaking, the cumbrous drays, laden with sacks and vats and barrels from the wharves, follow their tandem-harnessed horses. Ahead, beside the animals, the women run, swirling their long whips, crying out with all the gusto of the departed men. Girls sell papers. *"Le Soleil!"* they keep shouting shrilly, *"Le Radical!"* waving last editions in the air. Figures in short skirts, women in flapping trousers, bear giant loads upon their heads, carry kits of tools, long ladders. Some are electricians, repairing the arc lamps; others, painters, carpenters, and joiners, work with brush and saw and hammer. Jills there are of all trades. In the market-places all are skirted folk.

Vicinity of Strasburg, Alsace

Down by the wharves, however, the work of women is seen most clearly. There by the long stone stretches of the quays, where ships from all the world load and discharge their troops and cargoes, the call of war on France's men is tellingly revealed. where once only French longshoremen could be seen, foreigners and women now abound. With mobile bodies, with faces, blouses, trousers, soiled and streaked with dust and perspiration, the women bend and swing and lift and haul and shovel. Beneath their hands the mounds of boxes, bags, and crates, the coal, drop into the yawning hulls, or, heaped upon the waiting drays, make off into the city.

As you look upon the women, their ceaseless bending, lifting, straining, the brutality, the cruelty of war, presses close upon you. Why, you keep repeating, has not man yet found the way of living in the world in peace? Why did it have to be that the multitudes of France's manhood, the multitudes of strong young manhood of many lands, were called from work of ships and fields and cities, from work of normal happy lives, to be flung into the caldron of the trenches? Why did it have to be that women, surely not born for industrial toil, were summoned to give their men to battle, and with bleeding hearts to take upon themselves the work of men?

A Lithuanian Idyll

By LEON KOBRIN

Translated from the Yiddish by Isaac Goldberg

" 'Indeed, if God pleases, He sends fortune. Take this very day, for example. I made fifteen rubles.' "

THE morning after the fair all was gladness in the home of Mirke. In the first place, Mirke had made no fewer than fifteen silver rubles in her shop on the day before. Secondly,—and this was indeed a stroke of fortune,—a sweetheart had been found for Leah.

As Leah stood in the shop, helping her mother because of the increased patronage brought by the fair, she suddenly caught sight of lame Gedaliah passing by in the company of a young man; both of them stopped to look at her. Her heart gave a terrible thump, and the little shovel filled with salt fell out of her fingers. Lame Gedaliah was a second-hand merchant, a fellow who made his living chiefly by converting second-hand clothes into new garments, turning them inside out, and by sewing new suits for the children out of their parent's cast-off clothes. But he conducted another business on the side, match-making. This was why Leah's heart pounded excitedly when she noticed Gedaliah and the young man casting eyes upon her. They walked on, but soon returned. All at once it dawned upon Leah that they were headed for her mother's shop. Her face flamed, and she glided over to her mother, sobbing out, "Oy, Mama, I 'm dressed like a slob!" Mirke, who happened to be busy with a peasant customer, was startled out of her wits.

"What? What?" But on noticing the presence of Gedaliah and the young man, she very soon realized that this was a matter of match-making. She quickly got rid of the customer, giving him his package of cheap native tobacco, wiped her nose, which was covered with flour, and greeted Gedaliah with a jovial mien.

"What 's the good news, Reb Gedaliah?" Meanwhile she stole a glance at the youth, and continued in even more cordial fashion:

"My little Leah, blessings upon her! is helping me out to-day. I tell you, she has golden, fairy fingers. May no evil eye gaze upon her; she 's the most industrious creature in the world. I thought that she was good only for cooking, washing, sewing, and such: but she 's a wonder for business, too; nobody can equal her at it."

"Takes after her mother," responded Gedaliah, grasping his pointed beard in his fist, pulling at it, and smiling, and shaking his head in a manner that Mirke found it very easy to interpret; whereupon she beamed with dazzling radiance.

"The Lord be praised! I need n't be ashamed of my children. You know that, Reb Gedaliah."

Leah stood there in a maze, her cheeks as red as fire. She would gladly have run home, yet something restrained her. She desired to get a good look at the young man, and dared not raise her eyes to look at him furtively.

The youth, tall, broad, and sturdy, with a full, florid, good-natured face, a black little beard, and a thick neck whence it seemed that the very blood was spurting, was dressed in a long cloth coat, with flapping coat-tails, boots, and a white tie over black shirt-front. He glanced at buxom, blooming Leah from the corner of his eye, and it was very evident that she pleased him. He ventured to speak at last in a half-embarrassed tone.

"Do you keep hand-rolled cigarettes?"

"Certainly," Mirke hastened to reply. "Leah my darling, give the gentleman the cigarettes!"

Leah was startled. Cigarettes? She

hurried to her mother's side and whispered:

"I can't. My eyes are on fire. I 'm not decently dressed. How would I look?"

She dashed out of the shop.

"A pure child. Ashamed of a young man. I 'll serve you. How many cigarettes would you like, long life to to you?"

"About ten."

The young man lighted a cigarette, went out into the street, and stopped near the entrance to the shop, gazing upon the fair.

Gedaliah was left alone with Mirke.

"You understand, of course, Mirke, that this is a chance for a match?"

"You don't have to put it into my mouth, Reb Gedaliah."

"it 's a blessing from God, I tell you. And he took a liking to your girl at first sight."

Some peasants entered. Mirke attended to their wants and returned to Gedaliah.

"Reb Gedaliah, my dear man, go over to Mayshe-Itsye; if this should really turn out well, you 'll probably catch a good fee."

While this was going on, Leah was in hiding behind a wagon opposite her mother's store, spying upon the young man with a palpitating heart and drinking him in with her eyes. When, somewhat later, Gedaliah issued from the store, she heard him say to the youth:

"Don't worry. I 'll arrange the match for you. She 's a wonderful maiden, a blessing from God!"

Within her something shrieked exultantly, "Oh, Mother!" She scurried homeward.

That night after the fair had come to an end Mirke sat wearily in her shop. Her husband Mayshe-Itsye came in.

"Well, was Gedaliah to see you?" queried Mirke, languidly.

"That 's just what I came to talk over with you. Really."

"Yes?"

He told her that the prospective husband was a blacksmith from a near-by village, and had served in the army. As soon as she heard that he had been in the army she declared then and there that a match with a soldier and an ordinary toiler was out of the question. If he were only a goldsmith or a watchmaker!

"But a watchmaker or a goldsmith would not, in all likelihood, care to enter our family," retorted Mayshe Itsye. "Skilled tradesmen, my little goose, and such folk ask for a large dowry."

"And how big a dowry does he ask?"

"A hundred and fifty rubles would satisfy him," answered Mayshe-Itsye.

"A bargain, indeed! Where does he come in for such a sum? A soldier and a blacksmith, and has the impudence to expect one hundred and fifty rubles!"

"A hundred and fifty rubles dowry is n't so much for a husband."

"And where are you going to get them?" asked Mirke.

"What so you mean, 'where'? And where is God, do you think?" he retorted, with devotion in his voice. "For the present we can give him a note, and God will be good. Don't worry. The Lord of the universe has enough to go round for His people of Israel."

"Indeed, if God pleases, He sends fortune. Take this very day, for example. I made fifteen rubles. So let us trust Him to send us a more respectable match, too."

"Well, praised and thanked be God for the good news!" replied Mayshe-Itsye in pious accents. "God is good. I told Leah the same. But she, the wicked creature — I slapped her face for her!"

"You slapped Leah? Then may your hands indeed fall off! What do you think—that she 's one of your Hebrew pupils?" growled Mirke, aggressively.

"Then let her not be so impudent. There I was, telling Gedaliah that a soldier is no match for my daughter, when she interrupts with: 'Yes, a match! What sort of match do you expect, anyway—Rothschild's son? And if your own son is a soldier, must he bury himself on that account?' Did you ever hear such words from a hussy? Such audacity—to meddle in our affairs!"

For a few moments Mirke was silent, lost in thought. Then she suddenly exclaimed:

"Really, what have we got to be so proud about? Our own son is a soldier,

and my father was himself a toiler,—a cap-maker,—and have we reason to be ashamed on that account? Perhaps the match is a predestined one."

"But a blacksmith—soldier," grumbled Mayshe-Itsye.

"Don't be a horse, Mayshe-Itsye. Leah is by no means a young girl. When I was her age I already had almost three children."

Mayshe-Ityse heaved a deep sigh.

"We-ell, I don't know. Maybe."

"How about his family?"

"He has a mother. She came along with him. He also has a cow and a smithy of his own. And brothers in America."

"You don't say! In America?"

"In America. Beyond all the seas. Under the earth."

"Do you see? A great many Jews, they say, travel from the four corners of the world to America in these days."

"Such notions folks take into their heads!"

"Gedaliah says that everybody there is a Rothschild. They send money to their mothers, five and ten rubles at a time."

"Is that so-o-o? So she has rich sons there? Then it looks as if what I heard in Vitebsk, when I was there a year ago, is true, after all."

"What was that?"

"That in America even the poorest people have meat and rolls to eat every day."

"Goodness! How can that be?"

At this moment lame Gedaliah happened to enter.

"Don't be too particular, Mayshe-Itsye," he warned. "You 're letting a blessing from God slip through your fingers."

The conclusion was that Mirke asked him to bring the young man and his mother to her house the following morning at ten if God should spare them all until then.

And now, which is to say the morning after the fair, Mirke's house bustled with preparations for receiving the groom and his mother. The place was as tidy as upon a holiday; the floor was sprinkled with golden sand; the table was decked with a white cloth. Leah had spent the whole night cleaning up. Mirke was arrayed in Sabbath attire, and had sent little Shlayme to take charge of the shop, with the admonition that he must not in God's name purloin any sweets. On this day Mayshe-Itsye sent his little students back home and put on his Sabbath attire, too. So, too, old Avrom-Layzer. As to Leah, she donned her pink dress, braided a blue ribbon into her red hair, and went about as in a dream. The younger boys, who had no shoes, were given a copeck apiece for candy, and were sent out upon the street to play; the two younger girls also donned their best, and likewise braided ribbons into their hair.

At last they came. First, lame Gedaliah with his cane; behind him the groom, followed by his mother, a tall, well-built old woman with a florid countenance, hands as red as beets, and a kerchief on her head. For years she had served as housemaid in the home of a wealthy family in a large city; for the last three years, however, she had dwelt in retirement with her son, the blacksmith, on the money sent to her from America by her two sons there.

Leah became more confused than ever; her face was a glowing flame. Her mother made her sit down beside the groom's parent, and herself took a seat at the other side. Mayshe-Itsye placed a flash of brandy and a saucer of preserves upon the table. Then he seated himself near the groom, who was beside old Avrom-Layzer, opposite his mother and Leah. Lame Gedaliah was at the end of the table, and was nodding to Leah's two sisters, who were standing to one side, casting furtive glances toward the groom.

That fellow, the former soldier, who had met more than one girl in the "big city" in which he had served, now eyed Leah far more boldly than on the previous day, and surveyed her from every angle. She felt his glances upon her and kept her eyes lowered.

Then the groom's mother propped her chin upon her hand, shook her head, and spoke loudly, that all might hear:

"She 's no weakling; made for hard work. She 'll be able to do plenty of labor. She strikes me favorably, my son."

Leah lowered her eyes more than ever,

and the groom smiled good-naturedly.

Mirke burst forth, with a beaming countenance:

"Girls like Leah simply can't be found in these days, even if you look the whole world over."

"She strikes me favorably," repeated the groom's mother. "She 's no weakling. And what 's your name, long life to you?" she suddenly asked, turning to Leah.

"Leah," replied the latter, bashfully.

"And how old are you? May you live to a hundred and twenty!"

"Just turned eighteen. May she live to a hundred and twenty!" came the hasty reply from Mirke.

Lame Gedaliah entered the conversation at this point.

"I said eighteen, too; for I 'm a friend of the family. I know."

"She looks to be a little older," commented the prospective husband's mother. "But perhaps that 's her nature. Orre, I 'm satisfied with her, my son."

And here the groom himself became bold enough to venture a word in a deep bass voice:

"No offense, kind folks, but before we go any further, we must make sure that everything 's being done methodically. When it comes to marrying, you must understand." He began to brandish his powerful fists, with which he had mastered many a horse while shoeing the beast, and continued to speak. "You understand? A bride, a wife—that 's no cat in a sack. You 've got to have a talk with her, eye to eye. You never can tell. You understand me, of course? No offense, I hope."

Gedaliah interrupted with:

"Of course, of course. He 's right, upon my soul. Leah darling, go out for a little walk with him. Show him you 're no fool. God forbid."

Mayshe-Ityse rose to object.

"What do you call this? Like—just like— we-ell? Fie!"

Old Avrom-Layzer, too, shook his hoary head in dissent and grumbled:

"A burly bumpkin!"

Leah was thrown into confusion.

Gedaliah cried out angrily:

"Reb Maysye-Ityse, don't be a boor. You don 't know the world. He simply wishes to have a conversation with her, because that 's the way things are done these days. Maybe she has some defect? Maybe she is deaf? Maybe she 's a stupid nag, a silly cow, a good-for-nothing?"

"Hush! hush!" counseled Mirke, smilingly. "What 's all the talk about? I 'm a modern woman. By all means let them go out and take a walk in the best of health, and return in the best of health, and, if it is so ordained by Heaven, marry in the best of health. Go, daughter. Don't be ashamed."

She thrust her daughter forward from the table, and herself arose, too. The groom likewise stood up.

"A-akh!" groaned Avrom-Layzer, shaking his head in disapproval.

"Well! well! well!" grumbled Mayshe-Ityse, shrugging his thin shoulders.

But Mirke shoved Leah out of the door after the groom, with the parting advice:

"Don't be ashamed, little goose! don't be ashamed!"

Leah was so upset she could not see her way out.

Mayshe-Ityse hastened to his wife's side.

"Shameless one, what do you call this? Do you think they 're a pair of peasants?"

Mirke replied in a low voice:

"You blockhead, you, don't meddle! Can 't you see that he 's on fire for her, and that his very eyes are bulging out of their sockets? We may be able to match her off to him without paying a copeck's-worth of dowry, and remember that she 's twenty-four years old. Silence! May you be stricken dumb!"

Then she joined the groom's mother, stroked her shoulder fondly, sat down beside her, and asked:

"What is your name? Long life to you!"

"Mariasha," replied the woman. "And you, long life to you!"

"If it is so fated, we will be relatives by marriage," said Mirke.

"May the Lord of the universe send that good fortune! I like the girl. She 's none of your skinny, scraggy creatures, like others we 've looked over. May no evil eye glance at her!"

Then Mariasha began to speak of her two other sons, who were in America. It was already twenty years since they had gone thither from the city, where they worked for a tinsmith. To-day, thank God! they were wealthy men, and often sent her money from America. They asked her to come to them, but she was afraid to drag her weary old bones to the devil knew where. She would really like to see them. They had such beautiful little children there. She was simply dying to see her grandchildren, but perhaps it was so fated that she should n't. Orre had wished to journey thither, too, even before he had been drafted for service, but she had wept and wailed until she succeeded in preventing his departure.

"A fine trick, to drag your bones under the earth," declared Marke. "We 'll have plenty of time for that in a hundred and twenty years."

"My God!" came from Gedaliah's corner, "I 'd just like to see what sort of place this America is. One of my niece's children from Minsk journeyed to that country; he was a pauper there, a tailor, so they tell me, and in America he became a rich man altogether, a manufacturer with a factory all his own."

"Yes, they really say," interjected Mirke, "that the very poorest people there eat meat and rolls every day."

"Akh! akh!" commented Mayshe-Ityse, as he shrugged his shoulders, "women speak only nonsense! You mere woman, you, where are your brains? How could you ever believe such folly? Now listen," he declared, with the singsong of the pious readings, "if he eats meat and rolls every day, what does that show? That he is not a poor man. And if he *is* a poor man, he can't eat meat and rolls every day. Fool!"

"He 's really right," agreed Mirke. "A man understands more than a woman, after all."

Now Gedaliah chimed in.

"Who can tell what things are like yonder? Perhaps food grows on the trees over there. The instructor who teaches my children writing once told me that when we have day, it 's night in America, and when we have night, they have daylight. Everything is just the opposite to what we have. Why, a Jew may become even a policeman over there."

By this time Leah and Orre returned from their walk. Orre's face wore a smile of satisfaction; Leah had shed her embarrassment, and felt now unrestrained, her pleasure visible upon her glowing countenance. He was highly pleasing to her, and she felt that she was no less agreeable to him; on their stroll to the outskirts of the village they had met girls of her acquaintance, who had stolen envious glances at them. These she had detected. Her soul was jubilant.

The next evening the wedding contract was drawn up, and Mayshe-Ityse gave, as dowry, a note for one hundred and fifty rubles, which, he devoutly hoped, the good Lord in heaven would help him meet on the day of the wedding.

On the day following the engagement, when the groom was supposed to leave for home, Leah felt that he was taking her heart away with him, and when he met her alone in the entry, she wept. He understood, and placed his arms about her waist in such a manner that she all but shrieked. His kiss, the first kiss that she had ever received from a young man, robbed her of her voice, took her breath away, and almost deprived her of her reason.

The match with Orre was altogether a fortunate one. At the wedding, which was celebrated in Mirke's home soon after the first days of Succoth, the Feast of the Tabernacles,— for such was the groom's desire,—Mayshe-Itsye was unable, as may have been forseen, to pay the one hundred and fifty rubles dowry for which he had given a note; but the marriage was not interfered with by that contingency. From America came a gift of no fewer than a hundred rubles for the bride and bridegroom.

After the wedding Leah left with her husband for his town, whence she sent her parents letters filled with her happiness. Thus winter passed.

Once, three weeks after Passover, Leah and her husband came on an unexpected visit to her parents. They arrived to say farewell. They were going off to America.

THE SEASONS

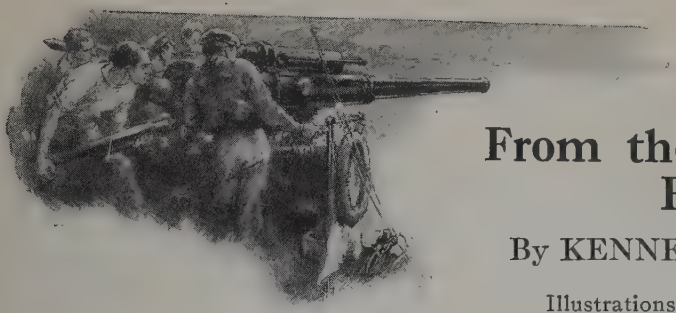
Four Autochromes by Henry O. Reik

SPRING

SUMMER

AUTUMN

WINTER



From the Admiralty Files

By KENNETH L. AITKEN

Illustrations by George Avison

From time to time a man smiled in the bleak, desolate office of the Providence "Ledger," just a little ghost of a smile, such as might be warranted when, looking back upon an arduous labor, one knows his effort has not been in vain.

A NONDESCRIPT man in nondescript clothes, tall, gaunt, and so inconspicuous that he might pass you unnoticed a dozen times in a day walked rapidly along the avenue and turned in at the British embassy.

"I want to see the ambassador," he said to a clerk; adding, "at once, please. Just give him this."

In a few minutes the ambassador's secretary came forward. He said:

"You have no appointment?"

"No; but I shall have as soon as you take that letter in."

"I 'm sorry, but—"and then something in the visitor's face caused him to change his mind, and he disappeared into an inner office.

When the ambassador had torn off the envelop and spread out the folded sheet, he read:

Dear Sir James:

This will introduce John Wilson of Providence, R. I. I don't know what he wants; but you 'd better give it to him. He 'll get it, anyway.

Signed to this was the name of a local politician which made the interview an immediate certainty, yet at the same time cast a shade of suspicion on Mr. Wilson's character. The ambassador re-read the letter several times, puzzling over the last two sentences, and then, as if abandoning the problem, turned to his secretary.

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Really, I could n't say, sir—that is, not accurately. I thought at first he was some sort of a farmer, but—"

"Is he young or old or what?"

"Oh, about middle age, sir, I should think."

"Very well; bring him in, please."

As Wilson came through the doorway, the ambassador's immediate thought was, "A preacher, not a farmer."

The one outstanding, disarming characteristic of the man's face was pure guilelessness, and it might have belonged to some kind of unimportant preacher or countryman, or to almost any one other than its real owner.

Wilson took the chair that was offered, and went straight to his business.

"You know about that?" he asked, and he handed the ambassador a newspaper clipping carrying the following head-lines:

DEUTSCHLAND ARRIVES AT NEW LONDON

GERMAN MERCHANT-SUBMARINE MAKES SECOND VOYAGE TO AMERICA

CAPTAIN PAUL KOENIG IN CHARGE

Then came half a column of talk and surmise, which added nothing to the meager news of the heading. Sir James read the clipping carefully.

"Yes, I had some such news this morning," he said, returning it.

"Three weeks ago," continued Wilson, "some one started shipping nickel and rubber into New London—tons and tons of it—and stored it on a pier controlled by a German syndicate. It 's my business to know those things, and it made me suspicious. Yesterday the *Deutschland* tied up at that pier."

Sir James nodded.

"Do you realize what that stuff means to Germany?" asked the caller.

"I do, indeed."

"You 've got a pretty fair notion, too, I reckon, that England would like to stop that sub from getting back."

"Yes, I rather think we should."

"I rather think you would, too. Now look here, sir, I 'm not going to waste my time or yours. I 'm going to smash that boat, and I want help. Will England help?"

Sir James might have smiled at the extreme bluntness of the offer had it not been for his caller's very evident seriousness.

"My dear man, *of course* we 'll help if there is any way of doing the thing; but we can't and won't violate American neutrality. You must understand that. I may tell you further that our people have already gone into the whole matter very thoroughly, and there is absolutely nothing which can be done at this end."

"Oh, is n't there? Now listen a minute, and remember that the less you know about certain things the better." Whereupon Wilson outlined a plan in which he so skilfully avoided reference to England, America, Germany, and the *Deutschland* that Sir James could not but appreciate his astuteness. When he had finished, the ambassador remained silent for several minutes, then asked:

"And what about Mr. Wilson? What —ah—honorarium, if I may term it so, will he look for if we should feel disposed to fall in with his suggestions?"

"Not a damned cent!" flared the answer. "Now get me, sir, and don't make any mistake. England has n't got enough money to *hire* me. This is *my* job, and if I should do it alone, you would n't get a smell of it. I 'm giving England first chance, that 's all. What *I* get out of it won't come out of England's pocket and is n't any of England's business. So understand that."

The ambassador did not understand in the least, but the visitor was so manifestly and unmistakably in earnest that there was nothing further to be said.

An appointment was then made for the following morning, and as the man passed out, Sir James rang for the secretary.

"Henry," he said, and his voice was very serious, "telephone at once to Kelly of the Intelligence Department and ask him as a personal favor to get a report on John Wilson of Providence, and bring it here to-morrow at nine, please. Is Lieutenant Everett still in town? Well, find him, wherever he is, and have him here at the same hour. And keep all to-morrow forenoon clear for me."

THE burly Kelly entered the office at nine sharp.

"Say," he said as he greeted Sir James, "how many John Wilsons do you think there are in Providence, anyway?"

"Really, I never thought of that," apologized the ambassador. "When I talked to the man, I somehow felt there could be just the one."

"Well, there 's eight of 'em, but I kind er got a hunch which one you 're after. He 's here in town, ain't he?"

Sir James nodded.

"Thought I seen him. Ain't that your friend?" Kelly drew a photograph from his pocket.

"Why, of course. Where in the world did you get that at such short notice?"

"Borried it off the Rogue's Gallery."

The life seemed to go out of the ambassador's face.

"Then he 's—some kind of criminal?"

"Well, kind of, yes; that is, he 's a newspaper man—Providence "Ledger" —and he just naturally lands in jail wherever he goes. I 've pinched him twice myself personally so far this year. He 's one of the best friends I got, too. He—"

"You know him personally, then?"

"Oh, sure. And he looks like you could use his mouth for a butter icebox, don't he?"

"Is he—reputable?" asked Sir James as he puzzled over the reference to the ice-box.

"Oh, sure. Say, *you* ought to know him better 'n us fellers. Remember the time Lord What 's-his-name came to New York and would n't stand for an interview? And some guy chlorofor ed his valet and bust into their suit in the middle of the night and stuck a gun into the old bird's ribs and made him talk for an hour? Sure you do. Well, that 's our friend. And only last month right here in Washington he—"

"You need n't go further," said Sir James. "If he 's the man who interviewed Lord Howse, that 's all I need to know. It took me eighteen months—oh, well, it does n't matter. But tell me, what has he against England?"

"Nothin' that I know of."

"Is he pro-British, then?"

"No, he ain't for nor against."

"Well, is he—ah—somewhat pro-German?"

"Him? Say, you mean you don't *know?* Why, did n't you folks print some kind of report on the *Lusitania* business? Sure you did. Got a copy here?"

When the report was brought, Sir James turned instinctively to the passenger-list—the W's—and slowly ran through the names.

"Watson — Wesson — Westervelt — Ah!" he exclaimed, for there at his finger-tips he read, *Wilson, Mrs. John, Providence, R. I.* "So that 's what he meant—"

"Go on," said Kelly, grimly. The ambassador saw:

Wilson, Master John, Jr., Providence, R. I.

Wilson, Miss Ethel H., Providence, R. I.

Wilson, Master Harry S., Providence, R. I.

"That 's all," said Kelly—"the whole damn' family. Enough, ain't it?"

Sir James thumbed over the pages of the report in search of another list. Kelly interrupted him.

"You need n't bother lookin'," he said gruffly. "They ain 't any—any Wilson —in that other list."

FOLLOWING the program which had been determined upon, Lieutenant Everett discarded his naval uniform and proceeded to New York, where he went at once to an address in West Thirtieth Street. He entered the building a somewhat dapper-looking young man, and emerged three days later an unshaven, unwashed, unkempt, greasy-overalled mechanic of third or even fourth class. On leaving Washington he had been followed by one of Bernstorff's agents,—purely on principle, for they suspected nothing,—and the house in New York had since been under a constant surveillance. But so thorough was the transformation that when he passed out the lieutenant did not draw more than a casual glance from the watching agent.

Walking slowly to the Grand Central, he purchased a ticket to a point a few miles west of New London, and found Wilson waiting with an automobile at the station when he left the train. Less than an hour's run brought them to the outskirts of New London, and a few minutes later the car entered a stable attached to a most disreputable-looking hotel. Wilson led the way to a large room at the very top of the building. Two of the three cot-beds which it contained were somewhat disordered, and though the whole place was rank with tobacco smoke and untidy, it did not seem unclean. On the wall was a telephone.

"By George!" exclaimed Everett, "it looks like a thieves' den!"

"Just exactly what it is," said Wilson, "and we 're going to live in it for the next couple of weeks; so better make yourself at home."

Spread out on a table was one of the ingenious German-made "suitcase" wireless outfits that later were detected frequently in the baggage of certain foreign-born commercial travelers. The antenna stretched diagonally across the ceiling, and the ground wire was looped across the floor to a convenient water-pipe. Seated at the table was a boy of perhaps twenty.

As Wilson started to speak, the boy held up his hand for silence, and for perhaps ten minutes gave all his attention to the apparatus. When he threw off the head-gear, Wilson introduced

him to the lieutenant as "Roy Mathers, my right-hand man."

"By golly!" said the boy, "I 'm not the only unlicensed wireless doing business in this town! Just as I was starting up, some one broke in on me. I 'll bet he 's not five blocks from here. He 's using an odd wave-length, and just look at this—and this!" He handed over several sheets of a code message.

"What is it?" asked Wilson as he puzzled over the wording.

"Search me," said Roy. "I don't know what it means, but it 's German all right. Just look at those words! They 'll spend years making a code you can't steal, and then not have horse sense enough to leave out spellings that nobody but a German would ever use. I 'll bet he has regular fixed working hours, too—nine to ten in the morning and three to four in the afternoon, or something like that. You give me just two days, and I 'll have his number all right. Then if you want to send anything out, I can squeeze it through when he 's off duty."

In his capacity of newspaper man, Wilson soon took himself to the *Deutschland's* pier, where he blatantly announced that he intended to photograph the sub from stem to stern and to obtain a biographical sketch of every man aboard her. The other men of the press, idling half-way down the pier at the dead-line established for them, were at first amused and then somewhat annoyed by his cumbersome, elephantine efforts, which to their way of thinking were certain of failure and sure to antagonize the German commander, whose favor they had been earnestly seeking.

Wilson stopped at nothing. If he had deliberately set out to enrage Koenig he could not have succeeded better. He followed the man about the streets, he questioned him and pestered him at every chance meeting, absolutely refusing to be refused, until Koenig came to loathe the sight of him. Matters reached a climax on the third day, when a particularly audacious move on Wilson's part—he was caught, camera in hand, creeping cautiously toward the *Deutschland* along the roof of the pier—resulted in his being thrown bodily into the street, with orders given by a red-faced, stuttering-mad Koenig that never again was he to be permitted beyond the pier entrance.

No matter how his actions may have impressed the other reporters, Wilson succeeded admirably in carrying out his real purpose: he established himself, fully and indubitably, in Koenig's mind and in the mind of every other German in the neighborhood, as a blundering, monkey-trick reporter who was defeating his own ends, and who, though he might be a pestilential nuisance, was not otherwise worthy of a single thought.

Meanwhile Everett was busy. Wilson located in Coolley's Shipyard, in Providence, the sea-going tug *Judith*, and the lieutenant was quickly despatched to make an inspection. Finding the vessel suitable, she was purchased outright, since the alterations required were quite impossible under any charter proposition. Coolley, spurred by Wilson, and directed by Everett, rushed at the work of reconstruction; so that in a week's time the *Judith* was ready for sea. Among other things her forward and aft deckhouses were completely rebuilt, being made wider and longer, and her two stumpy masts were replaced by spars of reasonable height.

A cautious word to Washington brought about an interchange of cablegrams with the Admiralty in London, with the result that one night the British cruiser *Amphion* transferred her sphere of activity from outside Delaware Bay to the waters south of Montauk Point, and stood ready to cooperate with the lieutenant as soon as needed. During the periods when the German operator was by his schedule attending to other matters, Roy called her on the wireless with a prearranged signal until communication was satisfactorily established, and later a special code came to Everett for use when matters were expected to be of a more serious nature.

If Koenig had any doubt as to Wilson's insanity, it vanished into thin air when the *Judith*, all kinds of meaningless

"'Quick, Roy! quick! Snap him threatening the life of an American citizen!'"

flags flying, tied up at the pier immediately next to the *Deutschland*. Between the two masts hung an immense canvas banner bearing the words:

READ THE
PROVIDENCE
LEDGER

On top of the after deck-house sat a band,—and such a band!—one bass drum with cymbals, one cornet, and one slide trombone, the operator of the latter being very hazy concerning the notes produced by the various positions. But if he missed it the first time, he caught it with the second shot, or the third, perhaps. Under the caricature leadership of Wilson, this band slashed into the "Watch on the Rhine" and followed with other terribly mangled airs of German origin, until Koenig, in desperation, sent over and begged them to desist.

EVERETT'S conscience bothered him a great deal on the matter of a possible violation of American neutrality, and Wilson, knowing that no official instructions had been given, skilfully played upon the young man's feelings until he was reduced to a condition best described as "a state of mind."

"You 're only a spectator," had jeered Wilson, "a mere looker-on. I suppose you 'd like to help and all that, but it 's quite impossible—quite impossible. Of course, the only crime recognized in this country is getting caught, and if we 're pinched, you 've got nothing to do but stand pat and keep your mouth shut. *Your* hands are clean—regular ladylike hands!"

"Oh, they are, are they?" the lieutenant had retorted, and, casting discretion to the winds, added: "You just let something happen that makes it necessary, and you 'll see how fast they 'll get dirty! I 'll risk your damned penitentary, by gad! and be glad of the chance."

Wilson's scheme required that a diver get beneath the *Deutschland*, there to do certain things, and in the discussion of details it became evident that the lieutenant possessed an even wider experience in under-water work than is usual among naval officers. He solved the problem of eliminating the exhaust air-bubbles, which must issue from the diver's helmet and which, rising to the surface close to the sides of the sub-

marine, would surely attract attention, by using a double air-line, one to carry the air to the man, and a second, attached to the exhaust-valve, to convey it back to the point at which the air-pump was located. The extreme muddiness of the water removed all chance of the diver being seen, so there remained only the question of getting the man exactly beneath the submarine's keel, since to let him approach the surface in his endeavors to locate the vessel would be disastrous.

Coolley had supplied both man and outfit, the latter, equipped with telephones, being in excellent condition. Unfortunately, this could not be said of the man himself, for he complained of illness, and on the very day set for the first under-water trip to the *Deutschland* Wilson had to rush him to the hospital for an appendicitis operation.

The meeting held late that night in the "thieves' den" was probably as dejected an affair as that room had ever witnessed. Wilson sat with his head in his hands, utterly beyond speech. There was no other diver available on whom he could depend, and already the time was far too short. Roy, being young, felt the blow much less severely than did the others. Everett, his hands behind his back, paced the floor restlessly and fought out his problem. He knew what he ought to do, or, rather what he ought not to do, and he was perfectly certain that if he asked Washington for instructions, he would be told emphatically to stand clear of the whole business. And yet there was that cargo of nickel and rubber, and unless *somebody* stopped it, it would undoubtedly get to Germany. And if it did get there, how many lives—English lives, maybe—would it mean? And against all that there was merely *his* life at the most, and not likely that. Time and time again there ran through his mind the words of a famous English admiral, "Better men have sacrificed far more and for a less worthy 'cause."

About midnight he turned suddenly upon Wilson.

"That man 's just about my build."

"What man?"

"That diver."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I 'm going to soil my hands. I can wear his things and I can do the work just as well as he can—and tomorrow, by gad! I 'm going to, that 's all!"

And he did.

WHEN the time for action arrived, the *Judith's* tender lay alongside the tug, Wilson at the oars, and Roy, a big graflex camera on his knees, occupying the stern. Waiting until Koenig appeared on deck, Wilson yelled at the top of his voice, pushed off from the *Judith*, and with all his strength rowed across the intervening water and full tilt into the very center of the *Deutschland*. Koenig, enraged and shouting like a madman, rushed to the spot.

"You fool! You fool!" he cried. "If you do not leave these waters instantly, you will be shot!" And suiting action to the word, he whipped out a heavy automatic and covered the pair in the boat. Wilson never turned a hair. Speaking under his breath, but loud enough for Koenig to hear, he said:

"Quick, Roy! quick! Snap him threatening the life of an American citizen!"

Roy leaped to his feet, and swung the big camera into position.

"No! no! no!" shrieked Koenig, as the delicacy of his position flashed into his mind, and he quickly pocketed the firearm. "You are nothing but a curse," he cried. "You waste my time and cause me more trouble that all others in America. When I say 'No' to you I mean 'No'; I do not mean something else. Why do you not take the straight answer and go away before something happens?"

"I want an interview, and *I intend to get it*," called back the man in the rowboat. "I won't take 'No' for an answer, but I 'll take just ten minutes of your time instead. If you 'll give me that, you 'll have no further bother. If you don't, you 'll waste far more than ten minutes trying to keep away from me."

"So? If I had you in Germany, I—*Ach, Gott!* of what use— Come on, then; I must be rid of you some way. But not the camera; indeed no!"

Thus did Wilson reach the deck of the *Deutschland*, and thus did he live up to his reputation and scoop his fel-

low-workers of the press with an authentic, exclusive interview with the famous captain. Thus also did he accomplish another matter of which Koenig was in complete ignorance. When the tender pulled away from the *Judith* in that first headlong rush, Roy's right hand was behind his back. In that hand was the end of a light, strong rope, which, after being snubbed one turn around a convenient cleat, passed over the stern of the rowboat and straight down into the water. Ten feet below hung an iron weight, from which the rope, previously soaked so that it would not float, continued under the *Judith* and then upward, where it was payed out with complete secrecy. The instant the tender struck the *Deutschland*, Roy let go his end of the rope and brought his hand around to the camera in the most natural way possible, the weight sank to the bottom, and Everett, waiting in his armor beneath the *Judith* for word to proceed, had only to follow the guide-line thus laid for him to arrive at a point almost under the submarine and half-way between her bow and stern. Thereafter the line indicated a direct path between the two vessels. His walk over the harbor bed released a material number of air and gas bubbles from the mud, but Wilson's strenuous oarsmanship had so disturbed the surface that they went quite unnoticed. Besides, Wilson's interview-by-sheer strength was at that period absorbing all the attention the Germans possessed.

Once on board the *Deutschland*, Wilson opened fire with a series of lightning-like questions that embraced Koenig's family history for five generations, the history of Germany, of the war, of transatlantic traffic, of submarines, of the *Deutschland*, of the *Deutschland's* first complete voyage, of this last voyage over, the experiences anticipated on the trip about to be made (Oh, sumptuous irony!), the future of sub-ocean traffic, and so much else that Koenig soon gasped for breath.

Meanwhile, not very far beneath them, Everett worked silently and with good effect.

Wilson switched to the matter of the forbidden photographs.

"I 've got three minutes yet," he lied glibly, pulling out his watch. "Now look; Captain, be a sport! Next to *flying* across the Atlantic, you 've pulled off the greatest stunt of this century! People want to know what you look like. I don 't care a damn for your old boat; I want *you!* Come on; be a good fellow! You really *owe* it to the public. Just as you are—no, no, no fussing up; stand where you are."

So Koenig again gave in, since to do otherwise with this irresponsible person merely meant further trouble. Roy was pulled aboard, and after some delay made the exposures desired. Then as a hail came from the *Judith*, a prearranged signal which meant that Everett was on his way back, Wilson bade the captain an embarrassingly effusive farewell, called him the prince of good fellows, and asserted that he had known all along that perseverance would in the end win the very much desired, and very much appreciated, interview.

"And now I am gone," he concluded as he went down into his boat. "Say, you won 't mind if the tug follows you out to sea, will you? It 's the boss's orders."

"I have no means of stopping you," answered the captain, with some asperity; "so you may come if you wish, though it will be of no benefit. But let me tell you one thing—do not ever let us meet in Germany, for your own sake!"

"Sure I won't!" laughingly replied Wilson, and pushing off, he proceeded to obliterate the new line of bubbles which Everett had kicked up from the mud.

"Only Germany is n't your next port of call, old chap," he muttered as he paddled slowly along. "It 'll be England, I 'm thinking—England or hell."

It should be said for Koenig that he left no stone unturned, no precaution untaken. A more capable man could not have been chosen for his perilous task, nor one more thoroughly conversant with transatlantic work. He adopted every possible safeguard against interference and capture, and if he in the end was defeated, it was due solely to his being pitted against a cleverer man, a man whose natural skill, ingenuity,

resourcefulness, and courage, inspired by an all-consuming hate, proved irresistible.

Came the morning when the *Deutschland* gave evidence of an imminent departure—the general cleaning up, the closing of cargo-hatches, the final overcharge of her batteries, and so forth. Roy, working at his wireless outfit in the "thieves' den," quickly called the *Amphion*. Ten minutes later every man on the cruiser knew that with the coming of night the submarine would slip quietly from her pier and strike for the open sea.

In the afternoon Roy packed his instruments and brought them down to the *Judith*. With the first suspicion of darkness, the little party assembled in the after deck-house for a final conference.

"Everett, boy, this is your last time, and I wish we could have fixed it otherwise. I still believe that we 'd be crazy to let you finish up before the *Deutschland* actually casts off. Koenig is no fool, take my word, and if we count on any laxity on his part, we 'll land on our backs, and *he 'll* get clear away. So get into your suit—and may the Lord be with you! You 've got a nice easy-chair over there, have n't you?"

"Oh, yes, with cushions, and a stove to keep my hands warm," answered Everett, though with little enthusiasm. His nerves were evidently on edge. "However, there 's nothing else for it." So saying, he proceeded with his helper's assistance to get into the diver's dress.

"The very second it 's safe to go ahead, I 'll give you word," continued Wilson. "Then hustle as if the devil were after you! Finish your job and beat it back here; we can 't start till you get aboard. And don't get scared if you feel the sub move; only hustle. Once she starts, I 'll hold her about three minutes; but that 's the limit."

Had Koenig seen what shortly occurred within that cabin he would have been shocked into hysterics. A little to one side of the center stood what looked like a good-sized phonograph cabinet, over which was carelessly draped a turkey-red table-cover. This was now thrown aside, and the top of the cabinet removed, disclosing a kind of dumb-waiter shaft about two or three feet square. A shaft it was, and it led down through the bowels of the tug and out through her bottom plates. The air-pump was started, and Everett's face-plate screwed home. By means of tackle attached to a cross-beam overhead, he was carefully hauled up and then as carefully lowered into the shaft, and down, down, down, until he stood in the mud of the harbor bottom. And not a soul outside the narrow limits of the cabin had the slightest inkling that a diver had entered the water.

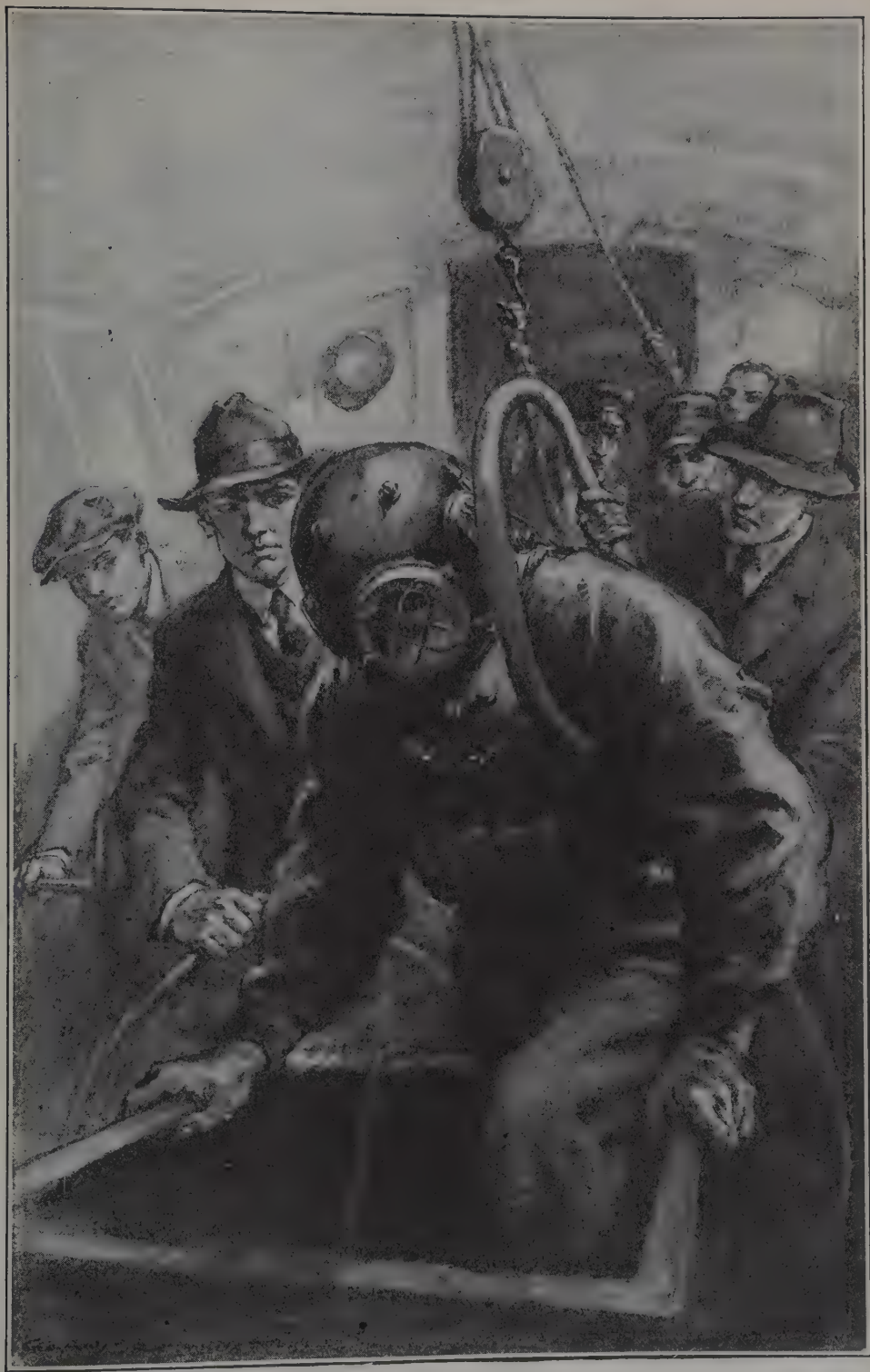
For some days past, workman had been busy erecting an electric sign on the roof of the *Judith's* pier, advising the world in general as to the merits of "Baby's Own Soap." The sign had been finished and placed in operation the previous evening, and while the flasher seemed a little irregular in its action, this may have been due to the control wires, which ran into the tug's cabin. The sign's position was innocent enough; it seemed mere chance that while the tug *Judith* was thrown into deepest shadow, the *Deutschland* was brilliantly illuminated. Koenig cursed what he called "stupid Yankee notions," but beyond this paid little attention to the sign, although its constant flashing on and off was a source of annoyance.

Shortly after six, the watchers aboard the tug saw preparations for immediate departure. Then before their staring eyes Koenig did the very thing which Wilson had most feared—the thing which he had so strongly warned against, the thing concerning which his wise counsels had fortunately prevailed. He shivered a little as he realized how near they had been to failure.

"Quick, Roy! quick!" he called softly. "Warn Everett—tell him what he 's doing!"

The lad dived into the cabin like a frightened rabbit and snatched the telephone from the astonished helper. Then as the men on the sub reported "All clear," and Koenig gave the order to cast off, Roy, no longer able to control himself, fairly shrieked into the instrument:

"Now! now! Go to it! And for God's sake hurry!"



"Had Koenig seen what shortly occurred within that cabin he would have been shocked into hysterics"

But the first hawser was barely clear when a boy in the uniform of a messenger rushed wildly through the entrance of the *Deutschland's* pier, waving a yellow envelop over his head, and shouting at the top of his lungs:

"Telegram for Cap'n Koenig! Telegram for Cap'n Koenig!"

On reaching the submarine, one of the men on the dock extended his hand for the message, but the boy sidestepped him.

"Are youse Cap'n Koenig?"

"No; but I 'll sign it."

"Oh, I guess not! An' me lose me job? Nobody signs for dis but de guy it 's for, see!"

And nothing would change him. Nor would he surrender the telegram until his "book" had been passed with some difficulty over the widening stretch of water to the *Deutschland*, signed by Koenig, and safely returned to him; after which he promptly disappeared. Koenig ripped off the yellow envelop and attempted to read the message by the light from the "Baby's Own" sign. No sooner had he accomplished the first few words of the illegible scrawl than the light annoyingly flashed off. Turning so as to catch the comparatively feeble gleams from the pier, his eyes had barely accustomed themselves to the change when the sign flashed into life with blinding brilliance. Twice more he repeated this cycle, Wilson meantime standing grim-faced in the *Judith's* cabin, the sign-controller beneath his hand, watching with evident relish the working out of his plans. Not until a lantern was brought did Koenig succeed in reading this message:

Washington, D. C.,
November 21, 1916.

Captain Paul Koenig,
Submarine *Deutschland*,
New London, Conn.

I offer you the most heartfelt wishes of all America for a safe and speedy homeward voyage. We of this nation stand always ready to welcome to our shores men in whose hands difficult tasks reach a successful culmination, and I assure you on behalf of the people that we regard the trans-oceanic voyages of the *Deutschland* not only as enviable national achivements, but also as conclusive evidence of your sterling personal worth. Auf Wiedersehen.

WILSON.

Koenig, bursting with pride, quite naturally, read the message to his friends on the pier. Thus six full minutes elapsed before the departure of the *Deutschland* was resumed, whereas only three had been counted upon. Wilson possessed another card had it been needed: he would have asked Koenig to repeat the message to the tug, and the slow transcription, combined with occasional skilful misunderstandings, would have secured several minutes more. Koenig would have been less than human had he refused the chance of publishing such a message to the world. But the extra time was unnecessary. Less than the estimated three minutes had elapsed when Roy, his ear glued to the receiver, cried out:

"He 's through! He 's through! He 's on his way back!"

At which Wilson, for reasons best known to himself, turned away so that the boy might not see his face.

As the *Deutschland* passed out not far from the *Judith's* bow, Wilson reached up and opened the siren wide. When the ear-splitting shriek died down, Koenig, his arms waving, cursed him through the megaphone.

"Thou fool and blockhead! Do I want the entire world to know that I am going?"

Whereupon Wilson apologized most humbly. He was sorry, but he had n't understood it that way. To him it was an event to be celebrated and published broadcast; but since Koenig did not wish it, he would not offend again. And all was happy, and a little extra time was gained to assist Everett in getting back.

Even while they talked, a thing resembling a giant octopus was hauled up through the *Judith's* dumb-waiter shaft. Roy fed it a stiff dose of neat brandy when the helmet was removed, thrust its benumbed, bloodless hands into a bucket of steaming water, and, so far as he could, wiped the face free of the muddy water which covered it.

"I suppose I 'd do that again," gasped

the lieutenant when he was able to talk, "but I hope I never have to. By gad! I thought I was gone once. The suck of the screw turned me right upside down!"

As he spoke, the *Judith* slipped her moorings, and followed the *Deutschland's* wake, rapidly disappearing from the circle of light cast by an electric sign, which stupidly, to the Teutonic mind, advocated some kind of baby soap.

Once clear of the shelter of the pier-ends, a cold, raw wind struck the *Judith*. The night was as black as could be wished, the few stars seeming only to accentuate the inky darkness. Straight ahead, carrying regulation lights, ran the *Deutschland*, bearing for the open sea. Behind followed the *Judith*, keeping her well within vision.

When the two approached the three-mile limit there was not another vessel within sight. Apparently the time of departure had been well guarded; but Koenig, unwilling to run the slightest risk, intended to submerge at this point, anyway. If specific reason were needed, there was that *verdammte* tugboat. No telling what that crazy fool might be up to next.

One by one the lights were taken in, the masts lowered, and the other equipment of open running in friendly waters made secure for under-sea work. Gradually the boat slowed to less than two knots, and then, slowly and ponderously like some great fish, disappeared beneath the surface.

Instantly the whole character of the *Judith* changed. The advertising banner came fluttering down, and in its place was rushed up the antenna of a wireless outfit. Roy took less than five minutes to raise the *Amphion*.

"Tell them we 're coming!" cried Wilson. "Tell them we left the dock at quarter past six!"

"There 's no code for that."

"Oh, damn the code! Talk English; nothing can reach those Huns now."

So Roy talked, if the stilted, hic-coughing abbreviation of International Morse can be so termed, and the *Amphion* answered:

"Good work; we 're coming."

Thereafter the *Judith* kept steaming ahead, slowly, it is true, but quite as if she knew where she was going. Considering her mission, no one seemed much concerned over the disappearance of the *Deutschland*. In fact, though a sharp watch was kept ahead, Wilson and Everett paid far more attention to the southwest, from which direction the cruiser was expected.

From time to time Everett read the patent log, and reported to the *Amphion* the distance covered and the exact heading of the tug.

An hour elapsed of such running, and then came the message:

"What lights are you carrying?"

Roy informed them. Then came the order:

"Blink your aft range-light every ten seconds."

Five minutes elapsed.

"All right; we see you," came the word.

"Blest if we can see *you!*" answered Roy. "What lights are *you* carrying?"

"None," said the cruiser, laconically.

A long, gray shape, carrying two ten-inch rifles forward and an equally vicious pair aft, quietly oozed out of the blackness and fell in beside the *Judith*. One moment there was nothing there, then a mere ghostly shadow, and then, in a breath, she became too terribly real to leave any doubt of her identity. Swiftly the tug slipped over against the cruiser's side and made fast. Quickly the war-ship's crane lifted clear the entire roof of the forward deck-house, and thereafter, steaming along in the dark at perhaps six knots, they performed the delicate task of a trans-shipment at sea.

When the work was finished, Everett clambered down from the cruiser's deck for a final word with the man who had placed success almost within his reach. Wilson had already announced his intention of going back with the tug, and now Everett pleaded with him to change his mind. Little did he realize the fullness of the passion which lay behind the American's activities.

Wilson finally stopped him with a gesture.

"No," he said in a tired, strained voice, "I 've thought it all out, and I 'm going home. One thing, though, breaks me clean up—I 've got the finest

newspaper story of the year, an absolute scoop, and I just don't dare use it. You don't know what that means to me; but take my word for it. No, there 's no use my going; there 's nothing I can do; and besides,"—here he smiled grimly,—"having committed our crime, it 's rather up to me to go back and destroy the evidence. If I stayed, I 'd only make trouble. When you got those Huns on board, I 'd kill some of the damned beasts with my bare hands!"

With more light, Everett must have seen that the man before him was fighting hard to retain his self-control. The voice gave but little evidence of the struggle which raged within.

"No! no! I want no thanks," he stumbled on. "You—you finish the job; that 's all I ask. No! no! I did n't do it for you, I did n't do it for you or for England; I did it for myself—for myself—for my own reasons—Oh, my God! for my *own—damned—good—reasons!*" And turning suddenly, he reeled into the *Judith's* cabin, leaving the Englishman staring.

In five minutes the tug had cast off and was steaming back toward the land.

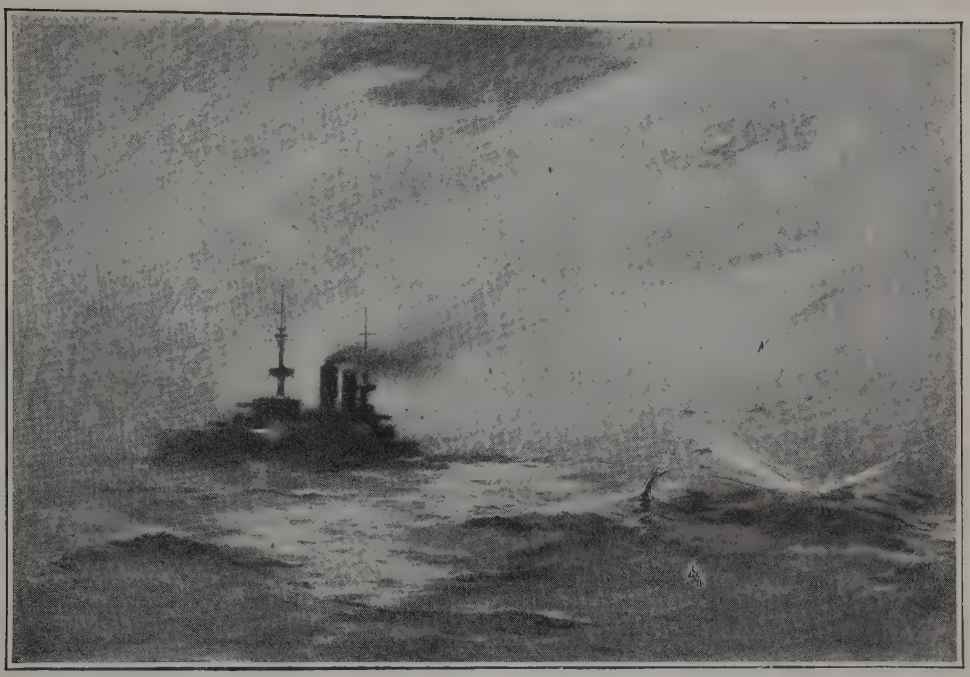
KOENIG'S plan was to cross the routes of the transatlantic steamers as quickly as possible, and then get well away from them. Once free from the risk of frequent meetings, he figured he could turn eastward and run on the surface virtually day and night, and thus, making haste to suit himself, win across the ocean with convenience and safety. On the other hand, should he, in his passage across the rarely traversed portions of the sea, encounter ships not free from suspicion or ships which came too close, he was possessed of most adequate means for handling the situation: he need only take in his camouflage deck-house and smoke-stack, close his hatches, and disappear utterly from the knowledge of the world. But Koenig had little fear of these casual ships; the experience of three other voyages had shown that surface vessels paid no heed, or, detecting his submersible character and not knowing his peaceable intentions, avoided him like the plague.

"Oho!" he had boasted, "they are not afraid of us, oh, no! I have only to show myself, and they run like frightened curs!"

Of course there was a limit to the *Deutschland's* act of disappearance. She could go down, it is true, but, like any other submarine, the mileage traveled under water without recharging batteries was strictly limited, and the re-charging process required many hours, and could be done only upon the surface. The chief factor controlling the under-water mileage is the speed at which the submarine is driven. At the very maximum of, say, ten knots, the batteries will be dead in less than an hour; normal speed of six or seven knots can be held for perhaps eight hours; while a loaf-along three knots will permit of at least a full day's operation. *Ten* miles, *fifty* miles, *eighty* miles, are roughly the greatest ranges at these respective speeds, and the figures are significant. They mean that the *faster* she goes, the less the *distance* which a submarine can cover.

Provided the water is not too deep, submarines can descend and lie "doggo" upon the bottom, thus conserving the energy in the batteries; but in depths too great to permit of this, they *must* keep running at sufficient speed to render their horizontal rudders effective, otherwise they lose control of themselves. Hence, in deep water, with batteries almost dead, the submarine must choose between two things: she can come to the surface or she can go down, down, down, until the terrific pressure crushes her like an empty egg-shell. There is no other course.

The air which must be breathed by the crew rapidly becomes a factor limiting the period of submergence. Air is used again and again, being passed through chemical purifiers which remove the carbonic acid gas and being revitalized by the addition of pure oxygen carried under pressure in tanks; but a point is eventually reached where, unless a submarine comes to the surface, her crew must die the most terrible of all deaths—slow suffocation. Even an hour's run beneath the surface will so foul and taint the air that to a landsman it would be unbreathable;



"But the periscope was scarcely up before its delicate lenses and prisms were shattered into a thousand pieces"

twenty-four hours brings about a situation which is extremely critical; additional submergence means—

The figures on submarine performance are those supplied to Lieutenant Everett by the Admiralty as being applicable to the *Deutschland*. Naturally they are meager, since Germany did not furnish detailed specifications to her enemies, and some of them were the result of surmise rather than of positive knowledge. However, they answered Wilson's purpose, and the calculations based on them were later found to be free from material error. In the under-sea boats built later than the *Deutschland* and intended for belligerent purposes,—that is, where machinery and equipment have not been sacrificed to give cargo space,—all the figures have of course been very greatly improved upon.

On approaching the three-mile limit the *Deutschland* had submerged. Slowly she had run down a long sloping course until almost eighty feet below the surface, then straightened out and continued at that depth, heading approximately southeast. Thus she ran steadily for a number of hours.

When Koenig felt reasonably sure of safety, he reduced speed to mere steerageway, and cautiously approached the surface. As the periscope came out through the water, it showed a calm, but absolutely black, night, even the few stars visible in the earlier evening being completely clouded over. There was a suspicion of fog, though not enough to interfere with navigation. So far as he could see, the ocean appeared quite empty, and Koenig, smiling the smile of the superior German, congratulated himself for having passed through any cordon which had been set for him.

"Pigs!" he sneered. "They have not brains to catch a broken play-boat!"

He then emerged completely, and brought the *Deutschland* to a stop. The conning-tower hatch was thrown open, and, welcoming the chance, the crew quickly clambered out on deck for a breath of air. There is something so demoralizing about a submarine that the men long for the outer world as soon as the hatch is closed.

The *Deutschland* lay motionless upon the surface for perhaps ten minutes, during which Koenig cursed the blackness and the mist.

"I could wish it clearer," he mumbled to one of his officers, adding philosophically, "but what hides mine enemy hides me. Besides, the enemy has eyes of swine; he sees but poorly. *Nicht wahr, Herr Steuermann?*"

And having thus reassured himself, he started the *Deutschland's* engines. Soon she was tearing over the surface at her maximum speed, still heading southeast, and soaking juice into the storage batteries. The captain trusted partly to luck, partly to the stupidity of the British, but mostly to the sagacity of Paul Koenig, and he lost no opportunity of bringing his batteries up to full capacity.

Double lookouts, forward and aft, were placed, and twice during the early morning hours there came alarms. The first occurred a little after three o'clock, when, through a moment's lifting of the mist, one of the lookouts thought he saw a vague outline well behind the submarine's stern. The officer of the watch was called, and several others, but though they strained their eyes, they could detect nothing. That Kurt, under the obvious stress and responsibility, was imagining things, was the conclusion.

An hour later Kurt again gave the alarm, and so sure was he that Koenig, snatching a moment's rest below, came up on deck.

Not a thing was visible, and Kurt was laughed at. More delusions!

"I tell you, with my own eyes I saw!" he expostulated, in a frenzy of exasperation. "A ship; a big ship, right back there!" pointing excitedly. "I do not see her now, no; but before God I have seen her twice this night with my own eyes! *Herr Kapitän,*"—turning in desperation to Koenig,—"have I sailed the seas all these years that I should at this time have visions?" And Koenig, who had known him in Atlantic passenger service as a man of extraordinarily keen sight, had enough confidence to shut down the *Deutschland's* engines, submerge all but the conning-tower, and lie there listening for thirty minutes.

But no sound reached them, nor did any ship materialize out of the hazy blackness.

Dawn told another story. Koenig on re-starting had kept his course, so that the lookouts on the *Amphion* caught the outline of the sub against a lightening horizon many minutes before those on Koenig's vessel again detected the cruiser. Once more it was Kurt who gave the warning, and this time nothing could hold him.

"There! there! Don't you see! She is following us! *Ach, Gott!* it is a warship! I can see—"

Those who still doubted were instantly convinced. Out of the nothingness into which the sharp-eyed Kurt was pointing came a burst of flame, and the shell, striking the water a nicely calculated twenty feet to one side of the sub, drenched them to the skin. Whatever her previous best record for submerging, the *Deutschland* on that occasion bettered it materially, and not one of those on deck but sustained some injury in the mad scramble to get below. Koenig, his hand covered with blood, his clothing torn, his legs quivering, stood beneath the conning-tower vilifying his enemies.

"*Englisches Schwein!*" he snarled. "*Englisches Schwein! Gott strafe England!*" And lacking all sense of humor, he set about finding fault with the marksmanship. "Incompetent fools! A German artillery student of but one year would have found me with the first shot! *Verdammte Schweine!*"

The great problem before him was to lose the war-ship, whatever she was, and wherever she had come from. Koenig did not think she had been following him, not for any length of time, anyway. He half doubted Kurt's phantom ship of the earlier hours, or if the man had really seen something, it must have been some other vessel crossing the *Deutschland's* course at an angle. That there was nothing at that time *following* the submarine was proved conclusively by the half-hour stop, since a ship on the same course must have caught up with him in such a period. Probably it was just a case of bull-headed English luck, and one of their cruisers had had the undeserved good fortune to be close to the *Deutschland* when a breaking day revealed her position. Since this explanation seemed

logical and carried a modicum of comfort, Koenig very naturally concluded it to be correct, and set about solving his difficulty.

This particular "cur" differed from the others met on previous voyages in mid-ocean. She was not of the running breed, evidently, though probably not one whit less stupid. Hence Koenig figured that if an Englishman were in command of the *Deutschland*, a decided alteration of the course would be made, and therefore the fool on the cruiser would probably conclude that Koenig would likewise make such an alteration. Consequently Koenig did nothing of the sort, but held the *Deutschland* to the original course on which she had been running on the surface. For three solid hours he drove her at the hundred-foot level, using every ounce of power he dared. Batteries so forced throw off large volumes of very irritating gas, so that by the end of this time the men were literally gasping, and it became highly desirable to get to the surface. With almost twenty-five miles placed between the sub and the point at which the cruiser had been encountered, Koenig felt it wise to have a look around. The war-ship would doubtless be completely out of sight, though if she were still visible, a course could be set to place an effective distance between them.

So the *Deutschland* was run cautiously upward until fairly close to the surface; the motors were stopped, and, when the vessel was almost without motion, a very little water was forced out from the ballast-tanks. Inch by inch she rose, the movement being almost imperceptible. Koenig could take no chance; a periscope traveling through the water even at a few knots throws up a feather of spray visible at a considerable distance, whereas the tube rising without horizontal motion is very difficult to detect.

But fate was not siding with the Hun that day. No sooner was the periscope clear of the water than Koenig at its lower end detected some sort of war-vessel. His face reddened in impotent anger, and then blanched as he saw a burst of white smoke from one of her guns. The *Deutschland* quivered from stem to stern as the shell burst close alongside.

"Down! down!" he shrieked. "Down if you would live! *Gott!* Is it that the sea is full *mit diesen verdammten Kreuzern?*"

Diving-rudders were thrown to their greatest angle, and the motors, spitting and smoking at their brushes, drove the *Deutschland* down into the safety of the deep water.

It was nine o'clock when Koenig made his forced descent, and already he had had three hours running under conditions not good for either the batteries or the crew. Now he headed the *Deutschland* south, and, driving her hard, kept to this course for two hours. It is probable that a species of sheer fright then overcame what remained of his judgment, for he turned almost completely around and ran madly for the American coast, in whose neutral waters he evidently hoped for sanctuary. The least consideration of the facts would have shown him the futility of this move. German-like, he had expected his superior strategy would throw off the cruiser at the very first attempt, and so there had followed the prodigal and devastating three-hour drain upon the batteries. To this he had added two hours more, though at a lesser rate, and now, at this moment, the total energy remaining could not, in any circumstances or at any speed, carry him half the distance to the coast. He was totally unaware of the true state of affairs on the surface, though he had the demoralizing conviction that some condition existed which boded ill for the vessel in his keeping.

"Let him run his own course until so far out to sea that he can't possibly double back on you," had counseled Wilson. "Keep from scaring him as long as you can; but once he sees you, let loose! Pester him! Plague him! Don't miss a chance! Shoot every time he shows his head, quick and hard! Hit him or not, as you want, that 's *your* business; but give him no moment's peace. That sort of thing drives a *Deutscher* clean off his head; he 'll do wild and crazy things. Keep him crazy, and he 'll run his

batteries out quick. But don't you forget for a minute that you 're dealing with a clever man, and if you give him half a chance to do any real thinking, there 's no telling what may happen."

And in strict accordance Everett played his hand. Koenig's batteries showed marked signs of weakness by noon. At four o'clock he attempted to emerge,—he had been down ten hours,—and clearly divining the move, the *Amphion* ran up to within a furlong of the spot. The periscope was barely above water when machine-guns and the lighter batteries opened upon it in a vicious roar, and the entire top of the instrument was shot away. Koenig dived. He had a second periscope, it is true, but he dared not risk it at that moment. He knew what had hit him, though the blow had come so quickly that he had not even seen the cruiser.

All night long he ran submerged, his speed dropping lower and lower as the batteries approached exhaustion. All night long the *Amphion* followed, relentless, inexorable, running close up now, so as to take no slightest chance.

Down in a perfect hell, strangling, gasping, suffocating, half of Koenig's crew lay unconscious, while the rest, their hands clutching their throats, and their eyes bulging, fought against the terrible choking death which already stretched forth a clawlike hand.

In the last few hours of darkness they once more approached the surface, but the periscope was scarcely up before its delicate lenses and prisms were shattered into a thousand pieces, leaving the sub utterly blind. She submerged again, but this time so slowly that the movement told its own vivid story. The hunt was almost over.

DAY came at last. A bitter, penetrating wind whipped the drizzling rain into the faces of the watchers. It was Everett who first saw the *Deutschland's* periscopes, one broken stump and then the other. Then came the conning-tower hatch, and then slowly, very slowly, the conning-tower itself. Inch by inch she rose, until the whole of her deck was above water. The action was so deliberate and so unmistakably significant that the *Amphion* witheld all fire. She merely pulled over a little closer and waited. Slowly the hatch was opened, and there emerged, evidently at great phy ical effort, the figure of Kurt, he .f the clear vision. Above his head he held a soiled white handkerchief.

Koenig, a broken and crushed man, was assisted aboard the cruiser with the utmost difficulty. As he came over the rail, a seaman supporting him on each side, he saw and stared at the apparatus in the war-ship's bow.

"Our deep-sea fishing outfit," smilingly explained Everett. "The reel is a little large, of course, but then it has to hold such a long, strong line."

Koenig, uncomprehending, glared in silence.

"Our fish is still on the hook, so to speak. If you could follow the 'line' over our bow and down through the water, you 'd find the far end firmly attached to the *Deutschland's* keel."

"*Ach, Gott!* that is fool's talk! Not one minute before sailing I passed a hand-line under her."

"Yes, I know; but one minute was all we needed."

Gradually the light broke in upon the slow-moving German mind. He turned upon Everett like a savage dog. "*Gott!*" he cursed—"*Gott strafe England!*" Then as in quick succession he recalled the bothersome newspaper man, the alleged press tug, the electric sign, the telegram, the blowing of the siren, and the following out to sea, and as the significance of the whole thing dawned upon him, he raised his two clenched fists to heaven.

"*Amerika! Amerika!*" he cried. "*Gott—strafe—Amerika!*"

Back in Providence, Rhode Island, in the bleak, desolate office of the Providence "Ledger," a nondescript man in nondescript clothes sat silently contemplating a half-sheet of note-paper. It was a wireless message, in from the seven seas and caught by a suitcase outfit which boasted no Federal license. From time to time the man smiled, just a little ghost of a smile, such as might be warranted when, looking back upon an arduous labor, one knows his effort has not been in vain.

Our Erratic Idealism

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"The trouble with the American reformer, as has often been said, is that he has more energy than reason; and this is because he incarnates the instinctive, irrational will of which I have been writing. The trouble with the American materialist is that he has kept his common sense while losing his vision."

IS American idealism a virtue, a disease, or an illusion? The question cannot be answered in an essay. It is like the inquiry with which Tennyson threatened the flower in the crannied wall—what man is, and what God is? But it can be turned and twisted; it can be made ready for answering. The writer, and perhaps the reader, can seek an answer to it; and that is better than the inner feeling of many an American just now, who, weary of five years of idealistic oratory, profoundly believes that American idealism is first of all a nuisance.

Yet it was never so easy to make a case for the virtue of idealism as in retrospect of the years 1914-18. What many have never grasped in the confusion of the times is that exactly the same idealistic prime motive made us join hearts from the first with Great Britian and France, kept us out of war for two years and a half, and brought us in on that April of 1917. There is always a complex of motives behind every war, but there is also, with few exceptions, a *primum mobile*, and with us it was the distrust, the fear, the hatred that were the reactions of our idealism against arbitrary violence. The invasion of Belgium settled our will for Belgium and her allies. Our distrust of war, especially European war, as a means by which we could bring about justice and peace kept us out of the struggle despite clamorous, and perhaps far-sighted, minorities. Our final conviction that violence was a fire loose in the world, which must be stamped out, drove us from easy neutrality into war. And if in the last of these three stages dread of the future and the need of immediate self-defense had their large part, they did no more than sharpen the angle of our resolve. Idealism kept us out of war, and idealism drove us into it.

The fume and spume of idealism is oratory, sermonizing, talk about morality, duty, patriotism, rights, and noble purposes. All such gushing rhetoric is no more the thing itself than foam is the ocean. But, like smoke, there is seldom much of it without cause. Men and women who were abroad in 1918 must reflect curiously on the, shall we say, wearisome prevalence of the moralistic, idealistic note in American speech and writing in contrast to its restraint and frequent absence in France and England. When an Englishman orated upon the war to stop war he was usually talking for American consumption. This does not mean that Great Britian and France were sordid, we sincere; on the contrary, it is proof of a tincture of the sentimental in our idealism, to which I shall later return. But it is

additional testimony to the quantity and the popularity of American idealism in those months. The tone of the press at that crucial time was evidence of the tone of the people that read and responded. And while many a sounding speech and impassioned editorial are now, as one reads them, a little faded, faintly absurd, like tattered war posters on a rural billl-board, yet no one can doubt the flood of patriotic idealism that created them, few will doubt that our war idealism was a virtue in 1914-18.

It seemed a virtue then, but was it not already diseased? When we entered the war, the vast majority of Americans publicly and privately committed themselves to certain general principles, and, whatever else they fought for, believed that they were fighting for them. A square deal all around was one, the consent of the governed to their government was another, a third was the substitution, at all costs, of justice for violence in the ruling of the world. We all assented to these principles, most of us assumed them voluntarily as an article of faith, and the average man took them as seriously as he is able to take abstractions. Peace came, the armistice, the stages of the treaty. Nothing could be clearer or more to be expected than that sometimes in spirit, often in detail, and most seriously in ultimate purpose, the treaty in scores of instances ran counter to the faiths we had accepted and made commonplaces of speech and thinking.

I am neither criticizing nor justifying the treaty and its included covenant. No one, I suppose, but a sentimental optimist could have expected a work of logical art in exact conformity with the principles and conditions of a new epoch that has scarcely begun, no one at least who had ever read history, or studied the politics of Sonnino, Clemenceau, and the Unionist party. It was bound to have inconsistencies; to reflect as many views as there were strong minds in the conference, to be experimental, to be a compromise. This is not what is astonishing; it is the attitude of the typical American mind toward the treaty negotiations.

In the winter and spring of 1919, while the world was burning, while the principles we had shouted for were at last in actual settlement, this enormous American idealism slept, forgot its fine phrases, forgot its pledges to see the thing through, was bored because some Americans felt that it was our duty to see the thing through. We are an uncritical nation despite our occasional vehemence of criticism, but we have never been so uncritical of major issues as in 1919, when the terms of world settlement were of acute interest to all but Americans. We are an easy-going nation, but we have never been so easy-going as in 1919, when not one man in a thousand as much as read the abstract of the treaty to see whether the things he had said he fought for were safeguarded in it. The only real fire-spitting fervor struck out in this country since the armistice has been in defense of our right to let Europe stew in her own juice, and our privilege to tell general principles to go hang. And this is an emotion almost too narrow to be attributed, even by the generous minded, to idealism.

One answers, of course, that such a decline from overheated virtue into indifferentism is only human nature at its old tricks, the collapse after the New Year's resolution, the weariness of being too good, symptoms, in short, of content with having "licked the Hun," and a desire to get back to work. And the reply is, of course this is true. But Europe is not thus functioning. The most striking contrast in 1919 has been the contrast between British and American attitudes toward treaty negotiations. In England, exhausted by war as we never were, deep in the lassitude of rest after struggle, men and women have leaped into criticism and defense of the ideals embodied in the settlement. Peace has seemed to them as vital a battle-ground of ideas as war. By and large, the plodding mass of us who make money and public opinion have been cold to the contest, uninterested. The press of Great Britian has fiercely attacked and fiercely defended the morale of the treaty; ours has reported it with little real criticism and little interest except where the league was concerned. Their universities have sup-

plied men and parties to fight through the principles for which we fought; ours have been intent upon how much scholastic credit should be given returned soldiers and who should get an honorary degree. They forced an easy-going premier to stand for a victory that was more than conquest; we grudged our President the attempt to carry through in Paris what in 1917 we were all agreed upon; let our dislike of his methods outweigh our deep interest in his ends. If it had not been for the great issue of the League of Nations, which, forcing Americans to act, forced them to remember (some with difficulty) what they had believed in and what they had learned in 1917 of the dangers of selfish aloofness from world problems, if it had not been for the fight over the league, the politics of 1919 would have been as local, as trivial, as wearisome, as in the year after a Presidential election. Some scholar in the next decade will place side by side the files of a New York daily in its moral-idealistic stage of 1917 and its cynical back-to-business mood of 1919; will compare the fantastic pledges never again to trade with Germany, which were circulating in 1918, with the export statistics of 1919; will marvel, and perhaps draw conclusions.

And one wonders, meeting everywhere an interest in world affairs that seems dying, a national morale that is forgetting its moral impulses, a hatred of the professional idealist, a weariness of general principles, and a cynical distrust of ideas—one wonders whether this flaming American idealism so-called was not even in 1918 flushed with disease, a virtue already dying.

Were we indeed ever really idealistic? Consider the case of the ablest of our manufacturers, who, when the emotional fit was on him, proposed to increase the production of idealism until every American home should own an ideal of the latest model. He gives the order, draws the checks, and, naïvely surprised at the discovery that you cannot make ideals without understanding them, hangs up philosophy, and goes back to the motor business. Consider the case of our radical papers who fought our entrance into a war where American ideals were not properly safeguarded, and then preferred to risk a treaty without the League of Nations, to a league which, though it expressed American idealism, was not perfect by their judging. Consider the flaming desire to make the universe and one's home safe for democracy, in contrast with the current contempt for the ideals of industrial democracy. Perforce one wonders whether American idealism, healthy or diseased, is not a mere emotion, easily roused, never lasting; whether, as a valuable part of our national character, it is not an illusion.

So much needs to be said by way of charge and speculation in order to clear the air. If I write with some excitement, it is no more than the sight of the tumble from great-worded, great deeded 1918 to indifferent, self-regarding, and a little cynical 1919 may account for. Certainly in our national past idealism has not been an illusion, although it was often emotional. Nor, in sober fact, do I doubt the essential idealism of the normal American mind, especially that American mind which inherits the optimism and the liberal instincts of our forefathers. I am merely curious as to the exact nature of that idealism as it exists, and plays strange tricks, to-day. It seems to be a quality more resembling energy than a moral characteristic like virtue or vice. It seems, as one thinks over these recent manifestations, to be a blend of physical virility and nervous sensitiveness, good or bad, active or inactive, according to the condition and environment of the patient. Stir him, and it becomes active, beneficent, altruistic. Stir him further, and it may become sentimental, with symptoms of hysteria. Relax the pressure, and it drops into desuetude. These are the habits of American idealism, and I doubt whether more can be said of them except by the way of further description. But there must be some thoughts, some ideas behind to account for these vagaries. There must be reasons why Americans idealize more readily than other nations, and why, just now at least, they so easily tire of their idealizing.

Neither the scope of these pages nor my knowledge permits me to trace the history of American thinking and feeling, to say, as the historians some day must, what elements came from Europe, what modifications are due to pioneer environment, racial mixture, and centuries of unchecked material development. But tentatively, and with all modesty, one may at least seek for light. I find that two great figures of our national youth and the ways of thinking they represented most help me to understand the strengths and the weaknesses of American idealism, help to an understanding of the phenomena of 1917-19.

The first is Jonathan Edwards, theologian of internationsal importance, leader of the great spiritual revival of mid-eighteenth century New England, missionary to the Indians, president of Princeton, author of works so widely read that even now no farm-house garret in New England but will yield a sermon or two, a treatise on original sin, or his epochal essay on the freedom of the will.

Alas for human reputation! This tireless thinker, whose logic built up in entirety an impregnable argument worthy of Aquinas, is now chiefly remembered as a preacher of infant damnation and a thunderer of hell-fire over frightened Northampton congregations. But, as all wiser critics know, the influence of a great mind is distinct and often different from its reputation. What it does, works on and on after death, transmuting, transforming; what it was in popular repute, soon becomes legend and supposed historical fact. Compare the reputation of Machiavelli with his achievements and influence as described in Macaulay's famous essay.

In actual achievement Edwards, whose mind was of unusual lucidity and endurance, crystallized for Americans the Calvinistic ethics of life which were the backbone of Puritan civilization. Man, by the unarguable might of God, is born with a will whose nature may be either bad or good. Henceforth his reason is free, his choice is free, within the limits that his character permits. It becomes therefore of inimitable importance that he shall choose and reason virtuously, for there is no way to be sure that he has a good will, that he is among the "elect" except by virtuous action leading to a sense of salvation. Thus in every condition of life, without excuse or palliation, the Christian must daily, hourly strive to *prove* that he is one of the elect of God, saved from hell-fire by the character God has given him. Good intentions count for nothing. Good works, if unaccompanied by the sense of spiritual salvation, count for nothing. God, Himself blameless, has willed sin and sinful men. It is for us to prove that we are not among the damned.

That the system is incredible most moderns now believe; that it is logical, more logical perhaps than any later attempt to justify the ways of God to man, the student must admit. My desire is naturally not to argue, but to emphasize, what can never be too much emphasized, the effect of such thinking upon the intellectual life of America. It was believed in powerfully and well understood by perhaps a majority of one formative generation. Later it was not believed in so powerfully, and it was but little understood, especially outside of New England. But a conviction of the great necessity of willing the right became a mental habit in American morality that persists and becomes a trait and a chief factor, as any reader may see, in so-called American idealism.

Benjamin Franklin was almost the exact contemporary of Jonathan Edwards, but he had the inestimable advantage of living longer and seeing more; two continents and two ages, in fact, were his familiars, and learned from him as well as taught him. Franklin, it is clear, was strongly influenced by that French eighteenth century that he loved, with all its praise of reason and its trust in common sense. But he was even more a product of the new America. America, as Edwards and Cotton Mather saw it, was an experiment in godliness. When the Puritan scheme should have proved its efficacy by an abnormal increase in the number of earthly saints, the colonies would have served their chief end, and would, so Mather thought, decline. The hell-

breathing vehemence of Edwards was chiefly due to his fear that the scheme was failing. He was fighting a spiritual decline.

But Franklin was a member of the worldly, not the spiritual, body of America; he was a citizen of a country visibly growing in wealth and population. He looked outward, not inward; forward, not backward. Like Edwards, he hated sin; but sin for him was not sin because it was forbidden, but forbidden because it was sin. Franklin's was a practical morality, which was cut to fit life, not to compress it. His firm character and the clarity of his reason kept his morals high. His ethics were admirable, but they were based upon the principle that honesty is the best policy, not upon the fear of God. To be "reasonable" was his highest good. "So convenient it is to be a reasonable creature," he remarks whimsically, "since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do." As long as one is a Franklin, with the will to virtue, honesty, industry, and thrift that is bred from a good inheritance, in a new and developing country, such ethics make for idealism. No one was more idealistic in his day than the practical Franklin, who wished to form a league of virtue of all nations to be governed by rules, and supported by the reason of virtuous mankind.

And here is another palpable strain of Americanism, differing from that necessity which Edwards trumpeted, but, like it, a stiffener of idealistic impulses. Here one places the love of a square deal, the desire to do what is right because it is "fair," the sense of the reasonableness of justice that freed the slaves, gave Cuba self-government, determined our policy toward the Philippines, and was horror-struck by the invasion of Belgium. It is the idealism of good common sense, and together with the mental habit of willing the right has been a main cause of American idealism.

Both of these American characteristics are operative to-day. Both are now factors and dangerous factors in our idealism, for the strong will of the Calvinists to do right has become erratic and perverted, and the common sense of Franklin's school has degenerated. Here, as I shall endeavor to show, are two chief causes for the vagaries of the American mind in the years that ended the war.

The mental discipline which the Puritans learned from the fear of a wrathful God remained a discipline long after it had lost its theological basis, and is responsible in no small measure for the disciplined will of nineteenth-century America to succeed in material endeavors as well as in philanthropic or moral purpose. But, divorced from the belief in a speedy damnation which had given it cause, it was bound to become, and it did become, a mere mental habit, a kind of aimless necessity of being virtuous. Bolted no longer to a belief in a revengeful God Who demanded virtue, loosed, like an engine from its flywheel, this ancestral sense of necessity whirled on by its own momentum. It became will without thinking behind it, which was driven by material circumstance instead of religious belief. It became a restless energy whose aim, as a foreign observer had said, seemed to be "mere acceleration." It became unreasonable, often absurd, sometimes hysterical. I find its manifestations in the insistence that America must always be described as sweet, lovely, and virtuous in disregard of the facts, in our "boosting" of prosperity and success by proclaiming them. I find them in the determination to be good and happy and prosperous immediately and without regard to circumstance which has created the American magazine story and brought about national prohibition by constitutional amendment. This hand-me-down will is responsible for much progress, good and bad, in America; it is also responsible for American sentimentalism. It has been a driving force in our idealism; but because it is not so much reasoned purpose as a mental habit inherited, it has run wild, become hysterical and erratic. It led us to propose to reform the world and to advertise our intention before our brains were ready for the task. It makes our idealism feverish and uncertain.

As for Franklin's rule of common

sense, it has become a positive deterrent to idealism. His idea of conduct reasonably shaped according to the needs of environment was, and is to-day, the most solid trait of Americans. It is the ethics of modern business, and American business has become, and for a little while yet will remain, the fundamental America. Nevertheless, every candid observer will admit, no matter how great his faith in the future of his country, that the reasonable good sense of the Franklin tradition suffered a progressive dilution or degeneration throughout the nineteenth century. Rational ethics became for the most of us materialistic rationalism, still reasonable, still ethical in its way, still backed and restrained by common sense (our profiteers have also been philanthropists), but an enemy, nevertheless, to all idealism that could not be made from steel, brick, rubber, or oil. We have been too reasonable to be sordid; too materialistic to remain in the best sense reasonable. Far from advocating a league of the virtues, our business common sense has been fighting a League of Nations. The contrast between our moral code and our business code has already been overwritten in muck-raking literature. Nevertheless, despite exaggeration, it exists. Our national life is dual. We can stand on our moral foot and our business foot, but usually we alternate. In 1918 we rested entirely on one; in 1919 we swung with relief to the other. Franklin's rule of common sense as a stimulus to idealism has broken down.

What reasonable sense of proportion I myself possess as a descendant of the compatriots of Franklin urges me to protest instantly that all this is not to be taken as a picture of contemporary America. Rather it is a plucking out merely of two strains of experience that all must recognize. But these are perilously interwoven in our national character. They affect the validity of our idealism.

The hysterical will drives us into professions of virtue we cannot make good. It drove us to "boost" the war; and then, being a restless energy sprung from habit rather than from conviction, left us exhausted in spirit and cynical in mind when the moral profits were ready for the gathering. It stirred a passion for the League of Nations, rights of small countries, democracy, justice, and the rest, and then collapsed like the second day of "clean-up" week. It set the will going and left the brain unmoved.

And our common sense, diluted through millions, obsessed by the problems of manufacture and construction, is in ever greater danger of losing that basis of character and enlightened reason that alone can make common sense anything but common. It dreads ideas, distrusts theories, is made uncomfortable by altruism that extends beyond the home. As a nation, we have not degenerated, for our virile energy, our will, our adaptiveness are all as strong as ever, stronger perhaps than elsewhere in the world. But, as compared with Franklin's, our common sense has lost character. It pulled back in the great moral and intellectual problems of the war; it did not lead. As manifested in the present struggle over international policies, it falls below the ethical standards of the nation, whether you tap it in clubs and offices or in Congress. In a time of crisis it rallies to encounter material problems and is invaluable; but morally and intellectually its vision is short, its endurance weak.

The trouble with the American reformer, as has often been said, is that he has more energy than reason; and this is because he incarnates the instinctive, irrational will of which I have been writing. The trouble with the American materialist is that he has kept his common sense while losing his vision.

Both, in short, lack an adequate spiritual and moral basis; and so does the American idealism that is functioning nobly, but so irregularly, to-day. With an irresponsible will driving it forward and a matter-of-fact common sense holding it back, it suffers too frequently from the weakness of all qualities that spring from custom rather than from conviction. Its leafage has spread; its roots have contracted.

I am not so unhumorous as to propose that the remedy is once again to believe in Jonathan Edwards's God and

infant damnation, but we must go deeper than habit and tradition for the springs of our action. Not since the Civil War have we as a nation explored our souls, sought the channels of our being, tested our ultimate faith. This war has been no test. Its issues were clear. They appealed to principles that we held firmly because we had inherited them. It was easier to go in than to stay out. Even our material prosperity, apparently, stood to gain, not to lose, by entering the conflict. We made the right choice, but it was not hard to make it. To be idealistic was easy.

I do not believe that our inheritance either of virtuous will or of practical common sense will serve us long without renewal. The first is vehement in propaganda, prohibition, and hysteric excess, but flags when a load of stern duty, national or international, is put upon it. The second has no end and aim but the making of a prosperous America where the grubber and the grabber have much and others little. It is useful, nay, indispensable, to the economic state, but beyond economics—and so much is beyond economics!—there is little health in it. If our idealism is to remain as robust as our material prosperity, it must gain what Franklin would have described as a basis of enlightened reason, or suffer what Edwards would have called a conversion—and, preferably, both.

Samuel's mother was a fine, but somewhat rigorous, woman who brought him up in the conviction that he had to do right (by which she meant being honest and moral, and going to church on Sundays) or shame would come upon him. His father was a man whose "word was as good as his bond." He taught his boy that working hard and saving money were probably the most important things in life, and that if you paid your bills, were true to your word, and kept an eye upon shifty neighbors, you were sure to be happy and successful.

At the age of fifty the father died from hardening of the arteries, the result of too few vacations, and the mother became a rather morose member of the W. C. T. U. Samuel found himself now possessed of half a million dollars and a prosperous shoe factory.

As for the factory, he discovered within a year that since the death of his father its success had been due to a new system of piece work, which "speeded up" the worker and gave the profits to the proprietor. But there seemed no way of changing the system without ruining the business. As for his wealth, it brought him new and pleasing associates who were more polished and intelligent than he, and whose life was so much more cheerful, instructive, and interesting than his early experience that he could only wish to be like them; especially when he saw that they were far better citizens than his father, who, to tell the truth, lived very much for his own narrow interests. And yet their ideas of pleasure and even of morality were quite different from what he had been led to suppose were the only proper principles on which to conduct one's life, and they never went to church. He wanted to be honest, he wanted to be good; but neither how to be honest in his factory nor how to be good and yet a "good fellow" were explained by the teachings of his youth.

For an unhappy year or two he tried to act like his father, believe as his mother, and be like his neighbors. In addition, in order to satisfy a somewhat uneasy conscience, he prepared to enter politics on a platform of straight Americanism and the full dinner-pail. Then in one eventful week his workmen struck for an eight-hour day and shop committees, his mother announced her intention of bequeathing her share of the estate to the Anti-tobacco League, his best girl refused to marry him unless he should become an Episcopalian, and he was invited by the local boss to subscribe for a "slush" fund or give up politics.

Samuel went to the Maine woods to catch trout and think over the situation. What he did finally is not told in the story. What he decided is, however, of some significance. For, brooding over a dark pool in the spruces, he concluded that each generation must search out the foundations for its own morality, and determine for itself the worth and power of the ideals it proclaims. And so perhaps will America.

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

In this instalment the author covers the period of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's career when he entered the Quebec Assembly, where he soon distinguished himself. Canada was at the critical period of its political and national development. The fight for dual representation was the big issue of these years. The Liberal party faced a crisis.

FOR thirty years Wilfrid Laurier made his home in the village of Arthabaskaville, or Arthabaska, as it was later sensibly abbreviated. The early years of his life in the Townships were years of quiet happiness, of successful work, and pleasant leisure. Country air and the skilful care of the local physician, Dr. Poisson, soon brought back a measure of strength. Mr. Laurier's health never ceased to be a matter of concern; he was well past middle age before any insurance company would risk a policy on his life. Only an ordered and abstemious way of living kept the shadow averted.

On first coming to Arthabaska, Mr. Laurier formed a partnership with Mr. Crépeau, which proved of brief duration. He then joined forces with Mr. Edouard Richard, who is best known as the historian of the Acadians. When Mr. Richard was elected as member in the Federal House for Megantic, and took up his residence in that constiuency, Mr. Laurier, in 1874, asked Joseph Lavergne to join him. The partnership proved both enduring and congenial, ending only when Mr. Lavergne, who had been member for Drummond-Arthabaska from 1887 to 1897, went on the bench in the latter year. Joseph Lavergne, it may be noted, was followed as member for the county by his brother Louis, whose appointment as senator in 1910 gave occasion for the fateful bye-election of Drummond-Arthabaska.

The law practice flourished. Both in the judicial seat and on circuit the services of young Laurier were greatly in demand. It was a litigious neighborhood, and the partners frequently had more difficulty in inducing their clients to settle their disputes out of court than in finding suits to plead. The cases were not of great moment, a family quarrel over a will, a neighbor's line-fence dispute, a damage suit against a railway; but whether little or much was at stake, Mr. Laurier greatly enjoyed the grappling of minds and the joustings in the court-room. Fees were not high. It was ten years before his income rose to two thousand a year, and the largest income he ever enjoyed while in practice was five thousand; but in Arthabaska, and in the seventies and eighties, five thousand, or even two, was wealth unquestioned.

Law did not absorb all Mr. Laurier's time or interest. For a time he returned to journalism, acting as editor of "Le Journal d'Arthabaska," founded in 1872 by his friend Ernest Pacaud, later editor of the leading Liberal newspaper in Quebec, "L'Electeur." Even with this fresh duty there was leisure for living in Arthabaska, and both the desire and the means to live. Although the town had only three thousand people, it was a literary and artistic center of no little moment. A community that produced jovial wits like his brother lawyer, Louis-Edouard Pacaud, such poets as Adolphe Poisson, musicians as Roméo Poisson, and later sculptors like Philippe Hébert, and painters like Suzor Coté, was vigorously alive; the great cities had not yet drained the country-side. An evening passed in talk and song or in a rubber of whist in such company was not soon forgotten. The woods and hills about lured to many a quiet ramble, or to a hunt for partridge. The local militia offered another outlet. Mr. Laurier became ensign in 1868. His company was called out for service during the Fenian Raid of 1870, though it did not have an opportunity to share in the brief skirmishes on the Townships borders.

But it was in his library that Mr. Laurier passed his happiest hours. He read widely in the literature and history of his own country and of the two countries from which Canada drew its inspiration. Garneau and Crémazie, Bossuet and Molière, Hugo and Lamartine, Burke and Sheridan and Fox, Macaulay and Bright, Shakspere and Burns, Newman and Lamennais, were the companions of his evening hours. His father's connection with the seigniory of Peter Pangman, the Northwest fur-trader, drew his interest to the Western field, and his shelves soon held many prized narratives of travel and fur-company feuds beyond the Great Lakes. The life and writings of Lincoln were another special interest. He had escaped being carried away by the enthusiasm for the South which marked official circles and the larger cities in Canada during the Civil War, when Southern refugees swarmed in Montreal and plotted border raids. He had pierced below caricature and calumny to the rugged strength of the Union leader, and held in highest honor his homespun wit, his shrewd judgment, his magnanimous patience. More than one shelf of his library was set apart for Lincolniana.

Writing in 1876 to James Young of Galt, Mr. Laurier refers to some of his reading in English history:

> I am just finishing Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay." Have you read it? It is a fine book. I greatly admired Macaulay as a writer and a public man, but I am delighted with the private man. I have immediately, upon finishing reading the "Life of Macaulay," begun to read anew his history, and am now concluding the fourth volume. The history of England has for a foreigner like myself a charm which, I am sure, it has not for one accustomed from his infancy to English ideas and traditions. As you follow in Macaulay's pages that constant struggle between liberty and despotism and the slow and steady progress and at last complete triumph of liberty, the student of French history is struck with amazement. This is the reason why I admire you so much, you Anglo-Saxons.

It was little more than four years after Wilfrid Laurier had begun to practise in Arthabaska that the way opened into political life. The first Provincial Legislature had been dissolved, and the general elections for the new House were to be held in June and July, 1871. The counties of Drummond and Arthabaska had been represented for the previous four years by a Conservative, Edward Hemming, a Drummondville barrister. The Liberals of the two counties urged Mr. Laurier to contest the seat. Though deeply interested in politics, and with a full share of a somewhat fastidious ambition, he hesitated on account of the precarious state of his health. Finally he undertook the contest, and though a series of painful hemorrhages hampered his campaign, the popularity he had built up among both the French-speaking and the English-speaking Canadians, and particularly the Scots, of the constituency, stood him in good stead. While the Liberals throughout the province returned only a third of the House, Mr. Laurier was triumphantly elected for Drummond-Arthabaska by over one thousand majority.

The new House met in Quebec early in November. Its legislative tasks were not arduous. The provincial legislatures were still groping to ascertain the share of the field of activity which had fallen to them when the federal system was adopted in 1867. The Conservative administration in power was not aggressive. At its head since 1867 had been the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau. A precocious youth, a poet of rare workmanship, author of a novel of French Canada which all praised and few read, a glowing and somewhat flowery orator, M. Chauveau had been Superintendent of Education for Canada East for the twelve years preceding confederation. When, in 1867, the Hon. J. E. Cauchon, the hard-hitting veteran of Union politics, failed to form a cabinet because of the unwillingness of Christopher Dunkin to serve under him, M. Chauveau was summoned to form the first provincial administration. His cabinet comprised Gédéon Ouimet, J. O. Beaubien, Charles Boucher de Boucherville, Louis Archambault, George Irvine, and Christopher Dunkin, best known to fame as the most searching critic of

confederation, who was succeeded after 1869 by J. G. Robertson. Outside the cabinet, and aside from the three federal ministers, Cartier, Langevin, and Robitaille, who also held seats in the Provincial House, the ablest man on the government side was Joseph-Adolphe Chapleau. The ranks of the opposition were thin, and the men of outstanding capacity and experience among them few. Henri Joly de Lotbinière, Luther Hamilton Holton, and Télesphore Fournier, all of whom held seats both at Ottawa and at Quebec, were men of first-rate capacity.

In this assembly Mr. Laurier was not long in making his mark. His conspicuous success in the general election had drawn wide attention. His maiden speech, on the reply to the address, more than justified expectations. It was acclaimed with enthusiasm by his colleagues, and frankly recognized by his opponents in the House and in the press as marking the rise of a new force in provincial politics.

Richard Cartwright, Minister of Finance in the Mackenzie Administration, 1873-78

Mr. Laurier, as a member of the opposition, was in duty bound to find the situation of the provinces less hopeful than the ministerial speakers had painted it. Yet he did not paint it wholly black. On the political and social side there was much to be thankful for. "Certainly," he declared, "the fact is one of which we can be justly proud that so many different races and so many opposite creeds should find themselves gathered in this little corner of earth, and that our constitution should prove broad enough to leave them all plenty of elbow-room, without friction or danger of collision, and with the fullest latitude to each to speak its own tongue, practise its own religion, retain its own customs, and enjoy its equal share of liberty and of the light of the sun." He found two outstanding omissions in the Government's program so far as political questions were concerned. It had failed to bring in a bill to do away with the pernicious system of spreading elections out over weeks or months, thus permitting the Government of the day to issue writs first for the seats it considered safe and to concentrate its influence later on the seats it considered in danger. It had failed most conspicuously, despite the premier's long study of educational affairs, to propose any improvement in the school system of the province.

But the Government's greatest weakness, Mr Laurier continued, was its failure on the industrial side, its unreadiness to grapple with the serious economic problems, the backward state of agriculture, the stagnation of industry, the steady outward flow of the young men and women of the province to the United States. With all the great resources of which so much was heard, the people were in the position of Tantalus, starving in sight of a sumptuous table. Doubtless the ministry were not alone responsible for this bleeding of the country's strength. Yet they might have sought to build up a national industry, to remove the humilitating confession that after three centuries the country was still unable to supply its own wants, to go back, if need be, to Papineau's policy: "We should buy nothing from the metropolis." The Government should seek to bring in industrial immigrants, master mechanics, and small capitalists, the master miners of Wales

and the north of England, the mechanics of Alsace, the weavers of Flanders, and the artisans of Germany, rather than endeavoring to recruit solely agricultural immigration. The agricultural population of Quebec, he acutely insisted, would never be increased from outside. "Our climate is too severe, and the development of our lands too costly and difficult. The children of the soil will not be deterred by these obstacles, but the stranger will simply pass through our territory and locate on the rich prairies of the West." The French-Canadians themselves should take on a more industrial character. "We are surrounded," he declared, "by a strong and vigorous race who are endowed with a devouring activity and have taken possession of the entire universe as their field of labor. As a French-Canadian, sir, I am pained to see my people eternally excelled by our fellow-countrymen of British origin. We must frankly acknowledge that down to the present we have been left behind in the race. We can admit this and admit it without shame, because the fact is explained by purely political reasons which denote no inferiority on our part: after the conquest, the French-Canadians, desirous of maintaining their national inheritance intact, fell back upon themselves, and kept up no relations with the outside world. The immediate result of this policy was to keep them strangers to the reforms which were constantly taking place beyond their boundaries, and fatally to shut them up within the narrow circle of their own old views. On the other hand, the new blood which was poured into the colony came from the most advanced country under the sun in point of trade and industry. They brought with them the civilization of their native land, and their strength was ceaselessly renewed by a steady current of immigration, which added not only to their numbers, but to their stock of information and their ideas."

Mr. Laurier's maiden speech doubtless had its share of party rhetoric and of an opposition member's licensed criticism; yet it was in matter a distinct achievement for a man of thirty, broad in its sweep and remarkably free from partizan recriminations, while the grace and persuasiveness of his manner held high promise.

It was, however, in the debate, in 1871, on the abolition of dual representation that Mr. Laurier most clearly showed his strength. The constitutional issues involved were then as ever more congenial to him than economic questions. His training as a lawyer, his reading in the classics of French radicalism and English liberalism, and his position as a member of a minority relying on constitutional guaranties for the preservation of its rights, gave a leading place in his thinking to considerations of justice and of the legality in which justice was assumed to be enshrined.

The system of dual representation, by which the same men could hold seats both in the Federal Parliament and in the legislature of their province, had not been made a positive feature of the confederation scheme. It had developed because no law forbade it and because of the dearth of men of first-rate caliber. Each party was keen to be represented by its strongest men both at the federal and at the provincial capital. Sir John Macdonald, with his theoretical preference for a legislative rather than a federal union of the dominion, and his practical desire to have his hand on the provincial machine, was particularly strong in support of the dual system. It had its strong features, raising the level of capacity in the local legislatures, and in some cases conducing to harmony between federal and provincial policy. Yet there were still stronger grounds of objection on principle, and despite the short sessions which were then the rule, the practical inconvenience of adjusting the meetings of Parliament and of legislature was increasingly felt.

In discussing the general question of constitutional limitations, Mr. Laurier gave interesting evidence of the influence on his thought of the social-contract doctrines of the older radical individualist tradition:

> When a people accept a constitution, they make the sacrifice of a portion of their liberty, a generous sacrifice by which each gives up something belonging to himself

individually for the benefit and security of the whole. When a people accept a constitution, they trace out themselves the circle which they assign to their liberties; they say to themselves, in a sense: this space belongs to me; here I can speak, think, act; I owe no account of my words, my thoughts, my acts to any one except to my own conscience and to God; but as regards society, here begins its domain and ends mine, and I shall not go further. Still, like all human works, constitutions are not perfect. New horizons, which were not before perceived, are constantly opening up, and unsuspected abuses are discovered. It is then the duty of the legislature to step in and enlarge or contract, according to needs and circumstances, the circle within which the institutions of the country move.

Passing to the specific issue, he showed convincingly that dual representation led to practical inconvenience and inconsistency of policy, and particularly that it tended to confuse federal and provincinal issues and subordinate provincial to federal policy. For Quebec the system was particularly dangerous. "With the single mandate, Quebec is Quebec; with the double mandate, it becomes merely an appendix to Ottawa."

The motion to abolish dual representation was defeated by a small margin on this occasion, but was carried the next session, only to be rejected in the Legislative Council. In the meantime the province of Ontario had abolished the system in 1872. In 1873 the Dominion Parliment made the prohibition general by providing that members of any provincial legislature should be ineligible for the Federal House.

Mr. Laurier's success in the provincial legislature led to demands that he should go to the Federal House, where the Liberal contingent from Quebec sadly needed strengthening. Ottawa was farther from Arthabaska than Quebec, and the federal sessions were slightly longer, covering two or even three months, blessed contrast with the six- and eight-month sessions of later days, but these considerations did not weigh heavily against the wider opportunities of the dominion field. He became the Liberal candidate for the federal constituency of Drummond-Arthabaska in the general election of 1874, and was returned by a majority of 238.

The political situation at Ottawa had suddenly been transformed. At confederation Sir John Macdonald seemed assured of an indefinite lease of power. Though a late convert to the federation project, he had rendered invaluable service in carrying it through, and had reaped from its success more popular prestige and political strength than any of his rivals. The entrance of new provinces into the circle gave opportunities for new party combinations and new personal alliances in which the master strategist of Canadian politics was in his native element. The general feeling that the administration in power should be given a fair opportunity to launch the new ship of state and guide it on its trial voyage counted strongly in his favor. His chief antagonist, George Brown, led a divided party, and had lost much of his force and fire as the result of a serious illness in 1862. The leading New Brunswick Liberal, Leonard Tilley, and two of Brown's Ontario lieutenants, William Macdougall and William Howland, had remained with Macdonald on the ground that the coalition formed to effect confederation should persist to carry it on. Charles Tupper, the strongest personal force in Maritime politics, now that Joseph Howe was failing, had formed a close political and personal alliance with Sir John.

For five years this grouping of forces proved invincible. Then shortly after the general election of 1872 had returned the Conservatives again to power, though with lessened strength, a storm arose from an unexpected quarter and swept the Government from office. One of the Liberal leaders, Lucius Huntington, brought before Parliament charges of gross corruption in connection with the granting to Hugh Allan of Montreal and his associates the charter for the construction of the railway which was to be built to the Pacific coast in fulfilment of the terms under which the far-Western province of British Columbia entered confederation in 1871. The charges were flatly denied, but after a stormy controversy they were proved to the hilt. Allan had ex-

pended vast sums in securing the support of newspapers and the lesser politicians, particularly in Quebec, and in contributions to the campaign funds of the Conservative party in the election of 1872. Macdonald and Cartier had themselves demanded and received large contributions for election purposes. Macdonald in vain insisted that there was no connection between the contributions and the granting of the charter. A wave of public indignation swept the country. Many of his own followers, notably Donald A. Smith of Hudson's Bay fame, deserted him. In November, 1873, he resigned, and the Liberal leader, Alexander Mackenzie, was called upon to form a ministry. Two months later the new premier went to the country, and came back with a majority of sixty behind him.

Edward Blake, Minister of Mackenzie Administration at intervals, 1873-78

The Liberal party triumphed in 1874 because of its opponents' weakness rather than because of any superiority in its own strength. As an organization it had not yet attained unity. The Liberal, Reform, or *Rouge* groups from Ontario, the Maritime Provinces, and Quebec had never completely fused. There was no clear agreement as to leadership. Ontario, which provided the largest contingent of government supporters, suffered from an embarrassment of riches. Richard Cartwright had too lately crossed from the Conservative to the Liberal ranks to be seriously in the running in those days of bitter fights and long memories, but as between Alexander Mackenzie and Edward Blake the balance swayed even; each had his qualities and each his following. Mackenzie had never held office except recently in Ontario; he could not claim the experience of Dorion or of Holton; he had never been formally chosen leader of the Liberal party. His claim to recognition was merely that he was the leader of the larger fraction of the Ontario contingent, the dominant factor on the Liberal side. From the Eastern provinces, with Alfred Jones of Halifax declining to serve, David Laird was the only man of capacity, and he soon resigned to become Lieutenant Governor of the Northwest Territory.

Quebec was the Government's weakest quarter. The tidal wave of repudiation of the Macdonald government had increased the Quebec Liberal representation from twenty-seven out of sixty-five to thirty-three; but leaders were lacking, and the allegiance of several of the rank and file was uncertain. Antoine-Aimé Dorion, for long the *Rouge* chieftain and the leader of the Quebec bar, had announced his retirement from politics. He had established a reputation beyond cavil for integrity and single-minded devotion to the country's interest, and carried weight not only in Quebec, but throughout the dominion. Yet his heart was not in the game of politics; he could never throw himself into the battles of the hustings or take delight in parliamentary intrigues with the wholehearted abandon of his opponent, Cartier. Twenty years of public life had left him not only poor, but heavily in debt, and the wishes of his family weighed heavily against the demands of his party. Six months after taking office in the Mackenzie cabinet, and a year after death had carried Cartier off the scene, Dorion resigned to become Chief-Justice of Quebec.

His colleague, Letellier de Saint-Just, was a man of average ability, and of much more than average determination and sense of dignity; he had won a place by his persistent fighting of the *Rouge* battles in eastern Quebec since 1851, and was destined, after he, too, resigned in 1876 to take the Lieutenant-Govenorship of Quebec, to become the occasion of a famous constitutional crisis. Télesphore Fournier, who held in turn the portfolio of internal revenue, justice, and the post-office, was a man of greater capacity, who for years had carried on a vigorous, but hopeless, fight in the Quebec district against Conservative and clerical, only winning his way to the Commons when too firmly set in his ways to be able to repeat in the House the success he had won at the bar. Fournier resigned in 1875 to become a member of the Canadian Supreme Court, which he had taken the leading part in establishing. Dorion's place was taken by Félix Geoffrion, who proved a very good administrator, and when a serious illness forced him to resign in 1876, Rodolphe Laflamme, Mr. Laurier's one-time preceptor in the law and another uncompromising *Rouge* champion, succeeded, only to meet Fournier's difficulty of adjusting himself to the ways of Parliament. Letellier's place as Minister of Agriculture was taken by C. A. P. Pelletier, an urbane gentleman who found his place at the same time in the Senate. When Fournier retired, Mackenzie, hard put for a successor, made a choice difficult to reconcile with his own character and his party's traditions. For thirty years Joseph Cauchon had been active in public life, vigorous in parliamentary debate, and in his newspaper, "Le Journal de Quebec," as slashing, aggressive, and powerful as George Brown himself. He had been an uncompromising Conservative and a thoroughgoing unholder of clerical claims until shortly after confederation, when disappointed ambition and quarrels over railway projects set him adrift from his old friends. He was a man of unquestioned force, and still a power with the clergy, and Mackenzie's action in offering him a cabinet seat might have been defended had it not been for his reputation for corruption. A parliamentary inquiry in 1872 had branded him as secretly interested in government contracts with the Beauport Asylum while himself a member of the provincial legislature. Sir John Macdonald might have appointed him, and the opposition could not have shouted "Robbery and corruption!" louder than they were already and always doing; but for God-fearing, broad-phylacteried Liberals, and particularly a man so personally upright and so impatient of dishonor as Mackenzie, the appointment was a fatal blunder. It was with relief that many Liberals saw Cauchon accept the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba in 1877, and make way for Wilfrid Laurier.

Aside from difficulties as to leadership, the Liberal party in the seventies faced four serious issues: the hostile attitude of an aggressive section of the Quebec clergy, which will be reviewed later; the Riel agitation; the demand of the West for the speedy construction of the Pacific Railway; and the world-wide trade depression, which brought a revival of protectionism in its wake.

The Riel agitation was an unfortunate aftermath of Canada's bungling in handling its first difficult task of national expansion. The development of the American West had long directed attention to the possibilities of the vast British territory to the northward under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company. For years before the confederation Brown and Macdougall had urgently demanded that Canada should acquire this heritage, to which the enterprise of French-Canadian explorers under the old régime gave the province some legal claim. With the enlarged resources and the new national aspirations the confederation brought, the dream of westward expansion became real. Within four years after 1867 the bounds of the dominion had been extended to the Pacific and its territory multiplied eight-fold.

When in 1870-71 the Dominion Government provided for the entry of British Columbia into the federation, the negotiations were conducted with the representatives of the Pacific colony's ten thousand white settlers on a footing of equality, and generous, even extrava-

gant, terms, including the promise to build a railway through trackless wastes to the Pacific within ten years, were offered. When two years earlier the same Government sought to bring the vast territory between the Great Lakes and the Rockies under its sway, it paid no heed to the wishes of the twelve thousand whites and half-breeds gathered in the valley of the Red River. Negotiations were carried on with the British Government and the governors of the Hudson's Bay Company; money was paid to extinguish the company's rights, but no step was taken to discuss with the people of the country the terms under which they and their lands were to be transferred to a new allegiance.

Alexander Mackenzie,
Prime Minister of Canada, 1873-78

The situation was one that needed care. With the authority of the Hudson's Bay Company steadily slipping from its grasp and with the representatives of the famous old company who still remained on the spot, convinced that the financial magnates in London had sacrificed the interests of the working partners, unwilling to exert themselves to aid the establishment of the new régime; with half the community made up of French half-breeds, used to the free life of voyageur, buffalo-hunter, or transport-driver, and apprehension of a flood of alien and disdainful immigrants unsettling their old ways of life; with thousands of Scottish half-breeds, less unruly, but dubious also of new-comers; with the Canadian colony already in the settlement urging for years annexation to Canada and some of its members foolishly boasting how the backward elements would have to make way when the tide of progressive Canadian settlers poured in; with priests like Father Richot in full and active sympathy with the fears and hopes of their parishioners; with Minnesota traders and professional Fenian raiders across the border anxious to swing the settlement into the American orbit, it was imperative to take steps to insure the Red River settlement a voice in its own future governing. No such steps were taken, and the action of the Canadian Government in starting surveys in half-breed settlements before the transfer, and the greedy staking out of lands by members of official missions, gave positive ground for alarm.

Out of this friction and muddle conflict rapidly developed. Many men played a part in the succession of blunders and misunderstandings which marked the interregnum between the rule of the company and the rule of Canada. First, Joseph Howe, who for years had been the leader of Nova Scotia's fight against being coerced into confederation, now won over to acquiescence and a seat in the cabinet, with special charge of the Western territories, paid a flying visit to Red River in the autumn of 1869, and whether merely through declining to take sides with the Canadian faction or because, in Macdougall's words, of "seditious talk and bibulous fraternization with rebels," undoubtedly encouraged resistance.

Meanwhile William Macdougall, appointed lieutenant-governor of the territory he had done more than any other man to keep before the mind of Canada, reached Pembina before the formal transfer of the territory to the dominion, only to be blocked at the border by

a French half-breed band, issuing unwarranted proclamations and rashly seeking to rouse the English settlers against the "rebels," until, disavowed and embittered, he was forced to return to Ottawa. Governor McTavish, of the Hudson's Bay Company, ill, resentful of the change, convinced that annexation to the United States was inevitable, supinely bowed to the insurgents' every demand. Louis Riel, a native of the settlement, French, with a Montagnais Indian grandmother, educated at Montreal for the priesthood, but drawn by his wayward temper and heterodox views into other paths, now made himself the champion of the half-breeds' cause, broke up the surveyors' operations, blocked Macdougall's entry, seized without resistance Fort Garry and the company stores, and set up a provisional government. "Abandoned by our own Government, which had sold its title to the country," he declared they must refuse to accept "a governor whom Canada, an English colony like ourselves, ignoring our aspirations and our existence as a people, forgetting the rights of nations and our rights as British subjects, sought to impose upon us without consulting or even notifying us." William O'Donoghue, a student for the priesthood, of strong Fenian leanings, plotting annexation, and Ambrose Lepine, a half-breed of herculean build and more moderation of temper, backed Riel.

The Government at Ottawa, awakened by this unexpected resistance, took up a conciliatory attitude, sending commissioners, in turn Colonel de Salaberry, Vicar-General Thibault, Donald A Smith, and Bishop Taché, hastily summoned from Rome to shepard his wandering flock, to explain their benevolent intentions, and agreeing to receive delegates from the settlement. Meanwhile Riel's authority had been challenged by a group of Canadians who fortified the home of their leader, Dr. Schultz, and later by a badly organized band of English settlers. Both movements failed. The second was particularly unfortunate, coming just when the great majority of the old settlers, English as well as French, had come together in a convention to support the demand for terms, and when Donald A. Smith's extremely cautious diplomacy had undermined Riel's authority. The challenge and its failure increased Riel's prestige and, what was more ominous, inflamed his erratic temper. To strike a lesson home, he haled one of the prisoners before a court martial, and after a farcical trial had him brutally shot. It was a fateful blunder. The blood of Thomas Scott called for vengeance. Ontario insisted that no truce or terms could be made with murderers; Quebec, that the execution was a political act, not to be held against individual men. The cabinet at Ottawa tried to follow a double course. To meet Ontario's demands, it sent an armed expedition under Colonel Wolseley to enforce order. To satisfy Quebec, it discussed terms with the delegates from the Northwest, Judge Black, Father Richot, and A. H. Scott, and agreed to grant the community the status of a province, the half-breeds generous holdings of land or scrip, and the church its schools. By the autumn of 1870 all was quiet on the Red River.

Peace did not so soon follow in Eastern Canada. Here was ample timber to relight the fires of sectarian and racial controversy. Ontario saw only that an Ontario man, and an Orangeman at that, had been brutally murdered at the command of a French Catholic "rebel." Quebec saw only a struggle for the assertion of just rights against scornful neglect in which the execution by constituted authority of a troublesome prisoner was an unfortunate, but minor, incident. Nor was this all. Below the individual issues and the specific incidents of the conflict there waged a clash of wills as to the national future of the West. Ontario, aware of its superior enterprise, eager to find an outlet for home-seekers torival the Western States, and deeply suspicious of French and Catholic Quebec, looked for the building up of new Ontarios in the vast prairies. Quebec, disappointed at finding its position under confederation less influential than had been hoped, proudly mindful that it was daring French-Canadian explorers who had opened up the Western country, and anxious to stem the tide of habitant migration to

New England mills, equally naturally hoped that a French-Canadian province would arise in the West to redress the balance.

The specific issue was the punishment of those responsible for the death of Scott. For years this question bedeviled Canadian politics. Both parties sought to turn the passions it raised to political account, and both found that it was easier to arouse passion than to allay it. The Liberals of Ontario, themselves carried away by the popular indignation against Riel, or unable to resist the temptation to turn the normally Conservative Orange vote against the Government, denounced Macdonald for trafficking with treason, and even so cautious and judicial a man as Edward Blake, on becoming premier of Ontario in 1871, carried a resolution through the local House offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of any or all of the slayers of Scott. The Liberals of Quebec, equally pleased to be able for once to have popular prejudice on their side, attacked the Government for not granting unconditional amnesty for all the incidents in a conflict for which the Government was itself mainly to blame. Macdonald was still more adroit at this double game, exclaiming to an Ontario audience: "Where is Riel? God knows; I wish I could lay my hands on him," at the very time that his agents were paying Riel and Lepine secret-service money to induce them to keep out of the country and avert the crisis their arrest would bring. After the fall of the Macdonald Government had transferred the responsibility for pardoning the offenders to Mackenzie,—the responsibility for taking action against them lay with the provincial government—the Conservative forces in Ontario and Quebec were free to follow the tactics of their opponents in attacking from diametrically opposite directions. The Maritime Provinces were throughout little concerned in what was virtually a Quebec-Ontario duel, and in Manitoba itself, where the races were evenly balanced, politicians walked much more warily than in the provinces where one could safely bluster to sympathetic majorities.

Two incidents brought the issue to a head. In 1873, after long obstruction by those in authority, warrants were issued for the arrest of Riel and Lepine, who had returned to Red River. Riel escaped; Lepine stood his trial, and in November, 1874, was condemned to death. Earlier in the year Riel, who had been elected for Provencher after Cartier's death, made his way east, and when Parliament opened in March, crossed the river from Hull, presented himself at the office of the clerk of the House, took the oath, signed the roll, and walked out before the astounded clerk realized who stood before him. Then after a canny, but unsuccessful, attempt to collect his mileage, Riel disappeared. On April 15, Mackenzie Bowell, a leading Ontario Conservative and the Orange Grand Master, seconded by Dr. Schultz, now member for Lisgar, moved the expulsion of Riel as a fugitive from justice. Luther Holton, seconded by Malcolm Cameron, moved an amendment to suspend proceedings pending the report of the committee lately appointed to inquire into the claim that a full amnesty had been promised or implied by the late Government or its representatives. J. A. Mousseau and L. F. Baby, Quebec, Conserva-

Riel's Next Move
Published during the fortnight after Riel's brief appearance at Ottawa as a member of Parliament.
"Grip," Toronto, October 25, 1873

tives, moved as an amendment to the amendment that an address be issued for a full and immediate amnesty for all the rebels.

The issue thus raised cut across party lines. Members of the cabinet took opposite sides. Ontario and Quebec lined up in more clean-cut opposition than on any other vote in Parliament before or since. Only one Ontario member voted against the motion for Riel's expulsion, which was carried by 123 to 68; Holton's amendment was lost by 76 to 117; and Mousseau's, which was supported only by Quebec Conservatives, by 27 to 164.

Mr. Laurier had made his first speech in the House of Commons on the day of Riel's hurried visit, seconding, in French, the address in reply to the speech from the throne. He decided to take part in the Riel debate and to speak in English, in order to make his position clear to the majority of the House.

"I must apologize to the House," he began, "for using a language with which I am only imperfectly acquainted; really, I should claim a complete amnesty, because I know only too surely that in the course of the few remarks I wish to make I shall frequently murder the Queen's English."

The greater part of the speech was devoted to the question whether in presuming to act in a judicial capacity the House had observed the rules of judicial proof. No evidence had been formally offered that an indictment had been laid against the member for Provencher or a true bill returned against him. It had, indeed, been shown that a bench warrant had been issued, but where was the proof that he was contumacious, that the sheriff had tried to execute the warrant and had failed? In the leading British precedent, Saddlier's Case, the necessity for complying strictly with all the requirements of legal procedure had been fully recognized.

The speech could not turn the House from its purpose, or satisfy the extremists in either province, but its forceful logic and its pointed phrase established Mr. Laurier's reputation in the new field as firmly as earlier at Quebec. A different angle is presented in a very frank letter written in September, 1874, to his friend Young:

We in the province of Quebec feel rather anxious about this amnesty question. It is not that we have any sympathy for those whom this amnesty is intended to cover. They are not now, nor ever shall be, whatever we may do for them, our friends or allies. But when we were fighting the old enemy, and making a weapon of everything at our hand, we took this Riel question and kindled the enthusiasm of the people for him and his friends, in order to damage the old administration, who were doing nothing for his relief. On the other hand, at the same time you were working the other way in your province, pitching into the government for not bringing to justice these same men. So the duplicity of the government and its double game were a two-edged weapon in our and your hands.

We can now admit that both in Ontario and Quebec we have been imprudent in intensifying the feelings of the people as we have done. But without recriminating on the past, we have to look squarely at the situation.

There is but one solution. Either we must yield to you, or you must yield to us. Either we must bring the accused to trial or must grant an amnesty.

You might say that we should yield, because you are the strongest. I do not believe so; you must adopt our policy, because it is the more liberal policy, and because it must some day be finally adopted; its adoption is only a question of time. Since, therefore, we must come to it some day, better to make up our mind at once and act accordingly.

What I would suggest would be the following: that the Ontario legislature be called early this fall, that the local elections should be brought early next winter, say in January, and that the federal parliament be called only when they are over. If this plan were adopted, the ministry would not be fettered by the coming local elections during the session. It would be left to act according to the best interests of the country and the party, and if it had to countenance any unpopular measure, we would have four years before us to work away the bad feeling. Perhaps you do not

Parliament Building, Ottawa. Erected in 1860-66, destroyed by fire in 1916

think much of this amnesty question in Ontario, but to us here it is of the greatest importance.

It may have been only a coincidence, but it is worth noting that the Ontario Legislature was called that autumn, in November, that the Ontario elections were brought on in January, and that the Federal House was called in February.

The question continued to trouble Parliament for three years longer. Early in 1875 the governor-general, Lord Dufferin, acting on his own responsibility, commuted Lepine's death-sentence to two years' imprisonment. The Government, while doubtless not unwilling to be freed from the thorny task of itself advising action, could not on constitutional grounds recognize the claim of the governor-general to independent authority, and in 1878 Blake succeeded in establishing his contention that the prerogative of pardoning, like other prerogatives of the crown, was to be exercised by the governor-general on the advice of his responsible ministers. In February, 1875, Mackenzie, on the ground that the Government was committed by the actions of its predecessor and of the provincial authorities, moved a full amnesty to all persons concerned in the Northwest troubles, saving only Riel, Lepine, and O'Donoghue; Riel and Lepine were to be amnestied after five years' banishment, but O'Donoghue, who had participated in the Fenian Raid of 1870, was excluded. At the same time, on Mackenzie's motion, Riel, who had been reëlected for Provencher, was adjudged an outlaw for felony, on the basis of a sentence passed by the Chief-Justice of Manitoba, and his seat was vacated. This solution was approved by all parties except the Quebec Conservatives, who demanded immediate and complete amnesty.

In supporting the Government's course, Mr. Laurier insisted that the question could not be settled unless settled in a spirit of leniency. "History has proved to us that there has never been peace or harmony in any country until a free pardon has been given for all offenses of this kind." It was not a question to be decided according to race or religion; all had their preferences,

but must not be carried away by them. Members of Parliament were representatives of the Canadian people, to give justice to whom it was due, without bias or favor. He believed that a full amnesty should have been granted, but as the Imperial Government had advised otherwise, there was nothing to be said. This solution had the further advantage of being a compromise bebween Ontario and Quebec; it should have the effect of burying the past in oblivion and promoting a sentiment of mutual self-respect between the two great provinces of the dominion.

Riel thus passed off the political scene until, twelve years later, he reappeared as the moving spirit in a second Northwest insurrection. In the years that intervened he spent much time in the United States, where he took out citizenship papers, and no little while in Quebec, where his presence was an open secret. He appeared in public in Montreal, in 1876, at a church service, interrupting the mass with a claim to be allowed to conduct the service, since he was superior in spiritual attainments to any of the dignitaries present. He was arrested, and, after an examination by medical men, committed to Longue Point Asylum and later to Beauport Asylum, under the name of LaRochelle. After nineteen months he was discharged, but again in Washington had to be confined for a short time.

During the earlier part of this period Mr. Laurier had his first and last interview with Louis Riel. One Sunday he was invited by the curé of a neighboring village to come over for dinner to meet an interesting guest. Mr. Laurier was surprised on entering the study to find himself face to face with the man whom he had helped to vote into temporary exile. He was much impressed by the vigor and daimonic personality of the Métis leader, and found him surprisingly well informed in both American and European politics. When, however, religion was touched upon, Riel's deep-set eyes lit up, and he launched into an excited and jumbled harangue, boasting of the great, but vague, mission for the further revelation of God's will, which a heavenly vision had summoned him to undertake. From that day Mr. Laurier never had any question as to Riel's insanity, though he had as yet no surmise of the part that the man was fated once more to play on the Western plains.

Long before the controversies over the incidents in Canada's assumption of sovereignty in the West had ended, the question of developing this vast heritage had become pressing. Development meant first and foremost railway building. The Macdonald government had agreed in 1871, as a condition of the entrance of British Columbia into confederation, to begin in two years and complete in ten the construction of a railway to the Pacific coast. There were strong national reasons for hastening to make the West one and make it Canadian, but none the less it was a rash undertaking. Canada then held fewer than four million people, of whom only one hundred thousand, chiefly Indians, lived west of the Great Lakes. Between old Ontario and the prairies there stretched for nearly a thousand miles a rocky and forest-clad Northern wilderness. On the Pacific coast a "sea of mountains" threatened to make the work of surveying slow and the work of construction costly. It was not surprising that difficulty was experienced in carrying the agreement through Parliament, and still greater difficulty in carrying it into effect. When the Macdonald government left office in 1873, construction had not been begun, and the collapse of the company headed by Allan, to which a charter and a large subsidy had been granted, as a result both of political exposures and money-market indifference, compelled a fresh start by the new administration.

Mackenzie was a man of cautious temperament. Times were hard, and after the collapse of the Northern Pacific and other American roads in 1873, money not easy to borrow for a wilderness project. Most people in the East believed the original agreement with British Columbia a rash and unnecessary concession. The question of the best route to follow required long investigation and much debate. Mackenzie therefore announced a policy of

thorough survey and gradual construction, connecting the Red River settlement with United States lines, beginning building in British Columbia, and utilizing the water stretches—the Great lakes, the river system from Lake Superior to the Red River, and the Saskatchewan system beyond. Then, as settlement progressed and funds permitted, the gaps would be filled in. Preferably the work should be done by a private company, with liberal bonuses; this failing, by the Government itself.

Hector Langevin, Cartier's successor, a leader of the Quebec Conservatives

The fiscal issue was still more thorny. The Mackenzie government was unfortunate in taking office just when the whole continent was entering upon a period of prolonged and disastrous depression, and in leaving office just on the eve of the return of prosperity. Across the border, in the United States reaction from the outburst of speculation and railway building which had followed the close of the Civil War and the rapid opening of the West, and in Europe, reaction from the hectic prosperity of The Franco-Prussian-War period, had brought about financial crisis and enervating industrial depression. Canada could not escape. Exports and imports declined. Bankruptcies and soup-kitchens multiplied. The federal revenue, derived mainly from duties on imports, declined. A demand that soon became irresistible arose for higher tariff, to fill the treasury-chests and protect home industry from being made a "slaughter-market."

Hitherto the tariff had not been a party issue. The example of the United States had stirred up many eager advocates of protection, but they were found in both parties. The Liberals, in so far as they had been influenced by the traditions of English Liberalism, were the more inclined to free trade; but politicians of both parties had preferred to find safety in the compromise of "tariff for revenue with incidental protection." Now a more clear-cut position was demanded. The industrial depression converted many to desperate remedies. The financial stringency, despite all that Mackenzie and his finance minister, Cartwright, could do in the way of economies, demanded new sources of revenue. The action of the United States Senate in rejecting a wide and statesmanlike treaty of reciprocity which George Brown had negotiated on behalf of the Mackenzie government in 1874, quickened the demand for retaliation, "reciprocity of trade or reciprocity of tariffs." The national sentiment stirred by confederation, which at first with many had verged toward political independence, now was diverted into industrial channels, and gave protection the guise of a "national policy" as well as an individual benefit. It was significant that the "Canada First" group in Toronto, and the *Parti National* into which the Liberals of Quebec had been for a short time transformed, leaned strongly toward protection at this period of reconstruction.

The issue came to a head in 1876. In the preceding year the Government had increased all the main fifteen-per-cent schedules of the tariff by two and a half per cent. Now the question was whether it should accede to the protectionists' demands and raise the rates another two and a half per cent. It

seemed probable that the increase would be made. Cartwright favored it, Liberal members from industrial centers insisted upon it, the "Globe" forecast it as certain. Then at the last moment, under pressure from a deputation of Maritime Province members who protested against any further increase in the cost of goods they consumed, but did not produce, Mackenzie, not unwilling to be urged in the direction whither his own convictions led, decided against any change. The astounded Conservative leaders, who had been prepared to take the opposite tack, floundered for a few hours, and then swung round to a demand for protection, or rather a "readjustment" of the tariff.

Mr. Laurier's position was not an easy one. His Quebec opponents cast up to him the protectionist tendencies of the *Parti National* in 1871. Mr. Mousseau quoted abundantly from his speech on the address in the Quebec legislature—"the most significant, the best, and the most eloquent speech of all." Mr. Laurier frankly admitted the charge. "I do not deny that I have been a protectionist, which I am still, but I am a moderate protectionist, and the honourable member [M. Mosseau] is an extreme protectionist." It was not a party issue. True, in England the Liberal party had stood for freedom of trade, but the Conservatives had accepted the same policy. "We find the Liberal party of France divided. While Thiers is an intense protectionist, Gambetta and Say are both free-traders. The Conservatives of France, and the great body of Conservatives of Lower Canada, do not trouble themselves about saving their own souls and cursing the souls of other people. . . . In the United States the Liberal party in intensely protectionist, and the Conservative, or Democratic, party intensely free trade. . . . In our own country the Liberal party is far from being a unit on this subject. We have consistent and lifelong Liberals on both sides. As to the Conservatives, I am not aware that until very recently the party had a policy on the question; at least their leaders never avowed any. It is true from what we have seen in the House that the great mass of the party seems to be protectionists, but it is equally true they have only within two or three days come to adopt that policy openly, probably in justification of the well-known saying that a political party, like a fish, is moved by its tail."

While free trade was probably the ultimate goal of most countries, still, "protection," Mr. Laurier continued, "is a matter of necessity for a young nation, in order that it may attain the full development of its own resources. . . . If I was in Britain, I would avow free trade, but I am a Canadian born and resident, and I think that we require protection. But to what extent do we need it? . . . I consider that the present tariff affords sufficient protection. . . . The depression is not particular to this country, but is universal and effects highly protected as well as free-trade countries. Then will it be pretended that an increase in the tariff will restore prosperity?"

The Government was sustained by a large majority in the House, but its position in the country steadily grew weaker. Instead of the improvement in trade on which the Government had counted, they had to face a succession of bad harvests in 1876, 1877, and 1878. It was true that Canada could do little to restore prosperity so long as the United States and Europe were depressed, but when Cartwright too frankly referred to ministers as "flies upon the wheel," the cry for more vigorous action and for men more lavish in their promises grew stronger in every province.

The legislative program of the Mackenzie government was far from negligible. It introduced voting by ballot, ended the pernicious system by which elections were spread over weeks or months, passed a strong Corrupt Practices Act, and transferred the settlement of disputed elections from Parliament to the courts. It established the Canadian Supreme Court, the Royal Military College, and the Northwest Mounted Police. It passed the Scot Act, providing for local county option in prohibiting the sale of intoxicants. Its administrative record was strong and clean. Yet fortune was against it. Honest administration could not satisfy

a country calling for a stronger stimulant. The very virtues of the administration told against it. Mackenzie had taken upon himself the heavy duties of minister of public works, a department which then included railways, He "kept the thieves away from the Treasury with a shot-gun," but he broke down his own health and neglected his duties as party leader.

The announcement of Mr. Laurier's accession to the cabinet was greeted with enthusiasm by his own party and, with few exceptions, with considerate expressions of personal respect from his opponents. Yet he had a hard task before him. The tide was running against the Liberal party. He had to face the charge that the Government had done nothing to relieve the country's industrial ills. Still more difficult to meet was the attack on the religious attitude of the Liberals. The *Rouges* were declared to be under the censure of the pope, friends of the apostate Chiniquy, allies of the excommunicated Guibord, rebels against the authority of the leaders of the church. It was spread broadcast by the canvassers—this was the same county that witnessed the famous whispering campaign of 1910—that Mr. Laurier had become a minister, a Protestant clergyman. Another ingenious opponent started the rumor that none of his children had been baptized, which was strictly true, as no children had ever blessed his home. Economic discontent and religious prejudice proved too strong a handicap for even Mr. Laurier's personal popularity to overcome, and on election day, October 27, his opponent, Mr. Bourbeau, a man of negligible personality, was returned by a majority of twenty-nine.

The defeat was a serious blow alike to the Government and to the new minister, repudiated on the very threshold of his career. It was impossible to accept the result as final. Several Liberal members at once offered to resign in Mr. Laurier's favor. It was determined to accept the offer of the Hon. Isidore Thibaudeau, member for Quebec East. The nominations were held on November 7, Mr. Laurier's opponent being a former member, Adolphe Tourangeau. Both sides threw themselves into a contest, which has become legendary in the annals of Quebec politics for its fierce rivalry and wild humor. Mr. Laurier fought with a vigor that aroused his party's enthusiasm. There are still current in Quebec verses of the campaign songs that were devised to express their fervor. When the polls closed on November 28, the new minister was found to be elected by a majority of 315.

The outburst of joy in ministerial circles was evidence of their tension and their fears. From Quebec to Ottawa the journey was marked by torchlight processions, bonfires, massed bands, and speeches of glowing triumph. In Quebec East itself, in Arthabaska, in Montreal, thousands assembled to greet him. But when Ottawa was reached, Ottawa, not yet blasé and cynical from overmuch knowledge of politics behind the scenes, turned out in multitudes, with brass-bands, and hundreds of carriages and torch-bearers in procession.

One victory could not save a party. The Government decided to go to the country in September, 1878. Some members of the cabinet, including Cartwright, thought it would have been better to appeal in June, before the tide reached its height; other Ontario Liberals, like John Charlton, urged postponement to give time for a campaign of education and for something to turn up. Mackenzie was confident. The Government had given an honest and efficient administration; the ills from which the country suffered were beyond any government's power to cure; surely Ontario at least would not return to the arch-corruptionists it had spewed forth four short years before. Laurier was quite of the contrary view. Yet believing the Government doomed, he fought none the less vigorously, speaking for the first time in Ontario as well as in Quebec constituencies.

The outcome exceeded the worst fears of the Government and the highest hopes of the opposition. The Conservatives swept every province except New Brunswick. From a minority of sixty they had leaped to a majority of sixty-eight. Lavish promises proved more seductive than honest deeds. The Liberals entered on a twenty-year pilgrimage in the deserts of opposition.

The Future of the Hapsburg Dominions

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

THE answer of President Wilson to Austria-Hungary's peace overture of October 7, 1919, was the most important document issued by a belligerent government during the war. It was the death-warrant not only of the Dual Monarchy, but also of a dynastic union of races and states that had existed throughout the whole modern period of European history. It was the practical application of the principle in the defense of which or for the enforcement of which the Entente Allies and the United States claimed to be fighting. Thirteen months after this document was drafted, and two months after the Hapsburg dominions were dissolved by the treaty of St.-Germain, it is interesting to go back to President Wilson's masterly state paper and subject the assurance it contained—namely, that the great powers were not going to use their traditional privilege of what were to be the territorial and political readjustments, and how they were to be effected, to the control of a year of negotiations and of a startling succession of disturbing events. In the American note, for the first time in history, a great nation, asked to make peace with an enemy, based the argument of *non possumus* on the ground that the wishes of the peoples to be liberated and not the interests of itself or of its enemy were primarily at stake, and that the peoples concerned in the readjustment were to decide the matter.

In his speech of September 27, 1918, President Wilson had already proclaimed the universality of the ideals for the triumph of which the United States threw her weight into the balance against Germany and Austria-Hungary. In order to make clear the exact sentiment of the United States, President Wilson took for illustration the infamous treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bukharest. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk showed Germany's disregard of the rights of nations she purported to be liberating from the Russian yoke. The Poles and the Baltic States were not allowed to participate in framing the treaty. The Treaty of Bukharest showed a conquering nation imposing her will by force upon a conquered nation and exacting economic privileges that meant an abdication of sovereignty for the vanquished. We held up to abhorrence foreign policy based on expediency and force. We declared that right and justice must triumph everywhere. We encouraged the aspirations to independence of all small nations.

Now that we are asked not only to ratify the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain, *but also to guarantee the new political boundaries established at Paris*, it is the business of the American Senate and the American people to examine carefully the treaties in question, to seek to find out how they were drafted, and to decide whether our delegation to the conference carried out the program formulated by President Wilson himself, and the approval of which by the American people was his mandate to make a treaty in the name of the American democracy.

Our participation in the war developed throughout the United States a spirit of enthusiasm and patriotism, which was amply proved by the heroism of our soldiers in France and the devotion and self-sacrifice of the nation. Made up as we are of racial elements from all Europe, the war was for us a crucible. Out of the melting-pot is coming America, a national unit like other races. An American soldier of recent German origin was severely wounded.

"How can you be so joyous and content?" asked his nurse.

"They will no longer call me Dutchy," he answered; "for now I bear in my body the evidence that I am an American."

Before we entered the war Europeans and many Americans doubted our

national unity. Since our boys, shoulder to shoulder, followed the American flag over the top in France, the Thomases have disappeared. But we must not allow pride, impatience, enthusiasm for the "league," or fetishism to pervert the idealism that led us into war. On the first anniversary of American intervention Professor Gilbert Murray wrote that America was contributing to the European struggle something more precious that millions of soldiers, the ideals that alone could bring peace.

In every town and village throughout the United States Americans should be seeking for light upon the great issues of the war. Public opinion was quickly formed in regard to the war, the righteousness of our cause, the obligation of our participation, the necessity of our sacrifice of blood and treasure. Ought not public opinion to be equally formed in regard to the program of peace we are asked to indorse and pledge ourselves to maintain? We have recognized the independence of the Czecho-Slovaks; we are supporting the Jugoslavs; we have signed the Treaty of St.-Germain, which liberated the subject races of Austria-Hungary. What have we in mind for the future of the Hapsburg dominions? How do our allies view the questions arising from the disappearance of Austria-Hungary?

Austria-Hungary, like Russia and unlike France and Italy and Germany, was a political organism that grew through centuries by conquering and annexing other races.

Austrians and Hungarians suppressed the freedom and national life of these nations, but were not able to assimilate them. Before the spread of education among the masses, the granting of general suffrage, and the formation of the habit of newspaper-reading, the Hapsburgs ruled comfortably. The great body of the people was made up of ignorant peasants, and the land-owning, aristocratic element among the subject races supported the Hapsburgs because it was politic to do so. But during the last half-century, as the world has been evolving toward democracy, suppressed nationalities have awakened to their inferior position in the empire. When they tried to assert themselves politically the Austro-Hungarian oppression became severe. After the disastrous war with Germany the Austrians (East Germans) lost to Prussia the dominant position among the German states of central Europe. They were not in sufficient numbers to keep the Hungarians in subjection. Consequently, in 1867, Germans of Austria and Hungarians of Hungary formed a compact to transform the empire into a dual monarchy. The Hungarians won their independence. They, in turn, practised toward smaller races what they had suffered before at the hands of the Germans.

For fifty years the Dual Monarchy continued to exist without any spirit of solidarity between the various elements in Austria and Hungary. Long before the recent war it was predicted that the hybrid régime would not outlive Emperor Francis Joseph, who had presided over it during all that period.

Hungarians and Germans were at loggerheads, and each of the two dominant elements was in constant conflict with the lesser races. But the organism held together not only because it was to the mutual advantage of Austrians and Hungarians, but also because the land-owning and industrial classes among the lesser nationalities realized the social and economic advantages of belonging to a larger state. These classes furnished their full quota of officers for the army and navy, and were prominent among the functionaries of the Dual Monarchy. Two Czechs, for example, were successive premiers during the war.

In legislative assemblies Austrians and Hungarians were able to hold the balance of power by playing one subject race against another. The Hungarian policy was consistently one of suppression. This was possible, for even in parts of the monarchy inhabited by allogeneous races a majority of the landowners was Magyar. Austria was able to keep a semblance of parliamentary life going by granting autonomy to the Poles in Galicia in return for their support in the Vienna Reichrath. The combination was advantageous to the Poles. They formed only a bare majority in Galicia over the Ruthenians (Ukrainians), and needed the German support as much as

the Germans needed their support. Although the Czechs were the next largest racial element in Austria to the Germans, the Austrians were not compelled to follow the same policy toward them because of their geographical position. Bohemia was wedged in between Austria, Germany, and Russian Poland. Russia supported the national aspirations of Jugoslavs in Hungary and Ruthenians in Austria, but she did not dare to encourage either Poles or Czechs. To strengthen their national aspirations would have had a dangerous influence upon the situation in Russian Poland.

There were two forms of separatist movements in Austria-Hungary—national and irredentist. A national movement is the aspiration to independence, within its former political limits, of a subjugated race. An irredentist movement is the aspiration to be united to an outside neighboring state of the same blood and language. The Hungarian and Bohemian movements were a mixture of nationalism and irredentism; the Ukrainian, Rumanian, and Italian movements were irredentist. It is important to bear in mind this classification, because it distinguishes between problems relating to the Hapsburg dominions alone and problems that are indissolubly connected with those of neighboring states. The Czecho-Slovak and Jugoslav movements were mentioned specifically in our answer to Austria-Hungary because they stood out in remarkable clearness from the other movements and because we had definite, tangible reasons for championing these two races. The Czecho-Slovaks gave us valuable aid in the war against our enemies; the Jugoslavs belonged to the same race as our ally, Serbia.

The Czecho-Slovaks based their claim to independence upon harmony of opinion among all the leaders of the race; an attitude of consistent hostility to Austrian domination before the war; a refusal to fight willingly for Austria-Hungary during the war; and the splendid deeds of their large national army in Russia and Siberia after the Russian Revolution. They were able to publish a map, with exact boundaries, of the state that they purposed to ask the peace conference to recognize as independent. Most important of all, the Czecho-Slovaks were able to point out that their claims did not conflict with those of any other nation, that they were confined territorially to portions of the existing Austro-Hungarian Empire (with certain extensions in Silesia only to the detriment of our enemy, Germany); and that they could be realized without enslaving other races.

Political and economic obstacles will have to be overcome in making viable an independent Bohemia. Economically, like Switzerland, Bohemia will not have free access to the sea. Politically, like Belgium, two races are to be considered. And, like Ireland, a strong and wealthy land-owning and industrial minority of different religion is attached by race to the political organism with which the majority desires to sever its connection. The economic question is not insoluble, and may confront Poland and Hungary also. The peace conference, despite treaties signed, has still to find a way to guarantee the rights of nations without a sea-coast to unrestricted communication with the outside world. Just as Walloons and Flemish have demonstrated that a common national feeling can exist even where there is a difference of language, Czechs and Slovaks may be expected to unite without friction. The hostiltiy of the minority is more serious. We have the Irish question. But unless minorities are compelled to give way to majorities, would the fixing of national boundaries and the formation of political units be possible anywhere in the world? Popular education, general suffrage, secularization of all state institutions, must be depended upon to prevent oppression by the majority. If we have faith in democracy, we shall have to ignore protests of minorities. We have done this in the Treaty of St.-Germain, contenting ourselves with binding the new states created to certain stipulations for the protection of minorities. Through the replies of the peace conference to the objections formulated by Germany and Austria, we have the official justification of our policy in regard to the large German minority in Bohemia and the Slovak portions of

Moravia, based on two grounds: the necessity of geographical unity and the fact that the German element several centuries ago invaded and settled in what was originally a Slav country. American and British public opinion indorses these grounds for putting Germans under Czechs. But if we are honest and do not want to confess to two weights and two measures, how can we refuse to apply the same argument to Ireland? No student of history or of present-day economic conditions can fail to see the analogy between the case of Germans in Bohemia and that of the Ulsterman in Ireland.

The Jugoslav aspirations to independence do not present the same clear-cut and practical proposition that we have to deal with in realizing the Czecho-Slovak aspirations. For many centuries the Jugoslavs have lived under two distinct civilizations. Serbians, Bosnians, and Herzegovinians belong to the East, and are chiefly orthodox, with Mohammedan and Catholic minorities. Their culture is Oriental. They have looked to Constantinople and Petrograd. They have lived for centuries under the domination of the Turks. Croations, Slovenes, and Dalmatians remained outside the Ottoman sphere of influence. Their cultural associations are with Rome and Occidental civilization. While they are Serbian in language and race, their mentality is different from that of their less fortunate brethren of the Balkans. One gets this impression from their history and their literature. The impression is strengthened when one travels in their countries. We must not be led into error by the enthusiasm of college professors and students, nor must we be deceived by the trend of the nationalistic movement in the last few decades. Under Austrian and Hungarian yoke the Jugoslavs had as their goal political emancipation. Irredentism was a mean rather than an end. In a large measure this is true with all irredentist movements. The threat of joining a neighboring state has been used as the lever to gain political equality.

Under the Dual Monarchy the Jugoslavs were divided between Austria and Hungary. Slovenes and Dalmatians belonged to Austria, and Croatians to Hungary. Bosnia and Herzegovina were nominally under the suzerainty of the Ottoman Empire, like Egypt, from 1878 to 1908. For thirty years the two provinces were administered and occupied militarily by Austria and Hungary cojointly. After 1908 they were a *Reichsland* of the Dual Monarchy. This division of the Jugoslavs within the Hapsburg Empire, under three distinct administrations, existed up to the downfall of the Hapsburgs. Never were the Jugoslavs able to present a united political front and to make their voices heard in common. The recent war, despite the unprovoked aggression against Serbia, did not bring about a revolution among the Jugoslavs under Austro-Hungarian domination. There was nothing comparable with the defiance of the Czechs of all classes or the wholesale desertion of Czecho-Slovak regiments on the battle-front. On the whole, the Jugoslavs fought well for the Hapsburg Emperor, and were a valuable asset on the Italian front.

But after the Central empires began to show signs of imminent military collapse, and there came to them the encouragement of the liberation of Serbia and of President Wilson's attitude, a remarkable manifestation of solidarity came to the surface in all the Jugoslavic portions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. From day to day the comments of the Jugoslavic press in Austria-Hungary upon the demands for an armistice and President Wilson's reply and the death-bed repentance of Vienna in the matter of internal autonomies were hostile to compromise. The Vienna and Budapest newspapers could not disguise the extent and significance of general Jugoslavic hostility to continuation under Hapsburg rule. They printed resignedly telegrams from Agram, Sarajevo, Laibach, and Mostar, and published the Serbo-Croat manifestos and reports of debates in the Reichsrath and the sobors.

The "Hrvatska Rijeck" of Agram said in its leader of October 7, 1918:

> The Magyars, who are a privileged nation, demand to have their delegates at the forthcoming peace conference. How much more

necessary is it then that we others, outcast, humiliated, and oppressed . . . act in such a way that our point of view, as regards the solution of our national problem, shall come out triumphant and express the real and indubitable will of our nation of three names, its aspirations for the future, and the way to solve the national problem in its integrity, and not partly according to foreign interests?

When Count Tisza went to Bosnia to try to save the situation in September, 1918, the Bosnian representatives put before him a memorandum in which they scored the actions of the Austro-Hungarian army in Serbia, and declared:

Though we differ by religion, we are sons of the same nation. We are of the same blood. The idea of national unity has penetrated into all strata of the nation. It has become the faith and political dogma of our national being. For that reason the pain and suffering which the Serbian part of our one nation has been obliged to support has found an echo everywhere in the hearts and souls of the Croats and Slovenes.

These sentiments are natural and do the Jugoslav honor. We must remember, however, that the Slovene deputies sat in the Vienna parliament, and the Croatian and Dalmatian deputies in the Budapest parliament. The Croatians, under the agreement of 1868 with Hungary, enjoyed also the privilege of a separate sabor (diet). Bosnians and Herzegovinians never had a chance to come together and act together in a political group with the other Jugoslavs either at Vienna or at Budapest. There was no opportunity for the political leaders and the electorates of the Jugoslavs, as in the case of the Czechs, to demonstrate their harmony of purpose. We cannot be sure now how the experiment of being assembled in one state is going to work, specially if the Slovenes fall largely under the Italian yoke. Earnest Jugoslavic patriots confess to me their misgivings about the immediate fusion of all the elements into a political organism with Serbia. Because of the religious and cultural differences, more radical than they appear on the surface, annexation pure and simple to Serbia will not work out. At the present moment, as has been the case ever since the armistice, the Jugoslavs present a solid front against the persecutions and ambitions of Italy.[1] When all frontiers are definitely settled and peace really comes, Jugoslavia will be an interesting country to watch.

Another obstacle to the creation of Jugoslavia, as we have realized more clearly since D'Annunzio raised the flag of revolt at Fiume, is the question of the control of the head and the eastern side of the Adriatic Sea. The primary object of Italian intervention in the war was to make the Adriatic an Italian sea. The Treaty of St.-Germain begged the question. D'Annunzio, who has a tremendous following, took the situation into his own hands. Whatever may be the immediate end of the Fiume *coup*, I think no careful observer of European diplomacy will contradict me when I say that we have to choose between Italy and Jugoslavia in settling the Adriatic question. We cannot remain friends with both. If we choose Jugoslavia, Italy will return to the German alliance. If we choose Italy, Jugoslavia will be forced to look to Germany.

The Italians maintain that the towns and islands and territories bordering the Adriatic form, equally with the Trentino, Italian Irredenta. Triest, Fiume, Pola, and several other towns have a large Italian population; but the overwhelming majority in the *Hinterland* of Triest is Slovene, and even the element counted in Italian statistics is largely Slavicized. The *Hinterland* of Fiume contains no Italians. A bare four per cent. of the population of Dalmatia is Italian. The historical and cultural arguments of Italian propaganda literature are based

[1] Now, tiny Montenegro was not a party to the declaration of Corfu (July 20, 1917), upon which the common aspirations of the branches of the Serbian race are formulated. A Montenegrin element is agitating for union with Serbia or fusion in a united Jugoslavia. But their claim to represent Montenegro is questionable despite the supposed vote of a national assembly. I doubt if the Montenegrins want to be united to Serbia. Though expediency may have urged the desirability of the disappearance of Montenegro, the peace conference acted toward the Montenegrins and their king with a disloyalty and ingratitude fully equal to that which they charged, but did not prove, to the Montenegrins during the war. The Montenegrins won independence from Turkey by their own efforts and have as fully developed a national consciousness as the Serbians. I have visited Montenegro and had Montenegrin servants in my home. Their traditions, customs, and mentality make them distinct from the Serbians.

upon misstatements and misrepresentations. The Treaty of Campo-Formio in 1797, for instance, did not detach all these *terre irredente* from Venetian sovereignty. The fortunes of Triest have been attached to the Hapsburgs since a long time before Columbus discovered America. Triest voluntarily sought the protection of the Austrians against Venice in 1382 after wars that had lasted nearly two centuries. When Venice received a death-blow in 1797, the Austrians were hailed as liberators by the inhabitants of Triest. Her people remained indifferent in the campaigns of 1859-61. Despite a strenuous propaganda carried on there, Garibaldi got only three red-shirts from Triest, and during all the period of Italian liberation scarcely more than a hundred. The counties of Gradiska and Cormans were an integral part of Austria since 1500. Around Gorizia the population has been Slavic for a thousand years. As for Istria and Triest being comprised in the dreams of the founders of Italian unity, we can let Mazzini speak. In the "Doveri dell' uomo" Mazzini used a compass to explain to the Italians what should be the boundaries with Austria. He said in regard to the East that the point which should fall at the mouth of the Isonzo River marks "the frontier which God has given you." Ricotti's judgment in regard to Triest was, "It is the only part of the Empire of Austria, the sole exit towards Asia which Germania can use." Angelo Vivante wrote recently: "The Italian peasant of Istria has no national conscience. At the most he possesses regional sentiments. In his heart he is Austrophile."

Italy, of course, is now undisputed mistress of Triest. But is she to have Fiume also? Will yielding on this point prevent Italy from becoming again a friend, if not an actual ally, of Germany? We have neglected and waved aside economic considerations in order to chastise our enemies. We have turned back the hands of the clock in order to realize conceptions that were born in the days before industries, keeping pace in development with railways and steamships, began to seek world markets. But we have not taken into consideration that Italy has no quarrel with Germany. Her aim was the destruction of a neighbor whose power, military and economic, was derived from the union of several races. In Italian eyes, expelling the Germans from the Adriatic in order to make place for the Slavs is exchanging inconvenience for a danger.

The Treaty of St.-Germain was conclusive—or purposed to be conclusive—only in regard to settling the territorial limits of the new "Republic of Austria." It did not settle to the satisfaction of the inheritors either the boundaries or political status or economic future of the territories taken from Austria. The treaty dictated to Hungary will be equally inconclusive. If all the diplomacy exercised at Paris cannot settle the dispute between one of the "principal allied and associated powers" and a newly created state, how can we expect to settle questions arising between the liberated nations in their relations with one another and with Russia? During the peace conference Poles and Czecho-Slovaks fought over the Teschen coal-mines; Poles and Ukrainians over the Galician oil-wells; Czecho-Slovaks and Rumanians occupied Hungarian territory in violation of the conditions of the armistice with Hungary; and war between Rumanians and Serbians was prevented only by the presence of a French army in the Banat of Temesvár. Italy negotiated an agreement with Bulgaria to attack Serbia and furnished arms to Hungary against Rumania. The Bolshevists held Budapest for months and defied Paris. After that régime collapsed, Rumania entered Budapest despite the formal orders of the Paris conference, and ignored all threats to dislodge her. In the end Rumania refused to sign the Treaty of St.-Germain. Poland was equally recalcitrant in regard to Eastern Galicia and Lithuania. At the time of this writing the Polish armies are continuing the invasion of Russia, against which all our remonstrances and warnings are in vain.

"We have Balkanized central Europe!" cried Premier Lloyd George in dismay. And, like Job's messengers, our experts and food commissioners and military observers return from what

were formerly three great empires, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Turkey, bringing tales of anarchy, bloodshed, and starvation. In more than half of Europe, a year after our victory, production is paralyzed, commerce is stagnant, currency has virtually no value, and starvation is staring in the face more than a hundred million people who have already passed through the horrors of four years of war and a year of futile peace discussion. The victors and the liberated are scarcely better off than the conquered; in fact, most of them are not as well off. What a Christmas season for the year that promised the restoration of peace! What a field for the humanitarian efforts of the American Red Cross!

Yes, but what a field also for constructive political thinking! Let us get away from the comforting thought that Italy is to blame or that the liberated races are to blame for the heartrending state of affairs existing to-day in what was formerly the great and prosperous Austro-Hungarian Empire. Let us realize the fundamental error of the self-determination theory as we have vaguely and irresponsibly proclaimed it. There have been two types of self-determination advocates: the idealists and the practical politicians. The idealists—by no means wholly confined to the United States—expounded a principle, splendid and beautiful in itself, but which they had not tested by practical application. When they were put to it to apply their theories, we had curious hodgepodges like President Wilson's Fourteen Points or dangerously and remorselessly logical state documents such as the American reply to Austria-Hungary's peace overture. The idealists never thought out in detail how impossible the principle of self-determination would prove in changing the political status quo unless the dictators of peace were willing to act as impartial judges and not as interested advocates of one cause or another. Practical politicians limited from the beginning the application of self-determination to the enemy and used it as a weapon to defeat him. But they were blind in not forseeing how it would act as a boomerang and embarrass them during the prosecution of the war and still more after the war was over.

Speaking at Leland Stanford University in defense of the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain, Mr. Hoover must certainly have been misquoted when the New York newspapers attributed to him the astonishing statement that these treaties assured the triumph of self-determination in regard to enemy territories. For no American is in a better position than Mr. Hoover himself to realize that in central Europe we have simply borrowed from Peter to pay Paul. The creation of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia was accomplished without taking into account at all this principle as it was set forth by President Wilson and as the application of it was promised in the note to Austria-Hungary. No attempt was made to get at the sentiments of the inhabitants of contested territories. The Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Rumanians, and Jugoslavs knew the provisions of the treaty of St.-Germain only twenty-four hours before it was handed to the Austrians, and then only because they threatened to withdraw from the peace conference. The criterion for fixing new boundaries was just what it had been at the Congress of Berlin, the interests of the big powers. France insisted on a strong Poland and the formal prohibition of the union of German Austria with Germany. Italy asked for and got her Brenner Pass frontier despite the fact, known to all students and travelers, that a most intensely German population of the Tyrol is in the regions given to Italy. The Ukrainians of Hungary were given to the Czecho-Slovaks, and the three million Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia to Poland. Italy is in military possession of purely Slovene territories. Rumania holds compact frontier territories, the richest of Hungary, where the Hungarians form ninety per cent. of the population. Bohemia has extensive regions, contiguous to the frontiers left to Austria, where the German element is eighty per cent. Austria and Hungary are hopelessly ruined. And yet the former subject races are not content with the awards of the peace conference. Their leaders have confided to me that war is inevitable among themselves. Each liberated race is advancing extreme ethnographical claims.

It is a sad, but general, fact that national movements are never content with ethnographical limits. There are traditional historical claims, the strategic military claims, the economic and commercial claims. The principle of nationality is evoked to support aggrandizement in certain directions and disregarded when other interests are at stake. Not one nation in the war was willing to renounce particular interests where they conflicted with principles upon which the settlement was supposed to be worked out. We are still far from accepting the argument of Fustel de Coulanges, who wrote to Mommsen when the Germans were on the point of seizing Alsace-Lorraine:

> The principle of nationality authorizes simply a province or a population not to obey, despite itself, a foreign master. The principle of nationality did not permit Piedmont to conquer by force Milan and Venice; but it permitted Milan and Venice to free themselves from Austria and join voluntarily Piedmont.

More than thirty years before President Wilson expressed in speeches and state documents the sentiment of the United States as to how the status of nations should be decided, Ernest Renan said at the Sorbonne:

> A nation never has a real interest in annexing or in retaining a country despite itself. The wish of peoples is the only legitimate criterion, and we must always come back to that. Man is slave neither of race, language, religion, the course of rivers, nor the direction of the mountain chains . . . . If doubt arises as to frontiers, consult the disputed populations.

Self-determination, then, is no new panacea the failure of which can be attributed to the fact that we have not yet had time to work out the problems with which its application confronts us. On library shelves there are many books some of them accurate and prophetic, that deal with the disruption of the Hapsburg dominions. There is a reason why Premier Lloyd George should have been surprised to see new Balkans arising farther up the Danube as the result of our efforts to punish Austrians and Hungarians for the benefit of their former subjects. Even the pretense (for it is no more than that of the Treaty of Saint-Germain) of following ethnographical lines in forming new frontiers was trying to put the eggs of an omelet back into their separate shells—with the exception of the two bad eggs! The omelet was not simply a racial one, as in Macedonia. The Austro-Hungarian Empire has become an economic omelet through six centuries of normal evolution. Since 1848 political and racial and religious passions have blinded the races of the upper Danube to the economic side of their common history. Similarly blind to economic laws have been the foreign partizans and sympathizers whose motives in supporting national movements have been largely influenced by the idea of the balance of power. Witness Chéradame in France and the Round Table group in England.

To prevent Germany from profiting by the war despite defeat, Entente public opinion was worked upon to demand the reconstruction of Russia on a federal basis. There can be no doubt that this is the official policy of France, whose financial interests in Russia are enormous and whose people have been educated to the belief that a united Russia is necessary to preserve the political equilibrium of Europe. By what strange and paradoxical thinking have the French, then, been brought to accept the policy of *delenda est Austria?* A Russian confederation is impossible without an Austro-Hungarian confederation. It is against the teaching of history to believe that the peoples of the Danube and her confluents can be broken into separate political entities without destroying Russia at the same time. When we encouraged disintegration in the Hapsburg dominions in order to bring Germany to her knees, we were at the same time undermining the integrity of Russia. Similarly, by putting the seal of approval of the peace conference upon the creation of wholly independent states, formed from or aggrandized by the peoples and territories of the Dual Monarchy, we have made impossible the restoration of Russia.

In deciding the future of the Hapsburg

dominions, the liberated nations, as well as their liberators, cannot afford to accept the Treaty of St.-Germain as a permanent arrangement. Two dangerous fallacies seem to have blinded most people to unpleasant realities in the European situation. One is that the intervention of the United States offset the collapse of Russia, and the other that the creation of hostile buffer-states will bar Germany's *Drang nach Osten*. Now that victory has crowned the efforts of the Allies, German publicists and statesmen are doing all in their power to strengthen the hold of these fallacies upon us. From conservative to socialist, Reichstag deputies and formerly arrogant editorial writers proclaim the end of German dreams and confess that Germany has lost the game. But it is when a man tells you the cards are running against him that you want to watch his sleeve the closest. The astonishing change of front in Germany calls forth our joy and our contempt. Enthusiasm and passions are precious fighting qualities. Knowledge and vision, however, are more precious when it comes to the question of endeavoring to profit by victory. Peace, argue our Jingoes, is dictating the terms to our enemies. But did we think of the problems that arose the moment arms were laid down?

The fallacy of the intervention of the United States offsetting the collapse of Russia comes to the surface immediately we consider the European equilibrium after the war. The Entente gained military supremacy over Germany simply because two million American soldiers were put into France, and the American nation was willing to send over as many more as were necessary to break the military power of Germany. But not unless we keep in Europe several million men under arms will the present military inferiority of Germany be permanent. A united and hostile Russia, with a powerful and well equipped army, was a permanent factor in the European balance of power. We Americans were a temporary factor.

The fallacy of the creation of hostile buffer-states was demonstrated in the nineteenth century. Napoleon established the south German kingdoms to keep Prussia in check. French policy was thus instrumental in uniting Germany.

The phenomena of the nineteenth century in Europe were the growth of democracy and the opening of world markets for rapidly developed and highly organized industries. Occidental European states, favored by geographical position, had achieved unity and had assimilated what were once distinctive political and ethnic units before the era of democracy and world markets. The development of democracy and entry into world markets were not, as in central and eastern Europe, retarded and complicated by national movements and racial antagonism. Germany and Italy, who achieved their unity only half a century ago, and the races of the Russian, Austro-Hungarian, and Ottoman empires suffered from a handicap that British, French, and Americans are loath either to acknowledge or to realize. But the handicap has existed all the same. The heritage of autocracy and anarchy and conflicting ambitions, the irreconcilable nationalisms and irredentisms, upon which we look with disgust and scorn, appear only to the superficial observer as due to German and Italian imperialism and to Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, and Turkish oppression of other races. If we interpret our idealism to mean that we must insist upon the absolute independence of these nations one from the other, we are not punishing Germany and we are not ameliorating the lot of the little nations. We are trying to recreate the old map of Europe as it was before the days of democracy and world markets. And we shall fail.

Practical idealism and constructive statesmanship suggest the formation of three confederations, Russian, Balkan, and Danubian, in which all the nations concerned shall enjoy autonomy and equality. But no one of these confederations can be successfully formed without forming the other two. Nor will their creation make for a durable peace unless America, Great Britian, France, Germany, and Italy pledge themselves not to seek in any one of the confederations special political or commercial advantages.

AN INDUSTRY ON THE MARCH

A New England Organization which has Multiplied the Productiveness of Labor; Increased the Earning Power of Workers; Decreased Production Cost and, Through Service to Many Individual Manufacturers, has Sent American-made Shoes Around the World

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

AT ONE of the great Brooklyn shoe factories things went wrong one morning—a new workman broke an important part in a complicated contrivance, tying up a group of related machines. Simultaneously in another department a mechanical accident happened that shut down a whole row of shoemaking devices. Altogether a hundred men and women were idle.

A few minutes afterward the telephone jangled in the office of the United Shoe Machinery Company's Service Department on Warren Street, New York. The message came incisively. Then, hanging up the receiver, the Service Manager touched two buttons on his desk.

In a large room on the same floor a dozen mechanics—out of a staff of seventy-five—were on reserve duty when the indicator on the wall recorded the summons for Repair Men 49 and 64. Immediately these two tossed aside their office work, reached for their hats, and reported at the desk. Within ten minutes they had gone to the stock room in the basement, secured the machine parts necessary, and were on their way to Brooklyn. Before the noon whistle blew the replacements in the shoe factory had been made, and all the workers were going full speed.

A great problem of business to-day—and the biggest need of the American public—is Service. This problem has been solved by the United Shoe Machinery Company, which has its great factory at Beverly, Mass., and its service stations scattered through every shoe manufacturing district in the land. The Service of this Company stands unique among industrial stories.

Every day this little drama of the Company's "hurry call" is enacted hundreds of times. More than a thousand repair men, recruited among the most skilled mechanics everywhere, are constantly on duty in New York, Boston, Brockton, Lynn, Rochester, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Augusta, New Orleans, San Francisco, and elsewhere; in all, twenty-seven stations in fourteen states. In a year the repair men gave shoe factories the equivalent of 218,229 eight-hour days—a *free Service*.

The system works like train dispatching. In the New York district, for instance, the whereabouts of every mechanic is shown on a pegboard; any man can be reached by telephone and hurried to other jobs. There is also a system of delivery routes by trucks, for hurrying through large repair parts. Here in this Warren Street station, occupying a large building, is a miniature of the great Stock Room at Beverly. In all the stations—and at many sub-stations—the same thing is true.

This huge Stock Room at Beverly, by the way, is symbolic of the Company itself. It is the equivalent of three city blocks in length, and its steel racks reach from floor to ceiling. Over a hundred thousand different parts are carried, and more than twenty-one million of these go annually to branch stock rooms. All these materials are card-indexed and instantly available. Boys on roller skates shoot through the long corridor bearing rush requisitions, and shoot out again carrying parts that need not wait for the electric trucks.

Then in addition the Company operates a chain of retail stores, in connection with its service stations, where shoemaking accessories are on sale.

The Shoe Machinery Company's Service, indeed, is almost melodramatic in its bigness and rapid-fire action; it lacks the gong-clanging sensationalism of the trolley line repair crew, but is scarcely less sure and swift. Almost any shoe factory can secure new parts, along with skilled mechanics to install them, within a couple of hours. All this, given in connection with the Company's leasing system, is absolutely without charge except for the cost of such parts as may have to be supplied. The leasing methods afford other phases of important Service, to be touched on later in this article.

This whole story of the United Shoe Machinery Company is a narrative of Service. Service of one sort or another is the basis on which most big American concerns have grown. Any business

enterprise that will truly serve the best interests of its customers and the nation will grow and prosper.

For the moment turn to another form of Service, which has always been one of the chief impulses in the growth of this Company. On an upper floor of this mighty Beverly plant you come unexpectedly upon a heavy wire partition that bars the way, back of which a great room, filled with machinery, reaches to the far end of the factory. As you peer through the grating of these forbidden regions you see, fading into the distance, a curious row of doors along the left-hand wall—forty or more of them. Every doorway is protected by wire mesh, yet two or three of the nearer rooms give glimpses of blue prints and machinery models.

Then your guide draws you away. This is the Invention Department—the Land of Shoe Machinery Dreams; it is the home of undeveloped fancies that are not on exhibition. "Imagination," says your guide, "is too subtle a thing to visualize; but come downstairs where you can see the realization of fancies that have been caught in these Inventors' dens and made tangible in cold steel."

A FAIRYLAND OF INVENTION

On your way to a lower floor you pass through reaches of machinery, stretching away in vistas of sunlight-flooded shops. There seems no end to these mazes of machines that work apparently with little human aid. The mechanism that makes shoe machinery is almost as wonderful as the product of the machine itself. Yet although you see whole rows of these machines working automatically by themselves, so immense is this plant, with its sixteen factory buildings, that 5,000 workers are scattered through it.

Presently, down in the Assembling Room, you see the realization of those dreams you vaguely sensed at the entrance to Inventors' Row. No man could even guess how many dreams have floated in and out of that high wire partition, for every finished machine stands for unnumbered figments of men's brains. And now in the Assembling Department there stretches before you group after group of marvelous devices that often have come out of seeming vagaries. As they stand here in the calm dignity of mechanical perfection, ready to begin their mission, your thoughts go back to that Fairyland of Invention.

To me the Invention Department and the Assembling Room are inextricably associated; no sooner is a machine perfected and built than the cycle of imagination begins to work anew—the inventors again tear to pieces the work of years.

In the primeval days of shoe manufacturing—well within the memory of living men—the factory workman sat with lapstone, hammer, awl and pincers—his mouth full of nails—and plied his trade laboriously. The cost of labor was the great dominating factor.

Then it was that shoemakers fell to dreaming daring things; but even when the United Shoe Machinery Company was organized, in 1899, the development of shoe machinery was not far advanced.

The Company was founded by the consolidation of three non-competing concerns, through the efforts of Sydney W. Winslow, George W. Brown and Edward P. Hurd. Mr. Winslow died a number of years ago, but Mr. Brown and Mr. Hurd are now vice-presidents.

PIONEER DAYS

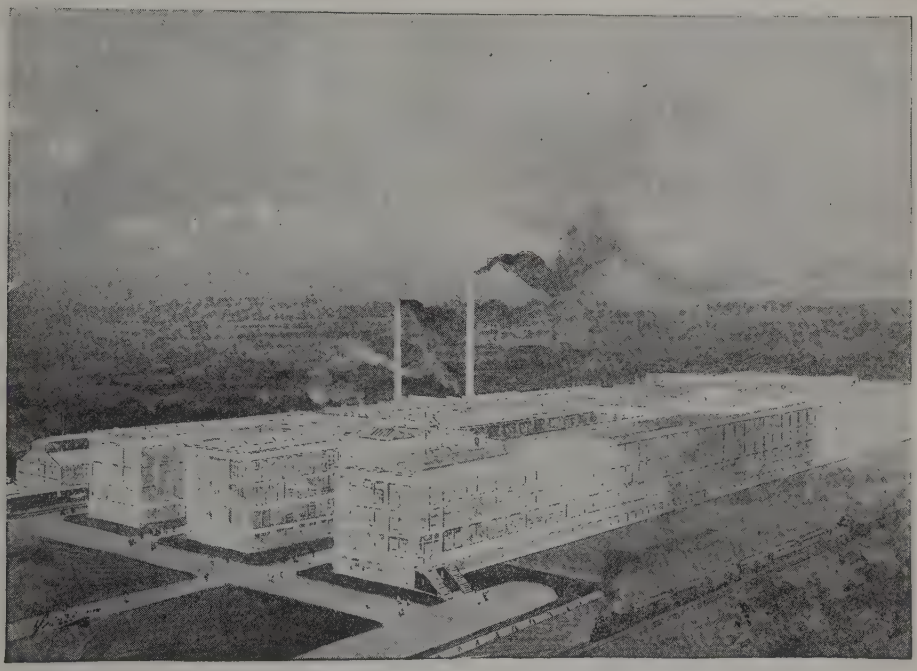
Years before, Mr. Winslow had worked in the little shoe factory established at Lynn by his father—who had been a seafaring man and afterward a shoemaker. Along in those early days a Lynn shoemaker, born in Dutch Guiana, as dark of skin as a mulatto, invented a machine for lasting shoes, a process hitherto performed by hand. In derision it was called the "nigger-head" by the old-fashioned shoemakers who belittled it. This machine was a vitally important step in the development of the modern shoe industry. The inventor, Jan E. Matzeliger, proved a true Service man in other ways as well, for at his death he left his property to the church.

This brings us to the story of Gordon McKay, an engineer who just before the outbreak of the Civil War became interested in a machine for sewing the sole of a shoe to the upper. He had $140,000 when he took it up, under the supposition that it was already perfected; but all his money slipped away before the machine became a commercial possibility. Then came the days of 1861, and the frantic calls for Army shoes enabled Col. McKay to render the Government distinguished Service. Later, partly through the McKay machines and partly in other ways, he acquired a fortune of many millions; but he, too, was a Service man and patriot, and all his money went to Harvard University for technical development work.

It was by McKay that the system now prevalent of leasing machines to manufacturers, on payment of a royalty for each pair of shoes made, was introduced. In no other way could he induce manufacturers to use his machine.

Mr. Winslow was perhaps the first man to see the possibilities for Service through the consolidation of different companies. There were many manufacturers of various kinds of shoe machinery,

and three of these were, to his mind, especially adapted for coöperation. One company made machines for sewing soles to uppers by means of a welt; and also made auxiliary devices. A second put out lasting machines, while a third manufactured machines for attaching soles and heels by metallic fasteners. The object of this amalgamation was not to diminish competition, but rather to reduce production costs and give the maximum of Service, from a single organization and without increased expense, to shoe manufacturers who used the various types of machines—much as a huge department store is equipped to serve the needs of an entire community.



AN ENTIRE INDUSTRY IS SERVED FROM THIS PLANT

George W. Brown had at one time been selling agent for a sewing machine company, which, however, did not make the heavy machines for stitching the lower parts of shoes. He had later been associated with Mr. Winslow in a company organized to manufacture lasting machines. Mr. Brown's personal acquaintance with all shoe manufacturers added much to the strength of the new organization.

From the start it was the policy to develop constantly shoemaking machinery; to endow experiment so that inventors could live in comfort and devote themselves to constructive work. The establishment of the Invention Department thus became a capitalization of brains and genius. Quite different, this, from the days when inventors often agonized in solitude, despair and poverty. Business history is filled with melancholy stories reflecting the heart-breaking discouragements of men who struggled with ideas out of which to-day have come big industries.

The whole matter of inventions at Beverly was placed in the hands of a committee of officials. Millions of dollars have been invested in experimental work. Sometimes ideas that seemed valuable came to nothing after long and expensive effort. If individual men had attempted these things their lives would have been wrecked and their families desolated, but here in the Invention Department of the United Shoe Machinery Company the law of average softens failures. No hearts are broken, and a vast aggregate of mechanical genius is saved for Service that reaches directly to every buyer of shoes. More than 150 new machines have been invented, many replacing hand work.

The occupants of Inventors' Row are recruited from inside and outside sources. Many men bring ideas, and where possibilities seem to warrant they are given facilities and salaries. In this way came the inventor of the buttonhole machine—a mechanic with imagination and ideas.

The Company introduced him to one of those wire-meshed dens, where for a long time he experimented. It was a baffling problem to train the balky needle to follow accurately the buttonhole shape. Slowly the needle made concessions—and finally quit resisting and "fell in."

Another notable device produced by the Company's inventors is the skiving machine, which performs seeming miracles. It takes a piece of leather one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness and splits it into seven layers, and can finish leather down to two one-thousandths of an inch. Its Service extends to bookbinders, glove makers, diving-suit manufacturers and others.

The fineness to which the Company's machines have been reduced is aptly shown by comparing their product to the human hair, which is seldom under three one-thousandths of an inch in diameter. Several of these machines work to a point eight times finer!

A DREAM COME TRUE

Some years ago the Company had a machine which put in 375 eyelets a minute, doing each side of the shoe separately. Up in the Invention Department someone dreamed that both sides might be done together, not only doubling the output but making the opposite eyelets correspond exactly in position; and after three years of contriving, such a machine appeared one day in the Assembling Room—doing both sides at once at the rate of 750 eyelets a minute. Its Service now reaches far beyond shoe factories. In corset making, for example, it has cut labor costs.

One of the principal devices of shoe factories, known as the pulling-over machine, has grown out of that old-time dark-skinned inventor's lasting apparatus. In the early days a shoemaker, sitting on his low stool with the last in his apron, could pull over some sixty uppers in a day. Recently in a modern factory I saw a machine pulling over uppers at the rate of 1,500 a day; and oddly it was operated by a colored man.

Between these two men runs a long and weary path of invention, costing $1,500,000 and involving 2,600 changes. Now the machine has amazing steel fingers that grip the leather from all sides and draw it over the last. Some hidden contrivance then drives the temporary tacks with a single blow.

There was a time when the strip of leather known as the welt—fastening together the insole and upper—was sewed in only by hand. But workmen were constituted differently; some drew taut stitches while others left them loose; and always they spaced irregularly. Tom Shoemaker, for example, would sew viciously for an hour—expressing perhaps his feeling toward a rival in matters of affection. On the next stool his comrade Louie, finding that his own court ran smoothly, would sew amiably and with careless fingers. To-day the automatic welt sewer has no moods; it never falls in love, and is a stranger to all sentiment and weariness.

INCREASING A MACHINE'S CAPACITY

The original of this welter, operated by foot-power and invented long before the United Shoe Machinery Company came into being, did more than anything else to revolutionize the manufacture of shoes. But almost continuous work upon it has been done in the Invention Department. During the last eleven years alone the sewing capacity of the automatic welter has increased 66.7 per cent.

I have said that the welter has no sentiment—but I take it back. It breathes a subtle atmosphere of pathos, despite its cold exterior, because many inventors have died on this job and passed it on to others.

In erstwhile days of shoemaking the different lifts of the heel were nailed together by patient shoemakers content to follow time-worn traditions. Then out of the mysterious realms of imagination some man dared to dream of another way. Slowly his vision took on reality. I am told that for many years the evolution of this ponderous machine, as it is to-day, was part of the routine of Inventors' Row. It takes the layers of the heel and compresses them with such mighty force that the fibers interlock and the heel becomes practically solid leather.

It is not many years since long rows of girls in shoe factories could be seen lacing the uppers temporarily with twine to keep the pairs together and allow the opening in the shoe upper to spread only to the same extent as when laced on the foot. Then out of that enchanted region of inventors emanated a curious device that now does the lacing in a twinkling, and ties the knot. Those picturesque rows of girls have passed along—let us trust to other knots that can never be tied by machines.

It was once said that the cutting of uppers would always be done by hand, because leather was too treacherous and uneven a commodity for any machine to handle. Five years inventors worked; then was developed a machine that stamped out the upper with a single motion, doubling the ouput and doing a better job.

All this means big Service. The total saving to shoe manufacturers through the use of one type of machine alone has been more than $4,000,000 annually.

By lowering machinery costs, the Invention

"THE EVENING MEAL"
From a painting by E. Irving Couse

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"Read Them and Weep"

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

"It was necessary to discover, among many men and women, the one singular object of faith and service; and, that happily accomplished, to be faithful, chaste, and patient. This, of course, was an ideal, and ideals challenge betrayal."

IT came magical and gray in the night, like the gray magic of the mushrooms we found in the sparkling green grass of September dawns. To the north the slope of our secluded little valley rose, shutting out the quiet town beyond; and on its brow the tents of the circus drew a strange, irregular silhouette against the early sun. First there had been a persistent hammering, muffled by sleep; and then the long, icy cry of, perhaps, a lion penetrated a stillness of apple-blossoms, flowery meadows, and plowed fields.

The local conservative opinion, gathered about the wall of the principal near barn, was that the chickens and dogs would have to be closely penned until those vagabonds—yes, and cutthroats—had cleared out. Samuel Fids, who worked about the barn, added his condemnation of the higher morals of circus men and the spangled women. "Loose," was what he said. But it seemed to me that he lingered over the phrase longer than necessary. It was, in reality, more of a tentative assertion than a charge. He was at the verge of marrying Annie McKee, and it was apparent that his tone reflected the inevitable masculine uneasiness in the face of that irrevocable act.

A road with violet-blue banks and deep gutters, now bright with rushing water, divided the valley, and beyond, across from the barn, was the small pink plaster house that held the large family of McKees. From my high terrace their expanse presented a seeming wall of new, vivid wheat, with an opening about the dwelling always lively with diminutive McKees. Annie worked in the telephone exchange of the town below the hill, the father was a carpenter, while Mrs. McKee was exclusively addressed to the obligations of maternity and the hanging out to dry of endless odd and revealing garments. McKee himself clung to uncompromising red flannels; no one could name the slips, hardly larger than the clothespins that held them, of the younger children: but it was plain that a good part of Annie's money went for the frivolity of obvious lace and even an occasional thing of flimsy silk.

She met Samuel Fids in the evening, by the whitewashed post of the mailbox beside the road, and later his slow, heavy footsteps could be heard coming up the side way that divided the barn and its acres from my improvident lawn. The irons of his farm shoes ground into the crushed hard stone, and from a lower meadow sounded the

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minor piping of frogs. This had occurred last night, in shadows thickened with scent and glimmering with moonlight, and never, I was certain, had pastoral love been more perfectly enveloped.

Now, with the subdued alien clamor of the circus beyond, the sylvan charm of the country-side had been invaded, dissipated; and, patently dwelling on the glittering symmetry of blonde ladies in tights, the simplicity of Samuel Fids as well had suffered. The mere presence of the hurly-burly had brought a vague discord of human perversion into the innocence of nature. Samuel, young, with bowed shoulders and an immobile face, deliberately turned the cows out to pasture, and disappeared into the sharp ammoniac gloom of the stables. Past the middle of morning he was harrowing the field that reached from my fence toward the circus tents, the monotonous pattern of his passage and repassage emphasized by the confusion of the returned parade above.

The florid white wagons with crimson wheels and gilded bars were grouped by baled hay and a wavering canvas lane of the hideous and obscene paintings advertising the unspeakable abnormal side-shows. A man led a string of horses down to the clear stream in the gutter, urging them, with an assumed anger, to drink; while beyond, the McKee children were positively hysterical with excitement. There were afternoon and evening shows, and through the former drifts of brassy melody alternated with the appalling, disconnected steam notes of the calliope. The first entertainment at an end, streams of people, dominated by the dark formal coats of the countrymen, ebbed away; and, attracted by the circus itself, its actual life and expert industry and individual philosophy, I crossed the soft earthen rise to the spidery pegging of the tents.

A very mature girl in a blue crape wrapper, her painted cheeks startling in the level flare of the sun, was scrubbing a pair of corsets in a bucket of soapy water, and from behind a straw-littered van came a vivid, enigmatic exclamation. Moving forward, I found a knot of men gathered about a metal rectangle, evidently the sliding-door of a cage, and across which was skittering a pair of dice. A surprising amount of money, considering the quality of those engaged, was visible; but at my appearance it was swept from view, and the dice vanished, with a ludicrous rapidity. I was subjected to a suspicious, even threatening scrutiny, and then a hoarse voice urged:

"Go on and shoot. He 's harmless."

The money was returned, and a man, about Samuel Fids's age, in a vermilion shirt, picturesque trousers, and a leather-banded hat slanted across a lean, dark countenance, prepared to roll the dice. "Shooting out the twenty," he proclaimed. There was an answering chorus: "I got five. Two. The other three." Breathing into his closed hand, he exclaimed, flinging out the dice, "Come natur-el!" A seven turned up, a winning number, and he cried again, "Shoot the works." The thirty dollars were covered, and he rolled eight. "Eighter from Decatur," he invoked chance monotonously to the practised sweep of his hand. Then he added, "Read them and weep." Five and three were exposed. He had made his point and won again.

The game ended in a bitter and doubting cursing: the dice must be loaded, shaved. They 'd get that ornamentally specified outcome of illegitimacy.

The winner rose, calmly pocketing the ivory cubes dotted in black. As he stood, his gaze reached out across the dark-green valley, a cup of utter quiet, rosily clouded with blossom, with twisting, silver ribbons of water, and slow-moving Jersey cows on the powdered gold of dandelions, inundated with the hush of approaching twilight. He drew in a long, deep breath, followed by a sigh of mingled contentment and longing. His attitude had such an air of unconscious self-revelation that, with a feeling of invading his privacy, I turned away. Looking back later from my stile, I could just distinguish the redness of his shirt; he had n't moved.

Annie McKee was coming actively down the road, a slight girl with glinting hair and the flutter of a recognition of my waved greeting; and there was Samuel Fids with the cows gathered for milking.

Dinner had ended, and I was looking idly across the table—on which the candle-light was still pale in a subdued, shadowless radiance—at the leafy reach beyond the opened door. The gray road over which Samuel moved to and fro between Annie and the barn was visible under the curtain of maples; while on the right, past an orderly company of bean-poles and crisp rows of peas, the fields went unobstructed to the circus. There was the usual stir about the trough of the barn-yard; some chickens had not yet gone to roost, and beyond the stone wall stood the somnolent herd of cows.

The road was very old, and the barn was old, stone and weathered wood; for two centuries the ground had been cultivated. It was steeped in the tradition of its neighborhood, of wheat and corn and grazing; of such Mays as this, Indian summer, and high-drifted snow. I was thinking how admirable the domestic, temperate seclusion was, when squarely across the grass swung the solemn progress of three immense, ponderous elephants. They formed a line, with trunks curled about the tails of those preceding them, while the man in the brilliant shirt—I recognized him immediately—walked with a palm laid on a leathery flank.

They were going to the trough for water; and, as they approached, there was a feverish, outraged squawking of scattered hens, and a barking of dogs, caught up from point to point into the faint distance. A more amazing invasion had never been contrived than the spectacle of the elephants drinking beside the barn as Samuel Fids and their attendant met in conversation. The great animals were satisfied a long while before that talk ended; they passed their trunks in uneasy curiosity over the ground, and poured dust and straw on their dusty backs. Then awkwardly shuffling into line they passed on up toward the tents. It was appreciably darker: the elephants were blurred in bulk; they assumed the aspect of a fantastic dream, and left a memory disturbed by the unpredictable possibilities of such remote accidents of contrast.

Soon after I saw Annie McKee by the glimmering of the mail-box; Samuel Fids's hurried approach was then audible, and together they turned in the direction of the circus. The calliope was burdening the evening with its shrill melancholy, and the humming tents were visibly illuminated by the dull glow of interior flares. The night advanced, and the family of owls which occupied an aged willow-tree on the terrace fluttered clumsily to the grass. We were lost, the two owls and I, in sober contemplation, when a vague sound from above announced that already the circus, before the show was at an end, was being knocked down preparatory to moving.

I heard, rather than saw, Annie and Samuel Fids return; the customary period of lingering by the roadside was reduced to a bare formality, and he came away even slower than I remembered. It was unusual, too, for him to turn in at my drive; but he had evidently seen my lighted cigar and wished to discuss the feats he had witnessed. Samuel managed the brief, grudging salutation of his kind and fell into a gloomy silence at the raised end of the porch. What he finally said was almost as surprising as the unheralded appearance of the elephants:

"A man 's a fool to hitch himself up to a woman and a lot of troubles." I suspected at first that something was acutely wrong with his affair of the heart; but, speaking further, he showed me that that organ had no place in the direction of his mood. "Take me," he continued with a brusk gesture, and then stopped. Since I was not Annie McKee, I had no such disturbing necessity, and I waited for him to proceed. "What have I seen? Nothing. I was brought up around here on a farm, and here I 've stuck. I don't know what 's going on in San Francisco or China. I have never had a real gay time, not what you would name gay. Kissing a girl at a strawberry festival or getting drunk in town on Saturday night—what do they amount to?" He paused in interrogation, but I was unable to express the depth or value of his pleasures. "Now here I am getting myself married, and —good night."

It was clear that he had been upset by the circus, by that picturesque vermilion shirt, and the elephants in the

barn-yard. Samuel Fids had been stirred to the thought, the necessity, of romance. He had been caught in that inarticulate rebellion of young men against age and impotence and death—yes, against women. Recalling out of the darkness his heavy features and dull gaze, such a longing seemed hardly more than grotesque.

I seriously doubted his courage for enterprise, his lightness of heart for adventure; he lacked all freedom of gesture and willingness to spend, the uncalculating willingness of the congenital vagabond. Yet some spark had been struck in his stolid being, with a consequent smoldering of his uninflammable fiber. He characteristically turned his aroused spite on Annie McKee.

She was, he admitted, sharp, but she need n't think that he knew nothing of the way she met boys on the street corners. Not that she was n't, when it came down to it, straight. "And this damn' farming," he burst out with renewed heat; "you plant and plant, and work and work, for a hail-storm to cut everything to pieces, or for a late frost or for a wash. And as for cows—" he stopped, gathered his resources, and made the most libelous remarks possible about those indispensable animals.

"But it ain't that," he added moodily; "it 's not what you have, but what you have n't. Take that fellow who came down to the barn; why, there 's nothing that boy has n't been into." I had a swift memory of the latter rising from the dice and gazing hungrily into the peace of the valley. "He has been to Asia and bull-fights and Mexico, and soldiered and all. I 'll bet he knows some swell girls, rich girls in diamonds, with lace stockings and yellow hair."

As he talked he progressively destroyed all the beauty of the abstract longing for freedom: what he wanted was girls with yellow hair, the unrestrained licentious. Yet this, as well as the other, was planted in men—dreams and disease and splendid courage and infamy and celestial purity. It was a toss-up which emerged. He cleared his throat and spat. "I guess I 'll wander along and see them move out." Samuel Fids stirred, and disappeared in the direction of the struck tents.

The owls flew in short distances with softly beating wings, and the frogs in the lower meadow reached a pitch of pale intensity. There was a gleam of light across the way in a window that might have been Annie McKee's. I understood Samuel Fids; but Annie, meeting boys on the corners of streets and yet fundamentally above question, was an unfathomable mischief.

In the morning the circus had disappeared as mysteriously as it had arrived; the rise crowned by its tents was empty against the tree-tops of the town and the sky. The robins had stopped their singing through the brightness of the day, the cows were scattered along the willows that bordered their meadow, and the younger McKees were whirling in a vivacious and soiled garland to a rhyme as old, almost, as England. All this was no preparation for the incredible sight which met me from the field harrowed yesterday by Samuel Fids: the harrowing continued, the familiar roan mare was unchanged; but Samuel, it first seemed, had been converted into an upright, vigorous figure in a vivid red shirt and wide felt hat raked across an alert, spare face.

For a moment I stood lost in stupid astonishment; and then, seeing that the course of the labor would bring the harrow by my fence, I crossed the sod to await the coming of the startling driver. It was the youthful person of the dice and elephants. For a moment he enjoyed my evident surprise, then he explained.

"I just traded about with that fellow who was here yesterday. He went off with the show, and I 've started to be a farmer. I saw the boss up there, and he said it was all one to him, so the work got done." In this I recognized an authentic report of Dinghmann, my eminently practical neighbor. The man went on, putting out a level, sinewy hand, "My name is Jackson Carmenon."

It was difficult not to smile into the face of that serious youth, with his clear, gray eyes and contracted pupils like points of black onyx. It was frankly impossible not to admire his easy strength, the exact and deliberate finish

"Throughout the day I had glimpses of his vivid figure"

of his carriage and movements. I said idiotically:

"Then you think you 'll like it here. Samuel Fids called it hardly living." His smile was a flash of very perfect teeth.

"Sam wants adventure." His tone had a faintly satirical edge. "Sam wants to see the naughty world. He 's a great big dandy boy and wasted on a farm."

That, I agreed impatiently, was evident enough; no one need linger over the psychology of Samuel Fids.

"But you—" I insisted as far as possible.

"I 've seen it," he replied. "I guess I have been over about all the jumps. It was fair enough, say a couple or three years ago; but I 'm not just what I was. And when you get on, even a little, you 'd better manage it in a place like this. The world 's hell to beat about in if you 're not right able. I had a fall last year that stiffened me up, and my nerve is not what it was. And when I saw this place—" He broke off. "Did you take notice to those old birds about the tents," he demanded, "blue with dynamite rum and ready to drool for a hand-out? Mister," he said, with a shadow across his eyes and voice, "I am plumb scared to death of getting to be one of them."

This certainly was logical, what it should be; and yet that ability to confront the future, so purely a quality of superiority, came strangely from an offhand person in a shirt of adventure. He absent-mindedly ran a sensitive palm down a leg of the mare.

"That will take an embrocation," he announced to the animal; "yes, and it looks mighty like a quarter crack below. We must burn it out and do a little riveting."

"There are no elephants here," I reminded him.

"I always felt like a nigger prince fooling with them," he admitted. "They tried to get a turban on me, and green cheese cloth; but I held out at that. I told the manager I was a man like he was, and not for to go and make me into an Arabian Night." He climbed into the iron saddle of the harrow and tightened the reins. "I reckon we 'll see each other right often," he said over his shoulder; "I 'm here to stay." His face was lighted by the smile imminent behind his gravity. "The thought of that Sam Fids kind of tickles me," he called back.

It was "tickling" to think of Samuel bound to see the world on the guy-ropes, as it were, of a small circus; but the humor of that spectacle was soon absorbed in the decidedly serious obverse

of his sordid Odyssey. This Jackson, Jackson Carmenon, had committed himself to one of those irrevocable efforts of decision which, without any middle ground of evasion, either make or ruin. To most men that moment comes unannounced and shorn of drama; often they are not aware of its passage until, in a rare flash of illuminating understanding, they look back at the beginning of success or failure. But Carmenon had had a vision of existence which embraced equally the future with the past; he had recognized the peril about which the majority unconsciously drift; and such knowledge must rob him of all alleviating self-deception.

Throughout the day I had glimpses of his vivid figure moving up and down the field, and the circling pastoral beauty of the country-side seemed like the setting of a Greek amphitheater for his lonely endeavor. But I have no intention of giving the impression that he was overborne by the fate impending in his decision. He whistled persistently and gaily, and once, when I was outside, I heard him singing an extremely reprehensible song.

The dusk finally overtook him, as it did the trees and birds and hills, and he vanished with the harrow into the barn. The cows gathered for him as they had for Samuel Fids; later I saw the wavering ray of a lantern in the darkness under the projecting hay-loft, and I pictured him sleeping in the little angle boarded from the dry sweetness of the hay. After that his duties and their places were various: he spent three days in the truck-patch at the head of the long pasture, I saw him giddily hung in air greasing the weather-vane, he set a line of heavy fence-posts, and (but contemptuously) he directed the activities of the chickens.

When our ways met, he stopped with a direct greeting,—he had none of Samuel Fids's resentment of my comparative leisure,—and we exchanged the commonplaces of the hour.

"Well," I 'd ask him oftener than not, "how is it going?" He invariably replied that this was the life.

"I don't mean," he specified on one occasion, "that I like it now. Not yet; but I will. I 'm speaking general'." He was limping slightly, the first time that I had noticed the stiffness of which he had spoken. "I 've got to go smack up against it. Damned hard," he muttered. The amazing thing was that he had managed to stay for a month. He whistled a little, but I saw that his mouth was set and the melody forced. "I stopped going into town evenings," he went on abruptly. "If you are going to fetch this, you 've got to do it right down to the ground. It 's like roping and throwing yourself. But there 's those old rumdums—" The thought of such human wreckage, the sharp spur of pride, brought out the determination of his jaw.

JACKSON—to call him that had been inevitable—fell into the habit of stopping at my terrace for a cigarette in the evening. We sat for the most part silent, intent on the short, clumsy flights of the owls; but occasionally he spoke of that past when he had been over virtually all the jumps.

"At that time," he concluded a narrative, "I was playing professional polo." I admitted my ignorance of this development of a game supposed to form the recreation of millionaires. "We went through the West," he informed me. "I 've played in China and the Philippines. After that I rode in Virginia, for Mr. Mountjoy's stable—steeplechases. A little flat racing, too—New Orleans, Hot Springs, and Butte. The regular thing. I soon got heavy. I have worked in billiard-parlors, bars, lead-mines, moving-pictures, lumber-camps, menageries, circuses, revival meetings, the bull-ring—in Sonora."

"None satisfied you?"

"Not one. I suppose I was what you 'd call no good. But I 'm fixed here. I am through." As he spoke he produced some dice from a pocket, idly rattling them in a hand; and I saw that he had three.

"I thought you played—is n't it called rolling the bones?—with two." He hesitated perceptibly, and then replied:

"You 're supposed to. Nobody does. Yes, one of these is shaved." His face was expressionless in the last glow of day. "It 's like this: you want to shoot

seven or eleven on the first throw, and this one will turn up four near' every time. Then the three is easy. Of course you have to make a change when you pass them on."

My instinctive condemnation of this must have been evident in my incredulous gaze, for immediately he hardened; his lips were pressed into a contemptuous line. While actually he had n't moved in a second, he seemed to have withdrawn from my neighborhood. He waited silently for what I might have to say further. That, I realized, would have to be most carefully framed. I discovered a surprising warmth of liking, of sympathy, for him. I had been drawn into his fate: whether he went with a circus or stayed here was of no importance; but it was important for me that he should succeed in his undertaking. The thing had become symbolical, in a large degree, of life. My pride now, as well as Jackson Carmenon's happiness, was committed; the triumph of his will was necessary for my self-respect.

He was ready to regard me as an amateur of life, a being without a shell in a "cushy" hole, a mollusk soft from safety. Any stereotyped sentence or conventional appeal would be worse than useless. He had known a sufficient number of men who had been "good" without being happy. Any argument in the abstract, promises or threats of the future, was equally futile. The trouble was that, sharply examined, my own feeling was not easily materialized in convincing phrase. I knew, perhaps by inheritance, that dishonesty was an error; it was, even as a practical policy, a mistake, or at least I was persuaded that it was. A great many persons, it was true, were not, in their practice of living, in agreement with me; and the unquestionable "result" of a more immediate attitude now made my difficulty. At last I said rather irritably, annoyed by my impotence, and yet without any desire to mask my actual opinion:

"It 's a coward's game."

"Now there 's where you 're wrong," he replied energetically. "You sit in with that crowd at the circus and palm your dice with every one wise himself and watching you. Any hick can lose his money; the thing is to keep it and get the rest. Why, hell! they all do it. Do you know racing at all, or the games these college boys play, or—or—" Words failed before the pressure of his earnest conviction. "Did you ever get a straight glass of beer, one that was n't a third suds? And as for your friends, the big business men, they have n't got you kidded, have they?"

"No," I defended my experience shortly. "I can see as well as yourself. I 'm not commonly called an optimist. At the same time it 's plain to me that three dice, in a game of two, is the evasion of a man afraid to face the facts. You agree to try to roll seven or eleven under given conditions. That 's your undertaking; and if you drop in a third, shaved to make you safe, you have dodged the issue, declined to accept the chance. Did you ever personally drug a horse?"

He rose and cursed me with a swift passion that almost reëstablished him at the top of my favor.

"Keep your hair on," I put in when he had ended; "it 's not very different from the other." They were, he asserted, as far apart as heaven and hell.

"Why, a horse has no choice; he 's got to take whatever you plug in him. A horse 'll trust you. Where 's the man that will do that? It 's sell about with them."

Jackson shifted the dice in his hand and rolled, on the flagstones, seven; he produced that number five times consecutively, and then dropped the dice back into his pocket. I put in:

"At least, and you may think of it as a favor, limit yourself to the conventional game about here." He laughed in replying:

"The surest thing you know, for a levee or maybe two bits."

His attitude had been the result of faulty observation and a most unfortunate association with men. That most of them were more or less dishonest, afraid to take the turn of the dice, was the foundation of my reasonable hopes; the simple gesture of the others was heroic by contrast. There were, as well, almost an equal number afraid of dishonesty; but in them, or the equity of

their future adjustment, I had no interest. Life, at best, was a doubtful business, attended by appalling accident; nothing from day to day was assured, neither peace of mind nor love nor health nor public honor. Blindly thrust into such a state, it was natural for men to take advantage of every trick that would bring up the combination they tragically needed. Natural, but undignified; and if men were superior to the other animals, if, indeed, they were made in the image of a God, just that dignity was its indispensable sign—a pride, yes, a courage, totally removed from a supple spine and a furtive pass of the hand.

All this, however, would be difficult to impart to Jackson Carmenon, fortified by specious argument and the examples of some of our notably advertised public characters both in commerce and in politics. He would have to discover so much, if he could, for himself. It was obvious that for the present the subject was closed between us. He had the theatrical and, here, unnecessary art of rolling a cigarette with one hand, and I watched him skilfully twist the tobacco into its paper. The chorus of frogs had thinned almost to silence, and the fireflies, mounting upward, were gone. The country-side lay dim and gray under a partly veiled moon. Jackson, nodding abruptly, moved away; and at once he seemed no more than an unsubstantial illusion among the deep shadows of familiar trees.

It was Sunday afternoon, in the sudden profound gloom of an impending storm, that he helped me to secure some peacock chairs thrown into confusion by the wind. We stood, finally, behind the solid granite angle of my house watching the furious slashing and swaying of leafy branches. The yellow-black bank of cloud in the west swiftly unrolled, and in a minute more there was the heavy, diagonal impact of the crystal shock of rain. The valley dissolved in the shining flood, the rain broadened in a sheet over the lawn, and the deep gutters of the roads were filled with brimming streams.

Almost immediately it passed, and the sun flashed like a shower of golden spears cast into the incredible greenery. The clear note of a field lark rose, and the McKee children rocketed out from their contracted dwelling. Jackson had discarded his vermilion shirt for a garb so stiffly ugly that it could have come only from the standardized shelf of a local store. Yet he gave even that harsh, ill-cut material a decided air of distinction, while any hat he wore must of itself have assumed an engaging angle.

"I have been thinking of those dice," he said without preliminary, "and I can't just make up my mind about them. At times it looks like following your idea would be the same as trying to swim with your arms tied; and then it seems there might be something in it. That 's new to me about being afraid."

This, I could see, had worried him; it was plain that whatever charges had been laid against him, until now he had been free of that special accusation. Jackson disliked it excessively. He gazed at me seriously, with gathered, frowning brows, for the moment amazingly boyish.

"You think I can't make the grade with two dice," he proceeded slowly; "I can get that all right. Good or bad don't come into it. Well,"—he awkwardly thrust out a hand,—"I can." His grasp left my fingers tingling and bloodless.

"It 's a kind of gamble with myself," he explained; "and I 'm not shedding any sorrowful tears over the past. Then, in a way, you 're in it: if you put such a lot on a straight game, why, I—" Embarrassment claimed him. I had never had a more direct and invigorating compliment, and, keenly affected, I immediately cast around for a saving triviality. Annie McKee had come down to the road; she was in a freshly white dress, with a gay ribbon at her waist, and the manner of her walk, her self-conscious indifference, showed that she was not unaware of our presence.

"You have taken Sam Fids's place and responsibilities," I told Jackson; "but there is something you have overlooked—Samuel's girl. From all indi-

"Annie broke away, with her metallic nervous laugh"

cations he was about to marry her when he left with the circus."

Jackson Carmenon gazed with an amused interest at Annie.

"She 's fair enough, too," he commented, "from here. I noticed her going in and out of town. That fellow never guessed what a lucky stew he was. I 'll have to look this Annie over; a man ought to be married here, if he 's going to amount to anything. It is in the air and the bird-nests. When you 're done work, you just naturally think of coming in to a tidied-up little kitchen and a girl, and sitting through the evening by a door with a climbing-rose."

This unexpectedly lyric outburst entertained me and then sank from memory until, soon after, I saw him standing with Annie McKee by the whitewashed post on the bank. Their attitudes were precisely the same as when Jackson's place had been filled by Samuel Fids. The slightly nervous ring of Annie's laughter was identical.

This, perhaps unreasonably, disturbed me, and I vaguely regretted the fact that my suggestion had given the girl a particular significance to her present companion. I had now grown fond of Jackson Carmenon in a personal way, and I recalled what Samuel had said of Annie and the town boys; but it was n't so much that as it was her perfect willingness to accept one man after the other, for it soon became evident that she had entirely accepted Jackson. He told me:

"Annie never really liked that Fids; he was around here, convenient, and there was nothing more to it. There 's a shack on the hill the old man says we can have, and I 'm fixing it up. The rose will be on hand." Decently he said nothing about his affection, but I could see that he was enormously absorbed in the domestic scene Annie made possible. All his emotion, captivated at the psychological hour, was drawn to her.

Her unstable laughter, even the grave murmur of his voice, drifted up from the darkness of their meeting-place. If anything, my disturbance increased at the purely automatic quality of Annie McKee's love. Like the use of a shaved

third dice, it lacked the dignity necessary to the preservation of some beauty in human existence. It was n't merely cheap or yet dishonest; for I recognized that it was inexorable nature, anonymous nature, working out, with no regard for the individual man, its law of succession. But individual integrity seemed to me the one saving possibility of being, particularly in love. There, if at all, the spirit, the breath of heaven, was perceivable.

It was n't needful to imagine a man or woman capable of but one passion, though such was my own mental prepossession, but it was indispensable to think of love as burning a finer and more enduring flame than that lighted by a momentary blind impulse. It was necessary to discover, among many men and women, the one singular object of faith and service; and, that happily accomplished, to be faithful, chaste, and patient. This, of course, was an ideal, and ideals challenge betrayal; but in addition to that it was a hope—positively here on earth the greatest allowed.

The other, admirable and natural in its way, was, for example, the process of cows. No one could judge a cow harshly for failing to rise to a Platonic doctrine of love; but men had been more pretentious, and it was in the interest of this that I wanted a greater elevation of being for Jackson Carmenon. He was worth it.

Curiously, my sense of the valley's loveliness was damaged by the manner in which it had netted Jackson. I saw everywhere only the mechanical principle of its fruitfulness: the spores and fronds and pollen, the brightness of the flowers, the scent of honeysuckle, were no more than cunning lures; gorgeous butterflies and handsome birds were almost distasteful. Probably Annie McKee would marry Carmenon, and with a brood as large and dirty as her mother's, they would soon grow perfunctory. He would fall into the habit of lingering in town on Saturday nights, to come home unsteadily and, perhaps, beat her. This sordid vision made me melancholy at the possibility that what I demanded was fantastic; that, after all, men and cattle were one.

Jackson's determination to confine himself to the admitted number of dice, like his purpose in the valley, was, quite aside from whatever inspired it, simply a measure of will, of superiority. I have already intimated that his success had assumed a large importance for me; but now I actually felt as though Jackson Carmenon and I, the entire world of men, were one: it seemed as though we would all stand or fall with him. This conviction swept over me talking to Annie McKee in the road that dipped between our respective habitations.

She was obviously pretty, and at the absolute zenith of her appeal; with her at early seventeen. Her dress, as usual, was crisply ironed and clean, with a brightness of ribbons; and the instinctive twist of her hair brought out its greatest effectiveness. An affair of color, the pure radiance of youth—that gone, and the coarseness of her features, her slightly protruding lips, the shrewish pucker of her gaze, and her awkward flatness would be increasingly apparent.

But now she was arrogant in the confidence of her power to charm.

"I suppose you 've heard," she said, with a giggle, "that Sam is back." I had n't, and her announcement gave me a most disagreeable surprise. "Last night," she went on, "I did n't have a chance to talk to him; he hollered to me, and that was all. I guess he was disappointed in those circus girls. The brassy things!"

She had confined her remarks to the queens of the sawdust and cantering, fat white horses, but her meaning was plain: her entire person expressed the belief that Samuel Fids had found it impossible to exist away from her favor. It was my opinion that his return had been brought about by a more inclusive order of events, and this Samuel, lounging sullenly against a pillar of my small portico, supported.

"Seeing the world!" he exclaimed sarcastically. "Seeing the back sides of towns—that was more like it. And on food not fit for pigs. Why, those damn' nigger-drivers 'd sweat the life out of you in a week. If I had stayed a day more, some one would have had his head caved in." He continued with a frank

opinion of the "queens," colored, to say the least, by extreme prejudice. His phrases left the feeling of sickness which follows a revelation of the lowness possible to the indiscriminate privilege of speech.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing just now. I 've been up to Dinghmann, but he would n't give me my job back." Dinghmann really was admirable. "It looks like that fellow I favored done me out of my rights."

"Was there any agreement between you that you should have the place back at demand?"

"Not in so many words," he admitted; "but it stands to reason that 's what I meant. Maybe you 'll see me around, anyhow; he might leave kind of sudden." Remembering Jackson Carmenon, I doubted this extremely. Samuel was a big hulk of a man, hardened by toil and weathered by exposure; but he had none of the other's keenness or beauty of coördination. "I 've heard more, too," he added darkly, "and all I want is to see him once about Annie. That 's all I want." He again dragged his feelings in the mire of vile terms. I made no reply; and, after lingering clumsily, he moved away. Immediately after I heard the familiar sound of his shoes grinding the stones of the road.

The next morning I kept an interested lookout for Jackson; I saw him more than once, but he was in the distance, and I had no opportunity to speak to him then. Late in the afternoon a figure advancing into the secluded little valley proved to be Samuel Fids. Jackson was in the pasture, among the cows; and the former, slowly climbing the fence, went up through the deep, rough grass. The two men met just below the crown of the hill, and stood talking for a period that was suddenly ended by a lunge of Samuel's fist.

They were an appreciable distance away from me, so far that their features were lost; and, locked together in a whirling struggle, their bodies were merged. The effect was strange in that, with the minor brutalities of the fight hidden, it seemed more than anything yet to be merely symbolical. They rolled over the ground, with momentarily free legs and jabbing arms, among the disconcerted cows, with the appearance of a contest between Jackson Carmenon's disembodied spirit and the forces of evil.

But the contagion of primitive battering impulse was quickly established in me, and, rigid with painful intensity, I hoped that Jackson would utterly spoil Samuel Fids. He did n't. After a surprising duration of effort, considering its velocity, the fight ended. The men fell apart, with Samuel's hand—I could barely distinguish—raised to his face. Then Samuel went back down the hill; he stiffly climbed the fence, and disappeared in the direction of the parental Fids's acres.

Jackson's countenance, as well, I saw later, was bruised, and one eye had a foolish drooping expression; but his poise was undisturbed.

"I 'll get that farmer the next time," he asserted. "He won't walk away. It seems he did n't like what he saw of things—the dandy big boy." This, a favorite expression of his, was contemptuous. "It was Annie throwing him over that put the crimp in him. Think of little Annie McKee marrying that—" I was forced to turn away from a contentment hardly short of the fatuous. "We can t get married too soon to suit me, but I expect I 'll have to tend to Sam right first. He served notice he 'd be back. I had a chance to roll in a third dice on him up there,—there 's a good deal he does n't know about fighting to stay alive,—but I did n't. I 'm sort of taken by this foolishness of shooting a game straight. And I am beginning to understand what you meant by being afraid: it was a good way to put it."

He left, different from Samuel Fids, with the upright swing, a swagger almost, he had carried over from his roving, and I saw him, or rather thought that it was he, an hour later by the mail-box. I was coming quietly down the road from town, and, before I realized my situation, I was abreast a dim white feminine shape mostly eclipsed by the night and a comprehensive masculine embrace. Annie broke away, with her metallic nervous laugh, at which, to cover my incidental confu-

sion, I made a cheerfully inane remark to the supposed Carmenon. But the answering mutter, the heave of a heavy body in the gloom, belonged to Samuel Fids.

HERE was an extreme development of the quality of mischief in Annie McKee. It was difficult to meet, because it had to do neither with the dull utilitarian motive of nature nor with the effort of humanity to accomplish a fine security. The uncertainties and evasions of girls, their timidity and subconscious wiles, were easily comprehensible; a genuine lack of restraint, too, presented no barriers to understanding. But the springs of Annie's ignorant and dangerous vanity were hidden beyond reason. She seemed to be the instrument of a deep, long-cherished spite against men; or perhaps there was a total lack of anything sentient.

What made the situation unbearable was the knowledge that nothing on earth could be done for Jackson Carmenon. Just as he summed up for me a larger affair than his personal fate, so Annie held for Jackson all that he desired. She was to him the valley and accomplishment. In brief, he was in love with her; or, rather, with the Annie McKee his necessity and romantic youth constructed from the meager actuality.

I could n't tell him that I had seen her in Samuel Fids's arms without inviting murder, not very far over the hill at best, and I could n't coldly, logically explain that she was worthless. It was obvious that in any case at all she was of great worth to him. The entire unfortunate business became more and more a spectacle set in the green amphitheater, now slumberous, but for explosive purple storms slashed by lightning, with midsummer. There was, as well, a sardonic aspect in the threatened catastrophe of Jackson's search for peace, for release from turmoil. I recalled him standing outside the circus gazing with a deep sigh of longing into the tender, remote May of the valley.

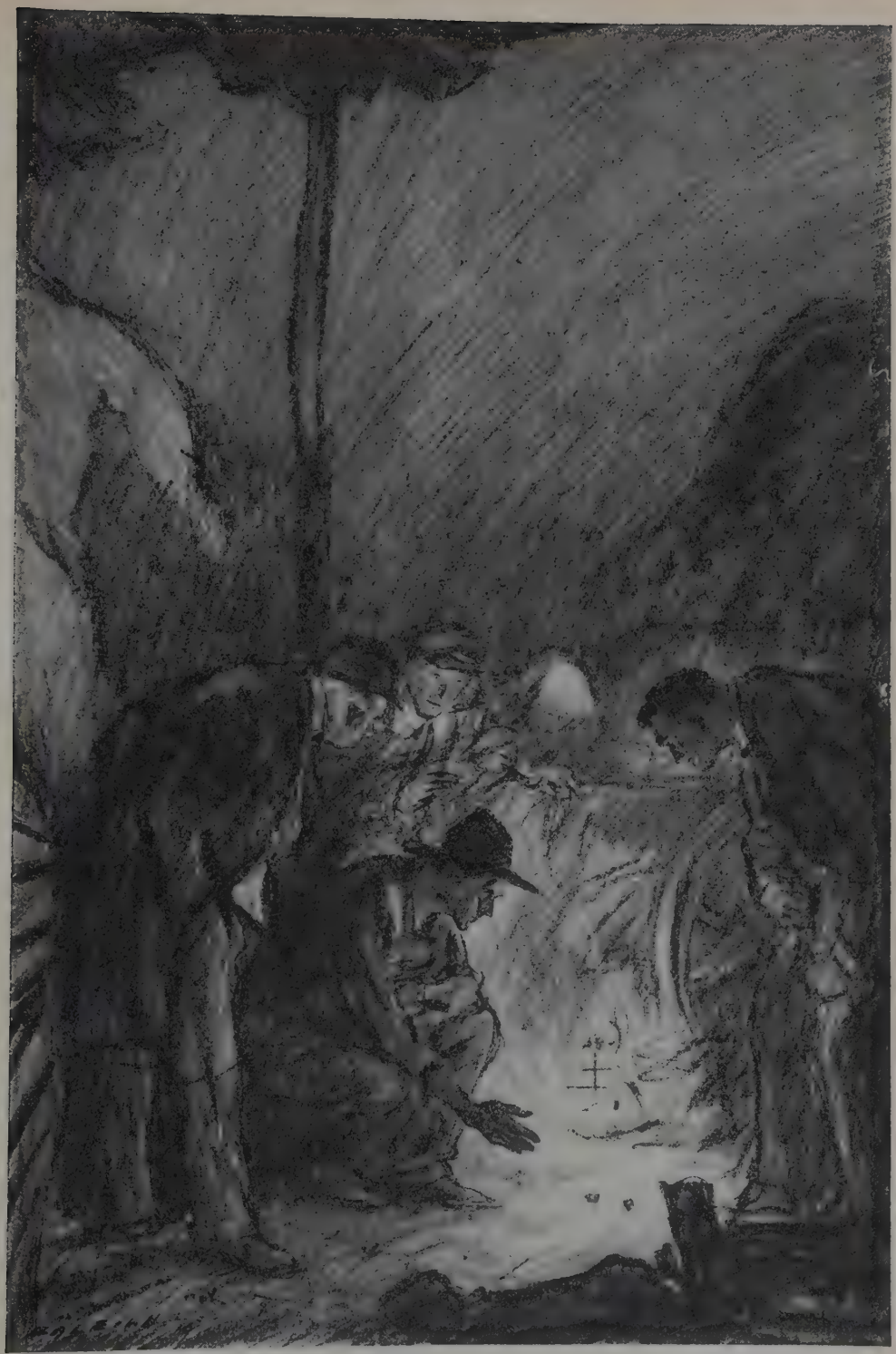
Now, loosely seated in a chair by the low, gray façade of my house, he was, I thought, darker than customary, grim rather than grave, with spare cheeks, and a mouth set in a line that made me specially glad of the fact that I was not Samuel Fids.

He said little beyond the remarks that he had bought Annie a ring with a diamond in it, and that they were to be married soon. Next month, it seemed. I suddenly wished that the ceremony was over, and a conventionality established sufficient in itself to rid us of Fids. The thought of him, made potent by Annie's character, increasingly disturbed me. Yes, it was probable that the dignity I had hoped for was denied to men: the circus from which Jackson had come, and which represented the relaxation and entertainment of an overwhelming majority, was a dismal example of the resources of humanity, the horses turning monotonously about the sawdust circle, the secretly scarred performing animals, the determined women driven by need into risking their bodies for the morbid pleasure of mobs, the plaster-faced small brutalities of clowns.

Jackson Carmenon rose, and, as he departed toward the barn, I recognized the singular magnificence of the night, a breathless dark burning with stars; not the stupid five-pointed objects of art, but constellations of worlds shimmering with silver fire. It was so still that even in the heavy August air sounds were audible from far away; and the passionate, half-shouted phrase that whipped from across the road might have been cried directly into my ear.

It was the voice of Dinghmann pronouncing Fids's name; and with no pretense of controlling my anxiety, I crossed hastily to where a lantern cast a reddish illumination on Jackson, Sam Fids, and my neighbor. Dinghmann, by the mere force of his small, but aggressive, being, was dominating a situation which promised to be the realization of my worst fears. Samuel, it developed, appropriately enough to himself, had attacked Carmenon with a dung-fork.

Dinghmann, luckily, had fearlessly caught the handle of the fork; Samuel was smoldering in an incoherent rage: but Jackson was absolutely contained. He had the air of a man overtaken by a crushing misfortune—the knowledge



"He shot the dice out upon the hardened clay by the lantern"

that the killing of Fids lay before him.

"This nonsense 'll stop right here," Dinghmann continued. "One or the other of you has to go and stay gone. I don't care which. The only thing slaughtered on my place will be the hogs. There 's work to be done by somebody. I don't want any cripples about, either; so take your choice—quick." Such a simple, normal solution, however, was impossible now. Dinghmann realized this. "I tell you what," he added; "Jackson, you 're so taken with throwing dice,—and a born gambler always has 'em with him,—roll them once to see if you or Sam stays. But, mind me, you 'll have to keep to them."

Actually I was chilled by the accident that had faced Jackson Carmenon with such a profound problem, a temptation heavy with what he conceived to be his whole future happiness. He gazed at me in a frowning concentration while his hand explored a pocket. Then he studied the two white, gleaming dice which lay on his palm. Samuel Fids, in a voice still laboring with excitement, obviously relieved by this possibility of escape from the consequences of his murderous effort, announced his entire willingness to hold to such a decision.

The others thought that Carmenon was hesitating in the acceptance of the proposed chance, but I knew that his trouble was far different: he was silently debating the importance, here, of the simple honesty, the attitude of bravery, he had taken with me. I understood enough of the proposed game to follow its course: if, at the first roll, eleven or seven—that seven he could so easily command—turned up, he won; but if two, three, or the double six was exposed, he lost. The remainder was clear: if any other number occurred, he must roll it again before seven, now calamitous, was visible.

"Very well," he said absent-mindedly, after, to me at least, an intolerable delay.

It might be well enough or very bad indeed; for if he evaded his commitment and managed to turn up a seven at once, what, after all, had he gained? We, that doubtful world of men, would lose immeasurably. The pity of our position was that even now I could n't give him the benefit of my wider comprehension. He must think of Annie McKee as the supremely desirable goal of all endeavor. "Very well," he repeated. He glanced swiftly, keenly, at the dice he held, then he maddeningly plunged them back into his pocket.

Jackson withdrew his hand, and, in a flinging gesture of sharp decision, he shot the dice out upon the hardened clay by the lantern. All four of us bent a breathless concentration on the revealed numerals.

"There," Samuel Fids cried, "he crapped! And he 's got to stay by it. That beat him."

Carmenon had rolled three, and lost.

He straightened up, and turned toward me with a bitter expression that was vanquished by a fatalistic calm at what had by chance defeated him. His mouth resumed its straight line above a jaw clean like the point of a sword. I heard, hardly audible above his breath, the whisper, "Read them and weep." Then, without any warning phrase, he strode away from us,—eternally, I knew,—from the valley, and was absorbed in the splendid night. The honest dice shone in minute gleams on the black earth, and to me they were as brilliantly silver as the highest stars to which men not hopelessly aspired.

Overland to the West Indies

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the author

Southward to Key West, ninety miles from Havana, with this modern Marco Polo, whose new adventure in the exploration of places little known has taken him to the West Indian archipelago. The first of a new series of travel papers by Mr. Franck.

I

WE concluded that if we were to spend half a year rambling through the islands of the West Indies, we would get sea-water enough without taking to the ships before it was necessary. Not that there is anything uncomfortable about the ocean route, as travel goes nowadays. The several lines from New York and those from the various ports of our Eastern seaboard are said to offer pleasant vacations, ranging from four to ten days in duration; but those who enjoy contact with our fellow-men in all their varied environments do well not to pile up future regrets by missing any possible land travel, particularly through regions they have not yet seen.

Our first dream was to wander southward in the sturdy, if middle-aged, gasolene wagon we must otherwise leave behind, abandoning it for what it would bring when the mountains of central Cuba grew too difficult for its waning vigor. But the tales men told of Southern highways dampened our ardor for that particular species of adventure. They were probably exaggerated tales. Looking back upon the route from the eminence of automobile-infested Havana, we are of the impression that such a trip would have been marred only by some rather serious jolting in certain parts of the Carolinas and of southern Georgia, and a moderately expensive freight-bill from the point where lower Florida turns to swamps and islands.

The rail-routes from the Northeastern States are three in number, converging into one at something over five hundred miles from the end of train travel. Those to whom haste is necessary or more agreeable than leisure may cover the distance from our greatest to our most Southern cities in forty-eight hours, and be set down in Havana the following dawn. But with a few days to spare the broken journey is well worth the enhanced price and trouble. A truer perspective is gained by following the gradual change that increasing length of summer gives the human race rather than by springing at once from the turmoil of New York to the regions where winter is only a rumor and a curiosity of hearsay.

In the early days of October the land journey southward is like the running backward of a film depicting nature's processes. The rich autumn colors and the light overcoats of Pennsylvania advance gradually to the browning foliage and the wrapless comfort of the first autumn breezes, then within a few hours to the verdant green and simpler garb of full summer. There are reservations, however, in the change of human dress, which do not keep pace with that of the landscape. Our Southerners seem to be ruled in sartorial matters rather by the dictators of New York fashions than by the more fitting criterion of nature.

To the Northerner the first item of interest is apt to be the sudden segregation of races in the trains leaving Washington for the South. From the moment he surreptitiously sheds his waist-coat as he rumbles across the Potomac the traveler finds his intercourse with his African fellow-citizens, be they jet black or pale yellow, circumscribed by an impregnable wall that is to persist

until all but a narrow strip of his native land has shrunk away behind him. Only as superior to inferior, as master to servant, or as a curiosity akin to that of the supercilious voyager toward the "natives" of some foreign land, is his contact henceforth with the other race. Stern placards point out the division that must be maintained in public buildings or conveyances; custom serves as effectually in private establishments; the very city directories bring up their rear with the "Colored Department."

The tourist's first impression of Richmond will largely depend on whether his train sets him down at the disreputable Main Street Station or at the splendid new Union Depot on the heights of Broad Street. Unfortunately, the latter is as yet no more nearly "union" than it is, thanks to a persistent American misnomer, a "depot," and his chances of escaping the medieval landing-place are barely more than "fifty-fifty." But his second notion of the erstwhile capital of the Confederacy cannot but be favorable, unless his tastes run more to the picturesque than to modern American civilization. He may at this particular season grumble at a sweltering tropical heat that appears long before he bargained for it, but the hospitable Richmonder quickly appeases his wrath in this regard by explaining that some malignant cause, ranging from the disturbance of the earth's orbit by the war just ended to a boiling Gulf Stream, has given the South the hottest autumn in—I hesitate to say how many decades. Nor, if he is new to the life below the Mason and Dixon's Line, will he escape a certain surprise at finding how green is still the memory of the Confederacy. The Southerner may have forgiven, but he has not forgotten, nor does he intend that his grandchildren shall do so.

In that endless stretch of sand, cotton, and pine-trees which is known locally as "Nawth Cahlina, sah," there are other ways of passing the time than by watching the endless unrolling of a sometimes monotonous landscape. One can get into conversation, for instance, with the train-crew far more easily than in the more frigid North, and listen for hours to more or less verdant anecdotes, which the inimitable Southern dialect alone makes worth the hearing. Or, if wise enough to abandon the characterless international Pullman for the local atmosphere of the day coach, one may catch such scraps as these—of special interest to big-game hunters—from the lips of fellow-passengers:

"Say, d' you hear about Bud Hampton?"

"What Bud done now?"

"Why, las' week Bud Hampton shot a buck niggah 't weighed ovah *two hunderd* pound!"

This particular species of quarry seemed to grow blacker with each succeeding State. The two urchins in one-piece garments who lugged our handbags up the slope in Columbia made coal seem of a pale tint. At the corner of a Main Street they steered us toward the door of a somewhat weather-worn establishment.

"This the best hotel?" I queried, a bit suspicious that the weight of their burdens had warped their judgment. "How about that one down the street?" It was a building of very modern aspect, looming ten full stories into the brilliant Southern heavens.

"*Dat* ain' no hotel, sah," cried the two in one breath, rolling their snow-white eyeballs, their black toes seeming to wriggle with pride at the magnificence it presented; "dat 's de *sky-scrapah!*"

It was in Columbia that we felt for the first time irrevocably in the South. Richmond had been merely an American city with a Southern atmosphere; South Carolina's capital was the South itself, despite its considerable veneer of modern Americanism. One must look at three faces to find one indubitably white. Clusters of mahogany-red sugar-canes lolled in shady corners, enticing the black brethren to exercise their powerful white teeth. Goats drowsed in patches of sand protected from the insistent sunshine. Motormen raised their caps with one hand and brought their dashing conveyances to a sudden halt with the other at the very feet of their "lady acquaintances," whose male escorts returned the greeting with equal solemnity. I puzzled for some time to know what far-distant city this one, with its red soil, which stretched away

to suburban nothingness from the points where the street paving petered out, with its goats and sugar-cane, its variegated complexions, and frank contentment with life, was insistently recalling to memory. Then all at once it came to me. Purged of its considerable American bustle, Columbia would have borne a striking resemblance to Asunción, capital of far-off Paraguay.

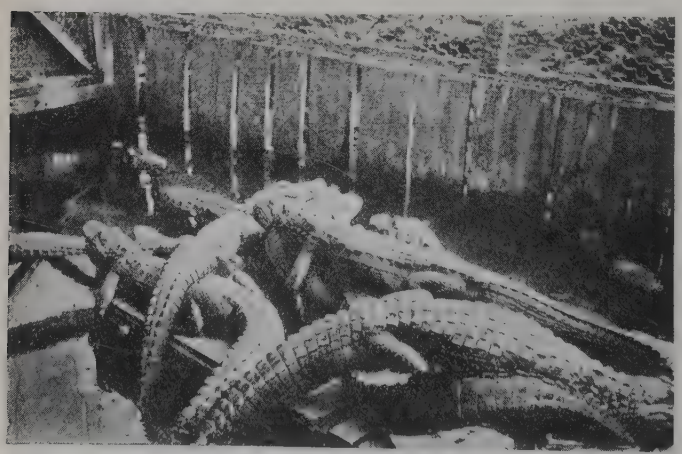
An un-Northern spaciousness was characteristic even of the chief hostelry, with its ample chambers, its broad lounging-room, its generously gaping spittoons, offering not too exacting a target to the inattentive fire of Southern marksmanship. The easy-going temperament of its management came as a relief from the unflinching rule-of-thumb back over the horizon behind us. The reign of the old-fashioned "American plan," synonymous with eating when and what the kitchen dictates rather than leaving the guest a few shreds of initiative, had begun again and was to persist for a thousand miles southward. But can some trustworthy authority tell me what enactment requires that the "choicest room" of the "best hotel" of every American city be placed at the exact junction-point of the most successful attempt to concentrate all its twenty-four hours of uproar? I ask not in wrath, for time and better nights have assuaged that, but out of mere academic curiosity. In the good, old irresponsible days of my "hobo" youth the "jungle" beyond the railroad yards was far preferable to this aristocratic location.

The "sky-scrapah" loomed behind us for half an hour or more across the mighty expanse of rolling sand-and-pine-tree world, with its distance-purple tinge and its suggestion of the interior of Brazil, that fled northward on the next lap of our journey. The cotton-fields which interspersed the wilderness might have seemed patches of daisies to the casual glance. Powder-dry country roads of reddish sand straggled along through the endless stretches of scrub-pines, carrying here and there the sagging buggy and gaunt and dust-streaked horse of former days. I relegate the equine means of transportation to the past advisedly, for his doom was apparent even in these sparsely cultivated and peopled regions. Before a little unpainted, wooden negro church that drifted by us there clustered twenty-eight automobiles, with a bare half-dozen steeds drooping limply on their weary legs in the patches of shade the machines afforded them. King Cotton, abetted by his royal contemporaries overseas, has drawn no color-line in deluging his favors of late on his faithful subjects. Forests of more genuine trees replaced the scrub growth for long spaces farther on; here and there compact rectangles of superlatively green sugar-cane contrasted with the dead-brown patches of shriveled corn. In the smoking-compartment of the coach placarded "White" shirt-sleeves and open collars were the rule, but the corresponding section of the "Colored" car indulged in no such disheveled comfort. I should say that the negroes of the South are more consistent followers of Beau Brummel than their white neighbors.

"The oldest house in America," St. Augustine, Florida

We descended at Savannah in a hope-

ful frame of mind, for a quite recent report announced it the most nearly reasonable in its food prices of the fifty principal cities of our United States. Georgia's advantage in the contest with starvation was soon apparent. At the desk of the hotel overlooking a semi-tropical plaza the startled new-comer found staring him in the face a dire threat of incarceration, in company with the recipient, if he so far forgot himself as to offer a gratuity. There was something strangely familiar, however, about the manner of the grandson of Africa who hovered about the room to which he had conducted us, flecking away a speck of dust here, raising a curtain and lowering it again to the self-same height over yonder. I had no desire to spend even a short span of my existence in a Southern dungeon, along with this dusky bearer of the white man's burdens, but he would have made a most unsuitable spectator to the imperative task of removing the Georgian grime of travel. Enticing him into a corner out of sight of the key-hole, I called his attention to the brilliancy of a silver coin. Instead of springing to a window to shout for the police, he snatched the curiosity in a strangely orthodox manner, flashed upon us a row of dazzlingly white teeth, and wished us a pleasant evening. Possibly I had read the anti-tipping ordinance too hastily; it may merely have forbidden the public bestowel of gratuities.



Youthful alligators taking an afternoon nap

A microscopic examination might possibly have proved that the reckoning which was laid before us at the end of dinner showed some signs of shrinkage; to the naked eye it was quite as robust as its twin brothers to the North. But of course the impossibility of leaving a goodly proportion of the change to be cleared away with the crumbs would account for the assertion of Savannah's low cost of living. The lengthening of the ebony face at my elbow as I scraped the remnants of my bank-note together might have been due to the exertions of the patent-leather shoes that sustained it to contain more than their fair share of contents. But it seemed best to make sure of the source of dismay; we might have to eat again before we left Savannah.

"I understand you can't accept tips down here in Georgia," I hazarded, reversing the usual process between money and pocket. But the increasing elongation of the waiter's expression branded the notion a calumny even sooner than did his anxious reply:

"*Ah* been taking 'em right along, sah. Yes, sah, thank you, sah. Dey did try to stop us makin' a livin', sah, but none of de *gen'lemans* do'n' ferget us."

We liked Savannah; preferred it, perhaps to any of the cities of our journey southward. We liked the Southern hospitality of its churches, consistent with their roominess and their wide-open windows. We were particularly taken with the custom of furnishing fans as well as hymn-books, though we may have wondered a bit whether the segregation of the "colored people" persisted clear beyond St. Peter's gate. We were especially grateful to the genius of Oglethorpe, who had made this a city of un-American spaciousness, with every other cross street an ample boulevard, which gave the lungs and the eyes a sense of having escaped to

the open country. Perhaps it was these wooded avenues, more than anything else, that made us feel we were at last approaching the tropics, where life itself is of more real importance than mere labor and business. Had we settled there, we should quickly have attuned ourselves to the domesticity of her business customs, breakfast at nine, dinner from two to four, giving the mind harassed with the se ling of cotton or the plaints of clients time to recompose itself in household quiet, supper when the evening breezes have wiped out the memory of the scorching sun. We liked the atmosphere of genuine companionship between the two sections of the population, despite the line that was sternly drawn between them where social intercourse might otherwise have blended together. The stately tread of the buxom negro women bearing their burdens on heads that seemed to be put to no other use fitted into the picture our imaginations persisted in painting against the background of the old slave-market, with its barred cells, in defiance of the assertion of inhabitants that not a black man had ever been offered for sale there.

The man who conducted us to the top of Savannah's "sky-scrapah"—for every Southern city we visited boasted one such link between earth and heaven—was still frankly of the "rebel" turn of mind for all his youthfulness. He deplored the abolition of slavery. In the good old days a "niggah" was as valuable as a mule to-day; no owner, unless he was a fool, would have thought of abusing so costly a possession "any more than he would now his automobile." The golden age of the negro was that in which he was inspected daily, as soldiers are, and sternly held to a certain standard of outward appearance and health. To-day not one out of ten of them was fit to come near a white man. Laziness had ruined them; their native indolence and the familiarity toward them of white men from the North had been their downfall. The South had no fear of race riots, however; those were things only of the North, thanks to the Northerner's false notion of their human possibilities. Why had the black laborers who had raised this pride of Savannah to its lofty fifteen stories of height always lifted their hats to him, their foreman, and addressed the Northern architects with the disrespect of covered heads? Wise men from "up East" soon learned the error of their ways in the treatment of the "niggah," after a few weeks or months of Southern residence. Slavery, in principle, was perhaps wrong, but it was the only proper system with negroes. Besides, we should not forget that it was not the South that had introduced slavery into the United States, but New England!

Many things, I knew, were chargeable to our Northeastern States, but this particular accusation was new to me. Yet this son of the old South was a modern American in other respects, for all his out-worn point of view. His civic pride, bubbling over in a boasting that was not without a suggestion of crudity, alone proved that. Savannah was destined to become sooner or later the metropolis of America; it was already second only to New York in the tonnage of its shipping. I cannot recall offhand any American town that is not destined some day, in the opinion of its proudest citizens, to become the leader of our commercial life, nor one which is not already the greatest something or other of the entire country. No doubt this conviction everywhere makes for genuine progress, even though the goal of the imagination is but a will-o'-the-wisp. What breeds regret in my soul, however, is the paucity of our cities that aspire to the place of intellectual leadership, as contrasted with the multitude of those which picture themselves the foremost in trade and commerce.

Possibly Savannah will some day outstrip New York, but I hope not, for it has something to-day the loss of which would be an unfortunate exchange for mere metropolitan uproar and which even its own leisurely ambitious people might regret when it was too late. This view from its highest roof, with its chocolate-red river winding away to the sea sixteen miles distant, and inland to swampy rice-fields and the abodes of alligators, which could be reached only by bateau, with its palm-flecked open spaces and its freedom from smoke, raised the hope that it might aspire to

remain what it is now incontestably, a "city of trees" and a pleasant dwelling-place.

There were suggestions in the over-languid manner of some of its poorer inhabitants that the hookworm was prevalent in Savannah. Well-informed citizens pooh-poohed the notion, asserting that "hookworm is just a polite Northern word for laziness." The particular sore spot of the moment was the scarcity of sugar. From Columbia onward it had been served us in tiny envelops, as in war-days. That displayed in store windows was a mere bait, for sale only with a corresponding quantity of groceries. All of which was especially surprising in a region with its own green patches of cane. The unsweetened inhabitants explained the enigma by a reference to "profiteers," and pointed out the glaringly new mansions of several of this inevitable war-time gentry. Others asserted that the ships at the wharves across the river were at that very moment loading hundreds of tons of sugar for Europe and furnishing even Germany with an article badly needed at home. An old darky added another detail that was not without its significance:

"Dey 's plenty of sorghum an' merlasses right now, sah, but de white folks dey cain't eat nothin' but de pure white."

Men of a more thoughtful class than our guide of the "sky-scrapah" had a different view of the glories of the old South.

"Slavery," said one of them, "was our curse and in time would have been our ruination. Not so much because it was bad for the negroes, for it was n't, particularly. But it was ruining the white man. It made him a haughty, irresponsible loafer, incapable of controlling his temper or his passions, or of soiling his hands with labor. We have real cause to be grateful that slavery was abolished. But that does not alter the fact that right was on our side in the war with the North—the right of each State to dissolve its union with the others if it chose, which was the real question at issue, rather than the question of holding slaves, though I grant that we are better off by sticking to the Union. If the South had won, the United States would be to-day a quarrelsome collection of a score of independent countries, unprogressive as the Balkans."

The wisest of men are frequently incapable of distinguishing apparent and superficial subjects of national or international controversy from the deeper-seated real causes. On a certain burning question even the most open-minded sons of the South were of the prevailing opinion.

"Whatever the North may think," said one of this class, "we are forced to hold the fear of lynching constantly over the negro. In the North you are having far more trouble with them than we. And why? Because you depend on the authorities to curb them. Down here a serious crime by a negro is the general, immediate business of every man with a white skin. We cannot have our wives or daughters appearing on the public witness-stand to testify against an attacking negro. The surest, fairest, most effective, and least expensive means of dealing with a negro criminal is to hang him at once from the nearest limb and go home and forget it. It seems to be the prevailing notion in the North that we are more apt than not to get the wrong man. That does not happen in one case out of a hundred. Our police and our deputy sheriffs know the whole history, the habits, character, and hiding-place of every nigger in their district. When one of the bad ones commits a serious crime, they know exactly where to look for him, and the citizens who go with them take a rope along. Without lynching we would live in mortal terror day and night. As it is, we have far less trouble with the negroes than you do in the North, and the vast majority of them get along better with us than they do with you."

Good friends squandered a considerable amount of time and gasolene to show us the region roundabout Savannah. Despite their warning that this floor-flat coast land was not the real Georgia, we found the mile after mile of cream-white roads, built of the oyster-shells that hang like the bluffs of mountain spurs above its coastal waters, teeming with interest to Northern eyes. The endless festoons of Spanish moss

alone gave us the sense of having found a new corner of the world. Sturdy live-oaks were untroubled by these draperies of vegetation, though other trees seemed gradually to waste away beneath them. The dead-brown fields of corn had passed the stage where they would have been cut and shocked in the North, and the ears hung limply, awaiting the hand of the picker. Corn-stalks do not tempt animals that can graze all through the winter.

Through the first hint of the brief Southern twilight there came marching toward us under the festooned trees a long double-column of negroes, dressed in dingy cotton garments, with broad black-and-white stripes, clanking chains pending from their waists to their legs, shovels over their broad shoulders, and flanked by several weather-browned white men in faded khaki, carrying rifles. To our unaccustomed eyes they seemed a detail of some medieval stage-setting, long since abolished from the scenes of real life, at least in this newer Western world. Our hosts, however, accepted the group as a consistent bit of the landscape, scarcely noticeable until our interest called their attention to it.

The hitching-posts before the old Confederate capital at Richmond are of little use with the steeds of to-day

"One of our far-famed Georgia chain-gangs," declared the man at the wheel, "which so frequently arouse the wet-eyed pity of your Northern philanthropists. A little experience with the 'poor victims' usually shows them that the system is not so satanic as it looks from the strained perspective of the North. You can take my word for it that at least half those niggers will steal something else as soon as possible, once they are freed, so they can come back again to this comfortable life of irresponsibility and three square meals a day."

The scarcity of towns farther south was less surprising within sight of the soil they must feed on than in the geographies of our school-days. The region reminded me of tropical Bolivia, with its thinly wooded pampas alternating with swamps, with its reddish, undomesticated-looking cattle grazing through a wilderness scattered with palm-trees. Gaunt razor-backed hogs foraged savagely for nourishment among the forest roots about each "cracker's" weather-painted hermitage. Other signs of animal life were rare, except the first buzzards of the tropics we were approaching, lazily circling over the tree-tops. The single grass-grown track sped constantly away behind us, as if even this way-station local saw few reasons to halt in so uncultivated a landscape. One of those narrow, reddish rivers that seem to form the boundaries between all our Southern States rumbled past beneath us, and the endless brown, swampy flat-lands of Florida, punctuated here and there with clusters of small wooden houses, as inconspicuous in their drab setting as animals of protective coloring, rolled away incessantly into the North.

Jacksonville, the "gateway to Florida," is not so Southern in aspect as Savannah. The considerable percentage of Northerners among its inhabitants and its bustling pursuit of material fortune give it a "business-first atmosphere." Negroes, too, were scarcer in proportion to white

men, and destined to become more so as we proceeded, a phenomenon equally noticeable in Brazil as the traveler approaches the equator. The reason, of course, is plain, and similar in the two countries. In slavery days neither our most Southern State nor the region of the Amazon were far enough developed to draw many ship-loads of Africans, and their more recent exploitation has brought an influx of fortune-seekers, chiefly white in color. The creamy shell roads about "Jax," as the tendency to short cuts and brevity has dubbed Florida's most Northern city, race smoothly away in all directions through endless vistas of straight yellow pines, interspersed with patches of lilac-hued water hyacinths, and strewn with spider-like undergrowth that quenches its thirst from the humid air. To the casual glance, at least, the sandy soil does not hold great promise, but it is highly productive, for all that. As proof thereof it is sufficient to mention that the saw-mills that furnished lath at a dollar a thousand a few years ago command eight times that in these days of universally bloated prices.

Looking out upon Savannah, "the city of trees," from the top of her "sky-scrapah"

St. Augustine is perhaps more attractive, in her own way, than even Savannah, at least to the mere seeker after residential delights. But she is scarcely a part of the American South, as we of the North picture it. The nasal twang of our middle West or the slurred "r" of New England are far more often heard on her streets and verandas than the leisurely drawl of what was once the Confederacy. Tasks that would fall only to the lot of the black man in Georgia or the Carolinas are here not beneath the dignity of muscular Caucasian youths. Above all she has a Spanish tinge that marks her as the first connecting-link with the vast Iberian civilization beyond. The massive fortress fronting the sea, the main square that still clings to its ancient name of "Plaza de la Constitución," carry the thoughts as quickly back to the days of bucaneers and the dark shadows of the Inquisition as those where the Castilian tongue holds supreme sway. Here the very stones of protective walls and narrow back streets are similarly impregnated with the rousing tales of conscienceless governors from old Spain and revolts of the despised *criollos* against the exactions of the ruling "Goths."

But St. Augustine is, of course, genuinely American at heart for all its origin, and even its scattering of negroes are proudly aware of their nationality.

"Look like dat some ovehseas equipment you has dah, sah," said the grinning, ink-complexioned youth who carried my *musette* to a chamber filled with inviting sea breezes.

"Yes, indeed, George. Why, were you over there, too?"

"Ya-as, sah. Ah sure help run dem orn'ry Germuns home. Dey hyeard a-plenty from d' shells *we* sent on fo' dem—from Bohdeoh."

Occupation, to St. Augustine, seems to be synonymous with the unremitting pursuit of tourists. Her railway gates are the vortex of a seething whirlpool of hotel-runners and the clamoring Jehus of horse and gasolene conveyances. An undisturbed stroll through her streets is

out of the question, for every few yards the pedestrian is sure to hear the gentle rumble of wheels behind him and a sugary, "Carriage, sah? All de sights in town fo' two dollahs, sah, or a nice ride out to ——.". And so on for several minutes, until the wheedling voice has run through the gamut of sanguinity, persuasiveness, and shriveled hope, and died away in husky disappointment, only to be replaced a moment later by another driver's honeyed tones.

Ponce de Leon, seeking the fountain of youth, failed to recognize in St. Augustine the object of his quest. Could he return to-day, he would find that at least the immortality of fame has been vouchsafed him, for his name flourishes everywhere, on hotel façades, shop fronts, and cigar-boxes. Perhaps, too, he was near the goal of physical permanence without suspecting it. At least, if assertion be accepted as proof, St. Augustine is without a peer in longevity. "The oldest" is the title of nobility most widely prevalent in all the region. The oldest town, with the oldest house, flanked by the dwelling of the oldest woman, who attends the oldest church, linked to her residence by the oldest street, and visible to possessors of the oldest inducement to human endeavor, leaves the gaping traveler no choice but to accept the assertion of its inhabitants that here is to be found the oldest everything under the sun, or at least "in the United States." Even "old Ponce," dean of the six thousand saurians—count them if you dare to doubt—that sleep through the centuries out at St. Augustine's "Alligator Farm" confesses, through the mouth of his keeper from upstart Italy, to five hundred unbroken summers, and placidly accepts the honor of being "the oldest animal in captivity."

The trolley that carries "Ponce's" visitors across the wastes of brakish water and worthless land that separate St. Augustine from the open sea is virtually a private car to the rare tourist of October days. This comatose period of the year gives the bather the sense of having leased the whole expanse of the Atlantic as his own bath-tub, for the native Floridans, however widely they may extoll their endless stretch of coastline, seem to make small use of it themselves.

For hundreds of miles southward the eyes of the traveler weary at the swamp and jungle sameness of the peninsular State. The Gulf Stream and the diligent coral have built extensively, but they have left the job unfinished, in the indifferent tropical way. Grape-fruit farms and orange-groves break forth upon the primeval wilderness here and there, yet only often enough to emphasize its unpeopled immensity. Even Palm Beach has nothing unusual to show him until the holidays of mid-winter bring its vast hostelries back to life. He loses little in fleeing all day onward at Southern-express speed. And, by the way, a warning. If he must hasten at the best the time-table offers, let him carry a two-day lunch-basket with him. I tremble to think what would befall the man who depended exclusively on the fare afforded him on the dining-cars between New York and Key West, even if his pocket-book survived the ordeal.

Miami, however, is well worth a halt, if only for a glimpse of the United States in full tropical setting. There the refugee from winter will find cocoanuts nodding everywhere above him; there he may pick his morning grape-fruit at the door; and he need be no plutocrat to have his table graced with those aristocratic fruits of the tropics, the papaya and the alligator-pear. He cannot but be amused, too, at the casual Southern manners of the street-cars, the motorman-conductors of which make change with one hand and govern their brakes with the other, or who retire to a seat within the car for a chat with a passenger or the retying of a shoelace, while the conveyance careens madly along the outskirt streets.

Thanks perhaps to its sea breezes, Miami seemed no hotter than Richmond, though it was a humid, tropical heat that forced its inhabitants to compromise with Dame Fashion. As far north as Savannah a few eccentric beings ignored her dictates to the extent of fronting the July weather of October in white suits and straw hats, but they had a self-conscious, hunted manner which proved they were aware of their conspicuousness. In southern Florida,

however, it was rather those who persisted in dressing by the calendar who attracted attention.

Some thirty miles south of Miami the "Dixie Highway," capable and well-kept to the last, disappears for lack of ground to stand on. The soldierly yellow pines give way to scrub jungle, and swamps gain the ascendency over solid earth. Amphibious plants cover the landscape like armies of ungainly crabs or huge spiders. Compact masses of dwarf trees and bristling bushes cluster as tightly together as Italian hill-top villages, as if for mutual protection from the ever-increasing expanses of water. Wherever land wins the constant struggle against the other element, the gray "crabs" of vegetation stretch away in endless vistas on each hand. White herons rise from the everglades at the rumble of the train, and wing their leisurely way into the flat horizon. A constant sea breeze sweeps through the coaches. At rare intervals a little wooden shack or two, sometimes shaded by half a dozen magnificent royal palms, keeps a precarious foothold on the shrinking soil, but it is hard to imagine what means of livelihood man finds in these swampy wastes.

The mainland ends at Jewfish, a cluster of three or four yellow wooden cabins, and for more than a hundred miles the traveler experiences the uncouth sensation of making an ocean voyage by rail. Strangely enough, however, there is more dry land for a considerable distance after the continent has been left behind than during the last twenty miles of the continent. The swamps disappear, and the gray coral rock of the cluster of islands along which the train speeds steadily onward sustains a more generous vegetation than that of the watery wastes behind. Gradually, however, the grayish shallows on each hand turn to the ultramarine blue of the Caribbean, and the score of island stepping-stones along which the railroad skips grow smaller and more widely separated, with long miles of sea-washed trestles between them. Within an hour these have become so narrow that they are invisible from the car-windows, and the train seems to be racing along the surface of the sea itself, out-distancing ocean-liners bound in the same direction. Brazil-like villages of sun-browned shacks surrounded by pulsating cocoanut palms cluster in the center of the larger keys, as the Anglo-Saxon form of the Spanish *cayo* designates these scattered islands of the Caribbean. The names of the almost-unpeopled stations grow more and more Castilian—"Key Largo," "Islamorada," "Matacumbe," "Bahia Honda," "Boca Chica." In places the water underneath us is shallow enough for wading, and shades away from light brown through several shades of pink to the deepest blue. The building of a railroad by boat must have been a task to try at times the stoutest hearts, and the cost thereof suggests that the undertaking was rather a labor of love than a hope of adequate financial return.

The Cuban tinge of the passengers had steadily increased from Jacksonville southward; now the "white" car showed many a complexion that was suspiciously like those in the coach ahead. As with the Mexican passengers of our Southwest, however, the "Jim Crow" rules are not too rigorously applied to travelers from the lands beyond. Indeed, the "color line" all but fades away during the long run through Florida, partly, perhaps, because of the increasing scarcity of negroes. By the time the traveler has passed Miami, African features become almost conspicuous by their rarity.

Toward the end of the three-hour railway journey by sea, land grows so scarce that platforms are built out upon trestles to sustain the stations. The islands became larger and more closely fitted together, and as the sun was quenching his tropical thirst in the incredibly blue sea to the westward, the long line of a city appeared in the offing, and the railroad confessed its inability to compete longer with its rivals in ocean transportation.

Key West, fifteen hundred miles south of New York, is a quaint mixture of American and Latin-American civilization, with about equal parts of each. Its wooden houses of two or three stories, with wide verandas supported by pillars, lend tropical features to our familiar architecture. The Spanish tongue, increasingly prevalent in the streets from

St. Augustine, seen from the watch-tower of her old Spanish fortress

St. Augustine southward, is heard here fully as often as English. The frank staring that characterizes the Americas below the United States, the placid indifference to convenience typified in the failure of its trolley-cars to come anywhere near the railroad station, the tendency to consider loafing before a fruit-store or a hole-in-the-wall grocery a fitting occupation for grown men, mark it as deeply imbued with the Spanish influence. Small as the island is, the town swarms with automobiles, and the chief ambition of its youths seems to be to drowse all day in the front seat of a car and trust to luck and a few passengers at train- or boat-time to give them a livelihood. Doctors and dentists announcing "special lady attendant" show that the Latin-American insistence on chaperonage holds full sway. The names of candidates for municipal offices, from mayor to "sexton of the cemetery," are nearly all Spanish. As in the towns along our Mexican border, the official tongue is bilingual, and Americans from the North are frankly considered foreigners by the Cubanized rank and file of voters. Freight-cars marked "No sirve para azucar" ("Do not use for sugar") fill the railroad yards; the very motormen greet their passengers in Spanish.

The resident of the "Island City" does not look forward with dread to his winter coal-bill. Not a house in town boasts a chimney. But this advantage is offset by his year-long contest with mosquitos and the absence of fresh water. The railroad brings long trains of the latter in gigantic casks; the majority of the smaller householders depend upon the rains and their eave-troughs for their supply. As in all tropical America, too, the scarcity of vegetables restricts the local diet. Fish, sponges, and mammoth turtles are the chief native products, with the exception, of course, of an industry that has carried the name of Key West to every village of our land.

Of the two principal cigar factories we visited one was managed by a Cuban and the other by an American. The employees are some seventy per cent. natives of the greatest of the West Indies, and Spanish is the prevailing tongue in the workshops. There, as in the city itself, the "color line" shows no evidence of existence. Each long table presents the whole gamut of gradations in human complexions. Piece work is the all but invariable rule, and the notion of striking for shorter hours would find no adherents. The cigar-maker begins his daily task at the hour he chooses and leaves when he has wearied of the uninspiring toil. This does not mean that the tables are often unoccupied during the daylight hours, for the citizen of Key West, like those in every

other corner of this maltreated and war-weary world, finds the ratio between his earnings, whatever his diligence, and the demands made upon them constantly balancing in the wrong direction, despite a long series of forced wage increases within the last year or two. Not only the pianist-fingered men who perform the most obvious operation of cigar-making, that of rolling the weeds together in their final form, but those who separate the leaves into their various grades and colors by spreading them around the cloth-bound edge of a half-barrel, the women who strip them deftly of their central stem, those who box and label the finished product, all have the fatness of their pay envelop depend on the amount they accomplish.

Cocoanuts grow in your front yard in Miami

Cigar-making came to Key West as the most obvious meeting-place of material, maker, and consumer thirty-five years ago. To-day its factories, from large to small, are almost too numerous for counting. The largest of them are broad, low, modern structures facing the sea and ventilated by its constant breezes. The raw material still comes chiefly from Cuba, but that from our own country, as far away as Connecticut, has its place in even the best establishments. Like wine, tobacco mellows and improves with age, and the better factories keep it two and even three years, though it may already have been that long in curing before it reached Key West.

Though women predominate in several of the processes, the actual making is almost entirely in the hands of men—and their tongues, I might add, for they do not hesitate to lend the assistance of those to the glue with which the consumer's end is bound together. The average workman rolls some two hundred average cigars a day. Men, too, sort the damp and bloated cigars into their respective shades of colors and arrange them in boxes, which are placed under a press. From these they are removed by women and girls, a dozen labels hanging fan-wise from their lower lips, and each cigar banded and returned to the box in the exact order in which they were taken from it. Stamped with the government revenue-label precisely as one affixes the postage to a letter, the boxes are placed in an aging and drying room—theoretically at least, though the present insistency of demand often sends them on their way to the freight-cars the very day of their completion.

The wrapper is of course the most delicate and costly of the materials used, being now commonly grown under cheese-cloth even in sun-drenched Cuba. The by-products from the maker's bench are shipped northward to cigarette factories. Imperfect cigars are culled out before the boxing process and consumed locally, being given out to the "general help" to the extent, in the larger factories, of five or six thousand a month. The workman, however—and here we find the present-day tyranny of labor maintained even in this far-flung island of our Southern coast—is paid for every cigar he makes, though he may find himself invited to seek employment

elsewhere if his average of "culls" is too persistently high. It is said that the makers of candy never taste the stuff they supply to a famished world; the same may almost be said of the *cigarreros* of Key West. If they smoke at all in the tobacco-laden atmosphere of the factories, they are far more apt to be addicted to the cigarette than to the product of their own handicraft. The elaborately embossed bands with which each cigar seems so unnecessarily decorated raise the cost of production some two dollars a thousand, which increases with the customary giant strides before it reaches the pocket-book of the ultimate consumer. A strike of the latter, with the slogan "No more cigar-bands," would be a move in the right direction. The smoker, by the way, who visits Key West is doomed to disappointment; cigars are no cheaper there than in the most Northwestern corner of our land. Nor should he bring with him the hope of sampling for once the brands beyond his means. The factories treat their swarms of visitors with every courtesy—except that of tucking a cigar, either of the five-cent or the dollar variety, into a receptive waistcoat-pocket.

The cigar-makers of Key West have one drain upon their income which is not common to other professions. Each one contributes a small sum weekly to the support of a "reader." A superannuated member of the craft sits on a platform overlooking the long roomful of eagle-taloned manipulators of the weed and reads aloud to them as they work. The custom has all the earmarks of being a direct descendant of the doleful dirge with which negro and Indian laborers, in the Old as well as the New World, are still in some regions urged on to greater exertion. But the reader's calling has lost its romantic tinge of earlier days. Those we heard were not droning the poetry or the colorful tales of the Castilian classics, but read from a morning newspaper printed in Spanish, with special emphasis on the successful struggles of the "working class" against "capitalists" the world over.

The hurricane that vented its chief fury on the Florida keys early in September was still the chief topic of conversation in Key West. For two days the inhabitants had been without electricity, gas, or transportation; in most houses even the bread gave out. The damage was wide-spread, sparing neither the pipe-organs of churches nor the mattresses of family bedrooms. Many a house was reduced to a mere heap of broken boards. Sea-walls of stone were strewn in scattered bits of rock along the water-fronts; roofs of some of the stanchest buildings bore gaping holes that carried the memory back to Flanders and eastern France.

Two other routes to the Caribbean converge on this one through Key West

The fish, sponge, and turtle market of Key West

—those by way of New Orleans and Tampa. The ferry—for it is little more than that—which connects the southernmost of our cities with Havana is the chief drawback of the overland journey. In the first place, its rates testify to its lack of competition—fifteen dollars and tax for a bare ninety miles

of travel. It is as if our ocean-liners demanded $500 for the journey to Liverpool, without furnishing food or baths on the way. Then, as though the continued exactions of passport formalities long after any suitable reason for them had passed were not sufficiently troublesome to the harassed passenger, his comfort is everywhere second to that of the steamer personnel, while the outstretched palm invites special contribution for even the most shadowy species of service. But once the door of his breathless state-room is closed behind him, a brief night's sleep, if the inexplicable uproar with which the crew seems to pass its time during the journey permits it, brings him to the metropolis of the West Indies. A glimpse through his port-hole at an unseasonable hour shows the horizon dotted at regular intervals by the arc-lights of Havana's Malecón, and by the time he has reached the deck, these have faded away in the swift tropical dawn, and the steamer is nosing its way through the bottle-mouth of the harbor under the brow of age-and-sea-browned Morro Castle. There ensues the inevitable wait of an hour or two until the haughty port doctor rises and dresses with meticulous care and leisurely sips his morning coffee. When at last he appears, his professional duty does not delay the long file of passengers, for the simple reason that his attention is confined to the incessant smoking of cigarettes behind his morning newspaper. Passports, so sternly required of the departing American, are not even worthy of a glance by the Cuban officials; the custom examination is brief and unexacting. Once he has escaped the aggressive maelstrom of multicolored humanity which welcomes each newcomer with hopeful shrieks of delight, the traveler quickly merges into the heterogeneous multitude that is as characteristic as its Spanish style of architecture of the cosmopolitan capital of *Cuba libre*.

The Florist Shop

By CHARLES BRACKETT

I know a window deep in town
That dreams of other whiles and wheres
And how late April days slipped down
Forgotten springtimes' stairs.
The snow lies deep upon its plinths,
But through the frost flower on its pane
Fragrant flambeaux of hyacinths
Kindle the heart again.
Jostling in tinted choruses,
Tulips, like folded butterflies,
Primroses, and blunt crocuses,
Tip-root in delicate surprise,
Peer out across the narrow space
That parts their safety from the sleet,
Aghast at such a gusty place,
All wind and winter-laden street.
For they remember apple-trees,
Bee-haunted, white and hot, in spring,
Grass and the dew, and the dim ease
Of their unheeded blossoming,
And, truant from that stranger star,
A breathless wonder seizes them
At these chill-petaled days, that are
Like scentless flowers without a stem.

How Persia Died: A Coroner's Inquest

By LOTHROP STODDARD

PERSIA is dead. Its death-certificate is the Anglo-Persian Treaty announced by the British Government on August 15, 1919. This treaty completes, for the exclusive benefit of Great Britain, that systematic destruction of Persian sovereignty initiated by the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907. Bolshevized Russia having fallen by the wayside, England reaps the full profit. Persia henceforth takes her place alongside Egypt, Arabia, and Mesopotamia as a protectorate of the British Empire. Of course the thing has been done decently and with due regard for the proprieties, according to the best traditions of British diplomacy. But the thing has been done, and it will not be undone. Make no mistake about that. A handful of British liberals are, it is true, protesting, while French imperialists are weeping crocodile tears by holding Syrian onions to their streaming eyes. But we should not deceive ourselves concerning the power of protests to alter accomplished facts. Protests availed very little even in pre-war days. They avail still less now that the Great War, like all similar conflagrations, has burned out of mankind what little idealism existed, and has left a world run by politics more *real* than anything conceived by the Pan-German pedants of Berlin. This paper is therefore in no sense a "plea" for Persia, something that no longer exists. It is written to inform Americans on one of the most important of contemporary developments and to hold up for their inspection the first-fruits of that Versailles peace conference called with the avowed object of safeguarding the rights of small nations and confirming the liberties of even the weakest of sovereign peoples.

The first act of the Persian tragedy was, as I have said, the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907. By this instrument Russia and England, who had long been extending their influence over Persia from north and south respectively, composed their former rivalry and agreed upon what amounted to a veiled partition of the country. The convention stipulated that Russia should take northern Persia as her "sphere of influence," and that England should similarly take the south, with a "neutral zone," mostly desert, between. Of course, at the head of the document, both England and Russia "mutually engaged to respect the integrity and independence of Persia" and "sincerely desired the preservation of order throughout the country and its peaceful development, as well as the permanent establishment of equal advantages for the trade and industry of all other nations"; but as every diplomatic grab from Morocco to Korea had contained similar stock phrases, nobody in the world, including most emphatically the Persian people, was in the least deceived as to what was afoot.

There was only one hindrance to the Anglo-Russian project: the Persian people had awakened to their country's peril and had just started a vigorous house-cleaning. The decrepitude of Persia was admittedly extreme. Under the baneful rule of the Khadjar shahs, a dynasty not of Persian, but of Turkoman, origin, Persia had sunk into a slough of misgovernment and bankruptcy. But the age-long history of Persia is a series of just such evil foreign dominations followed by surprising revivals of national vitality. The last of these national revivals had recently displayed itself in dramatic fashion. In the summer of 1906 the Persian people, maddened by domestic misgovernment and by the shadow of European domination creeping over the land, had risen in overwhelming protest

and had forced the ruling shah, Muzaffaru'd-Din, to transform himself from an absolute despot into a constitutional monarch. The main feature of the new Persian Constitution was the establishment of a Medjliss, or elected parliament, with power over the purse, foreign affairs, and other attributes of Western legislative bodies. The effect of this bloodless revolution upon the national psychology was extraordinary. From end to end Persia thrilled with enthusiasm, and under the leadership of its intellectual classes, including thousands of young men trained in Western ideas, the Persian people undertook the task of national regeneration.

Unfortunately, the chancelleries of London and Petrograd had their own theories about Persia. Those Westerners most closely in touch with the Persian people might be almost a unit in declaring that the Persian Revolution was a deep-seated outpouring of the national spirit, in normal conformity with Persian national history. Russian and English diplomats, however, clung to their ideas of Persia's irremediable decadence and dubbed the revolution a mere flash in the pan. Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, had long since gone on record regarding Persia, for as far back as 1903 he had stated in the House of Commons: "The independence of Persia is a phrase, and it is becoming less every year. When we are told that we and the Russian Government are equally bound, and remain bound year after year, to respect the integrity of Persia, I fear this means that we are bound to respect a vanishing quantity. The time may come when, if we are restricting our policy to respecting the integrity of Persia, we shall find ourselves respecting nothing at all." Diplomats are proverbially slow in modifying their conceptions, particularly when these are buttressed by such excellent material arguments as were adducible in Persia's case. Had Persia been an inherently poor country in an out-of-the-way corner of the globe, it is just possible that she might have been permitted to work out her own salvation. Unhappily for herself, Persia possessed great natural wealth and equally great strategic importance. Containing vast oil-fields, huge deposits of iron, rich lodes of copper and lead, outcropping anthracite coal-seams, broad irrigable plains, and an industrious and intelligent population, she made the mouths of concession-hunters water from London to Petrograd. Constituting both the final barrier to Russia's southward push for the open ocean and the main link between England's Indian and African empires, she haunted the audacious dreams of Russian and British imperialisms. Small wonder that diplomats grown gray over check and gambit upon the Persian chess-board should find it hard to admit a development which would relegate their absorbing game to the dusty shelf of the closed past.

How thorny was their upward path the Persian patriots were soon to discover. A few months after the revolution the nerveless valetudinarian Muzaffaru'd-Din died and was then succeeded by his son Muhammad Ali. King Log was thereby replaced by King Stork, for Muhammad Ali was a ferocious degenerate whose fitting abode should have been a psychopathic hospital and who cared for nothing save indulgence in his costly insanities. Such a man was not one to respect constitutional limitations, especially limitations on his privy purse. Accordingly, he began plotting to restore the despotism of his ancestors, and in this he was patently abetted by Russia. The upshot was a civil war, but the mass of the Persian people rallied round the Medjliss in defense of the constitution, and Muhammad Ali was forced to abdicate and take refuge in Russia, the crown being conferred upon his young son Ahmad Mirza, then a boy of twelve. This was in July, 1909.

Freed from the immediate peril of a royalist reaction, the Constitutionalists strove to start once more upon the road to national regeneration. The outlook, however, was dark. Two years of civil strife had made bad matters vastly worse. Brigandage was rife in the provinces, and the finances were shot to pieces. Also, Russia and England, in pursuance of their 1907 convention, were themselves undertaking to "restore order" in their respective spheres. In

the north especially, Russian troops, which had come in during the civil war, were making themselves quite at home, terrorizing the inhabitants and showing every sign of settling down permanently. All applications to Russia and England for loans were answered by demands for "guaranties," which the patriots felt they could not grant without signing away Persia's sovereignty.

Realizing that financial reform was the only way of escape, the Persian leaders determined to call in an expert adviser from an absolutely neutral source. Accordingly, an American, Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, was appointed Treasurer-General of Persia, with full power over Persian finances. Mr. Shuster arrived in the spring of 1911, and during his brief term of office worked wonders, not merely cleansing the Augean stables of Persian finance, but also setting up a corps of "Treasury Gendarmes" capable of putting down brigandage and restoring order to the distracted country. But at this point the paw of the Russian bear appeared. Russia had no intention of seeing Persia become a strong, regenerated nation. Therefore, with Russian connivance, the ex-Shah Muhammad Ali returned to northern Persia, civil war broke out afresh, and when the new gendarmerie proceeded vigorously against the malcontents, including Russia's Persian agents, Russia declared the situation "intolerable," and presented an ultimatum threatening to overrun the whole country. Beneath this naked show of Russian brute force, backed as it was by the diplomatic support of England, Persia could only submit. Russia and England forced Mr. Shuster out, the patriot Government was replaced by one subservient to Russia and England, and Persia's humble apologies were graciously accepted in Petrograd. By the beginning of 1912 the tragi-comedy was over.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Muhammad Ali

The period from the Shuster episode to the outbreak of the Great War is a dreary time. The North was harried by royalists and Russians, who hunted down the patriot leaders like wild beasts and committed every species of atrocity. The rest of the country was a prey to brigandage, tempered by British interventions in the South and the relaxed efforts of the much reduced gendarmerie. Utter bankruptcy was averted by an Anglo-Russian loan, granted, however, only at the price of Persian recognition of the 1907 convention, in other words, recognition of a deadly blow at national existence. By the opening months of 1914 it was plain that Russia was getting ready to devour northern Persia for good and all. Wholesale concessions were granted to Russian corporations; local taxes, gathered by fourteen thousand Muscovite troops, were paid to the Russian authorities instead of to the Persian, and elaborate plans for encouraging Russian immigration were set on foot. It was estimated that a hundred thousand Russian muzhiks were to have been planted in northern Persia by the end of 1915. The Persian people were sunk in apathetic, hopeless despair, the general situation being well described by an Englishman, Professor Edward G. Browne, who wrote:

> For such broken spirit and shattered hopes, as for the "anarchy" now existing in Persia, Russia and Great Britain are directly responsible, and if there be a reckoning, will one

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

Shah Ahmad Mirza leaving Parliament after taking the oath of fidelity to the constitution on the Koran

day be held to account. It is idle to talk of any improvement in the situation, when the only Government in Persia consists of a Cabinet which does not command the confidence of the people, terrorized by Russia, financially starved by both Russia and England, allowed only miserable doles of money on usurious terms, and forbidden to employ honest and efficient foreign experts, like Mr. Shuster; when the King is a boy, the Regent an absentee, the Parliament permanently suspended, and the best, bravest, and most honest patriots either killed or driven into exile, while the wolf-pack of financiers, concession-hunters and land-grabbers presses ever harder on the exhausted victim, whose struggles grow ever fainter and fainter. Friendless, forlorn, and betrayed, Persia is left to the mercy of a Power to whom mercy is unknown.

The European War did not at first touch remote Persia, but Turkey's accession to the Teutonic empires brought the conflagration to her doors. The Persian Government was keenly desirous of maintaining strict neutrality, and on November 1, 1914, it issued a proclamation to this effect. The Government was strengthened in its determination by the fact that both the Russian and British ministers had informed it that they desired Persia to remain neutral, as this was to the best interests of the Entente powers. There was, however, one serious complication—the presence of the Russian army of occupation in northern Persia, particularly the strong Russian forces quartered in the province of Azerbaijan. Turkey pointed out this anomaly to the Persian Government, stating that "the presence of these Russians constitute a menace to the Turkish frontier," but promising "that Turkey would formally agree to respect the neutrality of Persia if the Russian troops were withdrawn." The Persian Government brought these facts to the notice of the Russian and British ministers, appealing to them to regularize the situation and giving a formal promise to declare war on Turkey and join the Entente if Ottoman troops should violate Persian territory after a Russian

evacuation. Russia, however, not only refused to evacuate Azerbaijan, but continued to treat it as though it were simple Russian territory. The provincial capital, Tabriz, was converted into a military base of operations against Turkey, the Turkish and German consuls were seized and deported to Russia, and Turkish and German subjects were killed by Russian soldiers in circumstances of barbarous cruelty. The natural result was that, toward the close of 1914, Turkish forces invaded Azerbaijan, and that unhappy province became a battle-ground for the Turkish and Russian armies, supported by their native partizans.

All this produced a most deplorable repercussion in other parts of the country. Although the Persian Government, composed as it had been ever since the Shuster episode of persons favorable to Russia and England, continued to stand for neutrality, the Persian people were swept by a wave of warlike passion and began to display unmistakable inclinations to join the Turks and throw off the Anglo-Russian yoke. The Turkish and German governments were well aware of the sullen animosity which rankled in Persian hearts, and a host of propagandists, well supplied with money, spread over Persia, urging the people to strike for liberty. Such arguments could not but find a ready response, especially as the brilliant German victories in Europe seemed eloquent testimony to the strength of Persia's would-be friends. The activists found a rallying-point in the new Medjliss, most of the Nationalist deputies making no secret of their desire to throw Persia into the war on the Turco-German side.

Frankly frightened by the trend of events, the Persian Government kept appealing to England and Russia, urging them to regularize Persia's position and calm the popular effervescence by withdrawing the Russian army from Azerbaijan. During the closing weeks of 1914 the Persian Premier held a series of conferences with the British and Russian ministers which are distinctly interesting from more than one point of view. The conversations disclosed, first, the fact that the Allied ministers were not in full accord. The Russian Minister was quite obdurate on the matter of evacuation, but the British Minister was clearly moved by the force of Persian arguments. In the conference of December 23, the British Minister, Sir Walter B. Townley, thus plainly expressed himself in presence of his Russian colleague:

> If my Russian colleague attaches no importance to public opinion, I cannot take the same view, for the British Government has a great number of Mohammedan subjects. We get together here every fortnight, and we talk without coming to any result. If we go on this way, before two months are over Persia will be obliged to renounce her neutrality. We must, therefore, find a way out of this tangled situation. In my opinion, it would be best if the Russians evacuated Persia.

To this plain speaking the Russian Minister, obviously nettled, made no direct reply; but in subsequent interviews alone with the premier, Sir Walter made statements very interesting in the light of subsequent events. On December 30, Sir Walter told the premier:

> I share absolutely your point of view and I certify that the Russians' attitude is hindering more and more the desired course of things. I remarked to the Russian Minister only day before yesterday that under present conditions there was no way of getting on. But, let conditions be what they may be, your Excellency knows sufficiently the aims of England, which are absolutely contrary to those of Russia. Whereas the latter, desiring a Persia weak and incapable of the least resistance, works in that sense, England, on the contrary, who sees in her present accord with Russia only a momentary *rapprochement* capable of changing at any moment to the hostility of former days, wishes a strong and powerful Persia; it is precisely to that end that all my efforts tend. Already Sir Arthur Nicholson, in his recent interview with M. Sazonoff[1] went so far as to signify to him that the prolongation of the war in Persia might engender a grave conflict between England and Russia.

And further on in the same conversation Sir Walter suggested that, in case of hostilities with Turkey, Persia might

[1] At that time Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

officer its forces with Englishmen from the Anglo-Indian Army.

For the time, it is true, these British efforts remained without effect. Russia, declining to evacuate Azerbaijan and thus release her hold on Persia, possibly to the profit of Great Britain, continued her war with the Turks on Persian soil, and these struggles in turn still further inflamed popular feeling against the Entente and in favor of the Turco-Germans. The Medjliss voted a whole series of strongly worded protests against the occupation of northern Persia by the Russians as well as against British landings at Southern points to repress local disorders; the Nationalist journals boldly proclaimed that the day of reckoning had come and that all true Persians ought to rush to arms to rid the country of the hateful infidel intruders, while the Turco-German propaganda took on fresh wings. The German Minister to Persia, Prince Henry of Reuss, proved himself an able propagandist, and the German legation at Teheran became the center of a web of intrigue whose meshes covered the uttermost parts of Persia. All through the summer of 1915 matters grew steadily worse, and in the early autumn the war party made a bold attempt to sweep Persia into the Turco-German camp. The Nationalists' great objective was to obtain possession of the young shah. Informed of these intrigues, the Russians suddenly marched upon the capital with the avowed object of expelling the German Minister and his partizans. Unable to resist the Russians, the Nationalist leaders obtained an interview with the shah and besought him to declare himself openly for Turkey and leave with them for their stronghold in central Persia. Before their arguments the youth was almost persuaded and actually ordered his carriage, but at this critical moment the British and Russian ministers were announced. What passed at the ensuing interview has never been made public, but the tenor of the conversation can be gaged by a Russian note handed to the Persian Ministry, warning them that if it should happen that there was any truth in the rumors then current that Persia had concluded an alliance with Turkey and Turkey's allies, the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907, "which was founded upon the principle of the maintenance of the integrity and independence of Persia," would immediately lapse: in other words, that the last vestiges of Persian sovereignty would be summarily snuffed out. At any rate, the Anglo-Russian counterstroke was a success. Thoroughly cowed, the young shah refused to budge, the Nationalists fled, and Teheran fell under Allied control.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Lord Curzon

The story of the next year and a half is a confused welter of anarchic turmoil which need not long detain us. It was a terrible time for Persia. The Northwest continued to be the theater of a

sanguinary struggle between Russians and Turks. Central Persia was mainly in the hands of Turks and Nationalist partizan bands, while in the South England slowly tightened her grip and prepared for later eventualities. A British officer, Sir Percy Sykes, well acquainted with the country, recruited a native force among the wild Southern mountaineers, and this corps, known as the "South Persian Rifles," in conjunction with increasing numbers of Indian troops, presently formed a respectable army. The opening months of 1917 saw concerted strokes from both Russians and British. In the North the Russians roundly beat the Turks and virtually expelled them from Persia. At the same time Sir Percy Sykes made a rapid dash through central Persia, scattering the Nationalist forces and ultimately reaching Teheran, where he found the Russians already established. Thus by the late spring of 1917 Persia was firmly under Anglo-Russian control, all organized resistance being at an end.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

The shah in state passes through the north gate

So complete was the Anglo-Russian grip in the spring of 1917 that, but for one untoward event, Persia would have given the Allies no further concern. That event, the Russian Revolution, upset all military and political calculations and radically transformed the whole Persian problem. The original Cadet Provisional Government of Russia (the Miliukof-Lvoff cabinet) wished to continue the general Persian policy of czarist Russia, minus its extreme "forward" features. But the Cadet Government soon gave place to the socialist Kerensky régime, and one of Kerensky's first acts was a disavowal of all "imperialistic" designs, including most emphatically Persia. In July, 1917, the Kerensky Government ordered the Russian commander, Baratoff, to stop his advance through Persia and announced the withdrawal of the Russian forces at the earliest possible moment. This caused unbounded rejoicing in Persia, particularly in the North, where the long years of Russian occupation had borne hard. Extraordinary scenes took place, Russians and Persians fraternizing in the streets and forming revolutionary joint-committees for the fraternal settlement of outstanding difficulties. Throughout Persia the patriots once more raised their heads, feeling that now at last the Persian people stood a chance of being left free to develop their own political institutions without the continual dread of being crushed by the imperialistic appetites of the great powers. The entry of the United States into the war and the idealistic pronouncements of President Wilson further added to their confidence in the dawn of a better day. The people began demanding the reconvocation of the Medjliss, dissolved through Anglo-Russian pressure after the autumn crisis in 1915, the organization of a fairer system of elections, and the pardoning of Nationalist deputies who had been imprisoned or banished. It was also hoped that the shah would appoint a new cabinet which would endeavor honestly to preserve Persian independence and which would be subservient neither to Russia nor to England. Indeed, so far as Russia was concerned, no further apprehensions were felt. The Bolshevik Government of Russia went even further than had Kerensky in disclaiming designs upon Persia,

and on February 1, 1918, Foreign Minister Trotzky stated officially to the Persian minister at Petrograd that so far as Russia was concerned, the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 was null and void. This roused immense enthusiasm in Persia and emboldened the Persian Government to declare null and void all the treaties and concessions imposed upon Persia in recent years, particularly the convention of 1907.

The chief cloud upon the Nationalist horizon was the attitude of England. The British Government made no sign of seconding Russia's action declaring the 1907 convention abrogated. In fact, when the Persian Government's formal denunciation of that instrument made some British statement imperative, Lord Curzon announced in the House of Lords that the matter was temporarily "in suspense" and that it would be considered further after the termination of the war. Meanwhile, in Persia itself the withdrawal of Russia had left England master of the situation, and Sir Percy Sykes energetically increased his activities until his patrols covered virtually the whole country. All this roused the suspicions of the Nationalists and tended to throw them once more into the arms of the Turco-Germans. A group of Medjliss deputies actually went to Berlin, and Turkish forces invaded Azerbaijan. During the summer of 1918 the situation was very tense, but the rapid collapse of the central empires in the autumn and the end of the war removed all possibility of outside intervention, and left England without a rival in the Persian field. In fact, England now not only dominated Persia itself, but had extended her control to most of the surrounding regions. Both Mesopotamia and Turkish Armenia to the west were occupied by British troops, while to the North British naval units commanded the Caspian Sea.

Such was the condition of affairs in Persia when that country sent a delegation to the Versailles peace conference to lay before that august assembly Persia's claims. At the moment of their departure the delegates had good grounds for optimism. The Persian Government had received assurances of sympathy and support from several of the Allied governments, notably France and the United States. Arriving at Paris in January, 1919, the delegation presented Persia's claims to the peace conference. This document pressed for a confirmation of Persia's recent denunciation of the various treaties, conventions, and precedents limiting its independence and freedom of action, together with such guaranties for the future as the abolition of extra-territoriality, revision of onerous economic concessions to foreign interests, and the absolute right to employ foreign advisers without the necessity of obtaining the consent of any foreign power. The delegates awaited expectantly the calling of their case. They continued to wait. They sent in supplementary memoranda and "reminders." They published "Green Books" and pamphlets, and bombarded the Paris press. All in vain. The peace conference ignored the Persian delegation, and Persia's case was never called to the bar. The reason was, of course, the stubborn veto of England. Great Britain was determined that Persian affairs should not come up for discussion at Versailles, and Great Britain had her way. The one sop which Persia received was her inclusion in the list of states invited to assent to the Covenant of the League of Nations, thereby nominating Persia as a presumptive member of the league, and thus by implication recognizing her as a sovereign state. This, however, was cold comfort in view of rumors as to what was afoot between Great Britain and Iran.

These rumors proved well founded, for on August 15, after Germany had signed the treaty and the European decks were fairly clear, the British Government showed its Persian hand. On that date it announced, *as the culmination of negotiations lasting nine months*, the Anglo-Persian "agreement." That "negotiations'" avowal is most illuminating. Nine months backward from mid-August, 1919, brings one to the exact time of the armistice which ended the European War. In other words, the instant fighting ceased on the western front, Great Britain got busy about Persia. Another highly significant thing

What the British are after in Persia—the oil-fields at Abadan

is the place at which these negotiations were conducted. Not in Paris, not in London, but in Teheran, were held those conversations so fateful for Persia's future. The best and strongest minds of Persia had gone to Paris to plead their country's cause. There they were held inactive and impotent through Great Britain's veto. Meanwhile, British diplomacy, so leisurely at Paris, acted with executive promptness at Teheran. With many of the country's best defensive brains absent in Paris, the personnel of the Persian Government that remained at home was still further depleted, patriots being dropped and replaced by Anglophiles. And of course Sir Percy Sykes and his "South Persian Rifles" stood ever outside the door. The upshot was naturally a foregone conclusion.

Now for the treaty itself. This precious document naturally contains the customary diplomatic "In the name of God, Amen." At the outset we are told that "In virtue of the close ties of friendship which have existed between the two governments in the past, and in the conviction that it is in the essential and mutual interests of both in future that these ties should be cemented, and that the progress and prosperity of Persia should be promoted to the utmost"; and toward the end we are assured "in the most categorical manner" of the pledges which the British Government has "repeatedly given in the past to respect absolutely the independence and integrity of Persia." As a press critic wittily remarked, "Had the document opened with the doxology and ended with the benediction, it could not have conveyed more unctuously the impression of suave sincerity and effusive good-will."

Diplomatic verbiage being thus disposed of, let us get to the meat of the matter. The salient feature is a British loan of 2,000,000 pounds sterling, at the modest interest of seven per cent., redeemable in twenty years, secured by a lien on Persia's customs and telegraphs, and taking precedence of all other Persian debts except a former loan (also British) dating from 1911. We are further assured that this is merely the

precurser of still other British loans for the complete rehabilitation of Persia, said subsequent loans to be secured in similar fashion. The method of expending these sums is also most thoughtfully and specifically provided. The British Government agrees (at Persia's expense) to supply the services of whatever expert advisers may be necessary for the several departments of the Persian administration. The British Government agrees to supply (at Persia's expense) such officers and such equipment of modern type as may be necessary for the formation of a uniform force adequate to establish and preserve order in the country and on its frontiers. The British Government agrees to encourage "Anglo-Persian enterprise" in such matters as railway construction and other reforms of transport. The British Government agrees to provide experts (apparently at its own expense) to assist Persian experts in examining and revising the existing customs tariff. The British and Russian spheres of influence delimited in 1907 are abolished; in plain language, consolidated into a single British sphere conterminous with the whole country. At the same time it is announced that the young shah, "who has been a warm supporter of the agreement," is on his way to England on a visit to mark his good-will.

I myself do not purpose to analyze this "agreement." I shall limit myself to showing by direct quotations how it impresses Englishmen, Frenchmen, and the American Government, and will leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. First as to British opinion. The bulk of the British press welcomed the treaty as good for Persia and necessary for the safeguarding of India. Typical is this excerpt from a leading editorial in the London "Outlook":

> The recent Anglo-Persian agreement will be welcomed by all who have the interests of Persia and the British Empire at heart. In itself it is a simple, straightforward, sensible arrangement, which, in a few words, covers the whole matter of correct policy.

Particularly eulogistic is "The Near East," the organ of British trading and financial interests in the Orient. It asserted:

> Both Great Britain and Persia are to be congratulated upon the new agreement made between the two governments on August 9. This document, it is to be hoped, marks the definite end of the weak policy that Great Britain has pursued toward Persia for the last dozen years. The British Government has done well, therefore, to lose no time in giving its real policy toward Persia a fair start while Russia is out of action. We owe it to ourselves, to the Persians, and to the world at large.

Criticism was confined to a section of the liberal press. The "Manchester Guardian" remarked sarcastically, "If this had been done by another Power, the arrangement would be regarded as a veiled protectorate." "The secret way in which the matter has been gone about is certainly unpleasant," said the Liverpool "Post."

In France the publication of the treaty evoked a perfect storm of protest and indignation. "Protectorate!" was the general cry. "If the above stipulations do not constitute a most complete protectorate," said the "Echo de Paris," "then words have lost their meaning. Doubtless, nowhere is a formal protectorate mentioned, and doubtless a clause announces the independence and full integrity of Persia, but the substance of the agreement will fool no one."

Another French semi-official organ, "Le Temps," carried a stinging editorial analyzing the treaty and pointing out how it violated both the Persian Constitution and the covenant of the League of Nations, while "L'Europe Nouvelle" contended bitterly:

> If England has monopolized Persia; if she has ousted therefrom all other Powers; who is the Power directly and uniquely injured? It is France. We are, indeed, the sole Power injured. It is against us that, during long months, the Anglo-Indian diplomacy of Lord Curzon has intrigued at Teheran; it is against us that, on August 9, that diplomacy gained the victory. Our commerce is today boycotted in Persia by the British authorities in occupation. The English censorship holds up the mails. The English police refuses permits of exit and entry. Such an attitude is intolerable and calls for energetic official representations.

All this protest drew from the British Government explanatory rejoinders. The treaty was defended officially by Cecil B. Harmsworth, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who stated in the House of Commons on August 17:

> The policy of His Majesty's Government is to assist Persia to reëstablish herself on a sound basis. There is not the slightest foundation for a suspicion that the Government proposed or that the Persian Government would have consented to create anything in the nature of a protectorate. The Persian Government turned to Great Britain as her most powerful friendly neighbor, and this Government would have departed from its traditional policy of warm interest in the Persian Government had it declined to respond to her appeal.

Mr. Harmsworth concluded by saying that the attitude of the Persian Cabinet and the impending visit of the shah to England constituted a sufficient answer to all insinuations. Similar in tone was a speech by Lord Curzon, delivered at a dinner to the Persian Foreign Minister in London. "I see it stated in some quarters," said Lord Curzon, "that this agreement is a veiled protectorate by Great Britain over Persia. I find no evidence of such a condition of affairs in this agreement"; and he added, in closing:

> I ask our guest to give, as I am confident he will be able to do, recognition of the fact that in the recent negotiations between us both parties acted with absolute freedom and were subject to no pressure whatsoever. We could not have imposed this agreement upon Persia if Persia had not been willing to accept it, and that country could not have wrung it from us. We are jointly prepared to defend this agreement, and look forward to the vindication of its real character in its operation.

Americans will undoubtedly be interested to learn the attitude of our own Government upon the Anglo-Persian Treaty. That attitude has been flatly critical and unfavorable. It is known with certainty that the United States has protested to Great Britain against the treaty. Neither the protest nor the official correspondence relative thereto has been, or probably will be, published, but the decided nature of our Government's stand may be judged from two Washington special press despatches to the "New York Times." The first of these despatches, dated August 29, runs in part as follows:

> The recently signed Anglo-Persian treaty has been submitted to the American State Department by the British Government, which has sounded out the attitude of the Washington Government toward the arrangement. The State Department is understood to have made a reply in which it indicated that the American Government did not look with favor upon the treaty. There was an unconfirmed report tonight that the State Department has declined to recognize it.

Even more interesting is the second despatch, dated September 24, which reads:

> It was learned to-day that the Teheran press has published an official statement by the American Legation denying declarations contained in the official Persian press that the United States approved the recently concluded Anglo-Persian treaty. The action of the Legation serves to inform the Persian people that the United States does not approve the agreement. There is reason to believe that President Wilson himself directed that the Legation in Teheran be instructed to reply to the articles, inspired by the Persian Ministry which concluded the treaty with England, to emphasize the strong displeasure of this Government at the pact, which was communicated to the British Foreign Office. The reply of the State Department to the request of the British Government that the United States approve the Anglo-Persian treaty is known to be one of the sharpest and most caustic notes sent to the London Foreign Office in recent years. Neither the British Government nor the State Department is expected to make public the correspondence between Ambassador Davis and Lord Curzon.

Such is the situation. Reviewing all the evidence in the case, the coroner's verdict apparently must be. "Death at the hands of persons officially residing at Downing Street, London, England."

MAUGER PASSES

BY LEON D'EMO
Illustrations by the Author

In the year 1555 Edward Mauger, afterward knighted by Queen Mary ("Bloody Mary") as Sir Edward Mauger, was the sworn tormentor of the Tower of London. This fiend was so detested by even the rough soldiers and warders of the Tower that it was the custom for wood ashes and fat to be provided for the sergeant of the guard of a condemned prisoner to wash his hand after shaking that of the tormentor, as the procedure required, nor would any man sit at table with him. It is recorded that Mauger died in convulsions, thinking that he saw his victims passing before him.

I

My life is spent, and I am shent
  As the darkness cometh down.
Like a grisly death, the winter's breath
  Doth whine through London Town.
My body is wet with an icy sweat
  As I hark to the passing bell,
And the demons wait to swing the gate
  On the glittering hinges of hell.

II

For like gold to a Jew were the boot and screw
  To me, and the trial by water
And the moaning plea were music to me
  As they wedded the Scavenger's Daughter.
They gasped with fright as I came at night,
  Like the vengeance of Holy Writ,
To lead them away from the kindly day
  To the Little Ease and the Pit.

III

A sweet refrain was the shriek of pain
  When I crushed a strong man's hips,
And Lover's Belt raised a quivering welt,
  And bubbles of blood to his lips.
On the hellish day of an auto da fé
  I watched the hot flames curl,
And I was proud as they screamed aloud,
  The noble and simple and churl.

IV

With crippled gait and gaze of hate
My victims pass in a row,
And the mangled line is red as wine,
A bloody jelly of woe,
And Satan grim knows I think of him
As clear to my glazing eye,
With bleeding limb and eyeballs dim,
The horrid procession goes by.

V

In dread and dole through hell's red hole
I sink by the causeway drear,
And my horror grows of the frightful woes
In that terrible kingdom of fear.
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay,"
Saith God with a heavy scowl,
And a weighty fee for the soul o' me
I must pay for my knighthood foul.

VI

I may not call on God at all
Or pray by Christ His name,
And a million years of prayers and tears
Will leave my guilt the same.
Unshriven by priest, I die like a beast,
And with hook and flame and lever
In tortures fell I must writhe in hell
For ever and ever and ever.

The Happiest Man in the World

By JANE ANDERSON

Illustrations by George Giguère

"There is a sane and well-ordered world which would declare me an impostor should I relate to it the poignant detail with which I envisage this one hour of my life. But I have had eight years in which to reconstruct this hour."

THE affair opened in a dingy railway compartment not in France, as a matter of detail, but in a hillside village in Spain. I had had the place to myself for two hours of traveling, which I had spent in a nervous agony. I was bound for the frontier, and my passport was not going to get me across it. The war was over technically, but my passport was not good enough even for peace.

Just how the Frenchman smuggled himself into that compartment I never exactly knew. At any rate, he accomplished it in a remarkably decent silence. As I remember it all, the man had no personality whatsoever. The fine blue of his uniform illumined that cheerless interior, but the man himself did not exist. He sat facing me, with two faultless boots posed on the flowered carpet, and his short arms locked across his chest. It struck me at the time that for such a silent, small creature he displayed an impressive assortment of medals. There was a veritable plaid of ribbons shining on his breast.

At all events, he was not an amiable person. He stayed where he was, as communicative as a joss, with the early afternoon sunlight playing over those impeccable feet at every turning and twisting of our fantastic route. I saw the sun burn out above a silver mesa, but I could have sworn that the last diamond flash of light sparkled on those boots, for they had surfaces as brilliant and as keen as a mirror.

For my own part, I discovered that I was grateful for the rich twilight descending upon us. I renewed my bitter estimation of my passport, and conducted a neat, ghostly dialogue with the consul lying in hiding at the frontier. When the image facing me in the compartment broke out into speech I suffered the dizzying sensation of dropping back into time and space from some magnificent altitude. I had an impression of betrayal. A wave of actual despair and anger flooded me; neither more nor less than that. It was an attack, that gentle, persuasive, vehement sentence poured out against the entrenchments of our silence. We had made our truce between us, such as it was; there was something indelicate, intimate, almost malignant in this precipitate gesture.

"I beg and implore you to permit me to talk to you as I can talk only to a stranger; for I am the happiest man in the world," was what he said to me. It occurred to me that there was something ludicrous in this choice, foreign English, with its flavor of supplication; but I was charmed into an immediate, almost eager consent. I would have retracted it instantly, however. I had sensed the accent of truth, the terrifying accent of truth. I believe I would have fled that compartment if I could have escaped it.

But there was enchantment in that immovable figure. I lifted my gaze resolutely to the face staring at me from the shadows. I had an impression of a grave, pallid countenance, fine in texture, with well-defined planes. The cheeks were lamentably sunken, and above those sunken cheeks fixed eyes glittered with a relentless, black inten-

sity. The man had no right to have eyes like that, set in so tragic and inhuman a stare. Certainly I had made no proper estimate of the creature. It struck me that there was some element of majesty in that discreet, martial body, with its ribbons, fine boots, and the short arms posed eternally on its chest.

"A man's life is always in the hands of a woman," he breathed out in the precise, unerring French of the Parisian. I was reassured. I had been fearful that this stranger was minded to carry me into depths I had no inclination to plumb. People do not burst out into cosmic revelations in dingy railway compartments, but the prefacing generality was according to form. I was treating with a true Latin.

"The woman who took my life from me was, I am happy to say, superbly unaware of the fact. Yes, she was superb. But she did n't love me, you see. So how should she have known what was in my heart?" That was what he said, and as he uttered it a luminous smile flamed on his face. "She did n't love me, you see," he repeated, and the actual beauty of that smile held me spellbound. It was not the physical quality of it, for that was grotesque. Those sunken cheeks and fixed eyes were not made for smiling. The lips moved, yes, quivering a little above the white teeth; but the glassy luster of the black eyes caught not so much as a flicker of that fine and almost spiritual radiance. "I am going back to her now," he said. "She has sent for me. It is true that she sent for me once before, summoning me with but one phrase, precisely as it is now." He made these statements in a clear, toneless voice without cadence or inflection. "But it is equally true that for exactly eight years I have waited. I have locked the door of the house I built for her,—it is a house on a white hill above a Moroccan village,—I have locked the doors of those rooms no woman's eyes have ever seen. Her books and her piano are there, and even the silver of her dressing-table is there, with candlesticks in an identical pattern. Her bed is hung with blue curtains. Those curtains were shipped to me from Paris; the Moroccan stuffs would have been too dark and too heavy for her fancy. The window by her bed shows, far below her, the natives coming and going in the village street. Even the very stables, I tell you, are ready for her coming, with a brown mare and an Arab chestnut in two box-stalls, side by side. She will like the chestnut; there is a star in his forehead as if she had touched him there with her own hand and blessed him. The house rises from the crown of that hill as if it had sprung from the very rock. It will please her, the white imprint of it painted, as it were, upon the very sky." He waited. "I built it for her eight years ago," he remarked stiffly.

"But you must not think of her in that white, silent house that she has never seen. You must consider her in Paris, for it was there, of course, that I found her. It was to Paris that my father sent me to acquire, as he declared, the diplomatic background. He admitted, in grave honesty, that he despatched me 'with too much money and a failing tradition of a diplomatic career in the blood.'

"When I saw her for the first moment she was sitting on the opposite side of a table from me; it was at the house of my chief. She was leaning forward, bowed over that ridiculous table, but with her head lifted. I saw first the upward, almost ecstatic movement of her head, the whiteness of her throat. I might have seen, too, the play of her hands. But it was the texture and the grain of her that I felt. The colors and the tones of life were in harmony in her body. Her flesh had that humid and delicate quality which is both vital and immaculate, unstained; but her hands, despite their tenderness, were alive with power and cruelty. She seemed too small a person to combine in herself such elemental contradictions. There were at the same moment abandon and reserve. But, looking at her, I knew that she drew her strength and her existence from some source I could not comprehend. She was set apart by some law of which I had no knowledge. I felt myself humble, even afraid; but by her very presence near me I knew that the currents of my own life were miraculously intensified and augmented.

It must be this sense of growth and fulfilment that men call love.

"I say that I felt these things. As a matter of fact, people were talking in that room, moving about charmingly and graciously, quite gay and spirited. These things of which I speak were in undercurrents, having nothing whatsoever to do with us there in that fashionable salon. For my own part, I hung about her table, with its tea-cups and liqueurs, in a manner which was, I trust, as casual as it should have been. For my moment of exultation had passed. I talked with her for a long time. I was enchanted with her voice.

"As a matter of fact, my love for her and my falling in love with her were two distinct things. Anglo-Saxons do not know the charm of falling in love; it is compounded of subtleties and artificialities which the directness of their hearts can never encompass. In the two years before I told her that I loved her I learned her every gesture and attitude, had the joy of suffering for her in every manner which she could devise. Her coquetry was neither more nor less than an inspiration, you know; and not one of her thrusts failed its mark. She had the advantage of a spectator, since there was no illusion of love in her soul for me.

"I think she liked me well enough during those years; but there was, of course, the fact of her marriage. I had told you, no, that she was married? Yes, one of those unhappy, righteous affairs, arranged for her when she was eighteen. Her dowry and her charm bought her a title. She bore her honors with a brilliant, quaint modesty. It is true she remained under the same roof with her husband; it is not easy in France to set such matters straight with one magnanimous gesture. Her husband was a fine creature, distinguished, and the most objective human being I have ever seen. His dinners, his luncheons, were the sensation of one Paris season. His wife was the most delicate of hostesses.

"I was telling you how I fell in love with her. You must not forget that the profound moments of my love flamed up in my heart, and in these I touched great depths and lived in a perilous understanding of beauty and truth. But what had these to do with the turn of her wrist, with the flash of her white throat as she threw back her furs in that one quick, thrusting movement of her hand? What had these to do with the cadences of her voice, her grace? I have watched her draw on her gloves. The indifferent and yet intent absorption with which she fastened the ridiculous buttons stirred in me a tenderness, a real tenderness, on my word of honor. She had a trick of sitting in a chair with only the toes of her shoes touching the floor, her feet pointing straight downward like the feet of a small girl. What have such things to do with the love of a man for a woman? When, my friend, you can separate these things from love, you can take from a man his own shadow.

"But I digress from my story," he enunciated with that precision, that casual intonation, I had heard once before in his voice. I realized, with some sensation of awkwardness, that I was treating with a human being in the flesh and the blood. The inspiration living in that shadowy compartment had transported me. I believe I pushed myself back into my corner. There must have been a physical attitude to express my withdrawal, for from that moment my presence ceased to exist for him. He recreated the years of his life; they rose before me as if he were placing them there, like squares of stone rising one upon the other. He set them in order with an almost architectural accuracy and deliberation. He might have been laying the foundation for a great building the immortal design of which lived only in his own spirit. I think I must have trembled before the audacity of his dream.

"The day she told me that she loved me was the unhappiest day of my life," he said. "Of course I had driven her to it. A man should not drive at a woman's soul with such mercilessness. I had always believed, you must understand, that it was her right to evade me, to escape me, to take refuge behind any strategy. I had found my own pleasure in her whims and her caprices, but I knew them to be graceful enough to screen any truth. I had not loved her less for them, but more. If I touched

her and she drew herself away from me, I suffered the joy of knowing that she held herself dear. The pain of the rebuff was not so great as the knowledge that she was inaccessible. In my jealousy I wanted to know that no human being had entered those perfect citadels of her heart.

"We were at the house of my chief. He had left us, as he had done many times before, in that blue-and-gold salon where I had first seen her. I must tell you that the glow of her person that day was incomparable. A veritable radiance seemed to encircle her, and the lightness and the sweetness of what I may call her worldly attitude were no more than a bright mist veiling her profound beauty. It was one of her moments when the secret and inspired truth living in her was in accord with the conventional poses life exacted from her. She had, without effort and almost with diffidence, lent herself brilliantly to a small luncheon for the three of us. She had, I must repeat, the mysterious art, the serious worldliness, the manner, for such things. For my own part, I was intoxicated with the grave importance of one further circumstance. On this day I was to make her my first gift. My chief had given to me in the morning the letter commanding me to my first diplomatic post.

"There are moments of an almost enchanted clarity in the life of a man. The very intensity of the blue and gold in that room blinded me. I tell you that rays of light trembled about her. I saw every detail and circumstance of that hour with a magic clairvoyance. When she moved away from me I suffered the terror of believing that she escaped me, as if she were crossing the border of an invisible circle holding us together. Yet in the same instant I perceived the character and the grace of her slightest gesture as if I had been an onlooker. As she walked, the folds of her blue gown caught across her foot at every step. This I saw; but as she advanced into the sunlight from the windows, I endured the illusion that the very life of her body flowed into the shining cloth of her gown, as if, before my dazzled eyes, she had converted that blue robe into a sheath of living metal. I discovered, almost with fear, that she was beautiful. It was blasphemous for me, a mortal, wretched being, to thrust my pitiful love upon her.

"But I took the letter from my pocket and tried to give it to her. I saw, with the utmost precision, the dark movement of her lowered lashes, the inclination of her head as she bent forward to me. Her hand touched my fingers, and the letter dropped on the floor between us. I continued, nevertheless, to repeat what was in that official note, not because I wanted to tell her, but the words were already formed on my lips before she had touched me.

"She listened, always inclined toward me, her eyes not lifted. But the circle binding us together was once more closing around us. I knew that she would never escape me; that just as she gave me life, just so did my love give her strength, which would fortify her, but at the same time defeat her and bind her to me.

"I could feel the resistance in her heart breaking. I lifted her hands and pressed them over my face. I was sorry for her. She slipped into my arms with so confident and sweet a gesture she might have been a little girl. I believe I even endeavored to release her. My defenses were shattered. I could feel her trembling in my arms. Her face was as lovely and as unquestioning as a child's. But when I kissed her I knew that I would make her pay the full penalty to be exacted from us.

"'But do you love me?' I said. It was not a question. I wanted the sound of her voice. I saw the flash of the color returning to her cheeks, the half-closed lips forming the words. I watched the contours of her face as her smile—the smile of a woman—darkened her eyes.

"'But yes,' she said. I made her repeat the two words time and time again. It may have been that in that moment I believed her, but I do not think so. Even in the greatness of my pain and my happiness I knew that I had not touched her heart. She rested in my arms, obedient to my will, defeated, yet victorious, fearless, enslaved, triumphant. But she did not love me. I tell you she did not love me. She was giv-

"It was blasphemous for me, a mortal, wretched being, to thrust my pitiful love upon her"

ing her life over into mine, and the fire and glory and the tenderness of the gift were there; but it would have been better if she had not permitted me to touch her.

"I was powerless, then, to save us. It may have been that I could have protected her if she had not given me the right to lay my hands on her. I do not know. As it was, I could exonerate her as I condemned her. I could tell myself that she did not understand the truth, and I could convince myself that I could create love in her heart. I had conquered her, and I would give her from the very abundance of my own love the magnificence of life which would empower her to love me in return. I would interweave her existence with my own so that the very breath of her body and of her spirit would depend upon me. I would give her that sense of power, of peace, of immortality that would bind her to me irrevocably. I would make life precious to her. I demanded again if she loved me. 'But yes,' she answered, and she might as well have driven a knife through my chest. I think I must have burst out laughing at her. Surely I was mad in that moment. She was so worldly, sweet, infinitely wise, and innocent; and there were the two of us set apart together in that conventional blue-and-gold salon while I dreamed of transporting her to an uncharted sea where the very darkening waves broke upon the white shores of eternity.

"There is a sane and well-ordered world which would declare me an impostor should I relate to it the poignant detail with which I envisage this one hour of my life. But I have had eight years in which to reconstruct this hour. In many of those years I have had no friend but the darkness and the silence which permitted me to fashion her image; they have been years spent away from my own kind and in which there have been but two realities. I was building a house for her that would one day be honored by her pleasure, and I was working so that my work would on this day meet with the smile of her favor. There have been hours of torture when I have fought for the perfect memory of one of our days together, when one of her gestures could not be recaptured by my mind. But now I could tell you the slightest turn of her wrist. I could evoke for you the veritable pallor and pearly whiteness of her flesh; there is not an intonation of her voice which does not live in my heart.

But why should I lay bare to you the poverty of these years of my life? I am recounting to you its splendor and its richness.

"I was telling you that I laughed at her when she told me that she loved me. It is exactly this that I did, which does not, however, alter the fact that we sat down together side by side on a brocaded divan by the window and discussed, exactly as any two worldly people should do, the immediate future of our lives. She had recovered her gay manner, and she urged upon me very prettily the need of secrecy. She even confessed to me that the romantic quality of our small drama was divinely absurd. She said the world was a monster, an ogre, a goblin, and would open its mouth in such wide astonishment upon discovering our passion that it would gobble us down without so much as discerning it had devoured us. She declared, with marvelous conceit, that she would draw its teeth, notwithstanding. 'I have no fear,' she said, and laid the tips of her fingers together in a gesture of prayer which might equally well have been an attitude of propitiatory defiance. Then, without so much as lifting her veil, and with not a glance toward me, she inclined her head against the locked panels and began to cry.

"Is it not true, my friend, I have told you that Anglo-Saxons know nothing of love? Those tears might just as well have fallen upon my naked heart, and thus flowed through my veins, so much did she become a part of me from that instant. But I must tell you that I did not speak a word to her as we stood there together—I, bare-headed, her servitor, her host, powerless there before her as she leaned, small, straight, and dark against the white wood, her hands helplessly posed above her head, and her veiled face crushed against the panels. I was suffocating under the sense that I had placed her there just as certainly as if with a physical gesture I had flung her against that hideous painted wood. I wanted to unlock the door, to release her from the prison of my love; but with one movement she forbade it. She stood before me, her eyes lifted resolutely to mine. There had been no word spoken between us. She was waiting for my kiss. As I bent over her I saw the tears, caught in the meshes of her veil, shining like fine, iridescent drops of rain.

"There is little, my friend, you perceive that I forget. There is much, too, I have no inclination now to remember. There were the days of our unhappiness in our apartment. The days of our joy were no more than pearls strung upon a dark chain. You must know that just as you cannot make the torrents of a river flow upward toward the sea, just so you cannot defy the world as we essayed to do. Not that the world is inimical; it is, in effect, indifferent. The crash does not come from without, but from within. The demands of her life were very great; I could not myself make my hours of freedom conform to hers. And there was always the semblance of the perfect intimacy between us, but there was no reality to sustain it.

"I must beg your indulgence, my friend, that I amazingly escaped the truth I would set before you. I have thought, it may be, too much of these things, and I have not yet discovered the secret of our failure in the life we endeavored to build together. Be that as it may. It happened that she was the first to break under the invisible pressure. It was inevitable. I have told you, no, that I was to create love in her heart? You will know that this I could not do. And only once was I enabled to make her hate me. She was too gentle, too fine, to answer my violences; but one night, when we quarreled, she struck me. She struck me, I assure you, with her own hand, in a passion of madness and bitterness and despair which equaled and commanded my own rage. To this day I have joy in that moment.

"The memory of that night lies in some white-hot region of my being that it is not well for me to touch. I had implored her to give this one evening to me. She had refused, as there was good reason to do. But she returned from her own house at a late hour, only to discover me in a black fury. It was an admission of repentance on her own part, magnanimous and pure; but she should have left me to my own relentless suffering, knowing, as she must have known, that my agony sprang

directly from my own shame that I was torturing her. But she came back to me with pretty apologies on her lips and the fatigue of a great pain in her heavy eyes.

"'I suffer too much,' she said. She regarded me, her face whiter than the powdered marble of her naked shoulders. She was terrible to behold with the sunken shadows on each side of her mouth, and the ghastly, strained attention of her gaze burning upon me.

"I felt as if she were tearing me apart with her white, helpless hands. I felt as if I could kill her because she had made me destroy her.

"'Why do you suffer?' I demanded. 'You do not love me.'

"She stood without moving. I had the fantastic impression that something in my words had amused her. She waited there still and unconcerned, her arms hanging at her sides, not a flicker of life in her body. She did not appear to draw her breath. She was like an indifferent, smiling figure in a picture. Then the life came flowing back into her eyes, concentrating there in some slow and awful movement, as if tiny flames behind those distended pupils were being lighted and fed from secret blazing sources deep within her. And she was smiling.

"'Love,' she breathed. She lifted her hands and laid them one upon the other on her breast. I was afraid of her. She looked so virginal and so white with that terrible fire blazing from her soul. She turned, and with an effortless movement, her hands always folded on her breast, she surveyed that brilliant room which had sheltered us. She viewed it with an untroubled, passionless consideration, as if she perceived it for the first time. Then she walked to me, and, lifting her right hand from her breast, struck me straight between the eyes.

"It was a blow as direct and as deliberate as if she had calculated it for this exact moment of time with superhuman precision. She turned from me with that same listless and powerful intensity with which she had approached me. She lifted her cloak from the chair and swung it around her shoulders. Each movement was purposeful, but without vitality. You will not understand me when I tell you that she crossed that room and went out of the apartment in the perfunctory manner of a stranger, a visitor.

"When I was left standing there alone in the salon, I suffered the stupendous illusion that she had taken with her in that measured, indifferent retreat of hers the very memories of the place. A sensation of acute loneliness almost suffocated me. I felt myself an outcast, every thread binding me to life torn out of my body. The physical suffering had the character of an insanity. I was convinced that a weapon, a knife, some sort of implement, had been driven into my forehead, between my eyes, where she had struck me. I tell you, I was stifling there in that empty apartment. I put my hand over my eyes; then I looked at my fingers, and there in the palm of my own hand I saw a black drop of blood. It must have been that her rings had cut my forehead, a scratch, possibly, there between the eyes; but to me there was something monstrous and appalling in that idiotic, thick drop of blood resting in the palm of my hand. The blinding sense of isolation increased. I tell you it was insanity. I had an impression of the world wheeling past me in some fluid and majestic movement; it was a conviction, a vision, a reality. I was a prisoner. The very richness and fullness of life which I had grasped was slipping through my fingers like loose grains of quicksilver.

"As I have said, it is not well for me now to enter too deeply into these things. Suffice it to say, that all during that night I raged up and down the empty rooms of the apartment, preyed upon by every nameless delusion. And in the early morning I flung myself out of the place in a sudden access of courage, pausing only at the door of the concierge to warn her that she was to make the place ready for visitors.

"You would have been amazed before my passionate absorption, before the fundamental, desperate insolence of my intention. It was my will to blot out the very shadow of the woman I loved from those rooms where we had been together. I had even the bitter joy of having my chief demand news of her.

"'Is it that Hélène is well?' he in-

quired. He pronounced her name in the salon which was her own, which had been dedicated to her. I answered that for two days I had had no message from her, and the sensation of uttering my first word of truth in many hours of madness was overwhelming. I was, I may assure you, discovering new paths of emotion.

"But of course I was defeated. My insanity was no more than a moment of release. It was the second night of my hospitality, and I may have wanted to escape from the lifeless, brilliant, animated human beings centered at the piano while some one was playing. That little group of distinguished creatures appeared to me almost miraculously banal. I felt an actual pity for them, linked together for those precious moments of time under the common illusion that they were making a profitable investment of eternity. I told you that I was mad. I was also in a state of merciless exhaustion. I had not slept, you must remember, in those two days and nights.

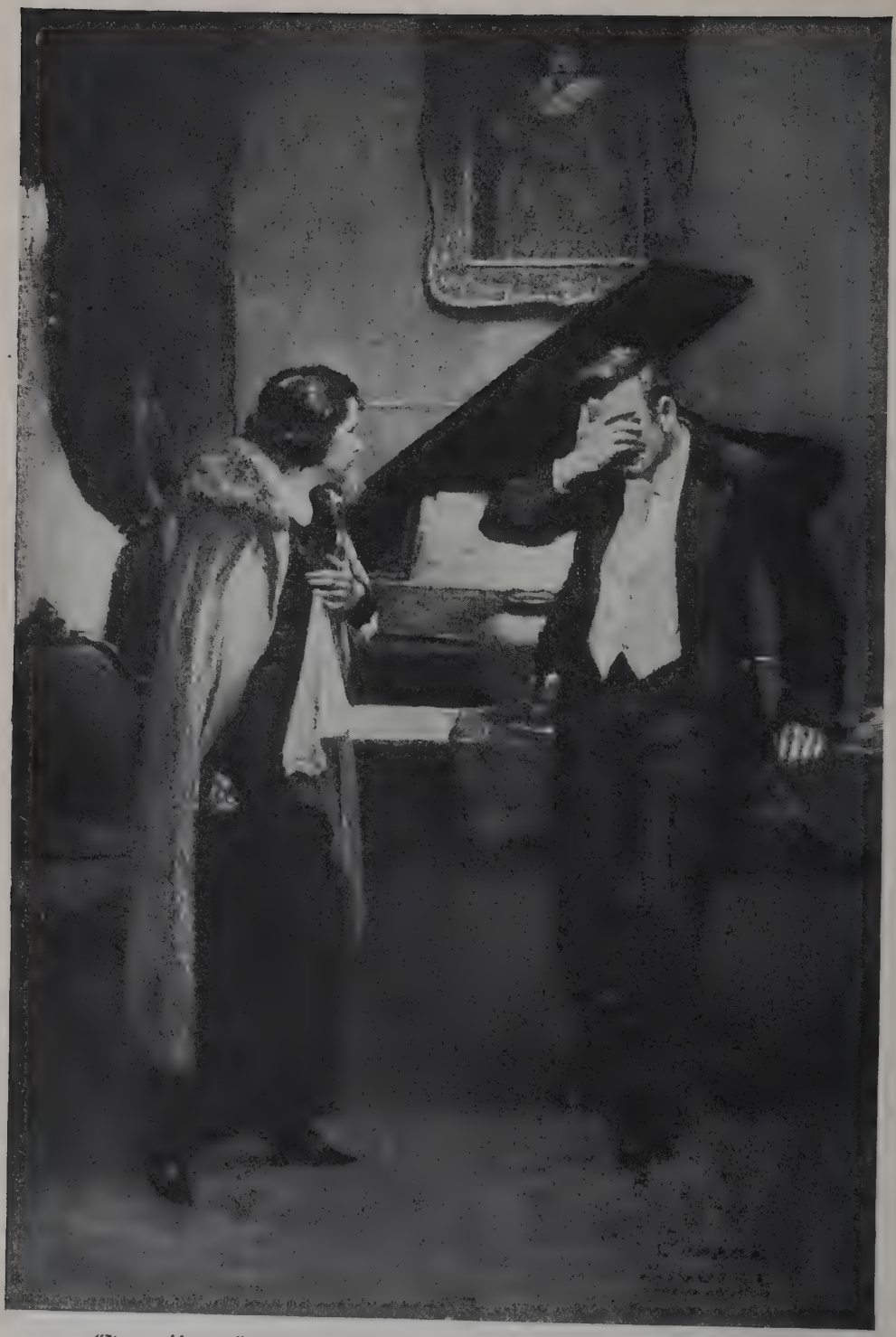
"So I went toward the bedroom, having some intention of waiting there until my madness would return in sufficient strength to send me back to my guests.

"But I did no more than withdraw the one step which I had taken across the threshold, close the door as quietly as I had opened it, make my way decently past the human beings in the salon, and fling myself like a maniac down the stairs and into the street. Out there in the coolness and the space of the night I even contrived to walk for a square or more. Then I ran. Oh, yes, I ran along the pavements as if I had been a boy sent on an errand. It was, as it happened, sufficiently after midnight for the spectacle to pass unchallenged, although an occasional sane pedestrian would halt abruptly and peer at me as I fled past, bare-headed and no doubt wholly ridiculous.

"But I ran along in my humble blindness, trembling and stumbling, until I brought myself to the very steps of the house which was my goal. And then as I looked at the solid, heavy contours rising above the octagonal, black garden, all of my rage came back upon me. It was the house to which the woman I loved had returned when she had walked out of our apartment. It was a house which I had entered but once, yet she had spent years of her life there. That horrible sense of desolation was closing in on me again. I began pacing up and down that empty street, walking slowly and steadily, not uttering a word, but telling her in my heart that I had committed every blasphemy against her, assuring her that I had defiled every memory which would be precious to her. I admitted that there was no insult which I had not delivered to her. I repeated the words, savoring the full flavor of their vengeance, the acid joy and pride of retaliation. Then I looked once more at that cold house-front, and there in one of the windows I saw a white line of light. Perhaps it had been there before, but I had not seen it. Perhaps it was the light shining in her own room. It may have been, even, that Hélène was in that room. The joy and the pride and the terror went out of my soul. I thought that I could feel them being torn out of my breast. I knew that I loved her unutterably. I put my arms over my face so that she could not hear me, and sobbed out my love for her. The tears burned my hands and my wrists, and I was filled with shame. But all night I walked through the streets of Paris living in the beauty of my love, and repeating it in my heart, hoping that she would know.

"And in the morning I was sane once more. I have told you that my madness was no more than a moment of release. I went to my own rooms, made myself presentable, and was even amused at the haggard, boyish transfiguration of my appearance. I was at peace.

"In the first year of my work in Morocco I believed that I would never reëstablish my contact with life. You must remember that I was young enough to credit the finality of any circumstance. I could not so much as write to Hélène save letters which I must destroy. My chief, however, sent me mention of her, and a belated Parisian newspaper contained a statement of her husband's death. I accepted this fact as if it bore no relation whatsoever to my existence; I had never convinced



"It was a blow as direct and as deliberate as if she had calculated it for this exact moment"

myself that this man had been concerned with the brilliant, troubled paths of the woman I loved. But the death of so fine and objective a creature stupefied me. Since that day I have stood witness to death in its full magnificence and mystery. But he was a distinguished human being, magnanimous, eager to savor the splendor of the world.

"I was telling you that I could not write to Hélène. But in the beginning of the second year I discovered that I could build a house for her in view of her coming, and I was filled with happiness. There was a harmonious outward expression for the doubt and the tumult within me. I was without fear, made no bargains with faith, and I could write to her. She answered me upon occasion, and the bitter coldness of her notes inspired me with new courage. I knew that the imprint of my love was still upon her heart.

"But Hélène did not write. And one day I was trapped into a desperate illusion when I saw a woman walking along the street of my village. She moved with that quick, delicate deliberation the memory of which was always with me, for in this time I was making over the living person of Hélène in my mind. She was with me even in the hours of my work, and I had already begun to trace out the fine character of the upward line of her throat and, as I have told you, the play of her hands. I believed that this woman in my village was Hélène. I cannot explain why I considered such a circumstance probable, but I believed it. I actually went hurrying after her down the street, watching her with a famished eagerness, under the very eyes of my own sanity, so to speak. But before I could come close to her she made a gesture which Hélène could not have made. I turned back, sick and trembling, and it was many hours before I could view this spectacle of myself impersonally and pass judgment. The power of the hallucination touched me with a terror which was greater even than my despair. In such hours as these I was afraid before the very strength of my desire for her.

"The day her telegram came summoning me to Paris I was waiting for some native workmen in the house I was creating for her. It was a matter of grave diplomacy to impress them with the seriousness of a task, and I was to have the joy of directing them in the placing of some small articles imported for her pleasure. Some rugs, as a matter of fact, and a gold tapestry with which I feared she would be displeased. I wanted to dispose of it in some corner until she would discover it, perhaps, and pronounce upon it.

"I read the telegram with no astonishment. I had, I believe, known that it would arrive. It was worded, I must explain, with the identical phrase of the message I bring with me now in my pocket. And then, just as it is now, I sent away the workmen and closed and locked the door of the house which waits for her there on the crown of the white hill above my Moroccan village.

"When I entered Paris after the years of my exile, I felt neither joy nor sorrow. I had lived, it may be, too long in my world of silences, sustained by my visions. I could not perceive the beauty of reality, although I remember the luster of a full and plentiful summer was over the city.

"She received me with the lightest pressure of her hand placed quietly in mine. I thought I felt her fingers tremble under my touch, but that could not have been, for she moved away from me and, placing herself against the light in a deep arm-chair, asked me to come and sit facing her. Her voice was without bitterness, but contained and lifeless. I was struggling against an almost overpowering weakness. I was filled with fear.

"She made a pretty apology for commanding me to undertake such a journey for her, and I felt myself awkward and confused before the diffidence and grace of her perfect manner. It had been a singularly long time since I had treated with anything more than the simplicities and the straight facts of life. She spoke of the months during which I had not written to her; she did me the honor to impart a note of coquetry to her beautiful voice. But I trembled, and maintaining my silence, I waited there before her, longing to kneel at her feet.

"She wanted to know if I had deter-

mined never to return to Paris. It was the most graceful and impersonal of inquiries. I found my tongue to tell her that I had built a house in Morocco, and that it was my desire to live there. My statements appeared to strike against the polished surfaces of that room, and I had an impression that the hangings and the posed bric-à-brac were advancing upon me. They appeared to possess an actual personality opposed to the truth I wanted to speak. But below these erratic convictions I lived once more in the strength and the passion of my love. I sensed again those great under-structures to which we must ultimately conform, and which I had divined in the first moment of seeing her.

"It may have been that in an attitude or a word I committed myself to her, for there was an instant in which I knew that the first of the barriers she had set up against me was gone. I perceived, as if she had made a confession of surrender, that I had drawn her close to me. I had the illusion of regarding this from a great distance, and as a spectator I watched the flawless strategy of her withdrawal. She had touched new sources of power, and she was fearless.

"But she had made her own terms with eternity, and it was this that she had summoned me to hear. She was dexterous and charming, superbly poised. But even her graciousness failed her in the last hours of that pitiless afternoon when she told me the bargain she had driven with life. 'You have been too far away from the world,' she murmured, and her eyes were burning in a face ghostly white with fatigue.

"'Permit me to state the facts a little more clearly,' I suggested to her. 'You are to marry this man whose name you have not told me because he is monstrously rich, because he can give you undisputed power. You tell me this because you have determined it to be a question of honor. You tell me before you make the announcement to your world. You want to know that my life is well ordered, so that there will be no mark upon your happiness. He is fabulously rich, you mention. You have set your truths faultlessly before me.'

"'It is not that,' she whispered, and in the silence following close upon her words, a silence in which I heard her soft, untroubled breathing, I saw her hands relax and the white fingers curve in a gesture of abandon as she laced them together and let them rest quietly against the pretty cloth of her gown.

"She was victorious. And I paid her the tribute of remaining there before her and offering her every protestation which would give her pride in her triumph. But I believe that she had not alone defeated me, but herself, and when the stain of color swept back into her cheek, and she declared: 'I do not sell myself. There are more profound things in this marriage,' her shaft failed its mark. I lifted her two hands and kissed them, and she clung to me. She did not want me to leave her.

"But I had the pride to quit the house, and I went directly to my chief. I had matters of work of some importance I wished him to hear. I was still struggling against my profound inability to grasp the meaning of reality. I was succumbing to a desperate nostalgia. I wanted the passion and the purity of my intense isolation, the merciful visions of my exile. I thought of the white, curving roof of the house which had been created by my own hand, so it seemed to me, to stand in brave defiance against the colored spaces of a Moroccan sky.

"But it happened that I did not tell my chief the word I had brought, for with his arm about my shoulder he told me that, on the next day, France was to declare war. It was the war which we had many times considered, the war to which I was bringing him in that moment my small quota of information. We had discussed it, I say. It came within our province. But we had not believed we would fight it. However, with one sentence, and with his arm, as I say, thrown across my shoulder, he gave me back the truth of reality. He was glorious that day; he might have been the veritable spirit of France of which you may have heard mention in the drawing-rooms of nations more protected and less menaced than we were in that moment.

"Be that as it may. I was to return by the first train to Morocco. There

was work that I could do. In the interval I went to see certain men of our Government. It was arranged that I should return to France when my mission either failed or succeeded. So the first day of the third month of winter discovered me on the doorstep of a hut commanding a neat view of intersecting trenches through which supplies were being transferred to the front lines. The file of soldiers stumbling through the communication were struggling forward under the weight of war as if they had been pack-mules in the countries where I had lived; and the formal letter announcing Hélène's engagement rested in the breast-pocket of my new uniform.

"I cannot say that during my years of war I saw my full share of the front. I was despatched too many times upon diplomatic errands to other nations. I do not wish you to believe that I had any desire to get killed out there in the blind welter of humanity. No, I had not achieved that particular pinnacle of gallant cowardice. But I craved the communion with men of my own people, exalted as they were under the common inspiration of fighting a spiritual battle for material gain. I present my facts awkwardly. But the threads binding me to life had been drawn too fine perhaps by the character of my suffering, and I stood in sore need of being hurled, as it were, into the magnitude and fatality of a tremendous human enterprise, where there was neither mystery nor confusion, but only a straightforward response to unquestioned laws. It was not within my power to see this war objectively. I welcomed, as I tell you, the respite of sinking my personal conflict in the routine and monotony of detail. One of my lieutenants had the gift of the fine phrase. We were waiting for the order to press a counter-attack, and he was lying in a bunk of our dug-out, regarding me from under the flame of a candle which was dripping tallow over his blanket and throwing a grotesque shadow over his yellow face and long, humorous nose. 'Not a war,' he pronounced idly; 'a cosmic collision.' He, too, had his deliberate faith in the poetry of events.

"It also occurred that this lieutenant was with me on the night of my difficulties. We had contrived to get to Verdun. If this was the objective of the enemy, it was equally our own. We did not succeed in our transfer as immediately as we hoped, for when we entered the city, under particular order, a fair number of the houses had already toppled into the canal, and the precious books from the library, as well as the curtain and the costumes from the theater on the opposite side of the way, were flung about the streets, filthy with mud and trampled into a veritable pulp. My lieutenant was for stopping and piecing the fine volumes together. He had his violences, such as they were.

"I was informed afterward that he carried me in his arms through the shell-holes and the chopped wire the night I went down in the second Duaumont attack. A miraculous affair, for he was as helpless and as graceful as a woman. Be that as it may, he led his men forward on that same night, but he was not one destined to cross the threshold of victory. I think of him dying in whatever nameless corner of war he chanced to fall with that delicate, questioning smile printed on his mouth. He was a human being confounded before the passionate, inscrutable gestures of life.

"For my own part, I had fared particularly well. During my first seven months in hospitals it was declared that I would be blind. Word had been sent to Hélène, and the letter she forwarded me I loved; I held it pressed over my bandaged eyes whenever I was permitted to touch it. It may have been that the caress of her hand upon that white note-paper I had never seen gave me the courage to live. At such moments, as you know, it demands no courage to die.

"However, there was a day in Paris when the sight in one of my eyes was returned to me, and an inspired doctor set this glass monstrosity which you have seen in my right eye-socket. I was struck dumb with shame when I looked at the shining eyeball glaring at me out of my own face. I believed myself a resurrected creature, unfit to breathe and to move among my own kind. And my visions had forsaken me. I could not summon one image of beauty to sustain me, since I myself, deformed,

had become an outcast in reality as I had been in fact. I remembered only that Hélenè had never told me that she loved me unless I had commanded the words from her mouth. I remembered only that she had struck me, her white, absurd hand leveled at my eyes, and that now I was blind. I have told you that I was intoxicated with laughing when I thought of the scratch her rings had made in my forehead. And now — and now, her telegram rests in my pocket. She has summoned me to Paris. I am the happiest man in the world."

"I was informed afterward that he carried me in his arms through the shell-holes"

The pronouncement of these words ringing defiantly in our black compartment actually threw me forward from my corner in a literal resistance to their impact. I think I myself was terrorized by their desperate faith, or I might have been shuddering before the realization of our sudden transit into the world to which we had returned. For the door of the compartment had swung open, and a porter was standing there, a white monster mouthing phrases in Spanish. It may have been that he had waited there for some time. I am not prepared to say. I do not understand the language unless I am driven to it. But in the devastating shaft of light from the open door I saw the Frenchman facing me in the compartment, his ribbons flaming on his breast, his glittering, motionless eyes upon me. His arms were spread out from each side of his body. It was the first movement he had made in our journey. His arms rested without pressure on the cushions supporting his back and his lifted head. It was a pose, no doubt, without character or significance; but I perceived in it an attitude of crucifixion.

In the flash of the colored lamps wheeling by my window I witnessed the fatality of his gesture, the exaltation, the immortal posture of his spirit, if I may state it so, before he had had time to rise to his feet, to pronounce an order to the porter, and mention in an even tone that we had come into San Sebastian.

I found myself standing in the narrow corridor of the train, stammering profuse, clumsy phrases into the ear of a Frenchman who bent slightly above me, his head formally inclined before the excesses of my incoherent protestations. I was even committing myself to a statement of the justice and the

injustice of my status at the frontier. I was rewarding his recital with a despairing formulation of my own wretched affairs. Before we stepped down from the corridor and with other people shoving in about us, he did me the courtesy to pose a sympathetic question and, looking steadfastly away from me, smiled his austere, brilliant smile.

I saw then the crowd of Latins impelled forward from the obscurity of the platform, a dark, secretive, volatile mass into which the personality of the man beside me was instantly absorbed; but even in this moment of my withdrawal I discerned the authority with which my fellow-voyager carried himself among men.

When he had accompanied me until I was deposited in a conveyance in the very midst of a Spanish exhortation, I had the opportunity of seeing him wheel past in a dark, closed automobile with an orderly, or some such attendant, placed in an immobile pose of servile cordiality beside him. The brazen mob made way before the gold head-lights. There was an insignia of some magic character blazened on the panels of that car.

Left to my own imaginings, I went to my hotel, wrote my name in the ledger, and ordered some food sent to my room. It was my wish to go to bed speedily and rest in the face of my morning's encounter with the consul. I reviewed the fantastic slip of paper which had been presented to me when my passport was held by the authorities of San Sebastian. I considered the thing which carried my photograph pasted in the upper corner. Then I laid it down beside the silver tray on my table, and without so much as unlocking my bags, sat by my window during the remaining hours of the night reviving the words of a nameless Frenchman. Before the portals of my hotel the emerald spaces of a silent sea lived more in my memory than in my vision, I must say; but I regarded, with the dawn, the gracious contours of that flawless harbor and discovered the pale lights of a Latin gambling-house flourishing bravely above the silver embrace of a crescent shore.

I was, I confess, entirely unprepared for the brisk, commanding knock on my door which came almost with the first full blaze of the sunlight. Suffering under a fatigue wholly new in my experience, I opened the door, and received in silence the official envelop politely tendered into my hand.

I tore the seal without haste. The first of the inclosures was my passport, stamped with the three faded purple circles authorizing me to proceed without formality across the frontier. There was, also, a written request on the face of it desiring that I be shown an exceptional consideration.

The second inclosure was the card of a Frenchman who commands a diplomatic post second to none in the immense ramifications of his service. I read the engraved words, and they wavered before my eyes as if the very lightning of the fame which the world had already imparted to them brightened and electrified them in my hand.

But the third of my inclosures was a telegram. The green slip of paper had been neatly cut at the right and the left edge, and I saw, in an intense clairvoyance, the hand which had touched that conventional, crisp page. But I perceived this hand resting against the cushions of a railway compartment, discovered the drawn fingers outspread in a gesture of tortured supplication.

There were only two words in this telegram. I have read the despatch many times, but I have not yet plumbed the purity and the directness of its import. These were written, as I say, in large letters and they were:

"Je t'aime.
Hélène."

What Confronts France

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

"France is the pivot upon which all turns. A strong France means the regeneration of Europe and the hope of a world peace for which we fought."

UNTIL Germany forced us into the war public opinion was divided as to the advisability of getting involved in the European conflict. Most Americans knew little and cared less about what was going on in Europe. We had our prejudices and our sympathies. We condemned the invasion of Belgium and the way Germany was conducting the war, we resented the methods and the appeal of the German propaganda in the United States; but at the end of 1916 there were few who dared to prophesy that American intervention, even if it became necessary, would be popular. The astonishing events of the first months of 1917 demonstrated the absurdity of the belief in our lack of national unity. This belief was far more wide-spread in Europe than we dreamed of, and was fostered by Americans who had lived too long in exile or who had become *plus royalistes que le roi* in their championship of one or the other of the groups of belligerents. The American people did not need to be whipped into line. Every measure placed before Congress by the President to make our belligerency effective received the immediate and unanimous approval of the nation. We went into the war for all we were worth and were willing to consent to every sacrifice necessary to defeat Germany. We gave aid to France and our other allies to the full extent of our resources in man power, materials, and money.

But the war was won only in the narrowest sense of the word when the Treaty of Versailles was signed. Whether the victory is to mean anything, whether it is to mark a permanent progress on the road toward democracy and world peace, depends upon what happens in Europe during the next few years. If we do not continue to give active aid to our allies during the period of readjustment and reconstruction, our intervention from 1917 to 1919 will have proved a flash in the pan, no more than that.

France is the pivot upon which all turns. A strong France means the regeneration of Europe and the hope of a world peace for which we fought. A weak France means the return of the old autocratic régime in central Europe and Germany triumphant, though beaten on the field of battle. Our obligation to France, our moral responsibility to "carry on," is as great now as it was when the A. E. F. was fighting over there.

Every news despatch from Europe is impregnated with the feeling of hopelessness and impending disaster. Pessimistic forebodings seem to be the order of the day. One cannot deny or minimize the dangers. But the rôle of Cassandra is as futile to play as it is easy to play. The crisis through which the world is passing calls for constructive thinking. We have to see foundations upon which to build, and be confident that we can build upon them. The disquieting radicalism that is capturing many of our best intellects assumes that the regeneration of the world depends upon the destruction of the existing social order. Do the foundations necessarily have to be new? Some political systems and organisms have crumbled, and others show serious fissures. Does unsuccessful building, however, prove that the foundations are responsible for instability? We have the most striking demonstration of the falsity of this reasoning in comparing Christ and His church. The great

majority of thinking men will agree that the salvation of the world lies in reconstruction on the old foundations. That is the way we shall go about it. There is no fear that France will be swept away from her moorings. In studying what confronts France we do not need to take into consideration the possibility of a social revolution, partnership in a super-state, or the institution of the era of internationalism in Europe.

The prevalent idea that France has just passed through an ordeal unique in her history and that the nation has never before been called upon to face post-bellum conditions as calamitous and as hopeless as those she faces to-day is wholly wrong. Let us leave to the ignorant and unthinking the belief that our experiences are unlike those of others. Human nature is never called upon to bear more than it can stand or more than previous generations have stood. The Preacher was not mistaken when he said, "There is no new thing under the sun." No historian has been able to refute Vico's theory of cycles. If we want to forecast the reaction of France to the losses and devastation of the recent war, we have every reason to study the periods in her history when through war her fairest provinces were devastated, her economic life ruined, her financial credit impaired, and her soil occupied for a long time by the enemy.

For propaganda purposes during the war it was justifiable to claim that what the Germans did between 1914 and 1919 was worse than anything that ever happened in France and than anything that had been done by other nations at war. When I traveled through the devastated regions of northern France I remembered what I had read of other invasions in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. It was of a more extended region that Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, said:

> I have seen with my own eyes the fields of Champagne, Brie, Gâtinais, Chartres, Dreux, Maine, and Perche, those of Vexin, Beauvais, from the country of Caux on the Seine up to Amiens, from Senlis, Soissons, Valois, and all the country up to Laon and beyond towards Hainaut, hideous to look at, devoid of peasants, full of thistles and cactus.

And Jean Juvénal des Ursins, Bishop of Beauvais, wrote to King Charles:

> How many churches have been burned! They take the poor farmers, they imprison them, they put them in irons in disgusting places full of vermin. They are freed only after having paid more than they possess. These brigands mistreat also the women and girls. Mills, ovens, cider-presses, every sort of agricultural and household utensil, is ruined or stolen. Alas! Sire, look at your other cities and countries, like Guyenne, Toulouse, Languedoc. Everything is going to destruction and desolation—even to final perdition.

But both bishops lived to write about the wonderful recovery of France after Joan of Arc compelled the English to withdraw from the devastated regions. Peasants and artisans reappeared, when all were thought to be hopelessly dispersed, if not dead; cities were rebuilt; industry, with a fresh impetus, entered into a more flourishing period than France had ever known; commerce, despite currency depreciated to nothing, revived and restored confidence in the coinage; and soon the cultivated lands of the kingdom were a third more than they had ever been. Charles VII became the greatest monarch in Europe. It was a far cry—and yet not many years—from the day Joan of Arc sought an audience with her dispossessed and discredited sovereign to the time when the Doge of Venice said of the ruler of France that he was "the king of kings without whom nothing could be done in Europe."

To cheer up his compatriots during the war Ernest Lavisse, the aged historian, wrote a detailed account of how France was left after the wars of the Ligue. The period of strife that ended with Henry IV hurt France as much as the Hundred Years' War, but the first ten years of peace brought a change as rapid as that after the English had been driven out. The recovery was not immediate. Prosperity began to set in five years after Henry IV entered Paris. In proportion to the population and wealth of the country, France suffered

more from civil strife at the end of the sixteenth century than from the Germans in the twentieth century. As many as 4000 châteaux and 125,000 houses were burned, and the weaving and silk industries were completely stopped. At Provins, for instance, 4 looms out of 600, and at Tours 200 silk weavers out of 1400, were left. The cities were full of beggars, refugee peasants, and unemployed workmen. In March, 1596, the police of Paris counted nearly 8000 refugees sleeping in one cemetery. In 1597, 150,000 Parisians died of the plague. Etienne Pasquier said that he saw no longer France, but the corpse of France. And yet before the end of his reign Henry IV was able to boast that every peasant could eat chicken on Sunday. In 1598 the Venetian ambassador wrote that France was recovering easily, "just as that had happened several times in the space of a thousand years."

Prince von Bülow has given remarkable testimony of the traditional power of the French to recover after long periods of war and invasion. He declared:

> France has an unchangeable faith in the indestructibility of the vital forces of the nation. No people have ever repaired as quickly as the French the results of national catastrophes; no people have found again the same easy self-confidence and the spirit of initiative after cruel misfortune. More than once Europe believed that France had ceased to be dangerous, but each time the French nation confronted Europe again after a short delay with its former vigor or increased strength.

The confidence that we have every reason to feel in the rapid rehabilitation of France is a confidence based not only on the admirable spirit of the French race, but also on the natural resources of France. The country has unrivaled wealth in her soil, her rivers, her outlet to two oceans, with the longest port-studded sea-coast in Europe, and her colonies, the richest of which are very near the mother country. France has the good-will and friendship of the world. And we have to take into consideration the inestimable moral value of the victory and how it was won—a victory consecrated by the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine.

In the speech at Strasburg that crowned his long career, Premier Clemenceau gave the slogan for the reconstruction era. He said simply, "Work is our salvation." France has already got to work. The record of the year since the armistice is impressive. M. Tardieu has given some of the figures: 2016 kilometers of railway reëstablished out of 2246 destroyed; 700 kilometers of canals out of 1075 again in commission; 588 repaired out of 1160 tunnels and bridges blown up; 60,000 houses rebuilt; nearly 1,000,000 acres (one fourth of the total ravished) bearing crops; virtually all the trenches filled in; and 10,000,000 meters of barbed-wire torn up and removed.

To the Ciceronian cry that the republic must not be despaired of the French have answered, *Nihil desperandum.*

But what confronts France to-day has three elements that are without analogy in past history. Upon the problems arising from German political unity, decreasing birth-rate, and a national debt that threatens bankruptcy, we must concentrate our attention. In examining these three problems, explaining the solutions that are suggested for them, and pointing out how America can aid France in solving two of them, I desire to insist upon the fact that my sources of information are French sources. The French are alive to the serious character of the problems. They have not waited for foreigners to call attention to the danger of failing to solve them promptly. They do not need to be exhorted to confront them resolutely and effectively. No nation in the world knows better than the French that God helps those who help themselves. They proved that during the war.

Americans and Britishers regard too lightly the effect of the numerical and industrial strength of post-bellum Germany upon the rehabilitation of France. They do not comprehend that her Continental position handicaps France in a way that neither Great Britain nor the United States needs to fear. Writing from Paris during the peace con-

ference, I attempted to set forth in THE CENTURY the attitude of France toward peace and to show why it necessarily differed from the attitude of her Anglo-Saxon allies. As a continental European state having a frontier in common with Germany it is impossible for France to trust her security to the vague and as yet untried formulas of the League of Nations. She must have more positive military guaranties against a renewal of German aggression than are required by the other great powers. Owing to the wanton destruction of her industries, committed by the Germans for the very purpose of putting her out of the running as a competitor in commerce, it is reasonable for her to demand aid and protection against the intact industrial machinery of Germany. Hence the importance of the supplementary treaty with Great Britain and the United States. Hence the insistence of France upon the necessity of inter-Allied control of Germany's export trade until such a time as Germany has made full reparation for the damage done to French industry during the German occupation.

None contests the argument that the best solution of this problem is the formation of a society of nations. Then France, no more than any other nation, need fear that she will be left alone to confront an unscrupulous enemy of superior numbers. But the League of Nations is still in the academic stage. The surcharged atmosphere of the Conference of Paris could not have been expected to produce a viable charter for an organization that must in the very nature of things be born of the renunciation of particular interests for the common weal. The "Covenant of the League of Nations" did not have the germ of life in it. In the Treaty of Versailles it was an anomaly. None of my French friends expected the American Senate to accept this covenant without reservation.

Until such a time as world-wide public opinion is ready to force statesmen to formulate and adopt an honest and inclusive and effective covenant, the French prefer the joint guaranty of Great Britain and the United States. We can help France best by entering into this guaranty and showing Germany that we are in dead earnest in our pledge to protect France against military aggression and unfair commercial competition.

M. Eric Sjoestedt, Paris correspondent of the "Dagens Nyheter" of Stockholm, wrote in 1913 a very clever article on what he called the "depopulation scare." M. Sjoestedt thought the French were bothering their heads excessively over the failure of the population of France to increase. From the economic point of view France was better off through not increasing her population. He pointed to the competitive industries of England and Germany to prove what happens to nations that multiply too rapidly. The prosperity and tranquillity of France were due to the fact that every one had elbow-room and people could save money and buy land. From a social point of view the limitation of families was a distinct advantage to the well-being of the nation.

Most French economists and publicists were far from accepting these opinions. They looked on the decreasing natality of France as a source of economic and social weakness. They had their grave misgivings about the manner in which French surplus capital was being invested. And they wondered about the military inferiority of France in the face of Germany.

This anxiety was also dismissed lightly by the Swedish journalist. He said:

> Remains the military point of view. With her present population France is perfectly able to hold her own against Germany: for nations cannot use their full numerical strength in war. It is physically impossible to put millions of men in the field against each other: they could neither be fed nor directed.

How strange assertions like this read now that we have been through the Great War! Of course the French military authorities were not so unconcerned as M. Sjoestedt. To make up for the inferiority of numbers, the law increasing obligatory service from two to three years was passed just before the war. The invasion of France and the occupation of Belgium and northern

France for more than four years by the Germans, despite Russian and British intervention immediately and Italian and American intervention later, is proof that the possession of a much larger population gives the bigger nation an overwhelming initial advantage that the most closely knit alliances are unable to offset. France now relies upon a defensive alliance with Great Britain and America. But will it not take time to mobilize and train and transport our armies to France? And are we sure of the future tendencies of Russia?

The head-lines of French newspapers and reviews show very clearly that the molders of public opinion are alive to the dangers of the present situation. Glancing through my last mail from France, I find these headings: "France is a dying country," "The decrease of the birth-rate," "The problem of depopulation," "We must increase our birth-rate," "Warning—We must look out!" "Let us repeople France," "For large families," "The struggle against depopulation." All tell the same sad tale, statistics, reasons for the evil, dangers that await France, remedies.

In the last normal year before the war (1913) the increase in population per thousand inhabitants in central and western Europe was as follows:

Germany	14.1
Great Britain	11.5
Austria-Hungary	11.4
Italy	11.3
France	0.7

One of the prophets whose voice and pen have warned France of the danger ahead summed up the problem in a single sentence. Said Emile Picard: "At this rate it would require 370 years for our population to double, while Germany in a century has almost tripled her population." A Japanese correspondent, writing from Paris put the situation more brutally in the sweeping statement, "Each year the population of France is diminishing: one can therefore reasonably predict that at the end of this century France will, because of this fact, disappear from the list of nations."

If we are inclined to protest against this startling conclusion, which seems to make hopeless any permanent good arising out of the victory over Germany, there are competent French authorities who are not less positive that France is going to impotence and destruction through the failure to procreate a new generation. In his pastoral letter for Easter, 1917, the Archbishop of Auch wrote that while less than a century ago France was at the head of all the peoples of Europe, to-day she counts for only one tenth. In actual increase of population, counting in all the little countries with a tithe or less than a tithe of her own population, France was sixteenth on the list of the seventeen European countries. M. Paul Bureau of the Catholic University of Paris declares that unless there is a sudden and sweeping change in the demographic charts, the French nation is doomed to extinction. The famous Dr. Bertillon, who has worked for twenty years to arouse the French to the breakers ahead, insists that the crisis is of recent origin. From 1856 to 1866 France averaged 1,000,000 births a year. In proportion to other countries she ought to have had 1,400,000. From 1867 to 1882 the annual increase fluctuated between 1,000,000 and 900,000. The fall in the succeeding decades of the Third Republic was rapid—800,000, 700,000, 600,000.

"We are falling behind now about 500,000 births per year in proportion to other countries," says Dr. Bertillon.

Our death-rate is increasing: each year 300,000 above fifty years are dying. If the birth-rate continues to fall in the same degree, in eighty years there will be no France. Reducing infant mortality is a drop in the bucket. In 1913 only 83,000 babies died. The best of care and skill could hardly have saved a quarter of these. The only remedy for France is to have as many births as other nations.

An analysis of comparative population of France and Germany shows only one fourth more Germans than Frenchmen between forty and fifty, and two fifths more between twenty and forty. But between seventeen and nineteen, and certainly under that age, Germany has more than twice as many males as has France. The losses in the war do

not change greatly this proportion. And the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France brings an increase of population that scarcely balances the dead and disabled of the French armies. The latest statistics at hand show an excess of deaths over births in 1917 of 269,838; and in 1918, 389,575.

The failure of France to breed a new generation constitutes a military inferiority that no alliances can make up for. The stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles are only temporary. Germany bowed to force. France will not be able to continue to apply that force when the British and American armies are far away and demobilized. The Anglo-American Treaty helps for the time being. France will have a breathing-spell. This will give her time to make children. Make children she must. France realizes that.

The handicap from depopulation is far greater than military inferiority. Granted that we are able to hold Germany to her promises to limit armies and the manufacture of war materials, we cannot conceive of a larger racial unit being kept under the economic control, or being checked in economic expansion, by a smaller racial unit, especially when the smaller unit is inferior in the tools of production. France must have a large new generation to man her factories, to furnish the home market for manufactured articles, to act as agents for trade abroad.

Decrease in the density of population, or failure to increase the density of population, makes impossible further development of public works, canals, railways, mining and industrial enterprises. Far-seeing Frenchmen do not hesitate to hold up the example of Germany before their compatriots. In 1880, with a population of less than 50,000,000, Germany had an emigration overflow of 200,000 per annum. In 1914, with a population of nearly 70,000,000, emigration had ceased, and from 600,000 to 800,000 foreigners entered Germany every year to work in the fields and in the mines and factories. This refutes the theory that increase in population brings economic and social distress by making work harder to find. Germany was able to increase her industries, her means of transportation, her cities, her agricultural yield, for the very reason that the population grew so rapidly and thus made possible greater collective effort and expenditure. In America we have had the experience of Germany. Our rapid increase of wealth and power is largely due to the rapid increase of population.

Another serious phase of depopulation is its threat to the influence of France overseas. With a colonial empire second only to that of Great Britain and mostly won since the population of France became stationary, the French have been able to carry on and expand up to this point only because the flower of France felt the sacred call to a military career. I have had the fortune to live in intimate association with many men of my own age and older in France. It is a generation born between 1850 and 1880. In other circumstances than those of the humiliating defeat and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, very many of these men, the men who have made possible the colonial success of France, would not have chosen a military career. It has been difficult enough to get civil administrators for the French colonies. Of bona fide colonists there have been very few. Now that the military incentive may be lacking, how can France hope to induce her good men, or even enough men, to enter the colonial career? There is no inducement of caste. Remains the reason that has sent Britons overseas, surplus population. The present conditions may be maintained in the French colonies for a decade or two, but that is the limit. Eventually there must be more Frenchmen or there will be fewer colonies.

Qualified French observers are virtually unanimous in denying that the reason for a low birth-rate is the general economic reason given to explain smaller families the world over. In the upper classes the economic reason may be true, as it is in other countries. But France is the last country in Europe to be able to advance this reason as applicable to the mass of her population. For France has greater natural wealth and a better distribution of land and affords more opportunities for making a living than any other European country

except Russia. And there is an abnormal discrepancy between the decrease in the French birth-rate and that of other countries. Dr. Richet said frankly in a recent address to the Académie de Médecine:

> The one and only cause of depopulation in France is economy. We do not want to have children because that entails spending money. It costs to lodge and feed and clothe a child, and we do not consent to go to that expense. The number of births can be what the State wishes. Decide upon the amount of the aid given to parents, and you will at the same time be sure of the number of French births. There are now 700,000 births: there will be 2,000,000 when you wish. If a child, instead of causing the family expense, brings money to the family, the number of births will be enormous.

Dr. Richet's reason for the decreasing birth-rate is accepted by his compatriots. This is shown by the nature of the religious appeal put forth in the pastoral letters of the clergy, and the remedies, social and legislative, suggested by economists and publicists. Bishops endeavor to show that restricting the size of families is false economy and that children are really a source of wealth to the nation and, eventually, to every person in the body social. The propaganda organizations for increasing the birth-rate believe that the state must intervene to make it possible to raise children without the financial inconveniences—penalties, one might say—that now attend the parents of large families. The advocacy of legislation to stamp out abortion has been superseded by bills to give state aid to parents by means of premiums, lessening of taxation, and freedom from military service for the father after the birth of the third child. The Chamber of Deputies and the Senate are considering bills to modify the Civil Code in such a way as to allow parents the right to make a will so that property and business may be saved from arbitrary division and dissolution. The question of taxation means more in relation to the problem of natality in France than in other countries. I know this from personal experience as the father of four children raised in France. The vicious system of increasing revenue by additional indirect taxation distributes the burden unfairly. Taxes on food, railway tickets, medicines, clothing, consumption of fuel and light and water, matches, theater tickets—all these means of increasing revenue act as a means of decreasing potential revenue-payers.

The legislators feel that the impulse for remedial legislation in the matter of depopulation must have behind it more than public opinion. Voters are selfish, and parents are not apt to get a square deal and to secure special privileges of state aid and lighter taxes unless their electoral influence is greatly increased. The franchise in France puts the fathers of large families in a shockingly disadvantageous position. Three fourths of the French electorate has no particular interest in the problem of what to do for the family with three children or more. And yet the other fourth represents considerably more than half the population of France. That fathers should have the right to supplementary votes for all their living children is a proposal taken seriously. A bill to that effect was defeated in the Chamber of Deputies by the narrow margin of 219 against 200. The project is before the Senate now. If the defeat of Germany results in being able to cut down the standing army, there is no doubt parenthood and not age will be the criterion of exemption from military service.

A remarkably large foundation for a country of few millionaires has been established in France by Théodore Cognacq. The fund, which is managed by the Académie de Médecine, amounts to 50,000,000 francs. The interest is given yearly to ninety families of nine children or more. This year 12,000 families applied for the grant. The Académie Française is also taking part in the new movement. A part of its numerous *prix de vertu* are now being awarded to parents who have brought up large families. From the different foundations twenty-one families received in 1916 prizes of from 1000 to 2000 francs. The average number of children to the family was sixteen, of whom fourteen were living. In 1917 for two big prizes of 10,000 francs each there

were 400 applications. Thirty of the families had more than fifteen children. It is a mistake to think that patriarchal life has entirely disappeared from France.

Have I not said enough to convince my readers that the problem of depopulation is not hopeless of solution and that intelligent efforts are being made in France to check the decreasing birth-rate?

In her finances, France is suffering from a stupid and short-sighted fiscal policy before and during the war. I am not going to quote figures as I did in illustrating the depopulation problem. The total of France's indebtedness is not a matter of interest; for in speaking of money, figures have lost all meaning since 1914. We have to revise our ideas of the seemingly unlimited possibilities of the extension of credit. No banker or economist dreamed of a world war in which the belligerents could continue to borrow from one another and from their own nationals year after year without thought of how the debts were piling up beyond the limit of interest payment, let alone beyond the possibility of liquidation.

"There is n't so much money in the world!" cried Thiers when Bismarck demanded six billion francs as a war indemnity in 1871. Bismarck probably thought so, too, for he reduced the amount to five billions. And yet to-day we have imposed upon Germany twenty-five times as much as the 1871 indemnity as the *minimum* she must pay. France, with scarcely more population than in 1871, is confronted with an annual budget of from eighteen to twenty-two billion francs per annum. The discrepancy of four billions per annum in the budget estimates of experts shows how far we have traveled from the time of Thiers.

Few Frenchmen are counting upon the German war indemnity to ease the financial situation of France. If the Germans pay for the destruction and the requisitions during the period of invasion and occupation, we shall be surprised. That bill mounts up beyond the financial capacity of Germany. If the huge additional sum for pensions is exacted, the hopes of the most optimistic Frenchmen will be realized. The war debts, with the appalling annual interest exceeding the total revenue of France before the war, remain to be met. We are told that France has increased her revenue from 5,000,000,000 to 12,000,000,000 francs since 1914. But let us not be deceived by this statement. An important part of the increase comes from taxing war profits, and ceases in 1920. The war-profits tax was not revenue. It was simply a compulsory discount on government orders.

When we examine the financial situation of France with the question in mind as to how France is to make both ends meet, the answer is that France cannot hope to pay her obligations, much less her current expenses. Is bankruptcy the alternative? That depends upon what we mean by bankruptcy. It would be bankruptcy if France were to default interest payment on the sums borrowed abroad or on what is owed abroad for purchases made during the war. We may be sure that this will never happen. Some critics are saying that because France is already seeking new credits in America for payment of bills due and for purchases and for interest due our Government, we can infer that France is insolvent. The inference is wrong. These new credits are being sought not because of lack of money to meet obligations, but because of unwillingness to make huge payments abroad in dollars when the franc is so greatly depreciated. France can now honor and will be able in the future to honor all her foreign debts both as to interest and principal, but she asks her more fortunate allies to wait until exchange returns to normal, and to help her stabilize exchange by refraining from compelling her to buy an enormous number of dollars every month.

In considering the payment of obligations to her own citizens France does not need to take the same attitude. The French people will have to realize that they are France and that they cannot be creditors and debtors at the same time. More than ten per cent. of the French internal war loans is water; in one of the loans nearly thirty per cent. The men who managed the treasury of France during the war were

not as confident of the patriotism of the people as the men who managed the army. None hesitated to call upon the French to give their husbands and sons. When it came to money—well, that was another matter. High interest and the hope of gain by issuing the loans below par were the inducements held out to thrifty investors.

Perhaps during the war no other policy was possible. Many who paid the price of blood would have refused to pay the price of gold. French character is curious and incomprehensible when it comes to money matters. It is the one place where the French lose their wonderful sense of proportion and where they are incapable of reasoning things out. But now the French nation is confronted with the necessity of paying for the war. France has not been impoverished by the war. Far from it. Outside of the invaded regions the country has increased in prosperity since 1914. There is more money in the savings-banks and in other forms of investment at home than in 1914. The person who looks on the gloomy side of French finances is the one who refuses to study the actual financial condition of the French people. There is plenty of money in France: it has only changed hands. The Government did not try to pay for the war during the war. Instead, the money that ought to have come into the French treasury as taxes came in as loans. It is ridiculous to object that the French could not have stood heavy additional taxation. What they put into the war loans represented money, and a good part of it money earned in the war and because of the war.

The financial remedy for France is to decrease her internal war debts by drastic measures. The loans are widely distributed and are mostly carried by those who can afford to forego them. For if the interest and principal are to be paid, the money must come from those who hold the loan certificates. Some sort of veiled repudiation of the internal war debt will have to be devised. None can now object if the capital is fixed at the actual sum paid in by the subscriber. This will be the first step. Then the interest rate will be cut. Judicial fiscal legislation will be able to reduce the indebtedness of the Government toward its own citizens to a quarter of the present formidable total without disorganizing industry or causing undue hardship to the citizens as a whole.

In great crises of history the Government should have the same right to call upon capital as it has to call upon man power. For the common weal every Frenchman left his work and his family and spent years in fighting. A million and a half died, and another million was incapacitated. There was no distinction of class in military service; but the sacrifice was far greater for the common working-man who had nothing but his hands than for the man who could fight and die with the comfortable feeling that he was not leaving his family penniless. Now that the war is over, the portion of the body politic that has money is called upon in turn to make a sacrifice for the salvation of France. The sacrifice is inevitable. Otherwise interest payments will demand more than the annual revenue, and a crash will follow more disastrous to the moneyed classes than a judicious levy on capital. Despite their reluctance to pay out money, the common sense of the French nation is bound to prevail. The French will not let the financial question drift or become a source of class antagonism.

Admiration for France? We have always had that. Sympathy with France? We have never failed to show that. Confidence in France? By her own deeds France herself instilled that in us. But during the period of reconstruction we cannot afford to become indifferent or cool in our attitude toward France. France has the right to continue to look to us for the whole-hearted, tangible, practical aid we gave her during the period of our military intervention. We must not be unwilling to do our full share and more than our share in international police work. We must help with the exchange problem. We must extend further credits. We must favor France in tariff schedules. Honor and gratitude and interest alike demand that we should not forget our war-cry, "Vive la France!"

CHRISTMAS EVE

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by Charles S. Bigelow.

The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

"THE DIALOGUE OF GODS"

E are once again indebted to Alfred G. Gardiner, the sometime brusk and brilliant editor of "The London Daily News," for a happy phrase. On his last visit, at the close of his first day in the United States, he said in an interview that when in the closing days of the war messages between Washington and Berlin were hurtling over their heads in England, it was like "the dialogue of gods." And it was. In those tense days justice sat for a season in the councils of diplomacy, and idealism invaded the field of international politics long preempted by the cynical and the selfish. America was, to use another phrase from Mr. Gardiner, "dictating the terms of a new world." Seasoned cynics were thrown off their guard. Many who were not millennial-minded thought maybe the day of a new deal had dawned. Would "the dialogue of gods" be followed by godlike action? There was an almost pathetic popular confidence in this Olympian conversation. Then came the armistice; then came the peace conference; then came the Treaty of Versailles; then came the timid assumptions or flat denials of international responsibility by parliaments and chambers and senates; then came the world-wide welter of social unrest, with its destructive effects; then came the frank defiance of certain features of the Versailles settlement by national groups, with each defiance met by nothing more decisive than an unbacked ultimatum.

More than a year has passed since we listened to "the dialogue of gods," and in the always self-critical atmosphere of a New Year we are casting up accounts. What has happened to our blue-prints of a new world? Just what did we win when we won the war? How much unfinished business is before the world? This is no time for cynicism, but still less is it a time for self-delusion. We cannot wisely steer our course in the year ahead unless we know definitely our latitude and longitude in relation to our war-time ideals.

To begin with, as far as international idealism is concerned, we "are in the doldrums," to use Mr. Taft's expressive phrase. We are in the position of having given international thought a new vocabulary and of being among the first to return to the old dialects. Having talked most loudly about international obligations, many of our political leaders are exhausting the arts of sophistry in a search for definitions of proposed international obligations that will make them not obligatory save in a tenuous "moral" sense. After challenging Europe to a new sort of international organization, we covet the status of visitor and adviser only in the councils of world politics. All of which is fresh proof that a national mind is not susceptible to the quick conversion that furnished the dramatic element in the primitive camp-meeting. We are creatures of more than a century of mental as well as geographical isolation from the mêlée of world politics. It is not didactic diplomacy, but the slow tutelage of economic necessity that will finally make us a full-fledged member of the society of nations.

In the matter of economic relations we shall go ahead shouldering our full responsibility at the very moment we are talking most of our sovereign isolation. What a happy thing it is for the world that nations are not logical! In extending the necessary credit that Europe needs to set her industries going again, we shall find ourselves enmeshed in the councils of the world, regardless of

our final decisions respecting the treaty of peace and the League of Nations.

There is no need of professing now a modesty we did not practise at the peace conference. We went to Paris as a veiled dictator, an assumption redeemed only by the fact that we sought no selfish pay for our dictation. Our rôle may have been that of the benevolent autocrat bent upon giving the world democracy by decree, but it was benevolent. If now the United States has a cooling interest in the task of dictation and a reluctance to assume the inevitable responsibilities of an American peace, what is happening to Europe's attitude toward an American peace?

Two ideas were in constant conflict during the peace conference, the American idea and the European idea. Stripping the problem of its detailed issues, the American idea started from the conception of a "concert of power" as the only workable method for administering the modern world, while the European idea clung to a "balance of power" as essential to the practical protection of the several nations in the doubtful years ahead. It may be said that this statement is over-simplified and not literally true. It may be said that a concert of power or a league of nations was not an American idea, but a Wilson idea pure and simple, or that it was not an exclusively American idea, as outstanding leaders in virtually all nations espoused the league idea; the statement may be taken as an unwarranted reflection upon the idealism of England, France, Italy, and other European nations. Whether Mr. Wilson accurately interpreted the American purpose or not, he did officially represent American policy, and in any analysis of results we must consider his policy as the American idea. No one who has had opportunity to come in contact with public opinion in all regions of our country during the last three years can doubt that Mr. Wilson did faithfully interpret the incorrigible idealism of the American mind, however much it may welch at the assumption of costly responsibility in the end. As to European idealism, actions speak louder than words—actions in the peace conference and actions since the peace conference.

The fact is that the European nations accepted American leadership in the peace conference, to the extent that they did, with grave misgivings, frank protest, and under compulsion. We were rich and, as Europe felt her flattened purse, many reluctant concessions were made to American contentions. The peace-conference deliberations were far from the antiphonal response of Old-World and New-World idealisms that "the dialogue of gods" foreshadowed. The response to American leadership was never hearty, and there has been a marked European reaction against it since the conference.

The first element in Europe's reaction has been a result of the general reaction from the inflated hopes with which the world approached the conference. With sublime confidence the conferees sat down in Paris to the solution of all the problems that had proved insoluble through the centuries. It was a magnificent gesture at the control of a drifting civilization that had been getting increasingly out of hand for years, but some Gibbon of the twenty-first century will probably write a chapter on the naïve egotism of a generation that attempted to do so much at one sitting.

We are beginning to see that aside from settling the problem of an imminent German domination there are few problems that we have really settled. This is not of necessity ground for despair. The defeat of the German plan was a deliverance worth its full cost. But of much of our larger plan for a new sort of world we must frankly confess shipwreck. German power has been for the time broken, but has the German spirit been chastened and changed? The problem of the Adriatic, which has been since the dawn of history a bone of contention between Latin, Slav, and Teuton, and the trade-concern of others as well, has not been settled. The flaming fagots of the Balkan question may not be blazing with their accustomed flare, but who can say that they are dead? The Turkish cancer has not been cut out. Can any one yet say whether the policy of self-determination is to result in salutary race deliverance or in the general license of incompetency? The peace conference had not been going

a week before we saw how quickly the brotherhood of the battle-field could give way to mutual suspicion and clever trading. We have ordered plebiscites right and left in disputed territories, but have we made adequate provision that the votes will do more than register the fears of the inhabitants and dramatize the internal differences of the territories? Has any statesmanlike approach been made to the problem of Japan as the Prussia of the far East? Is India an extinct volcano? The Irish question we have always with us. Have we even faced seriously the possibility of a future alliance between the German genius for organization and the inexhaustible raw materials of Russia, when the Russian bear has recovered from his madness, or before? In Shan-tung democracy's hopes hang upon the promise of a nation with a dangerous penchant for imperialism.

Even this is a long catalogue, and it is only a selection at random. In common with the rest of the world, Europe sees this long agenda of unfinished business after the peace conference made such an ambitious attempt to settle all the major problems of the world's tangled politics. It is only natural that the sight has produced a reaction against the Wilson idealism, since that idealism was primarily responsible for making the peace conference an agency for placing the whole life of the world on a new basis. But this, after all, is only an abstract and instinctive reaction in which Europe shares with the rest of the world. It makes no difference that much of this reaction may be unreasonable, placing blame where blame does not rest. It exists. And we are here casting up accounts, not passing judgment *ex cathedra*.

But the European reaction against the American idea in world politics has a specific and detailed side that we shall do well to keep in mind. We may think that the League of Nations, elementary and imperfect as it is, offers hope for a better system than the old competition in armaments; but the indisputable fact is that in Europe practical trust in the league as a means of protection during the next ten years has been growing daily weaker.

This weakening faith in the league means that Europe must begin to look, as, indeed, Europe is already looking, to the possibility of alliances that will serve as protection in the next embroilment. Each and all of the Allied nations see that adherence to the American idea of settlement is not only failing to produce a workable new organization of Europe, but is awakening new rivalries and breeding new hatreds that may play havoc with the alliances they will want to form if or when the League of Nations proves unable to give the nations at least as good protection as the old system gave them. To be specific, suppose France follows the American idea in the Fiume question, Italy grows bitter toward France, the League of Nations breaks down, and some years hence another war breaks out between France and Germany. France will need Italy as an ally; but with Fiume freshly in mind, how will Italy feel toward France? If France would not trust to the League of Nations without the promise of an English-French-American alliance, is it strange that she has gone slowly in taking any decisive stand on the Fiume matter that will alienate Italy as a future ally? It is not a question of assuming a holier-than-thou attitude and condemning France. Granted an honest disbelief in the protective power of the League of Nations, any nation would act as France is acting. France does not stand alone in this matter. All of the major Allied powers are showing a marked reluctance to take any very decisive action toward enforcing the plain decrees of the peace conference where those decrees run counter to the aspirations of a people that might be needed as an ally in a next war. Whether it is reluctance to oust D'Annunzio from Fiume, the Rumanians from Budapest, or decisively to handle the whole medley of unsettled questions left by the peace conference, there stands in the background the fear of any action that might defeat the formation of future alliances.

The reaction of Europe against the American peace, which has been growing greater and greater with every week since the peace conference, is due primarily to these two causes—a general instinctive reaction against an idealism

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Gabriele D'Annunzio

that attempted so much and accomplished so little, and the unwillingness to follow American leadership to the point of alienating peoples that will be needed as allies later.

When the first effect of this reaction on our tired minds has worn off, our sense of realism will return, and we shall see that while we fell far short of accomplishing the ambitious results toward which we looked during the war, we did meet the immediate menace of German power gone mad, and we shall then settle down to the slow process of achieving a better world through a change of mind as well as a change of machinery.

DRAMATIC D'ANNUNZIO

TUCKED away in an obscure corner of our morning papers a while ago was the interesting information that the Italian-American State Executive Republican Committee had issued to the Italian voters of New Jersey an appeal to "choose between the Democratic party with Wilson and the Republican party with D'Annunzio." Is this, perchance, an illuminating commentary upon the increasing interdependence of a world in which a problem of far-off Italy may become an issue in American state politics, or is it just a serio-comic sidelight on campaign ingenuity? At any rate, it reminds us once more of the man who contrived to galvanize the wearied attention of a whole world just emerged from a war that had reduced the sensational to the prosaic level of the usual.

Some months ago when Gabriele D'Annunzio seized the disputed city of Fiume, it was set down as the errant prank of a mad poet. It was recalled that before the war D'Annunzio was said to have asserted that he had sucked the world dry of its sensations and looked enviously upon death as a release from boredom. So this lone-man defiance of the entire diplomatic world, this single-handed nullification of the edicts of Versailles, this solitary hold-up of the nascent League of Nations was credited to a search for sensation by a blasé amorist to whom the war had been one continuous orgy of dramatics. Certain it is that no more diverting incident has invaded the rather sordid field of international politics for many moons. But, then, D'Annunzio, the voluptuary turned valiant, could not be other than diverting. He disputes with Cardinal Mercier and Albert the distinction of being the most dramatic figure of the war.

D'Annunzio's every public act during the war seemed somehow incomplete without footlights. His impassioned appeal to the soul of Italy for entering the war ended with a triumphant and theatrical flourish on May 17, 1915, when, at Campidoglio, he lifted to his lips the historic sword of Nino Bixio, Garibaldi's associate, kissed it with ceremonial reverence, and shouted to the mob: "The hour has come. Ring your bells!" He never failed to coin the electrifying phrase at a critical hour, as when, during the sorry plight of the Italian Army in the autumn of 1917, he said, "Rather than give up Venice to the enemy, let us raze it to the ground." His flight over Vienna in the autumn of 1918, when he showered upon the city thousands of copies of his appeal to the Viennese, was another feat that stirred the Italian imagination. And where can one find a better adventure story than D'Annunzio's setting out with thirty companions in three small vessels to sail in under the very noses of the guns of the Austrian fleet in the port of Buccari to renew the Italian challenge to the fleet to come into the open, throwing his sarcastic challenge, incased in a bottle, into the waves?

But can D'Annunzio be defined in terms of the dramatic alone? Can the Fiume episode be dismissed as the mere stage-strut of a quixotic temperament? Is he just a bucaneering claim-jumper going entirely on his own? To the first question his countrymen will answer, "No!" And in answering the latter it is well to remember that international politics is a game reduced to a science in which little leeway is left for the free-lance. There are grand adventures without number in the game, but they are usually adventure of plan rather than of impulse. The most casual gesture is likely to be calculated.

To the Italian masses D'Annunzio will always remain prophet extraordinary,

the man who gave vision and voice to Italy in 1915 when the nation needed different guidance from that of Salandra, the halting premier, or of Giolitti, the pacifist friend of Bülow. His admirers speak of him as a man whose prewar corruptions, whatever they may have been, were burned up in the cleansing fires of a supreme passion for his country during the war. He was without doubt a superb recruiting officer who helped to enlist the scattered purposes and hesitant loyalties of the nation under the banner of decisive action. His theatricalism served Italy and the Allies well at a time when the adhesion of Italy to the Allied powers meant much.

Both before and during the war D'Annunzio was more than a stager of daring and dramatic feats. He was a dynamic factor in Italy's war-making. He cannot be dismissed as an erratic free-lance. But we have since come to see, what was evident to Europeans from the start, that the seizure of Fiume was far from being the purely personal adventure that many Americans naïvely took it to be.

It is, perhaps, significant that D'Annunzio's first appeal to the Italian people to enter the war was made when he went to Genoa in the summer of 1915 for the dedication of a monument erected at Quarto to Garibaldi and his volunteer band, for, as Mr. Simonds has suggested in one of his articles on after-the-peace-conference developments, D'Annunzio's taking of Fiume was not unlike Garibaldi's attack upon the Kingdom of Naples, in that both the king and Cavour knew in advance of Garibaldi's plan, as doubtless both Victor Emmanuel and Nitti knew of D'Annunzio's purpose.

Whether or not the facts will bear out the conjecture that the Italian Government was an actual, although silent, accomplice in the capture of Fiume, certain things are plain. Fiume was a knotty and disturbing problem for the Italian Government. There was a rising national sentiment demanding Fiume as an Italian city. The Government, however, faced the tentative verdict of the peace conference. It hardly dared an official occupation of the city, had it so desired. It was doubtless a welcome relief, therefore, for the Italian Government to be able to stand aside while the picturesque D'Annunzio seized the city, and then to say, in effect, to the nations represented at Paris what was absolutely true: "This is indeed embarrassing. We dare not risk the wrath of our people by attempting to use our army to drive out of Fiume this idol of the Italian masses. It seems that you will have to handle the situation."

Regardless of the final settlement of the Fiume question, the incident is suggestive of what may, and, indeed, probably will, develop into a whole series of informal and irregular amendments, by the direct action of national groups, of those features of the Versailles settlement which left unsatisfied vigorous nationalistic aspirations.

HELPING EUROPE REBUILD

SINCE the armistice was signed, the one consideration that has overshadowed all else has been to get the world in general and Europe in particular back to work. Our inability to get quick action on the peace treaty has meant months of delay in our getting at certain aspects of this fundamental job, upon the successful doing of which the social peace of the world markedly depends. In the closing weeks of the year just ended the presence in the United States of business missions from England, France, Italy, and Belgium raised this question in its most concrete aspect, the extension of credit to Europe.

The necessities of the situation have placed this matter of credit upon a broader basis than that of an ordinary banking operation to be determined by our financial institutions alone. The problem is of the widest national concern. It must ultimately be studied and understood by the man in the street, the workman in the shop, the farmer, and the modest-salaried classes, as well as by the magnates of the bourse.

What is the situation, in brief, and why does it concern any one but the banker? Are there reasons beyond the obligations of international helpfulness that make the restoration of Europe to normal an intimate American issue?

To begin with, we are in honor bound to finish the job we set out to do when we entered the war. It is no mere juggling with words to say that our purpose was not accomplished when Germany signed the armistice and acceded to the demands of the peace conference. The defeat of Germany was simply one necessary step on the road to that purpose, which was the achievement of a safe and orderly world in which sane, democratic progress might be possible. Clearly a world of paralyzed industries and idle masses does not answer to that description, for every idle factory in the world is a breeding-ground of radicalism and a recruiting station for the social revolution.

If Europe does not get quickly back to work, increasingly serious social disturbances are bound to occur throughout the Old World. Frontiers cannot be sealed against such unrest. The infection of Europe's discontent will inevitably invade the United States, further to complicate our own none too happy situation. Typhus in the next block concerns us, although we may not own the property. Doing everything within our power to stabilize industrial Europe is for us a profitable and preventive venture in the sanitation of an area that may breed dangerous social moods.

Then, too, unless Europe quickly regains her economic balance, we shall find ourselves without adequate markets for our surplus products. And when a nation's wharves become choked with goods for which there are no effective demands, there is hardly a domestic problem that escapes the deadly complications that ensue.

The average American has been slow to appreciate the dangerous significance of this possibility, because in the months immediately following the termination of the war there were effective demands that measurably absorbed surplus production everywhere. But those demands grew out of an abnormal situation that, in the absence of adequate credit arrangements, could not be other than short-lived. For one thing, the credits upon which Europe's early post-war purchases were made were rapidly depleted, and the creation of the necessary new credits is no breakfast job that can be despatched instanter. And then our own national demand has been abnormally heavy during the early post-war period for two obvious reasons. In the first place, an enormous amount of the deferred buying of war-time came into the market when the war ended, and, in the second place, we reacted from the enforced economy of war-time and began spending our money like drunken sailors. But during the next two years these factors will operate with decreasing effect. Deferred demands will be satisfied gradually, and there is bound to come a reaction from our orgy of buying. It is one of our major sports just now to make the profiteer the national scapegoat for the plague of prices, but justice will not permit the reckless buyer to go uncondemned for his share of responsibility in the matter of excessive living costs. It is clear, therefore, that as our own national demand becomes deflated, the economic health of America will be increasingly dependent upon a profitable export trade with Europe. This is why it is to the intimate self-interest of every American citizen that industrial Europe be set going again with the least possible delay.

One elementary law of the situation that needs to be said, repeated, and emphasized is that finally the only way Europe can pay for the goods she needs to import from us is to export goods of her own production. Europe is not in position to ship gold in return for her purchases here. If Europe were in position to pay cash for her purchases here, the exchange rates are such that she would be paying for them in American dollars that would cost from two to six times the normal rate. That would mean quick ruin for Europe, and we would suffer from the fall only second to Europe herself. Not only is Europe in no position to make gold payment for purchases, but, broadly speaking, she has no goods to export. Before she can possibly have an adequate surplus of goods for export she must import raw materials and machinery on a large scale.

The situation hinges, therefore, on the answer to one question, How is

Europe to pay for these raw materials and machinery in the interim while she is getting her productive processes going again at full blast, turning out surplus products with which to redress the balance of trade now going heavily against her? In 1918 Europe's imports exceeded her exports by four billion dollars to the United States alone. The answer is plain. Europe must be able to defer actual payment until she is able to produce and export goods to correct this deadly trade balance. That means, in the main, credit extended by the one nation in position to extend such credit on a scale commensurate with the need—the United States.

To realize the concern of the average American in this whole business, it is necessary to set down briefly the alternative methods of providing this credit.

First. The obvious method that suggests itself is the extension of government loans. Our Government, however, has decided that it will not continue the extensive participation in export trade financing that it undertook during the war. It has announced that this field is to be left to be developed by private enterprise, that henceforward financiers and business men must realize that the war period in our foreign business has come to an end. This puts the matter of government loans out of the question, at least as a major solution of the problem.

Second. Another approach to the problem is through the granting of direct loans to Europe by private American banking institutions and the extension of long commercial credits to European buyers by American manufacturers and business men. These two operations will play a valuable part in the restoration of Europe, but, considered as a comprehensive solvent of the situation, they are subject to obvious limitations. An enormous loan by American banks of the funds Europe needs would probably produce a stringency in the American money market that would seriously hamper the industrial enterprises of America in getting funds for necessary promotion. And, then, as Mr. Edward A. Filene has pointed out in several statements recently, the banks must ever hold themselves as the responsible trustees of American savings, and if they were to handle the situation alone, they would be forced to lend in those quarters where the best security could be found, judging security by the strictest technical requirements. That would result in loans being granted first to countries least in need of credit and last to countries most in need of credit. The countries in direst need of funds and in greatest danger of social upheavals that would react upon us would stand the slenderest chance of getting credit.

That is the one thing that we must avoid in any plan for extending credit to Europe. We must use our credit powers as an instrument for securing political and social stability, without which industrial Europe cannot be made a going concern. Otherwise the extension of credit will simply mean pouring our money into a bottomless well. And every alert student of the situation assures us that there can be no political safety anywhere in Europe as long as there is any country without the credit necessary to start its idle industries. That one country will breed a contagious spirit of revolution that will in time infect the rest of Europe. Europe cannot be restored piecemeal. All of Europe must be healthy or none of Europe will be healthy. It will be a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy for us to pick out the nation here or there that seems to offer the best security. We face a situation in which we dare not permit the ordinary principles of credit to govern our decisions. This does not mean that we should or must place the matter of credit to Europe upon a philanthropic basis, but it does mean that we must extend credit in the light of the social necessities of the situation rather than the type of security individual nations can offer. Europe is fundamentally rich and she has intrinsic powers of quick recovery if in the early stage of her return to work credit is not strangled by red-tape considerations. Manifestly the job is too big for private manufacturers to handle by the granting of long commercial credits, even though they were not hampered somewhat in so doing by the regulations of the Federal Reserve

Board as to the rediscount of commercial securities.

Third. The plan that seems essential is an enormous loan by the rank and file of Americans, made by investment in European securities. There is, finally, little question about the soundness of such securities if we really set all Europe on her feet. Tangible assets and conventional collateral may be scarce, but credit is primarily a matter of character, and the spirit of Europe is solvent. Such a people's loan probably could not be floated by the methods of our Liberty Loans; but our banks might well purchase these securities upon a basis that would justify their issuing other securities of their own for sale to the American public at a rate that would attract a popular investment and at the same time leave for the banks a margin that would provide a fund for their security.

The average American, when the facts are fully laid before him, will see that the purchase of these securities is in reality an investment in social insurance against the radicalism that a paralyzed Europe will inevitably breed. Such a popular loan would restrain our reckless expenditure and stimulate that thrift which underlies our national security.

EXIT SOVEREIGN PERSIA

NEITHER men nor empires waste worry on a common scold. To call names requires only an embittered disposition, a strain of cynicism, and a slender sense of the gentlemanly courtesies. The billingsgate of political controversy is not even diverting to honest minds. It is always interesting, however, when a verdict, drawn with a fine sense of the decencies of discussion, sticks and stings by virtue of an irony that is a pure distillation from the facts in the case.

Elsewhere in this issue Lothrop Stoddard contributes a scathing indictment of British imperialism in its latest Persian adventure. His paper is an eight-page Donnybrook Fair. No end of heads are broken. And the whole business is despatched without a moment's descent to demagogism. The only bludgeon wielded is the bludgeon of historical data. In fact, one might easily imagine Mr. Stoddard's having adjourned his critical judgment now and then while writing this paper to indulge in a sportsman's admiration of the sublime sang-froid with which foreign office veterans, in face of the most searching criticism of their imperialism, blandly repeat the time-worn patter of diplomatic altruism, snuffing out sovereignties with the air of fulfilling a Messianic mission.

The story of Anglo-Persian relations has all the intriguing interest of a Sherlock Holmes tale. One senses a game astutely played. For a study in subtlety it would be difficult to improve on the story, told in this paper, of how British statesmen, almost before the sound of firing had died on the western front, began to set the stage for the last act in the Persian play; how Downing Street took advantage of the fact that many of Persia's ablest nationalists were away from home—waiting outside the council chamber in Paris for a hearing that was never granted—to carry on negotiations not in Paris, not in London, but in Teheran for a new Anglo-Persian agreement, after the home Government had been still further emasculated by changes in personnel which meant the replacing of Persian patriots with Anglophiles.

The present thinly veiled protectorate is quite clearly not the work of one or two of an old guard who may not represent the major judgment of the Government. Lord Curzon, who used to speak in liberal appreciation of Persia's sovereign integrity, is found using a different vocabulary after the conclusion of this new agreement. Speaking at a dinner accorded the Persian foreign minister in London, Lord Curzon lapsed into the phrases that have ever been on the lips of British statesmen when they have faced the task of mollifying an absorbed sovereignty. He painted the familiar picture of the imperial Good Samaritan. That he faithfully interpreted the intention of the Government is evident from the news that soon followed of his succession to the portfolio of foreign affairs, lately held by the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour.

A survey of Anglo-Persian relations raises the interesting question whether democracy in the British Empire is con-

fined to the tight little island and such self-governing dominions as may have reached a maturity that will not brook political vassalage. Incidentally the pact of Teheran is an illuminating commentary upon the elusive and multi-faced sophism of self-determination. It is interesting to note that the one consideration shown Persia by the peace conference was her inclusion in the list of states invited to adherence to the League of Nations covenant. That might be interpreted as a tacit acknowledgment of her sovereignty. But with her future interests and actions so thoroughly and comprehensively lodged in the safe-keeping of British hands, we must add another vote to the list of votes controllable by Great Britain in the league. But of course no one thought of that at the time. Just English luck!

FACT *versus* FANCY

THERE is no place in the modern world, with its challenging competitions, for the rule of thumb. In the late war the scientist ranked with the soldier in the tasks of defense and offense. The war forced a mobilization of brains throughout the world. The war could not have been won without this conscription of science. It was not enough that the nation had individual scientists doing creative work in a thousand and one scattered laboratories. A national coördination of our scientific genius was necessary. This necessity did not disappear when the war ended. The next ten years will demand, as few years in our history have demanded, that we provide a sound fact basis for our political and social policies. The multitude of problems, together with the many factors making for hysterical thinking on our social problems, make this demand imperative.

Other nations have led the way in this field. The British Empire has approached the matter in a comprehensive fashion. England has created a Department of Science and Industrial Research charged with the prosecution and coördination of scientific investigation in behalf of the empire's interests. To this department has been given, as a start, an endowment of five million dollars. The self-governing dominions are adopting a similar policy. In Canada and Australia appropriations have been made, and the beginnings of organization well started. Japan has authorized and organized a National Laboratory for Scientific and Industrial Research and placed to its credit a fund of two and a half million dollars. Italy has taken steps toward the creation of a National Research Council. This attempt to organize throughout the world the peace-time service of science in the interest of national advancement is an outgrowth of the war-time emergency organization of scientists.

It is gratifying to know that we are not indulging in our customary trust to our extemporizing powers, but are likewise attending to this matter of harnessing the scientific brains of the nation to the complex needs of the nation. During the war there sprang up a spontaneous organization of our scientific men in the form of a National Research Council. This meant the bringing together for organized coöperation the hitherto isolated scientists of the country. These scientists worked in closest coöperation with the already established scientific bureaus of the Government. Mr. Vernon Kellogg, in a recent issue of "The Nation's Business," described the effective manner in which this council during the war allocated to the centers of research throughout the country important government work. The leading university laboratories of the country were conscripted for work on military optics, ordnance, munitions, topography, and food conservation. The unofficial scientists of the nation were directed by this council in investigations respecting gun defense, high explosives, smoke screens, dyes, fuel substitutes, wireless telegraphy and telephony, testing of materials, certain pathological and medical problems, not to mention the admirable work of the psychologists in placing the personnel work of the army upon a scientific basis. It was a magnificent illustration of what can be accomplished by the aggregate inventive genius of the country when that genius is correlated and directed.

It is good news that this council has been reorganized for peace-time service.

The reorganized body purposes the bringing about of a continuous nation-wide collaboration of the physicists, chemists, biologists, geographers, meteorologists, of all our scientists; a fitting together of the work of university scientists, research institutions, and the scientific bureaus of the Government.

The organization chart of the council shows two groups of divisions. The first group deals with general relations and includes six divisions dealing with government, foreign relations, states relations, educational relations, industrial relations, and research information. The second group deals with special fields of science and technology and includes seven divisions dealing with physical sciences, engineering, chemistry and chemical technology, geology and geography, medical sciences, biology and agriculture, anthropology and psychology.

The division of research information, to quote Mr. Kellogg, will be "a veritable national center of information concerning American research work and research workers, with all of its information promptly available to institutions and individuals interested in knowing at any time what problems are under investigation in America and their status."

True to the American devotion to private initiative, this council was not initiated or organized and is not supported by the Government. It is under the democratic control of the scientists coöperating in its work. It is, however, officially recognized by the Government. It is financed from private sources. It is probably true that American genius works best when not too much officialized, but in the event of need this council deserves generous government subsidy. It will help us to achieve government by knowledge as well as government by discussion. It will concentrate the brains of the nation upon the central problem of increased production and a wise development of our resources.

CAPITAL WALKS OUT

SOME weeks ago a despatch from Barcelona brought the news of a general lockout of workmen throughout Spain by order of the Congress of Spanish Employers. This was a climactic act in Barcelona's long labor war. Spanish employers asserted that the Government had failed to protect the employers' interests, and they purposed to take the situation into their own hands and meet the Syndicalists with their own weapons. For every strike they deem unjustified and for every boycott they purpose a general lockout, to be supervised by a permanent organization of Spanish employers.

Up to the moment of this writing, at any rate, the Government has played a conciliatory rôle, saving the pride of the Syndicalists from an abject surrender by granting them certain things that appear as concessions, but which may in fact turn out to be handicaps to their radicalism later. For instance, the Government granted juridical recognition of the Syndicate. That sounds as though some prestige were accorded the Syndicalists, but in reality it brings them under an official surveillance that they have been able to avoid in the past. Now the Syndicate must keep open to inspection its lists of members and must keep a set of books subject to legal requisition.

This Barcelona episode is suggestive of two developments noticeable throughout the world. In the first place, extremists have strained public patience to a point where capital feels that public opinion will justify national collective action on its part. That is something new under the sun. As stated elsewhere in these editorials, the major part of public opinion in the past has held capital and capitalists under suspicion. In the past great strikes have been suffered to continue by a public that would not for a moment have suffered similar collective action by employers. The solid body of public opinion has not changed on the elementary matters of social justice in matters of wages and hours and living conditions, but mass opinion is, after all, susceptible to stampede, and there is everywhere evidence that reckless radicalism may result in a wide-spread reversal of the traditional sympathy for labor. The fact that a *coup* like this of the Spanish employers' could be conceived as possible is an indication of this tendency.

In the second place, the incident is suggestive of what may become a gen-

eral movement in the direction of legal enactments that will insure responsibility upon the part of labor organizations. We have long had under discussion the proposal of demanding incorporation of labor-unions. Labor has consistently fought this, and there has not been sufficient conviction on the part of the public to force the measure through. It is inevitable that as power accumulates in any quarter, demands will arise that responsibility in that quarter be provided. Collective bargaining and collective responsibility are, of course, two sides of the same shield.

All such developments as the general lockout and the general strike show afresh that we have not yet got past the "balance-of-power" stage in industrial relations any more than we have got past the "balance-of-power" stage in international relations. Until we are able to find better instruments of class defense, we may expect such developments to proceed. Society has always shown a strange reluctance to bring reason to bear upon its problems until every other means has been exhausted. So it may be that we shall have to go on piling up armaments on both sides of the industrial field until the employers on the one side and the employees on the other have gravitated into two huge aggregations of power—aggregations so huge that industrial war between them will mean a virtual suspension of the nation's life. When such a time comes, when society has to choose between suicide or statesmanship, maybe we shall pull ourselves together and find a new basis for industrial coöperation.

BECAUSE GERMANY WORKS

A FEW months back it was worth one's head to suggest that we should some day be obliged to deal with Germany as part of the economic world. Prominent citizens, in solicitous concern for the full vindication of international morality, busied themselves with elaborate schemes for a post-war boycott. Then, in October last, the international labor conference, created under the peace treaty, convened in Washington and by a vote of seventy-one to one admitted to membership in the conference German and Austrian delegates. The one vote against their admission was cast by M. Louis Guerin, head of the French linen industry, who shouted with Gallic fervor as the vote was announced, "It is splendid to stand alone."

Our late enemies were admitted to this conference not because the world has forgotten Germany's insane aloofness to the commonest standards of political decency during the war and the long years of insidious preparation, but because the modern world is an economic unit and cannot be administered other than as a unit. Belgium's memory certainly has not failed her, and yet economic considerations would not allow her delegates to vote against the motion, although sentiment would not permit their voting for it. M. Jules Carlier, president of the central industrial committee of Belgium, explaining refusal to vote, said, "They [the Belgian employers] don't want to vote against it for economic reasons, but they don't want to vote for it, because Germany has cynically violated all engagements towards Belgium and diabolically destroyed our industries." M. Ernest Mahaim, of Liège University, likewise said, "We think economic conditions force us to adopt the motion."

The whole affair was a striking testimony to the primacy of economics in international relations. The German and Austrian delegates walked past the sentinels of hate and took their seats in the conference, despite the old political Germany, because of the new economic Germany.

M. Léon Jouhaux, general secretary of the Confédération Générale du Travail and head of the French delegation, stated the situation clearly and raised an interesting question when he said: "One question we are going to discuss is the eight-hour day. It would be entirely impossible to impose the application of the principles that might here be adopted on Germany and Austria if they are not allowed to participate. And we read daily that in Germany workmen are busy nine and ten hours a day." The last sentence of the French labor leader's statement puts the interesting query, What will happen if, while the rest of the world is wrangling, Ger-

many says nothing and goes quietly to work?

It is interesting to note what has been happening in Germany at a time when labor and capital in other countries have been immersed in conflicts that have meant a serious handicap on production. Some weeks ago Herr Bauer, Cabinet President, said to the German Parliament, "There are unmistakable signs of a reawakening of the characteristic strenuousness of German workmen, justifying our hopes that economic conditions will soon become quite tolerable." Then we find Georges Gotheiu, formerly of the Scheideman Cabinet, writing in the "Neue Freie Presse" that the industries which contribute to Germany's export trade have adequate coal arrangements and are little disturbed by strikes; that Germany's porcelain works are employing more workers than before the war; that the toy, optical, and chemical industries, the manufacture of musical instruments, and the publication of music are all on a high production basis and have many foreign orders at good prices.

The facts available at the time this is written indicate that these statements are more than political gestures. At the beginning of November last, the figures of the Federal Labor Ministry indicated that there were about five hundred thousand unemployed in all Germany. That meant that in six months Germany had reduced the number of her unemployed from a million and a half to the above noted half-million. It is significant that the largest number of unemployed, at the time these figures were compiled, were registered in branches of industry, such as textiles, which are dependent upon foreign countries for raw materials; that is, in situations over which German purpose and organization cannot yet exert control.

Every effort is being made in Germany to compose labor difficulties and to get industry going full steam ahead. There has been a marked gain in wages and in other privileges for German labor. Manufacturers are, in some instances, buying up large stocks of foodstuffs and reselling them to their workmen at a price the workmen can afford. The fact that German trade-unions have consented to the reintroduction of piece-work in many branches of the metal industry is indicative of the increasing concern of German labor as well as of German capital to every incentive to maximum production. The German workman has begun to show signs that he is tired of seeing his savings vanish in strike periods and is settling down to the grinding tasks and responsibilities of the economic restoration of the fatherland. Many factories in the chemical industry are working three shifts every twenty-four hours.

A recent Berlin despatch quotes General von Francois, who commanded an army corps in Poland during the war, as suggesting that Germany adopt a system of compulsory labor during the transition period to take the place of the compulsory military training that the German youths formerly received. Somewhat reminiscent of our own William James's idea of a social conscription as a moral equivalent of war, General von Francois suggests that, since work is the sole salvation of Germany, all physically and mentally fit youths should be drafted for one year when they become twenty years of age, that they be housed in barracks, clothed, fed, and given certain expense money by the state, and that the products of their labor go to the state. This may be only a private suggestion, but it must be remembered that, despite its sins against civilization, the old régime burned into the German people over a long period of years the lesson of organization. The war meant four years of graduate training in intensive production. A people does not soon forget such training. So the question is, What will happen if the curve of production rises in Germany and falls in the lands of the victor? That is a good question to print on the desk calendars of all employers and labor leaders.

THE PHILATELIST IN HIGH GLEE

BACK in 1865, in the columns of "Le Collectionneur," M. Herpin, a stamp-collector, carelessly coined the word *philatélie* from two Greek words that in combination literally mean a love of

things free of tax. While M. Herpin may have worried the meticulous word-builder, he gave local habitation and name to the whimsical passion of the stamp-collecting fraternity, which must be in high glee to-day over the medley of new stamps which the magic wand of "self-determination" has called into being.

A London "Times" despatch records the issuance of nearly two thousand new kinds of postage stamps since December, 1918. The new states created by the peace conference have issued nearly fifteen hundred of this number. Poland now has over four hundred distinct postage-stamps as against the single design used before the war. The Ukraine has displayed similar versatility in the creation of one hundred and seventy-five varieties of stamps. Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-slavia, not to be outdone, have each turned out a fresh assortment of about one hundred and fifty. And not to alienate the interest of the philatelic brotherhood, little Fiume boasts seventy-five distinct issues.

THE PUBLIC IS KING

It is always reassuring when we retain our sense of humor on dark days. In the mass of solemn and apprehensive editorials on the labor situation it is refreshing to come upon the lightness of touch that marks a Chicago "Tribune" comment on the tangle. The writer asserts that the coal-miners said they were willing to negotiate to prevent a strike, the operators said they were willing to negotiate to prevent a strike, the Government asked both to negotiate to prevent a strike; so it was decided to have a strike. Then the writer proceeds to twit the always imperious, but always complaisant, public. He writes that we emphatically assert that the public must not have its vital processes interrupted, and straightway they are interrupted; that the public must be protected, and the public is not. "The public is the ward of mandates and the victim of facts. The public is always king, but there is always a regency."

Things have been moving, however, in the days since this was written. The injunction obtained by the Government in the coal strike and the overwhelming approval which the Massachusetts electorate gave to the manner in which Governor Coolidge defended the public interest in the policemen's strike are only two of many dramatizations of the new determination to make the public interest primary in every situation.

No one who has had a new political or economic idea since the landing of the *Mayflower* desires "government by injunction," with the meanings that have attached to that phrase in the past. But the use of the injunction in the November coal strike was actuated by no narrow class motive. It was not designed as a blow at the workman's right to strike. It was the Government's most available means of serving notice upon all groups and all classes that methods must be found for settling the issues of industry that do not threaten to freeze or starve the American public and paralyze American industry. The Government was not indulging in a temporary manœuver for the settlement of this strike alone; it was establishing a principle of public right which the present posture of affairs requires, if the public is not to become a foot-ball to be kicked here and there by any group that happens to accumulate power. Should an association of owners and operators act in concert to bring about a nation-wide shutting down of all coal-mines, labor leadership would be first to condemn it as inhuman and illegal. And labor leadership would be right. The question at stake is not the justice or injustice of specific claims in particular strikes; it is a question of the suicidal character of the present method of attempting to adjust industrial relations.

No sane man wishes to see the situation issue in a test of brute force. A fight would bring only a temporary settlement at best, and its aftermath would poison social relations in this country for a generation to come. There never has been a time in our history when employers were as widely and as deeply concerned in making a sincere approach to the human problem of industry. The war has mellowed the mind of many an autocrat. We could begin to see the emerging qualities of

genuine industrial statesmanship in many quarters. It will be little short of tragic if all this must be stifled in an industrial death-grapple. Even before the war the preponderant part of our public sympathy was with labor in the average contest, and labor further solidified its hold upon American opinion during the war. But since the war an increasing radicalism in labor has shaken that sympathy.

It is becoming clearer every day, however, that if it comes to a test of strength, the public interest will prevail. The complaisant public has been jarred awake. If a show-down of force must come, there is less ground than ever to fear the outcome. Wherever there has been a clear test on a clean-cut issue, whether in Seattle or in Boston, it has been made plain that the reserve forces of the public stand ready to leap to mobilization against the autocracy or violence of any minority that disdains the accepted methods of a democracy for achieving progress or effecting change. This should give us a sense of security that will make for calm consideration untouched by hysteria.

2413 YEARS AGO

SEVERAL editors were talking shop the other evening in the quiet of a club corner. One of them, not a classicist, remarked that whenever he felt his brain going flat and dry, whenever he found himself angling in vain for an idea that would cut under the surface of the day's news, he spent an evening browsing in the classics or re-reading the very old essayists. He contended that for acute observation, incisive comment, and downright timeliness, ancient literature is more modern than current literature.

Certainly it would be difficult to write an editorial on our own domestic unrest and strike epidemic that would get to the heart of the matter with greater directness than does this page from Livy's "History of Rome."

It seems that after the rapid and successful conclusion of a series of wars "the state, being disturbed within itself, glowed with intestine animosity between the senate and the people. . . . They [the persons with grievances] complained loudly, that whilst fighting abroad for liberty and dominion, they were captured and oppressed at home by their fellow-citizens." This sounds strangely modern. Describing the spread of the tumult through the city, Livy writes, like one of our own vigilantes, "In no place is there wanting a voluntary associate of sedition." Strikingly suggestive of the way American labor, pointing to its admirable war record, asserts its demands in no uncertain tones, Livy describes the manner in which the "multitude" approached the "consuls" for redress. "The multitude turning towards them [the consuls] . . . said that they deserved all this [disturbance], taunting them each with the military services performed by himself, one in one place, and another in another. They require them with menaces, rather than as suppliants, to assemble the senate, and stand round the senate-house in a body, determined themselves to be witnesses and directors of the public counsels." Here was labor influence on Congress with a vengeance.

Fashions in human nature seem not to change much through the centuries. This Roman Bolshevism revealed about the same diversity in the ideals of leadership that we have to-day. "Appius, a man of violent temper, thought the matter was to be done by the authority of the consuls, and that if one or two were seized, the rest would be quiet. Servilius, more inclined to moderate measures, thought that while their minds were in this ferment, it would be both more safe and more easy to bend than to break them."

Here were the two fundamental types of leadership bidding for control of Roman policy in a time of threatening unrest—Appius, apostle of force; Servilius, apostle of moral suasion. The outcome may be suggestive for us. To quote Livy again: "To many the opinion of Appius appeared, as it really was, severe and violent. . . . But through the spirit of faction and a regard of private interest, which always have and always will obstruct the public councils, Appius prevailed, and was himself near being created dictator; which step

would certainly have alienated the commons at this most dangerous juncture. . . . But the consuls and elder senators took care that this office, in its own nature uncontrollable, should be committed to a man of moderate temper. They chose Manius Valerius, son of Volesus, dictator."

Although there is no parallel between their official positions, Valerius and Samuel Gompers have much in common. There is something quite Valerian about the position Mr. Gompers has held as ardent spokesman of the masses, but at the same time a conservative leader whom capital and the public would, as Mr. Gompers has often suggested, do well to support unless more radical leadership is desired. Valerius did not succeed in his task of conciliation. When he did not get from the senate the consideration he wanted for the grievances of the people, he quit the senate-house and abdicated his dictatorship with a speech that sounded very much like Mr. Gompers's parting statement as he withdrew from the industrial conference last October. Valerius said: "I am not acceptable as an adviser of concord. You will ere long wish, depend on it, that the commons of Rome had patrons similar to me. For my part, I will neither further disappoint my fellow-citizens, nor will I be dictator to no purpose. . . . Peace has been secured abroad, it is impeded at home. I will be a witness to disturbance as a private citizen rather than as dictator."

To skip past details, the way out of the tangle was found, and a moderate program secured from the discontented element by a son of the common people not by any dramatic master-stroke of statesmanship, but by the telling of a simple fable that stripped the problem of its thousand and one misleading passions and brought to the situation the healing ministry of common sense.

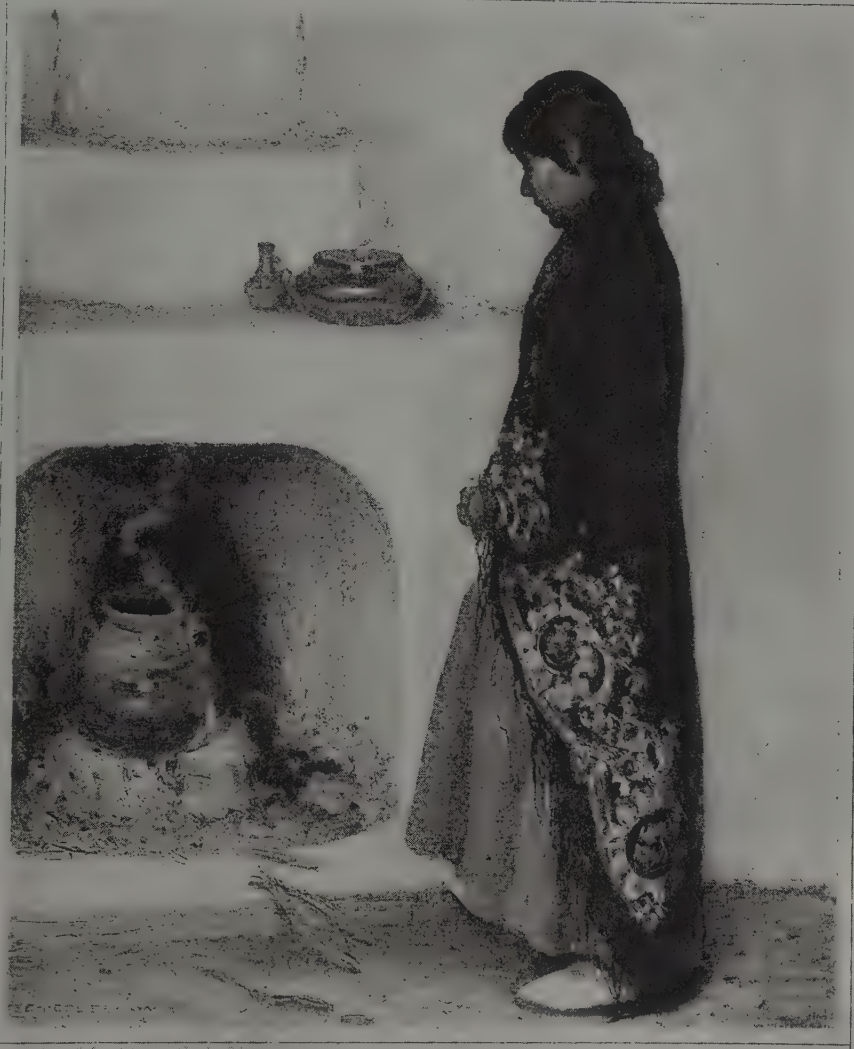
The discontented legions were encamped outside the city. The senators had a bad case of nerves. They did not know at what minute the people left in the city would become infected with this Bolshevist poison and join forces with the legions outside. Then, too, another war might come any day, and they would need the loyalty of the soldiers and the people. Plainly the thing had to be patched up. Let Livy tell how the victory for sanity and order was won.

It was resolved, therefore, that there should be sent as ambassador to the people, Menenius Agrippa, an eloquent man, and one who was a favorite with the people, because he derived his origin from them. He, being admitted into the camp, is said to have related to them merely the following story in that antiquated and uncouth style: "At a time when all the parts in the human body did not, as now, agree together, but the several members had each its own scheme, its own language, the other parts, indignant that everything was procured for the belly by their care, labor, and service; that the belly, remaining quiet in the center, did nothing but enjoy the pleasures afforded it. They conspired accordingly, that the hands should not convey food to the mouth, nor the mouth receive it when presented, nor the teeth chew it; whilst they wished under the influence of this feeling to subdue the belly by famine, the members themselves and the entire body were reduced to the last degree of emaciation. Thence it became apparent that the service of the belly was by no means a slothful one; that it did not so much receive nourishment as supply it, sending to all parts of the body this blood by which we live and possess vigor, distributed equally to the veins when perfected by the digestion of the food." By comparing in this way how similar the intestine sedition of the body was to the resentment of the people against the senators, he made an impression on the minds of the multitude.

The modern cartoonist has always characterized "capital" by a capacious and well-filled stomach. Certain perversions of "capital" inspired this trick of the cartoonists, but Menenius Agrippa's fable got at the heart of capital's fundamental service. May we not hope that some Agrippa will arise in the ranks of labor and by some such clear, clean, lightning flash of common sense challenge all the factors of production, human and material, to that harmonious partnership without which we are defeated before we begin the tasks of reconstruction ahead of us?

FROM PRAIRIE AND DESERT

Paintings by E. Irving Couse, N.A.

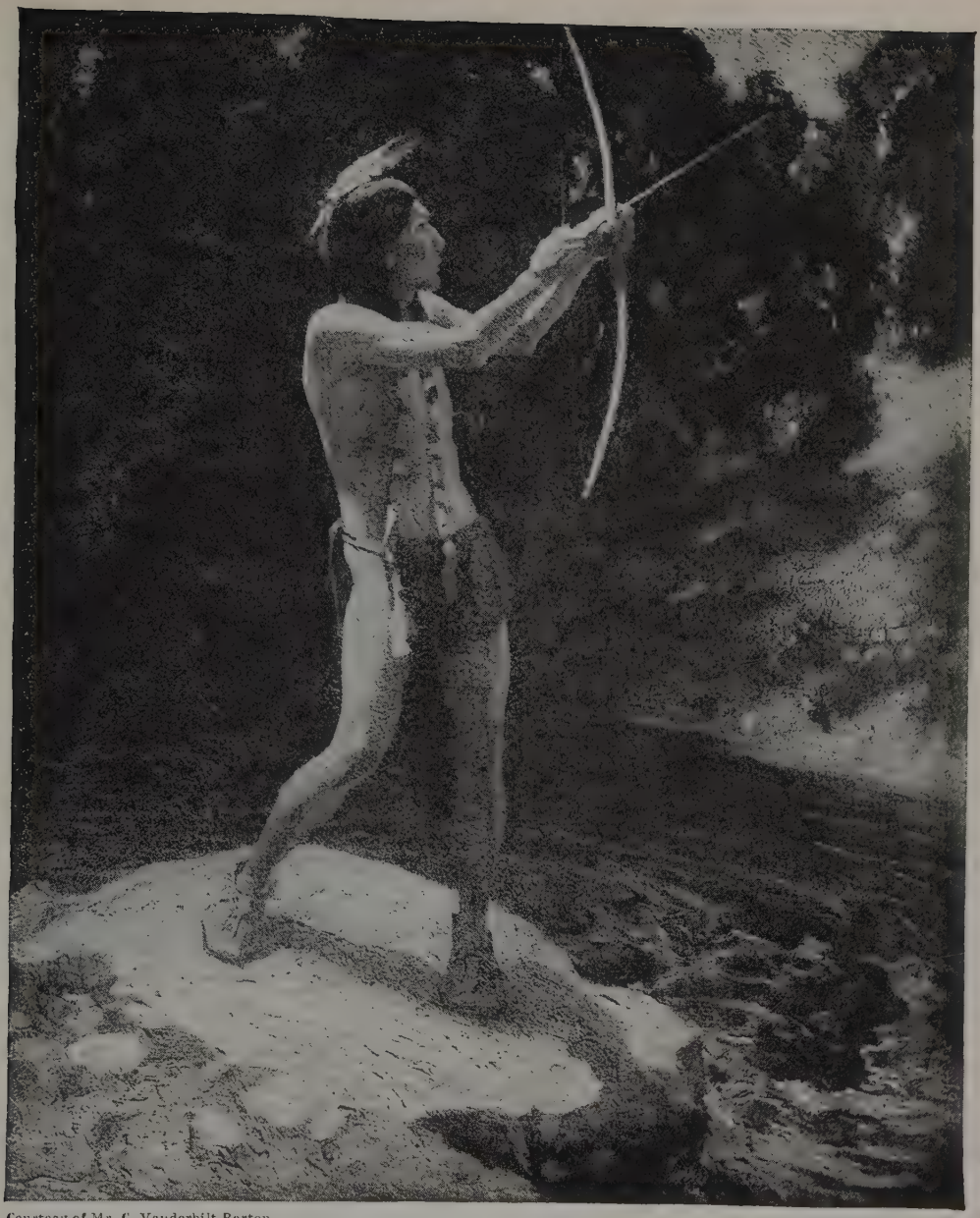


COURTESY OF MR. ARNOLD BOUTELL

The Purple Shawl

Courtesy of the Joseph G. Butler, Jr. Art Gallery, Youngstown, Ohio

"A Vision of the Past"



Courtesy of Mr. C. Vanderbilt Barton

"Medicine Arrow"

"Captive Dance"

"Moonlight"
(Pueblo de Taos, New Mexico)

Courtesy of Mrs. Cornelia M. Wickes

"Smoke Purification"

"The Pottery-vender"

'The Turquoise Bead-maker"

An Arkansas Epic

By BRUNO ROSELLI

The dramatic story of Tontitown, a medieval Italian city, located in Arkansas, and all that remains of the Italian colonization plan instituted by Austin Corbin about fifty years ago.

NOW that I am a resident and a taxpayer of the City of New York, I chuckle to myself when I think that the first money I made in this country came from the budget of that imperial city. A most unusual procedure, I admit, to draw a salary check from the city presided over by Bartholdi's substantial goddess when I had seen that divinity for the first time only a few weeks before. But I had come on a lark, had balked at the idea of returning to Italy at least until I had breathed deep enough of that spirit of the New World which was later to pursue me through the dusty halls of the Louvre and the blood-stained glaciers of the Italian front; and the gold-belt which my father had fastened around my waist when I left the banks of the Arno, wherein flows more poetry than water, was becoming ominously light. Something must be done; and when I appeared, smiling and apparently unconcerned, before the Jupiter-like countenance and the forbidding frown of the late Dr. Leipziger, Superintendent of Lectures for the Board of Education of the City of New York, and told him that I had observed too many of my countrymen in the streets of Little Italy, and wished to persuade some of them through the city lecture system to move away from the metropolis, the roar with which he received my suggestion would have delighted the heart of a Herr Hagenbeck, though his lions had not yet gone into *Ersatz-Wurst* for famished Germans. However, my few days in New York had taught me the value of bluff in a business transaction.

"All right, Dr. Leipziger," I said. "Perhaps it is just as well. My idea was too unusual for you, and board of education work pays altogether too little, anyway." But when I made for the door, the arm of his secretary stopped me, and at that moment I knew that the battle was won.

"Italian Immigration: where It Goes and where It should Go"—seventeen times did I give that lecture for the city in the schools and libraries of those Italian districts which successfully secrete themselves and their hundreds of thousands of denizens in the least conspicuous, and yet most accessible, corners of the great city. What unforgetable audiences! Tired street-diggers; tonsorial artists looking down over their noses at pomaded mustachios; runty little Sardinians with restless eyes like those of some good wild creature of the woods; Genoese sailor giants; children in cheap Mulberry Street dresses, embellished with hand-embroidered trimmings, gazing admiringly with eyes like Julius Cæsar's own at their hat-bands, with "Freedom" or "Democracy" stamped upon them; and anxious mothers not yet introduced to the mysteries of American hair-nets, presiding over large broods and distributing among their young, according to their ages, advice, slaps, and nourishment. And before all that poverty and primitiveness and love and ignorance of the land that would be their children's *paese* I spread the vision of the unexplored and unsuspected possibilities of the New World; I spoke of health, prosperity, happiness, freedom, opportunity, to be had if they would only return to the mother earth on whose bounty they used to live, away from crowded tenements and pestilential city streets. Would they have the courage? Would they dare leave the costly "pro-

tection" of their only American friends, Mike the "barkeep" and Mr. Pinkus the landlord? Why, of course they would. And their new neighbors would not be likely to interfere with them provided they took up land which no "native son" wanted, and grew for the market something which no earlier immigrant had grown, and kept away from towns, demanding nothing and expecting nothing until their deeds should overcome the deep racial prejudice of rural communities. I said:

"You are unsuccessful and unhappy here. You cannot compete in business with the Jew, while your ignorance of English puts you at a disadvantage with the Irishman. Get away from such competition, and let us see whether your strong arms will not bring abundant riches out of the soil. Make up your minds at once to go, and the next time you are working upon the railroad in some friendly climate, or toiling in a factory away from large cities, inquire as to the price of the nearest abandoned farm, or ask for a figure on a stony or hilly tract given up as hopeless by the local farmers. You are born of a race of pioneers, which lacked opportunities in Europe, and fails to find them even here when in cities crowded with craftier peoples, but thrives when facing the obstacles of nature. And be sure to strike out for yourselves. Do not go blindfold to any farm you have not seen, following some wild scheme of extensive colonization. But even if you should be lured into that, and fail, do not settle down to your fate without a fight, you countrymen of Columbus the undaunted. Remember the story of Tontitown, and you will not lose heart."

And then, before eager eyes which stared with snake-like intensity and childlike innocence, while the Irish school janitor was fidgeting toward the door, with an eye on his watch, and the "Italian inspector" of the board of education was perusing the suburban timetable to see which train he would be likely to catch for the Rockaways or White Plains, the story of Sunnyside and Tontitown, the romance of the Mississippi River colonization scheme, was depicted in a few simple sentences to those scions of an old race, always eager to appreciate the esthetic value of victory in an unequal fight.

In the latter half of the last century a New York financier, Austin Corbin, conceived the idea of embarking upon a momentous scheme of Italian colonization in the southern part of the United States. Large tracts of cotton-land along the lower Mississippi were purchased, and an arrangement was made with the mayor of Rome to send a certain number of Italian families every year from different parts of the peninsula as settlers for the new colony, which was to be named Sunnyside. A large number of families left their native shores, and in due time reached the distant spot.

Mr. Corbin had undertaken the matter in a charitable and philanthropic spirit. He had in view, above all, the happiness and success of the Italians, and to his Wall Street mind the idea of a large and self-supporting colony seemed to present mainly a problem in organization: so many members of each trade, so many hours of work per day, such and such transportation facilities throughout the colony; in due time schools, a library, recreation centers, etc. He failed to see that Italians, being born individualists, cannot be reckoned with as numbered human units, and that the matter of quality requires as much consideration in dealing with them as that of quantity. Although they were all farmers, the Venetians and the Calabrians were accustomed to different crops and to different methods of cultivation, while the tools provided for all were utterly different from those with which they were familiar. Cotton, the main crop to be raised by the colony, does not grow in Italy, and the Italian peasant, accustomed to grow what he consumes and to consume what he grows, grumbled at the idea of raising a crop which the problematic river boat carried away, bringing in return strange food-stuffs from elsewhere. Furthermore, the idea of culling Italians from all parts of the country was excellent in theory, but did not work in practice, because Italians from different regions can be made to do team work only by a strong, tactful, experienced authority, and the

American overseers were unable to comprehend and smooth over the many misunderstandings and the historical jealousies behind the local feuds of their wards.

In the midst of it all Austin Corbin died. The heirs of a rich man have usually cares and interests hardly germane to the idea of a semi-philanthropic colonization scheme somewhere between St. Louis and New Orleans, and upon the local overseers was shifted the bulk of responsibility and of management. The large sums of money required to tide matters over until the colony could support itself became more and more difficult to obtain from the Corbin estate. On top of it all, an epidemic started. It was a tropical disease, unknown to the Italians, who became panic-stricken and stampeded. But there was nowhere to go. The swamps and forests extending for miles and miles on all sides drove back the settlers, who, disheartened and sullen, refused to work on the unfriendly crops. Then Nature, whose speed is lightning in Southern regions, reasserted herself: the reclaimed part of the colony became once more what most of the lower Mississippi lands are, an ideal breeding-place for malarial mosquitos. Malarial fever spread its dread wings over the colony; quinine was not to be had. Almost all the children died. The adults took this as an evil omen, and resigned themselves to their fate. They would all die in Sunnyside, and in a few years the Southern forest, by concealing even the traces of the tragedy enacted there, would enjoy a sweet revenge over men who had tried to curb it.

It is easy for us to say that they were not in Death Valley and might try to return home. They were not like the experienced Italian itinerant laborers whom one meets now in every country of the globe. They were penniless and illiterate peasants, transported bodily under contract of labor from an Italian *podere* to a southern Arkansas plantation. Their helplessness was that of children. There were no large manufacturing towns within hundreds of miles where the still able-bodied might have found some kind of work. The few near-by plantations had their full complement of negro workers, and ignorance and suspicion of any kind of foreigners kept out, by force if need be, the few Italians who strayed there in search of a livelihood. The overseers had left the colony, probably because threatened by the exasperated settlers. Italy was five thousand miles away. The colonists could speak no English, and had no friends or realtives in America.

But the few survivors who could read and write decided to try to communicate with the official representatives of their country, and explained their plight in letters addressed to the Italian consuls of some American cities whose names they had happened to hear. A few of these letters reached their destinations, but it is hardly likely that they could have conveyed to the imagination of those receiving them an adequate picture of the situation in Sunnyside. "This place is not within my jurisdiction"; "Those poor wretches are having the blues in their new homes so far from Italy"; "I suppose their next letter will ask me for wholesale repatriation at four hundred dollars per capita"—thus such an appeal would be likely to react on an official mind.

But an incredible thing happened. An Italian priest living in comfortable and metropolitan New York, with that intuitive sense of the presence of real danger and of real sorrow that is probably the outcome of constant experience in the confessional, read between the lines of the appeal, and started at once for Sunnyside.

One can well imagine what Father Bandini, the good Tuscan priest of fighting stock who could not resist the vague appeal, must have felt as he made his way between the festoons of Spanish moss common in that part of the South toward the colony, by this time almost entirely isolated and virtually stripped of all its women and children. He saw at a glance the physical and moral impossibility of reclaiming the land, and of giving the colony a new lease of life under different management. The survivors must leave at once that living tomb.

But how? Father Bandini himself had no money, having spent most of his

scant savings in reaching the colony, and his new flock numbered more than one hundred, most of them in bad health and without ambition. Traveling by train or boat costs money, aside from the fact that neither means of transportation was near. So he resorted to a measure which is sure to achieve success among primitive Italians, whose mentality has not been over-modernized by the evolutionary processes of society: he struck the heroic chord dormant in each of them.

"My children," he said, "I have come to you from a city which, although in America, is pretty nearly as far from here as it is from our dear mother-land. I have promised to God that I would save you, and save you I will. Where is the coward who will balk at the difficulties? Where is the materialist who will whimper if we must go without food now and then or sleep, as our ancestors did, under the starry heavens? You are my flock, and I, your God-given shepherd, will lead you into the sheepfold. Follow me at once!"

They consented. He struck through the woods without knowing exactly his aim, but persevering in the difficult task of maintaining the same direction, which took them farther and farther away from the malarial region close to the river, and brought them appreciably nearer to the hills of central Arkansas.

Winter came, with all its horrors; but, like the Mormons halting at Nauvoo, these men were supported by hopes and dreams as they tried to shelter themselves in the forest. They made traps and caught rabbits and other animals, thus keeping soul and body together. Many an Italian has lived on ten per cent. of reality and ninety per cent. of hope. When spring came, berries and herbs were added to their fare. The healthiest of the men found temporary employment in helping build the branch of a minor railroad. They saved every penny of their wages; the community now had some cash.

In the meantime Father Bandini, while sharing the dangers and discomforts of his men, was keeping in touch with the outside world. To be more specific, he was using what is probably the most generally known and respected uniform in existence, the cassock of the Catholic priest, which is in itself a note of personal introduction and before which all racial prejudice vanishes, to obtain a loan of money for his flock. He succeeded. It consisted of eight hundred dollars, to which the laboring portion of his men added the wages received for the railroad work. It was something; very little indeed in a city or village, but a nucleus on which to start life anew in a wild spot, away from all settlements. The spot was found in the heart of a virgin forest, healthful enough, but inaccessible; it was close to the place where Arkansas, Kansas, and Oklahoma touch borders. One thousand dollars purchased a good many acres, nourishing food, medicines, and agricultural implements. The pioneers felled the trees, and made them into logs for their homes; they gathered together all the stones, and made them into a chapel for the home of their God who had guided them out of the wilderness. And the new settlement was called Tontitown, from a pioneer named Tonti, one of La Salle's lieutenants, who was the first known Italian to set foot in the State of Arkansas. Thus Father Bandini, with patriotism united to the proverbial Italian love for history, gave to his village a name which was an omen and a homage, instead of calling it after an insignificant hill or brook, or repeating some high-sounding name from the epic days of Rome or Greece, which would make the place blush forever for the parallel.

No event worthy of note having taken place in Tontitown since that time, history took flight from there toward other shores. It is the old and well-known contrast, which makes moderate prosperity and moderate happiness, so dear to most humans in real life, unattractive to fiction; and judging from the absence of all records, I had reason to suppose that the story of Tontitown since it triumphed over the jungle could have been summed up in the proverbial sentence, "And they lived happily ever after."

How beautiful is America! Only a European who, weary of concentrated civilization, longs for corners of the globe inhabitable and yet uninhabited,

can fully comprehend the joy of looking from morning till night out of the window of a well-heated, comfortable train, seeing not old city walls and crumbling churches, but Nature, in her ever-changing aspects, unrolling her wealth and her beauty before his eyes. Sometimes those panoramas have been widely advertised, and merely fulfil one's expectations; but more often they come as a surprise, and the journeying European turns almost in anger from his American fellow-traveler, who, failing to appreciate the loveliness of his own country, observes the landscape only when it presents to view a recently built bridge, a gingerbread farm-house, or some other object bespeaking the efforts made by the hand of man to set aside the handiwork of God.

I felt this more strongly and more often than ever before, when, having been sent by the Italian military authorities to acquaint Americans with Italy's part in the war, I undertook a tour of the different state universities. From Illinois to Louisiana my itinerary covered serene and picturesque university towns, which presented to me, a hustling officer now bent on war propaganda, the alluring picture of a leisurely life among books, surrounded by the open book of Nature.

I shall never forget my arrival at Fayetteville, in the beautiful Ozark Range, early one glorious morning in May. Out of the customary crowd of interested townsmen whom the lure of life and of motion called to the station for the arrival of the express, and who eyed sidewise, with the usual look of concerned curiosity, my exotic uniform, there came to meet me and to greet me in the name of the university, an Italian member of the faculty, a professor of Romance languages whom I had known for years by fame, but, owing to the inaccessible location of the University of Arkansas, had despaired of ever knowing in person. He had been there for seventeen years, the only Italian in town except for his wife and, technically, perhaps, from the Italian point of view, his charming American-born children. He gazed at me eagerly and curiously as I spoke, as if at a rare zoölogical specimen.

"It is more than six years," he explained, "since I last talked with an Italian of your type; and, for that matter, one does not see any Italians whatever in Fayetteville. A few Italian petty merchants live in Little Rock, more than one hundred miles from here. And I suppose I ought to mention the Italian-born Tontitown people, lost in the woods, 'way out in that direction."

Tontitown! Vaguely, as if he had sung a tune heard long, long ago, the meaning of it began to acquire shape; the memory of the days before the propaganda work, before the war, before my American professorship, filtered through my hazy brain. Why, of course, this was Arkansas, the State which had looked as vague and unreal as a South Sea island off the main route of travel when I first went to live in New York. And the word "Tontitown," so long forgotten—ah, that is the reason why I was startled, apparently without cause, when I saw in the hall of one of the largest business buildings in Chicago, among the busts of Mississippi River pioneers, that of a "Frenchman" named *Tonty!* I was in the domain of the Italian explorer who, *more Italico*, had added laurels to the crown of another land; in the very region where, in later days, an Italian religious *condottiero* had rescued his people from defeat, and brought them to contentment and success.

"How far is Tontitown from here?"

"The distance is not great; less than twenty miles, I should say. But the branch railroad which connected it with civilization was closed years ago, when the company failed, and the wagon-road is in an impossible state. You are as likely as not to get stuck deep in the mud or to wreck the car."

But an hour later we were on our way. There were farms at first, then low underbush, a camp of American Gipsies, local elements migrating with all their belongings to some boom town in near-by Oklahoma, prospectors at work, wild game not over-concerned with our noisy presence, swift streams crossing roads in which our wheels sank to the hub, then wilderness. Not a wagon or truck of any kind, or, for that matter, any other evidence of traffic,

did we meet. My friend explained that Tontitown was a self-supporting community, which grew all it needed and went without what it could not grow, its people having followed the natural instinct of the Italian peasant to raise a little of everything on his own farm, so as not to need any cash. It was an attitude made more reasonable by the sad lesson of the Sunnyside cotton venture, by the difficulties of communication, and by the jealousy of their nearest neighbors, who would do no business with these "invaders," who were foreigners into the bargain.

After miles and miles of the wooded wilderness through which the road advanced in zigzag formation, avoiding the more massive trees, we began to see again the vivid sunlight. The horizon seemed to widen, and the trees to be farther apart; and just as the driver announced that we were nearing our destination, a strange sound greeted my ears, and an unforgetable sight presented itself to my eyes.

The whole population of Tontitown, warned by telephone, had quit work and come to greet the Italian officer at the frontier of their realm. At the head of the solid mass of bearded settlers and of children in their Sunday best stood three elderly men, one gray and bent, with an old-fashioned Italian army drum, on which he revived the regulation salute, with the frills of *virtuosità* learned in the service in Italy when the body was much younger and his heart just as young; and on each side an old, but hale, settler bearing a flag, one a kind of Italian tricolor minus the coat-of-arms, and with the stripes disposed horizontally instead of vertically, and the other with the stripes arranged properly, but with the central space occupied by a strange cross in no sense related to that of Savoy, and surrounded by beautifully embroidered bunches of fanciful leaves. I alighted: one does not enter any such village in a cheap car.

I shook many rough hands, and returned the stiff salute of the few ex-soldiers; but no words were exchanged. In fact, there was nothing to be said. To them, this officer from home who had broken the long silence and oblivion was nothing short of a miraculous apparition; to me, that old drum and drummer, those flags so laboriously made from memory or possibly even *from descriptions* (since very few Italian flags could be seen in the Italian country-side before the beginning of this century), meant a sublime example of patriotic endeavor, a pride in the rise from the Italy which was, to that which is now, and a pledge of undying loyalty in the face of what must have appeared to them as the last measure of their country's indifference and oblivion.

We proceeded toward the village. Right and left of me was Italy; the houses were built tight and compact, with green shutters and red roofs. A crooked path, a coquettish pergola, a row of old kitchen jars made into flowerpots, proclaimed the *italianità* of a place where drab and grubby existence was not considered to be an unavoidable element of farming life. The merry festoons of the vine, running from tree to tree and from end to end of the farms, reminded me of happy days of barefooted intimacy with the children of the *contadino*, pursuing a multitude of many-hued butterflies and dreams.

"Is it possible," I asked, breaking a silence which was becoming oppressive, "that these trees which support the vines are actually Italian *pioppi?* I have never seen them in America before."

"Yes, Signor Tenente. We imported everything: seeds, trees, plows, tools of all kinds. Father Bandini, *buonanima*,[1] brought them with him from Italy shortly before he died. The eggs of all kinds of creatures came with them, and now we have even our own Italian crickets and Italian locusts."

He spoke with a strong Southern accent, but in remarkably pure Italian; and so did the next man with whom I talked. Yet they were both plain, uneducated peasants. I concluded that the same process had taken place here which I had noticed in the war zone among Italian military units consisting of soldiers from different regions. Venetians and Sicilians, Romans and Pied-

[1] No peasant from central Italy would dare mention the name of any one of the departed personally known to him without adding *buonanima*—"good soul."

montese, being unable to impose any one of their dialects on the others, compromise on a common speech, which is the result of mutual yielding. This common speech is *the Italian language.* Dante discovered the fact six centuries ago, and, after proving it conclusively in his "De Vulgari Eloquentia," advertised it in no less a work than the "Divina Commedia."

Where were they taking me? To some town hall or civic center? A fine, deep-toned bell began to peal near by, with the swing and majesty of an Italian church bell. A few seconds later we were inside a beautifully kept, capacious, and tastefully decorated church. Instinctively, my eyes turned to the flags; for in Italy the tricolor is not welcomed in the house of God, as I well knew because of the ruses we students devised in order to introduce it every year into the national mausoleum of Santa Croce on the anniversary of the Battle of Curtatone, where much student blood was shed. But in this distant corner of Italy, church and state did not quarrel; the behavior of the standard-bearers as they entered showed no uncertainty, no hesitation.

The crowd had divided itself, Italian fashion, the few women kneeling on the benches, the men crowding by the door. A neatly dressed, middle-aged Italian approached me as I faced the altar, and said:

"I am the Mayor of Tontitown; but my work was already mapped out when I took office. The real mayor here was Father Bandini. This church is his handiwork. It is the third of our churches. The first two were burned down at night by villagers of the nearest towns, who wanted no Italians and no Catholics about. We are Italians and Catholics, thank God! and we shall have our own church and worship in our own way."

There was something of the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers or of the Huguenots in the determined statement of that plain man. Where else does one find to-day such spontaneously religious and patriotic spirit pervading a settlement of European immigrants? They talk political economy nowadays, and living wages and class organization. And America is confident that her traditional ideals are upheld, since no European can land who has not filled out a blank in which he assures the Washington authorities that he believes in God. But these men indulged in no lip service to indifferent creeds. They had cried out in their sorrow for some one to help them, and when financiers and officials had been reluctant or deaf, a priest had lent a hand. That explains why I had not even been asked whether I wanted to visit their church; they had taken me there as a matter of course. The "formal reception" to the stranger beyond the seas, such as it was, was held there, in the home of their God, instead of in the usual town hall, clubhouse, or armory—homes of politics, of wealth, or of force. Indeed, beyond the authority of the church, to what authority were these people subjected? The power of the United States Government could on occasion penetrate this village, where mayor, post-master, constable, in short everybody in office, was a local Italian element, but would have no excuse for continued interference with local affairs unless a disturbing situation required this artificial arrangement. On the other hand, these people, although Italian in nationality and mainly in citizenship, are far out of reach of Italian officialdom, living hundreds and hundreds of miles from the nearest Italian consuls, whose functions, indeed, being purely commercial and statistical, do not include guardianship of, and authority over, strange Italian settlements in the wilderness. But where no political arm could reach, the religious arm did. The Catholic Church, even after the death of their leader-priest, had every facility for reaching and ruling them, for it is the one among all forms of associated mankind which has settled to perfection the problem of organization and the proportion between local autonomy and centralization of efforts.

A priest came forward to welcome me; he was an Italian-speaking Pole, I think, in temporary charge of the parish. He led me to the sacristy, where hung a life-size portrait of Father Bandini, a genial soul, with sunny and sympathetic features, who must have

ruled by love alone; and where I was shown the rich church vestments, with the Italian royal arms embroidered upon them, which the dowager Queen Margherita presented to the church when the miracle of the Sunnyside *κατάβασις* became known. On the opposite wall a large American flag was draped around a signed photograph of Queen Margherita. In the parochial school, which we entered next, American and Italian nuns were teaching the three R's in both languages to an army of children, which spoke well for the recuperative powers of the race; because very few women from the Sunnyside settlement were living when Tontitown was founded, and none had been recruited from the outside world since that day.

The children insisted that I should speak to them, and their request was easily granted. But when the grown-ups also clamored for a talk, and we had made sure that no class-room could accommodate even a decent proportion of the prospective audience, we adjourned to the village hall, marching thither, flags *en tête*.

"Tell us all that has happened since we left Italy." "Is it true that my native town, which was in Austria, will soon be a part of Italy?" "Tell us about Tripoli. We heard something about Tripoli some years ago, but neither the Little Rock nor the Oklahoma City papers explained clearly. Where is Tripoli?"

Now, the Tripolitan expedition was the first successful colonial undertaking of Italy, which meant to that country vastly more than the conquest and possession of the contiguous regions of Tunis and Egypt mean to France and Great Britain, because it tested her military and colonizing powers. All Italy had gone wild over the acquisition from Turkey of those vast barren stretches of sand, with a few oases full of dates and of Roman relics. And here were these hundreds of Italians wondering what and where Tripoli was, because the Little Rock and Oklahoma City papers did not explain clearly.

It is not my purpose to repeat here my simple, sincere, heart-felt talk, in which I spoke of a small and oppressed and aristocratic Italy that was, of a larger and free and democratic Italy recently made and still in the making; of Austria, which we were about to destroy; of Germany, which America and Italy were fighting together. The old pioneers, standing or sitting on rude benches, were lost to the world in amazed contemplation; one could almost hear their hearts beating with unaccustomed rapidity. And my memory went back many years to the comfortable auditoriums of the New York schools, where people of the same blood had listened with rapture to another Italian epic, smaller, but not less poignant—that of these survivors of Sunnyside.

When I finished, amid the shouts of the easily pleased crowd, and moved to come down from the platform, I stumbled over something. It was a group of wooden marionettes! That hall was the place of public entertainment, and these Americans of Italian blood, who had lived out of touch with the rest of the American world, could not think of entertainment otherwise than in terms of our peasants in Italy. No, not the pranks of Charlie Chaplin for them, or an expurgated edition of the dubious customs and costumes of our day as Universal City presents them to vast audiences of kitchenette housewives, who camp through life in order to enjoy every afternoon Fatty Arbuckle, or to shudder over "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo." They had *Rosaura* here, of wholesome Goldoni fame, as she filled the *campielli* of Venice with her twittered *bons mots;* and *Pulcinella*, the facile Neapolitan; *Stenterello*, the timorous and salacious Florentine; *Arlecchino*, *Brighella*, *Doctor Balanzon*—all the time-honored types and caricatures, all the characters, fundamentally true or simply plausible to the student of human nature, in which live and are handed down from one audience to another, young or merely mentally unsophisticated, the history and romance of a historical and romantic land.

Incredible, but true, a villager presented me with a souvenir picture post-card of the church. How far must one recede from civilization to reach a place where no lustrous, highly colored, made-in-Germany post-card exists, with its

poison-green trees and Prussian-blue skies? And when the Italian postmaster, requested for a stamp, handed me the usual crimson portrait of George Washington, I felt it an incongruity; nor could I persuade myself that foreign postage would be required to send the post-card to my people in Italy.

Were these people Italians? Yes, unquestionably. And yet, was this Italy? Apparently, yes; actually, a thousand times no. This was a hothouse Italy, formed of patience and love, like certain convent-made embroideries reproducing famous altar-pieces. As an imitation it was perfect; yet every inch of it was artificial. I never saw as plainly as I did then and there, in the heart of that apparently most Italian region, what a terrific blow the New World has dealt to the old Roman conception of authority embodied in the *jus sanguinis*—the law which gives to the offspring, no matter where born, the citizenship of the father, as opposed to the Anglo-Saxon conception of the *jus loci*, the law which proclaims the all-powerful influence of residence and environment. This colony was, from the point of view of Italian civilization, an obvious case of arrested development; and yet man grows, learns, proceeds on the road of civilized improvement and transformation; *and every new element here must necessarily be either American or spontaneous, but not Italian*; since the Italy of these people is the Italy of almost two generations ago. To give but one example, the man who told me, in Italian, that they had been warned of my arrival by telephone, did not use the Italian word *teléfono*, but the English word "telephone," for the simple reason that no telephone had been installed in Italy when the last complement of emigrants had left the country for Sunnyside, and no Italian word could exist in the Tontitown vocabulary which did not exist in Italy on that day. For all their *italianità*, the political habitat of these people was surely not Italy, which could hardly with any degree of justice accuse of desertion these colonists because they had not returned to fight in a Tripoli war whose very reality had been nebulous in their minds until my arrival. It might be objected that these people are not Americans, either; and if American means seceding English, as the most conservative element in the United States still maintains, I admit that they are not. But at least there are two bonds connecting them with other Americans: the pioneer spirit of a "Bula Matari," or Breaker of Rocks, if one may quote from Stanley's tomb, and the passionate love of that portion of soil—that unquestionably American soil—which their labors reclaimed from the wilderness. Let international lawyers wrangle over Tontitown's real status; I, for one, consider it neither a strictly American town nor an Italian colony, but the most amazing modern replica of a medieval republic; of one of those free and proud cities, battlemented and turreted, self-contained and self-sufficient, ceaselessly glorying in their Italian civilization, yet with no visible common bond with other fragments of Italian mentality and culture situated elsewhere on our planet.

Although time prevented my accepting an invitation to lunch, I consented to take with me a few odds and ends to be eaten in the car while returning to Fayetteville, and I found myself loaded down with the most Italian-looking cakes I had ever beheld on this side of the ocean; with soft sheep's-milk cheese made in the approved Lombard and Tuscan manner, sunned on green fern leaves, of which it had kept the lacy design; with fruit dried in the Southern Italian style—cut open, filled with almonds and wild fennel, then closed again, and flattened out to dry in the sun on wicker trays around which hovers the music of eager wasps and ever-hungry bees.

It was a pity to sadden the hearts of the happy donors, who continued coming to me with gifts better proportioned to their generosity than to my limited needs; but, the afternoon being well advanced, I felt that I could no longer postpone broaching a painful subject, which the Italian custom of never mentioning to a guest anything connected with sorrow had prevented my hosts from suggesting.

"May I see the last resting-place of Father Bandini?"

Buoyancy of spirit changed to somber silence as we wound our way toward the hallowed spot. "He was the first to be laid to sleep in the Tontitown cemetery," said some one. "We made a regular cemetery around his grave," explained another. What a picture these words brought to my memory, of lone tombstones I had seen all over the vast young land from the Mississippi to the Great Divide, each departed one being laid to rest in the most picturesque spot of his remote farm, under an old and friendly tree

> . . . that may in summer wear
> A nest of robins in her hair;
> Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
> Who intimately lives with rain!

But Father Bandini had no family except his flock; he had no farm except his parish. So they must have started for him and in his honor the village cemetery, a rudely inclosed space with the underbrush removed, the natural caprices of the infrequent trees subdued and curbed somewhat by the gardener's hand.

I feared a pretentious monument, a flowery inscription; but no. On a flat stone in the place of honor I read, "FATHER BANDINI—FOUNDER OF TONTITOWN." A bunch of the most Italian flowers, placed there several days before, was slowly dying upon it, pasting its petals upon the stone, which moss was just beginning to freckle; and the dry stalks of the golden rod of the land of the good father's adoption was bending over from every side, prompted,—who knows?—perhaps by curiosity, perhaps by a desire to do honor, perhaps by gratitude because the remains of his poor mortal frame had made its growth so luxuriant.

"We shall go away quietly, without passing again through the center of the village, if at all possible," I said to my guide. But the colonists must have divined my thought, for they had followed me to the cemetery. And they were all crowding around the automobile, silently expecting the unavoidable.

I tried to smile; so did they. My last glimpse, as the machine sped toward the woods which had acted so successfully as a Chinese Wall for the settlement, was of ten or twelve old hands—hands which had cleared the unnamed wilderness years and years before—turned toward me, palms out, as those of defenseless people pleading for mercy. And I never felt so helpless as before that heartrending helplessness. How we do pay for all our joys! I might, in the whirlwind of my new existence, forget some day that amazing interlude; not they. As the car bumped along from rock to rock under the gloom of the primitive forest, I knew that to the survivors of the Sunnyside tragedy those trees must henceforth appear a little higher, that road a little more impassable, their beloved Father Bandini sunk a little deeper in the cold earth of that Tontitown, which they cannot love as a mother, but as their own begotten daughter, while they turn with filial love toward the distant *patria* out of reach, out of hearing, out of all understanding of the passionate homesickness of these heroic, but unwilling, pioneers, shanghaied long ago upon the ship of destiny, and landed by a God-given helmsman on the forgotten isle of Tontitown.

"And She never could Understand"

By SUSAN N. CLEGHORN

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

Mildred had a very definite attitude towards life and environment, but it was most difficult for her to conceive that any person might possess a quite different one.

I'VE never forgotten one thing Mildred Bellamy said when she was nothing but a child, it was so characteristic. I don't suppose she was more than nine or ten. I was over there on a visit, on one of my cousining trips to the old neighborhood where I had been born and brought up. I 'd only been there from Thursday to Saturday; but they never made much company of me, and on Saturday afternoon they harnessed up and all went off for one of those long drives they were in the habit of taking. Mildred was allowed to go, of course: they always let her go everywhere, even when it took her out of school. Of course they urged me to go, and there was one thing that almost persuaded me: they were going over to Drumstead, and going to call on Miss Pelatier, if they had time. I really should have liked to see Miss Pelatier. She was a missionary from Persia, and there had been a time, several years, in fact, when our church had supported her. Now she was getting old; she had retired and settled down in Drumstead, where she sometimes gave little talks to the Woman's Club; and sometimes she would come over to Watertown and tell the Sunday-school children about the Persian children, and give them queer little Persian toys. Mildred had a Persian doll Miss Pelatier had given her, which she used to play with a good deal. She seemed to prefer it to her other dolls; I suppose because it was dressed in such bright, striped, sashy clothes. We all thought a great deal of Miss Pelatier. Still, we hardly ever saw her now that she 'd come to be such a delicate little wisp of an old lady. You felt as if you 'd like to hold her on your lap. I was specially devoted to her; but, after all, I was too much afraid of Henry Bellamy's horses and his driving, and I concluded I 'd better not make myself and all the rest of them miserable every time Henry let those excitable creatures off a walk.

I was glad afterward that I had n't gone, for when they got over to Drumstead, it seems that they saw a number of vehicles in the church sheds and a number of people going into the church; and they were shocked to find that Miss Pelatier had died two or three days before and that this was her funeral. I was very much shocked when they came home and told me. We all felt it. Henry Bellamy went through supper without eating very much and saying hardly anything. He was always a big, gruff, soft-hearted man. His wife was rather quiet, too, though she kept up her end of the conversation. I could n't get over the startle it had given me, and I came back to it after we 'd settled down for the evening, and Mildred had begun studying her lessons. "Miss Pelatier dead!" said I, speaking my thoughts out loud. Mildred perked her head up out of her geography and singsonged:

"Dead, dead!
That 's what we said,
Dead as an old door nail!"

Now, I know children do say things in their outspoken innocence that sound dreadfully callous to older ears, but I knew it was n't quite that childish innocence with Mildred. And there was that Persian doll Miss Pelatier had given her, all crowded up in the same chair with her; I saw its red petticoat under the arm of the chair. Her father turned round in his ponderous way and looked at her and growled a little with that fierce-sounding tone of his, which Mil-

dred knew well enough she never had to pay any real attention to; and her mother did n't say anything but four or five "shushes," looking all the time as if she did n't quite mean even that. But whatever had been said to the child, I don't think, really, anything would have been accomplished. It was n't naughtiness or mischief in her. I saw from the beginning that it was constitutional. Feelers that should have been more or less delicate were made, in that child's case, of cast-iron.

There was n't a grain of malice or cattishness in her. She was a good, upright, wholesome girl. Of Wilhelmina Bellamy's three daughters she was the prettiest; and they were all pretty. She had a quantity of chestnut-brown hair, inclined to wave, specially when she was warm; and her eyes had the kind of lashes that seem to ray out round them. There 's nothing more sparkling than blue eyes with those raying-out lashes. She inherited a lovely complexion from her mother.

Of course, as she grew up, her manners smoothed out and softened down, like every other child's. And I don't know that the awful things she said were any worse than the things everybody sometimes accidentally says—the "breaks" they make. The point about Mildred was that she never could see that anything was at all out of the way in any of her remarks. She really thought people were very silly to mind them, and I must say Willie sometimes acted as if she thought so, too. Yet I know that Mildred hit her own mother more than once with that sledge-hammer tongue of hers; but Willie covered up her black-and-blue spots and never acknowledged that she had any.

Some people would have been rather indignant if Mildred had said to them what she once did to me about looking queer and being such an old lady. But, mercy! I was a great deal too fond of her parents to mind that trifle. It happened when she was about sixteen. Her mother had gone to a temperance convention, and had left Mildred in charge of the house for two or three days. Mildred was really very capable. She had everything nice on the table, and saw to the children washing their hands before meals, and kept a plateful of dinner hot for her father when he did n't get home in time. I don't know how Kate and Clara, the younger girls, got to talking about my bonnet that day at dinner—yes I do, too; I 'd planned to take them both in the stage to West Watertown, and they began right away to tease me to buy a new bonnet. They said this one made me look terribly old-timy, that it did n't fit my head, and scooped out too far in the back, where my hair was the thinnest, and so forth. Clara wanted me to let her rip it up and trim it over. I let them chatter along, but Mildred evidently thought that, as her mother's representative, she ought to stop them, and finally she said in that full, deliberate, tolerant voice of hers:

"Go on with your dinner, Clara. Let Cousin Lucy's bonnet alone. What do you *expect* old ladies to look like, anyway? I guess if you were as old as Cousin Lucy and lived in such a funny little town, you 'd look just as queer and funny as she does, every bit. And more too, if possible."

Kate, the little one, looked rather startled, and Clara turned from Mildred to me as if she thought something did n't sound quite right; but Mildred, looking dewy and blooming, smiled at me in the most companionable way, and went on admonishing her sisters.

"Elderly people don't pay much attention to the styles, Clara. It is n't considered necessary that they should. Nobody 's going to *look* at Cousin Lucy's head, one way or the other. But, my goodness! to hear you and Kate talk, anybody would think you expected her to attract as much attention as a *young* person!"

There did n't seem to be anything for me to say. Mildred gave me another good-natured smile and a big piece of pie, and I felt as if it were all I was capable of doing in the world henceforth, just to eat and sleep.

It could n't have been more than a year after that that Mildred was graduated at the academy and began teaching school. When Willie wrote me her usual Christmas letter she told me how wonderfully successful Mildred was with her school. The commissioners

were delighted with her, Willie said; she had the most perfect discipline. I had a chance myself to see her discipline about the middle of the spring term; I had n't had a really good visit there since the time when Mildred had expatiated on my being such a queer-looking old lady, and I went over for the whole month of April, dividing it among the cousins. I saved a week for Willie Bellamy; she 'd been urging me to come. The first afternoon after I got there I took the stage and went as near as I could in it to Mildred's district, and walked the rest of the way. I thought I 'd hear the children recite for an hour or so, and then I 'd walk home with her. Well, she did have good discipline. The school-room was cheerful and orderly, and the children did well with their problems and their grammar, diagramming sentences on the board and reducing fractions. What raised Mildred the most in my opinion, though, was what happened after she 'd dismissed the school. A little boy, with legs so short that they seemed to twinkle as he walked,—a sweet little creature with one or two teeth missing, which made him lisp in a fascinating way,—came up to her desk with a paper basket he 'd tried to make for her, painted and glued together. It was all rough edges, of course, and falling apart at every corner, and altogether the most lovably childish little thing to anybody who loves children, the kind of thing you keep on top of your bureau from week to week, and can't bear to give up in house-cleaning time. I was thinking how sweet Mildred must be with the children, after all, to have one of the littlest of them bring her a love-token like this, when she froze me by holding it up and turning it round and looking at it in that amiably quizzical way of hers and saying cheerfully:

"Well, I can't say I think you 've made much of a success of this basket. Howard. I 'd be afraid to *breathe* real hard on it, for fear it would fall to pieces; and I guess you got your paints rather mixed up and a little soggy, did n't you? They 've run together here, I see. Never mind, though. Don't you feel badly about it. I know you *meant* to have it real pretty." She gave him a friendly little push, and concluded brightly:

"You wait, now, till you 're a bigger boy, and you can earn some money, and go to the store and *buy* me a basket. *That 'll* be nice, now, won't it? Then you can get me one that really *is* worth *giving*."

I looked with horror at the child, but you could n't tell whether he felt it much or not. He stood rooted to the floor, looking at her solemnly. Finally, he turned round and went into the entry where the children hung their hats and coats and dinner-pails, and I heard him getting up on a chair to reach his pail down off the hook. I thought of going out to help him, and concluded he 'd rather be let alone. Mildred was straightening up her desk to leave it.

"What 'll I do with this thing, Cousin Lucy?" she asked, laughing. "I suppose I can't throw it into the waste-basket; not for a day or two, anyhow."

I did n't say anything. I was resolving to try on the way home to give her a little idea of how to treat children's feelings; that is, if I could without hurting hers. I had n't noticed until then that there was a small automobile out in front. I don't know how long it had been there. The young fellow driving it I had known long before he was born. Julius Ames's grandmother and I were schoolmates. I don't know why, but it came on me as a shock when I saw him there. I felt somehow as if he had to be rescued from Mildred. She had her hat on by this time, and was all ready to get in and go with him,—evidently he 'd come by appointment,—and I was going to have the long walk back to the Bellamys' alone. I watched them drive off, a good-looking couple, certainly. Julius was dark, with a warm, delicate swarthiness, and he set her off splendidly. Automobiles were comparatively new then, for this was nine or ten years ago; not many in town had them, and there was still a little excitement about riding in one.

I gathered up my skirt with one hand, and hoisted my umbrella in the other to keep off the sun. Mildred had left the key with me. I 'd turned round on the steps to lock the door when I heard a little mouse-like sound in the

school-house. I stepped back through the entry, and there was that tiny little boy; he 'd never gone home at all. He 'd climbed up on Mildred's chair and reached over to open the top drawer of her desk. I was just going to sweep him down off the chair and take him in my lap and give him a careful talking-to about looking into desks when I saw what he was after—his own little paper basket. He 'd found it in the top drawer and he took it out and shut the drawer and climbed down off the chair just as carefully as could be, and pushed and pulled the chair back into its place again. I 'd tiptoed out into the entry without his seeing me. I watched round the door and saw him go over to the stove and drop the paper basket in. He stood there a minute, thinking, and then he dived into the stove and pulled it out again. He 'd got his face and hands all smudged. He looked very cunning and funny, and yet I did n't feel at all like smiling.

Finally he crumpled it very hard into a tiny bit of a pocket he had on his blouse. He patted it down and crunched it until he thought it did n't show. Then he drew one of those big long breaths little children do when they 've completed something difficult, and sat down on one of the benches and took plenty of time to get a bit of gravel out of his shoe. Then, apparently, he was ready to go home. He came into the entry before I had time to get out of it, but I was making myself very busy with my umbrella, looking into it and shaking it and trying to get one of the ribs bent straight; he stood looking at me, and I looked round with great surprise and said:

"Why, I was just going to lock up! Miss Bellamy left the key with me. Don't you want to help me?"

When he got outside he did just what I was hoping maybe he would, put his hand up and took hold of my hand. When we came to the gate I asked:

"Which way do you live?"

Whichever way he had said, I was going that way, too; but he turned toward the Bellamys', and kept hold of my hand.

Well, I don't know when I 've been so impressed by the dignity of a human being as I was by that child's. He was perfectly willing to talk and to tell me where he lived, how many brothers and sisters he had, how far their garden was up, and what words he could spell; but he never mentioned the little basket and hardly ever patted the pocket where it was or paid any attention to it. I knew well enough that it was on his mind all the time. When you come to the turn of the Valley Road, there is a narrow stream that runs over a ledge of rock and makes a noisy little waterfall, churning up the water very white and foaming. It 's only a few steps from the road. Howard evidently had this place in mind, for he let go of my hand before we came to it, and pushed through the willow-bushes round it. I knew well enough beforehand what he went for, and I would n't for anything have intruded by looking round. When he came back to the road, his pocket did n't bulge out any longer. It was perfectly flat and empty.

Well, that was the end of *that* love-affair. But as regards the other, Mildred went out more than once with Julius Ames in his car while I was at the Bellamys' that week. I should say that he took her out in it every other day, and the alternate evenings he spent at the house. It seemed as if she must be interested in him, for she always had that crisp, sparkling look about her when he was there. I did n't *know*, of course. Nobody ever *knows*. Willie thought there was something in it. I could tell that, though of course she said, oh, no, they were a great deal too young. I tried to reason myself out of the feeling that somebody ought to go to Julius's rescue, and get him away from Mildred; but though it wore off somewhat, I never really got rid of it. He seemed too nice and somehow too fine. I kept thinking of the children they 'd have, and it seemed to me they 'd all be in the same case as poor little Howard.

The night before I left, Julius was there. He 'd taken her for a ride after school, just as he had on Monday, and he 'd come round at seven o'clock besides. It just seemed to me I could n't have it; but apparently it was going to be. But they had n't been seated more than ten minutes when the door-bell

"Mr. Griffith took pity on Julius and left"

rang, and Willie went to the door. There was a young man there. He was looking for a place to board while he did a piece of surveying for the State Forestry Department of something. Willie never had taken boarders, but she liked his looks, and he had a sort of appealing way with him. It was n't really any trouble; he could have the spare chamber, as I was going the next day; and the upshot was that she took him, and fixed him up in the wing bedroom for the one night.

I don't think he saw Mildred as he came into the hall, but when he 'd carried his suitcase up-stairs and come down again, the door into the parlor was a little farther open, and he could n't help seeing in. Willie introduced him, and he began right away to make himself at home; not too much so, perhaps, for he was a gentlemanly fellow, and I always liked him. I suppose, for that matter, he needed rescuing about as much as Julius did. But I had n't known his mother and grandmother, so I did n't feel the same. Mildred had a lot of color that evening, and looked like a branch of very pink apple-blossoms. Unfortunately, Julius was the thin-complexioned kind; he turned a dark pink, too, and it put him at a disadvantage from the beginning.

Before long Willie and I heard Mildred laughing over and over again, and wondered what in the world it was, for she was nothing of a giggler. Sometimes we could hear Julius laugh a little, but Mildred's laugh would come on top of his and drown it out. We could n't hear Mr. Griffith laugh at all. Evidently he was furnishing all the material, whatever it was. After a while Mr. Griffith took pity on Julius and left, and Julius himself went home at about the usual time. I caught a glimpse of him on the porch. He stood perfectly still for a minute or two after the door was closed, and I could n't help thinking of little Howard and the way he had stood looking at Mildred when she told him the paper basket was n't much of a success.

At breakfast the next morning Mildred told us what the fun had all been about. It seemed that Mr. Griffith had a collection of jokes about cheap cars—it seemed they were considered funny because they were n't expensive; at least I could n't get hold of any other reason then or since, and he 'd been telling quite a number of them. Mildred tried to get him to tell them at breakfast, and he did tell one or two, and they were really quite laughable. Willie seemed to be thoughtful, though, and I said right out:

"You ought to have let Mr. Griffith know Mr. Ames had a cheap car, Mildred."

Mr. Griffith looked over at me. His mouth twitched a little, but he looked a little startled, and I believe he did look rather sorry, too, for a minute, at any rate. He was nearly finished with his breakfast, anyway. He excused himself and rushed away to his surveying, and after he 'd gone, Mildred said:

"I felt real sorry for Julius last night. Some fellows would n't have cared, but you could see that Julius did. I told him I felt sorry for him."

Willie sort of sucked in her breath, but I could n't keep still. I burst right out:

"You told him *what?*"

"Mother, I 'd like half a cup of coffee. Told Julius I was sorry for him. I did n't want him to think I *was n't.* I told him *I* was n't ashamed to ride with him in a tin can as long as it was the best he had. I do wish he 'd try to get over that habit he has of blushing. As I told him, it 's that more than anything else that makes people laugh at him. I said, 'Julius, if I were you, I 'd try not to let anybody *know* I was ashamed of my car; it makes you appear so babyish.' Are you choking, Cousin Lucy?"

Well! Being rescued might have been unpleasant at the moment for Julius, but I concluded that the job had been quite thoroughly done. They say no woman ever understands men. With all my experience of them I evidently don't. Julius appeared at the house again that evening, I understand.

Willie had occasion to write to me once or twice that summer; I made occasions by sending things to her, which she had to acknowledge; and she told me in every letter how Julius hung on. After a while he began taking Mildred out in his car again. Willie said that

she thought Mildred was really fond of Julius, but Mr. Griffith was right in the house with her. Willie admitted that he grew on you. She eventually grew very fond of him herself, and I don't know that I wonder. That appealing way he had was really very attractive, as it always is in big, powerful men with that permanently boyish look. Willie mothered him a good deal, I judge; and though she had n't any objection to Julius, I guess by the middle of the summer her influence—and every mother has *some* influence—was thrown on Mr. Griffith's side. He 'd finished his work in Watertown, but there was another big job over the mountains in Putney County, and he stayed right on at Willie's while he did that. Then he had to have a car himself to carry him back and forth, and Mildred went out with him a good deal. By the fall it was all over for Julius, poor soul.

I went to Mildred's wedding. She was married in the house, but it was quite a big one. Mr. Griffith—Porter, as we all had to begin calling him—was certainly in the seventh heaven the afternoon I got there. He could n't keep quiet a minute, roaming all over the place from cellar to garret, and then outdoors, and looking foolish and nice, just as a bridegroom ought to look. His present to Mildred was a necklace, light blue stones in a curious, complicated setting. Willie showed it to me the first thing. They were n't sapphires. I believe they were aquamarines. He 'd been back to Philadelphia, his home, to buy it, and spent a good deal of time finding just what he 'd set his heart on. Every now and then, all day, Willie said, she 'd noticed him go into the room where the presents were to take a look at it. Mildred had left it there for people to see with the rest of the presents. But that night, Willie said, she was going to take it out, so as to have it all laid out with Mildred's dress and veil and everything for the next day; she was n't going to have these frantic hunts for things at the last minute.

I was n't there when it happened, and would n't have known anything *had* happened if Mr. Griffith had n't been absent at supper-time, and Mildred rather quiet, and Willie looking as if she 'd been crying. She said Mr. Griffith had gone to the train to meet his parents, but I knew the train was n't due for at least an hour. After supper Willie took me out to the shed and told me. Poor thing, she began to cry again before she 'd finished. She was awfully tired, anyway. It seems that Mildred had tried on her dress that afternoon to be sure it was all right, and Willie had gone and got the necklace for her to try on, too. I supposed she was going to say that it was lost, and a tramp had been along, and so forth; but, no, the trouble was simply that Mildred did n't like it—did n't like it and would n't wear it. Willie cried, and said how silly she was to cry; young people nowadays were a great deal more sensible than we sentimental old folks were; girls need n't care for a piece of jewelry just because they were in love with the man that selected it. Of course Porter would n't be so silly as to mind; but the fact was he 'd come up-stairs while Willie was going into the present room to get it. Apparently he 'd sneaked in there to take another look at the bridal gift he 'd spent so much money and love and thought on, and that he thought was the prettiest necklace in Philadelphia. Willie had met him there, and they 'd gone along the hall together with the box, both of them just full of sentiment about it, and then—then Willie said she knew he 'd heard Mildred say very decidedly that she was n't going to wear it; it completely spoiled the effect of the yoke, and she thought it was rather homely, anyway. It looked sort of second-hand, though she did n't suppose it was. But she had n't liked it very well in the beginning, and she 'd made up her mind then to get it returned and get something different as soon as convenient after they were married. She 'd pick it out herself next time. Willie believed he 'd heard it all, and, worst of all, she believed he 'd heard her trying to stop Mildred, trying to *tell* her he 'd overhear.

I was a great deal sorrier for Willie than I was for Porter. It would only be skin-deep with him, I concluded; he was too much in love to mind about necklaces. After all, she was going to marry him, and I guess he thought of Julius

and appreciated his own luck. He was all right at breakfast the next day, not any more absent-minded than he ought to have been. Everything went off all right. It was really a lovely wedding. Mildred looked full as pretty as her mother wanted her to, and *his* mother admitted it. Willie herself was, after all, very happy. The younger children were growing up, and she could really spare Mildred. In fact, I knew that in many ways Clara and Kate would be more of a comfort to her than her eldest had ever been, capable as Mildred was.

That was the last visit I 've ever made in the old neighborhood. I had my fall the next year, that awful fall that laid me up all summer, and left me permanently without an atom of strength in one knee. Since then I 've never done any traveling to speak of.

Willie has written her Christmas letters regularly, though, up to last year, and I hear from others in Watertown once in a while. When Cousin Fred Martin died I had a long letter from Mrs. Ames. She told me all the particulars, and then went on with various pieces of news about mutual acquaintances, bringing me quite up to date. I felt almost as if I had been up for one of my old-time visits.

I was interested in what she said about Mildred Bellamy Griffith. Willie had told me about the three children, two boys and a girl, and how careful and competent Mildred was about bringing them up. I would have known, anyway, how particular she would be about their health and ambitious about their education. Willie had told me, too, how wise Mildred's influence over Porter had been.

They were n't, though, it seems. Mrs. Ames said she could n't understand about it at all; no reason had ever been given to her that amounted to anything. His habits were good, he supported his family satisfactorily, and she was a good wife in every way, a good manager, devoted to his interests, devoted to the children. She had a cheerful disposition, and it was n't in her nature to nag. The only thing Mrs. Ames had ever heard sounded too silly for words. It seemed that Porter liked to have her go to the movies with him, and that Mildred always guessed out loud how the plots were going to come out, and generally guessed right; and then she would pretend to go to sleep, and say, "Wake me up if they don't do so and so"; and sometimes she would say jocosely how much sewing she could have got done if she 'd stayed home. I confess it sounded hopelessly silly to me as a reason for serious matrimonial trouble. I said to myself, "Why does n't he leave her at home?" And then, when I 'd thought it over, and worked out a realizing sense of Porter Griffith's character from what little I 'd seen of it, I gathered that probably he did n't quite trust himself to get in the habit of taking all his pleasures alone.

I suppose some other woman must eventually have come into the case, though I never heard the name mentioned; but poor Willie herself finally had to write and tell me they 'd separated. She hinted more than she said, and threw all the blame, naturally, —I 'm glad she could comfort herself that way,—on Porter. Mildred had the children, of course, though one of the boys had been queer about it, and had wanted to go with his father. Willie did n't tell me that, though; I heard it from other sources. Others told me, too, how hard it seemed to come on Henry Bellamy. He 'd grown very stout and stiff and did n't take any more of those long drives he used to be fond of, and this shipwreck of Mildred's marriage had seemed to break him down at first and afterward to leave him very quiet and listless. The children tried to get him to buy an automobile, and Willie urged it, too; she thought learning to run it would take his mind off other things. Finally he did get one, but he let the boys run it and keep it in order, and he never got the good out of it that Willie had hoped.

How strange it is how families run along a comparatively smooth, beaten track for years and years and keep their children round them, and then all of a sudden the household seems to fly apart! The year after Porter and Mildred were divorced the rest of the children, all but one, flew out of the nest. Clara got married that year, and Kate took a position in Chicago; the oldest boy

"She would pretend to go to sleep, and say, 'Wake me up if they don't do so and so'"

started traveling for a big syndicate, and got engaged. The two younger boys were in college; and one of them got a chance to go abroad with an expedition his favorite professor was the head of, to Syria and Mesopotamia, to be gone three years. Of course he was wild to go; and Henry—rather wistfully, Willie wrote—let him accept. I could see it all—the house so unnaturally quiet, and Henry and Willie sitting there all by themselves in the evenings. Still, there was one boy left to come home in vacations and be there all summer and run the car for them; for Henry would n't learn. And then came the bombshell from western New York. Mildred wanted them to come out there to live. She had alimony and was comfortably fixed. Really, it was daughterly and mindful for her to want them, aging people as they were, in her busy life. That was the Christmas Willie did n't write. But a couple of months ago she wrote and told me about it. Well, she said frankly that Henry was n't at all reconciled to going. She was willing herself, though. She 'd written Mildred that perhaps if they waited over another summer and fall, Henry would come round. She 'd try to persuade him.

However, Mrs. Ames wrote again last week and said it was all over. Mildred has been up and packed everything and taken her mother and father under her arm and carried them out there, wherever it is that she lives. Mrs. Ames said she had n't thought of writing me about it until she had happened to drive by the day they left the old home. She said that Willie and Mildred were getting poor Henry into the depot automobile. With boosting and pulling they got him in; but Mrs. Ames said she saw him looking back at the house as far as she could see the car going down the road. Poor Henry! Let 's hope he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts, sad as they were, to hear what Mrs. Ames heard Mildred say as she eased her father into his seat.

"Are n't children's ideas funny? I remember the time when I thought there was no place on earth like that little two-by-four farm. I even thought that homely old house was quite handsome!"

Literature in a Democracy

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"What we need is precisely such a cross-fertilization between the mind that reaches for the best and the imagination which feels for the many, as one finds in varying measures in Mark Twain and Holmes, in Cooper and Whitman and Emerson."

Fix't in sublimest thought behold them rise
World after world unfolding to their eyes,
Lead, light, allure them thro the total plan
And give new guidance to the paths of man.

THESE were the modest aspirations for American genius, and especially American literary genius, expressed by Joel Barlow, the once famous author, in his "Columbiad" of 1807.

It was not a democratic literature, as we understand the term, that Barlow, and hundreds of others on both sides of the Atlantic, hoped and expected to see arise in the new republic. It was not a literature that would interpret the homely, though vigorous, personality of a new nation. Nothing so concrete and so commonplace as this would have raised their ardor to such a pitch. The excitable critics of that day were concerned with the absolute, the ideal, and the abstract. Liberty, not equality, had at last found a dwelling-place, and the free spirit of man was to expand in an illimitable continent as never before, and create the poetry of freedom and the epic of liberated mankind. But their vast expectations were based upon a misconception and surrounded by fallacies. They have not been realized; and this is one reason for the prevailing idea that literary America has been a disappointment, that the life of the mind in America has lagged behind its opportunities, that we are a backward race in literature and the arts. We are children to-day because of the dreams of our ancestors.

It is easy enough to see now that a race which had to construct a nation in a continent in large part not yet habitable was not ready to sing the epic of freedom. Freedom had been won, but whether it would be possible to possess and enjoy it depended not upon lyrical interpretation, but upon statecraft, the broadax, toil, transportation, and the rifle. And when the pioneering days were over, political freedom, freedom of conscience and the individual man, belonged as truly to other great nations who were equally entitled to create the literature of the free mind. To expect the ideals of liberty to appear in American literature was legitimate, but to look for a great poetic outburst in nineteenth-century America just because this republic first established a new political order was no more reasonable than to demand a new style in architecture from the erectors of the first capitol in the trans-Alleghany wilderness.

What should have been asked of us, at least after the defeat of the Federalist party had made certain, what before was only probable, that America would become a democracy, was a literature which should express the ideals pervading our particular brand of democratic life, a literature which should describe a society in which social distinctions were elastic, opportunity was superabundant, and, for the first time in the modern world, the common people become more powerful than the uncommon. A democratic literature could rightly have been expected from America. But such a literature would never have been termed "sublimest thought" by our early enthusiasts. It would have to suffer from the tawdriness of the masses, and develop as slowly as they develop. It would have to be more prose than poetry, for American life outwardly was prosaic except upon its borders, and often gross and barbarous there. It would have to struggle upward like a flapping heron, not soar like the eagle

of our dreams. And in the earlier period, perhaps in most periods of the republic, few literary dreamers even wished that America should become a democracy.

In many respects we got, and from a very early period, such a literature, and much of it has endured. The prose or poetry that took upon itself to let the eagle scream for liberty has quite generally gone into oblivion, and with reason; it is either crude and blatant, or solemn and hackneyed pretentiousness, like Barlow's "Columbiad" and much of Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan." The "less enraptured" strains of Irving and Hawthorne and Clemens and Holmes and Howells and Bret Harte, in which the hopes, the prejudices, the idiosyncrasies, and the passions of a nascent civilization were expressed in prose as well as poetry, and in humor more frequently than in epic grandeur, have had a thousand times more virility. They have sprung from a social and esthetic need, not a romantic conception, and though not an epoch-making celebration of freedom finally brought to earth, they have been a solid contribution to the literature of the world and a beginning of the literature of the American democracy.

The real issue of course was not Freedom and Liberty and the other capitalizations of the abstract, but we, the Americans. And the real question is whether American literature has met its proper, not its assumed, specifications. The answer, if one considers the past, inclines toward the affirmative.

There have been two strains in American literature, not always distinct, but in origin different. In the first belong those writers whose dominant purpose has been to appeal to the best in the many; and by the best I mean the finest or the deepest emotions, and by the many I mean the accessible minds of the democracy. Writers of merit for the few in America have been rare. Not even Thoreau is a good example; and when Henry James entered that category, he had the cultivated minds of two continents to select from. Emerson belongs primarily here, and Hawthorne, and, though he would have denied it, Whitman. Henry James in his earlier stories is a lovable example; and when he pursued his magical art into realms where only the trained appreciation could follow, Mrs. Wharton put on the mantle. In the second have been the more numerous writers whose chief purpose, not always a conscious one, has been to touch and interest and arouse not so much the best as the commonest, the most universal emotions. Cooper is the most excellent example of great writing in this group. Mark Twain when not misanthropic, Bret Harte in all moods, Whittier and Longfellow, Riley and O. Henry, and a host of the less distinguished, also belong there.

But far more important than this division in purpose, which, after all, is hard to make and harder still to keep, is the fact, if one may speak of high esthetic matters in a biological fashion, of constant cross-fertilization between these strains, and especially in the men we call great. Americans who felt impelled to write of the ideal best have not forgotten the needs of a nation slowly moving toward democracy, and those who wrote for the level minds of the populace have felt in a curious fashion their responsibility for what they considered American ideals. Tribute has been paid by both sides, though each in its own fashion, to democracy, and this makes an unexpected congruity between appeals to the best and satisfactions for the many, between Emerson and popular fiction. The scholar presents his idealistic optimism as an attempt to explain where the eager swarm should be winging. The story-teller, though inspired not by ideas, but by the phenomenon of an energetic society absorbed in the conquest of nature and hot-blooded with the taste of success, yet feels bound to urge what he feels to be American morality and American idealism.

This cross-fertilization is the hope and may be the salvation of American literature in the sharp tests of our nationality now almost upon us. Emerson and Cooper, Hawthorne and Mark Twain, are examples of what once it could do for us.

Emerson was a man who never courted or obtained popularity, who hitched his

readers to a star instead of a plot or a sensation, who wrote always for minds that may have been democratic, but certainly could not have been common. Cooper was an aristocrat in tastes, a democrat by sympathy and conviction, whose stories, even his bad stories, contained that essential adventure, that rapid and unexpected and successful action, which satisfies the universal craving for struggle well ended, stories so popular that his enemies were entranced by them even while they abused him.

The contrast is sharp. And yet, if the greatness of Emerson is the airy strength of his ideology, his permanence in the history of American civilization is determined by the expression he gave to the moral optimism of the typical American. And if the popularity of Cooper was due to the unflagging interest of his adventure and the romance of his actors and his scenes, nevertheless what makes him more than a good story-teller and gives him great place in the social history of America is his incarnation of the ideals and the morality of a native democracy in *Leatherstocking*, whom all Americans could understand and admire as a protest against bourgeois pettiness and the sophistication of aristocracy.

Or consider Hawthorne and Mark Twain. Hawthorne was a moralist romancer whose austere talents forced admiration and a somewhat doubtful popularity. Twain touched the universal note of humorous exaggeration so early and so readily that his stern moral basis went unremarked. Men read him for humor as they read Cooper for romance, absorbing the ideas of each as unconsciously as the child takes medicine in a sugared glass.

Nevertheless, if in Hawthorne the burden of lofty moral ideals is more evident than any appeal to the masses, yet the most careless reader feels that his warnings are for a new world that has broken with tradition and must face its problems of sin and sex in a democracy of conscience. And if Mark Twain writes obviously to amuse the democracy, yet he seldom fails to preach to them also. "Huckleberry Finn," to the loving, thoughtful reader, is among other things an epic of the injustice, the inconsistency of sophisticated man and his social system, seen through the eyes of the new world on the Mississippi, where tradition, in the fresh, crude light, showed its seams of decay. There is a tract upon slavery in "Huckleberry Finn," and another upon dueling, and a third on social distinctions, and a fourth upon conventionalized religion. And readers of Clemens will not forget how the bones of his protestant philosophy wore through the skin of his humor in those later books, especially in "The Mysterious Stranger," where a hatred of social injustice and the melancholy foreboding which has always accompanied the optimism of American democracy had such full escape that the publishers were led to print it as a fairy-tale for children that it might be enjoyed by minds too unobservant to trouble with its warnings.

I do not wish to seem to be docketing all American literature in these brief comparisons. What I desire is to point to this cross-fertilization of our writers through the medium of democracy. Whitman, who wrote always for the most vigorous and sometimes for the best emotions of the many, might continue the argument. Howells, whose zest for the familiar experience has kept his penetrating intellect busy with problems important for democracy, is another example. But O. Henry, among moderns, for all his clever tenderness, has turned moral sentiment into a commodity, and Harold Bell Wright has reduced idealism for the many to a formula, and fed it with a spoon. Poe, and Henry James in his later years, fall without both groups, being as indifferent to democracy as they are solicitous for art. That is their distinction. Indeed, it is by such men that the writers who sway the masses are trained in the technic of their craft.

In short, by and large, our literature is remarkable for its substructure of what might be called applied idealism —idealism applied to the needs of a growing democracy. If any doubts, let him compare Emerson with Carlyle, Cooper with Scott, Hawthorne with Tennyson, Whitman with Browning, and answer whether our writers have

not been formed by the social needs of America.

That this is true of so many men, and has led to the cross-fertilization between popular writers and intellectuals of which I have written above, is perhaps more readily explained when one considers how homogeneous our society has been, how few and how slight its mental cleavages. Conservative and radical, traditionalist and anti-traditionalist, democrat and aristocrat—such clefts have not gone so deep with us as with other nations. Except for times of stress, as in the decade between 1765 and 1775, or in the years just before the Civil War, it would be hard to group, for example, our writers by fundamental differences in their philosophy of living. Whitman one could classify, and Poe and Irving, but the difficulty rapidly increases as the list lengthens. We have been homogeneous by a common tradition of liberalism, by a common environment varying not too greatly between Boston and the newer West. And our literature has resembled us.

And now, when at last our literature, like our politics and our economics, must at last challenge world scrutiny, this national character, and all that represents it, has come suddenly to seem of vast importance. We have become vividly aware of it, and we realize that we are in dire need of self-expression—of self-expression by new literature. The self-consciousness of Americans throughout the nineteenth century, which showed itself keenly in their restlessness under foreign criticism and their irrepressible desire to talk about God's country, was of a different kind. It was due to a nervous uncertainty as to the success of the American experiment. We were more concerned with what others thought of our qualities than with what we were or had been. But three things have altered our situation radically, and made us think more of character and less of reputation.

The first is the absolute success, as success is measured by the world's finger, of this American experiment. The hope of the founders to establish a stable and prosperous republican government where life, property, conscience, and opinion were safe has been realized.

The second and more sensational change came from the Great War, which gave us that quiet confidence in our national strength that comes when recognition from without confirms the fact and makes self-assertion unnecessary.

The third, and probably the most important, has been the rise to intellectual influence and cultural and social power of aliens—Irish, German, most of all Jews—who, unlike the earlier immigrants, do not cherish as their chief wish the desire to become in every sense American. Such phenomena as an Alexander Hamilton or Thomas Paine, becoming almost from the day of their landing more native than the natives, are becoming rarer and rarer. More and more we must count upon a cosmopolitan society of brains and ability among us who know not Israel, though they may love the traditions of their home lands even less. It is this new America, heterogeneous, brilliant, useful, but disturbing, that has more than anything else sharpened the self-consciousness of America, turned us toward introspection, made us sensible of our homogeneity, and the new alinements inevitable for the future.

And just as at the turn of the eighteenth century enthusiasts were clamoring for a new literature from America, in which freedom and liberty should have their apotheosis, so now the awakened consciousness of Americans of the older stock is clamoring for the expression of what they vaguely denominate, and still more vaguely describe, as Americanism. Like all such terms called forth by a crisis and displayed like a flag or a button, the term is at the same time indefinite and full of significance. Ten men and women will in ten different ways define it. And yet none can doubt that vast feeling lies behind the word, and would crystallize, if power were given it, into an expression of our national experience and aspirations and ideals as we have lived with them and seen them develop for a century.

And opposed to this clamor for a literature of Americanism is another call, not loud yet, but rising—a demand for a different literature, mordant, sophisticated, cosmopolitan, which will

cut at the sentimentalities in which our idealism has involved us, strike at the moribund liberalism which we still regard as our basis of action, take issue with the moral standards that have been received as irrevocable because they were American. Keenly aware of the need for a more honest and more vigorous expression of what America means to-day, and sensitive to these caustic attacks upon all that we have called American, the thoughtful mind finds little to console it in the clever, sentimental writing which, with sewing-machines, dental pastes, ready-made clothes, and cheap motor-cars, has become one of the standardized products of America.

There has been one response already to the awakening national consciousness, and this, curiously enough, has been almost identical with the reaction of the new republic a century and more ago to its responsibilities. Then the first writing which commanded attention here and abroad was to be found in the so-called state papers, declarations of Congress and legislatures, pamphlets by Adams and Hamilton and Jefferson. And the first response to our modern clamor for Americanism has also been in state papers, beginning perhaps with Roosevelt's administration and continuing through Wilson's messages and the many documents on the war. The worth and significance of many of these public utterances have commanded world-wide respect, and possible permanence in literature.

Yet it is rarely that state papers can satisfy a national need for literature. They are too restricted in their interests and too occasional in their provenance. It is only once in a century that a Gettysburg Address sums up the political and moral philosophy of millions or a discourse on the needs and obligations of democracy unites public opinion in America and Europe. The emotions of the race seek outlet and interpretation in pure literature, and here the American response is more doubtful.

None of the more popular brands of contemporary writing seems to satisfy the craving for national self-expression. It is true that we are going in for universals. Our books reach the hundred thousands, and our magazines the millions. The successful writer of plays, stories, or special articles trades in the thoughts that circulate through a vast community of common education, experience, and environment. The result is to spread and perpetuate the ideals and the liberal hopes that we call American, but also to stereotype and thus weaken their influence. They become counters in a game, or, better still, standardized foods for the imagination, whose popularity is certain until the fashion wears out. The writer of adventurous fiction to-day uses the same formulas as did Cooper, because he writes for a people still true to the mold of that America which they have inherited directly in family life, or indirectly in the schools. But his idealism is faint beside Cooper's; his "strong, simple Americans" too often were fabrications when compared with *Deerslayer*, or crude, vulgarized approximations, like sculptures of the decadent fourth century. Vulgarization is the menace of democratic literature—vulgarization by smart and cheap short stories, by plays where the wit is raw, the sentiment mushy, the characters, like their language, cheap and mean. Slang can be racy; colloquialism belongs to a literature of the people; to be homely is often to be lovable and true: but a literature, no matter how moral, which in its lack of clarity and sweetness is like a glass of dirty water, is a heavy price to pay for mere circulation. The appeal to universals is essential in a democracy, but unless clarified by love and hope and conviction, it leads toward universal vulgarity.

Nor does the prospect cheer if one looks to the Brahmins, who seek not the universal, but the particular; who write for the best, not the broadest, emotions of democracy. Lowells and Emersons have not yet reappeared in our society. No Emerson has philosophized the reactions of America to international obligation; no Lowell assailed militarist and pacifist alike in the war; no Whitman even has sung commonplace America become momentarily heroic in the cause of a half-understood democracy. We have had an abundance of writing directed to fine minds and fine souls,

but it has lacked the authentic note of national inspiration.

Perhaps the coldness of our intellectual literature has been due to the specialization of the age. A Lowell, an Emerson, even a Longfellow, has been difficult for the last three decades. Learned men, like these, have been driven by the public opinion of their world toward investigation and scientific research. They have been weighted with a frightful responsibility for facts; they have been better scholars than their predecessors, but less effective citizens. The tool-cutter nowadays knows only his own operation. The scholar and philosopher have a lifetime of labor assigned them, with no time to become acquainted with their United States. In nineteenth-century America there was little place for the scholar. He was driven into the world, and if scholarship lost, we profited. Now his corner is built for him, and he has gone into it.

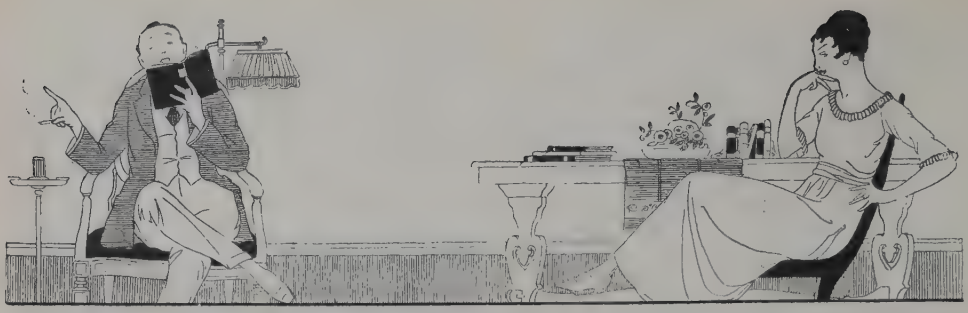
But in the meantime we face a very real danger. American literature, with its burden of ideals and experience, being cheapened by writers for the mob and deserted by the academician, may lose its virility and pale before a new literature of cosmopolitanism, which could find no better breeding-place than Chicago or New York.

Artistically, this might be no calamity. Such a society as a great American city presents has never before been seen in the world, not even in Rome, and the international democracy which it forecasts is worthy already of a great literature, has, indeed, already begun one. But we old Americans, even though our age is of only one generation, are not yet ready for international democracy. Our own racial character has not received its final stamp, come to full self-expression, established itself as the permanent influence upon the world's development which our career and our opportunities should make it. To rush into literary internationalism before the long American experience has ripened into a national democracy would be to skip a step. It is to commit again the error of our forefathers, who proposed an epic of liberty before we had freed ourselves from the burden of economic development.

And what we need is precisely such a cross-fertilization between the mind that reaches for the best and the imagination which feels for the many, as one finds in varying measures in Mark Twain and Holmes, in Cooper and Whitman and Emerson. It must be a different and perhaps a more mature product, but nothing else can make American ideals worth saving in literature, for nothing else can grasp the shrewd native quality of this people, which is still pervasive through all our alien swarms.

For three centuries now we have been at our experiment in democracy. We have been sordid and we have been magnificent. We have been timorous and we have set examples for hardihood in man. We have stumbled blindly on our road, and we have had great moments of illumination. We have not made a perfect democracy, but perhaps more men, women, and children have been happy in America than elsewhere in world history. And on the whole our course has been consistently onward. No purpose of the founders has failed to continue; no valuable element of character has yet been lost by the way. We are no worse men, by and large, than our forefathers. And either this great experiment is worth something or it is not.

If it is worth something, it must pass into literature, and find men to make it pass. And these men and women must be lovers of what we have done here and what we are, as the young poets of England at war were above all lovers of their blessed England. They cannot be scoffers at our loose-held ideals and our nervous commercialism, who scold, which is easy, a great, though uneven, nation, but do not search out the cause of its greatness and proclaim its hope. Nor can they be recluses contemptuous of the public, in whose refinement lies the only chance for democracy. Nor mere buyers and sellers of emotion who have learned the speech of the great beast, as Hamilton called the common people, only to make profit by it.



"I Read Aloud to My Wife"

By HAYWARD BARTLETT

"I am an extremely rapid reader. . . . Descriptions I evade, character studies I leap; but the meat of the page is mine at a glance."

IT was a thrilling story,—I 've forgotten the name of it now,—and there was a quickened pulse in every paragraph. It first appeared serially in a magazine, but rather than destroy the continuity with to-be-continueds, I saved all the copies, to find with the last instalment that my wife had given them to the Salvation Army. This did n't seem right to me. From the illustrations I had seen that it was not the kind of story that I cared to have the Salvation Army read. I said that if they ever came around again for something to read, it would be much more fitting to let them take Mr. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" or Mr. Plutarch's "Lives." However, the magazines were gone, and so I bought the book.

It was that very evening that my wife brought up the subject of a new fur coat. The feminine mind is an enigma to me. It seems to travel its random way without any regard whatever for logical sequence. I had said: "I am not convinced, my love, that cooking a steak three hours improves its flavor to any marked degree. Would n't it be a good plan to take the matter up with Nora at the next regular meeting?" She replied:

"John, I need a new fur coat."

The book on the table caught my eye. Since King Soda Water claimed me for his own, I have become an adept at catching at straws.

"Have you read this?" I said with virtually all the enthusiasm in the world. "This book," I continued, "is perhaps the best thing of its kind ever published. Johnson told me that he would n't have missed reading it for a thousand dollars. It 's a masterpiece. I understand that millions of copies are being sold every day. It is my firm conviction that every man, woman, and child in America should read this book at least once. There are people who will profit by reading it twice, others three times, still others—"

My wife looked up with a bright smile of interest to interrupt me:

"Let 's read it aloud," she said.

Now, I don't like to read aloud with my wife. In the first place, her idea of an equal division of labor does not coincide with mine. I don't see why she should n't read a chapter after I have. She does n't see why she should. That 's all there is to it: she does n't see why she should. Sometimes she will read three pages; four is a record. In the second place, she is continually correcting my pronunciation. She says that if she left me alone, I would gradually invent a new language. This is distinctly irritating. And when I insist that the word as I pronounced it is perfectly correct, she has an uncomfortable habit of producing a dictionary that

is unnecessarily explicit to the contrary. In the third place, I am an extremely rapid reader. I have the ability, the power, the gift, call it what you will, of absorbing the gist of a page of type in virtually no time at all. Descriptions I evade, character studies I leap; but the meat of the page is mine at a glance. My wife terms this ability, this power, this gift, call it what you did before, "skipping," and if I as much as slur an adjective or neglect to give a period the requisite ten beats, I have to go back and read the entire sentence over again.

No, I did not want to read aloud; neither did I want to discuss fur coats.

Literally, the book started off with a bang; the aged millionaire dropped with a bullet through his brain in the first sentence. Thereafter we concerned ourselves with the person or persons who put the bullet into the aged millionaire's brain. At first you suspected the butler; but then you saw how absurd this notion was and substituted Mrs. Millionaire for the guilty party. She soon established her innocence, however, and so you were compelled to fall back on the detective himself. Then you gave this up and suspected the author. It was n't so good a story as I had been led to believe. The plot thickened to such an extent that the binding was entirely inadequate. It "haired" in the first chapter, and kept getting thicker and thicker. But it was gripping my wife, and I was satisfied. She had not said a word since I had started reading. She sat there tense, and listened to the master mind of Scotland Yard deduce virtually anything that struck his fancy from anything that came within his range of vision. Starting from a piece of string that nobody had seen on the floor before he came in, and that I suspect he brought in himself and slipped under a chair when no one was looking, he deduced that the murderer was six feet two, wore a gray suit, a heavy beard, and walked with a pronounced limp in the left leg. This was mere child's play for him. He himself pooh-poohed the idea that there was anything extraordinary about it. "No, no; the affair at Torrington's perhaps, but this little incident is entirely commonplace." You grit your teeth because you knew that when they finally did run down the guilty man he *would* be six feet two and *would* wear a heavy beard and a gray suit and walk with a pronounced limp in the left leg, and you were powerless to prevent it. If I could have written the rest of that story I would have had the murder committed by a dwarf wearing spangles, with a face as smooth as silk, and two perfectly good legs, just to watch the smug complacency fade from that detective's face.

Finally, my throat became so raw that I could n't read any longer. The master mind had just discovered by leading questions put to any one who would listen to him that the late millionaire probably had not expected to be murdered that night. He had made no appointment with this in view, and as far as he was concerned, the murder probably came to him in the nature of a surprise.

"That 's a bully story," I said in a voice hoarse from exhaustion.

"Dear, I 've simply got to get a new fur coat," said my wife.

The Perplexities of a Professor

By HIMSELF

"And yet I suppose there will always be professors."

THE writer is, then, a professor: *primum confietur.* He is a humble member of that cloistered tribe of absent-minded and impractical bigots who strut their miserable hour apart from the haunts of life and men, fretting out lonely, sequestered existences amid the dank walls of the university or the stuffy atmosphere of the laboratory. The professor's associations make him a pessimist, his science makes him a pedant, his much thinking makes him a mental paralytic, according to the inexorable law of cause and effect, each of which characteristics becomes him but ill when he forsakes his lecture-hall or his laboratory at even and mingles upon the streets of men. A kindly nature, however, dulls his ears so that he hears not, blinds him, so that he sees not, and withal instigates such a metamorphosis of all his human instincts and impulsions that he feels and understands not. The passing show of life, as he stumbles senselessly by it, fails to stimulate his torpid brain-cells into responsive impression or expression, and he continues on his simple way, uninfluenced and undisturbed.

Occasionally, it is true, a hybrid of the professorial species so far strays from the traditional professorial pathway as to give credence to the flatterings of some one outside the academic *genus* and ventures into the political arena. And then, presto! the erstwhile tolerating indifference of his fellows of other *geni* blazes up positively into malediction, and his frail body becomes the objective of universal and perennial tilting, increasing in volume according as he may chance to make good. Or, anon, the academic devotee may aspire to something loftier than the low-hanging political plums. His temerity may lead him to climb higher and assay to stretch out trembling fingers for finer prizes in the top of the tree. It matters not. Save for the hand-clapping and mild plaudits of some professorial on-lookers, actuated by an appreciative consciousness of kind, there is but anathema for him. He might electrify society with his undertakings; he might see further, plan more wisely, act more discreetly, than any other: it matters not. He is a *professor!*

"Why," exclaims my good friend B——, "whoever heard of a *professor* being anything *but* a professor? Look at the President, now!"

Still, only a few of the professorial tribe ever aspire to political preferment. They make, as a rule, good churchmen, acceptable neighbors, tolerable citizens. They adorn modestly the council halls of local philanthropic organizations, add some weight to the deliberations of public education associations, burst fleetingly into the lime-light through the courtesy or the maliciousness of a reporter. On rare occasions they are to be seen escorting their ladies to "Lear" or "Othello" or perhaps "Rigoletto." At somewhat prolonged intervals, too, they may indulge themselves in an afternoon at the moving-picture show, rounding out their day of dissipation with dinner at the sign of the chop-suey wizard. They make desirable Sunday-school superintendents, and are delightfully successful as orators of the day at ladies' social teas. For the rest, your professor is known little and seen less, being content to plod the even tenor of his way quite serenely and quite unperturbed.

Again my versatile friend B—— interposes an opinion.

"Why, man," he snorts, "it 's no wonder professors are mossbacks. You never see *them* knocking elbows with other folks; never find *them* at the theater or the club; never meet *them* at the lodge;

never run into them anywhere except semi-occasionally on the promenade or the hedged-in tennis-court or on the roads leading countryward. Too self-centered, too exclusive, these professor folks. Why don't they agree with the rest of us that living is living, instead of trying for all the world to make life as uninteresting as possible for themselves, as if it were an insipid novel or a pointless adventure? Ugh! These professors! *These professors!*"

Yet B——'s remarks notwithstanding, the professor is, after all, human like his fellows. It may be, as he says, that the professor *is* too exclusive, that he mingles too little with his neighbors, that he is wearing himself slowly out. Still, methinks, his *humanness* is not to be called in question. Perhaps it is because he is so *fundamentally* human that he is content to deny himself many of the social pleasures in order to delve more deeply into the mysteries and the problems and the aspirations of human kind. It may be that under his forbidding exterior and his impassive countenance there beats a heart as warm as the warmest, and dwells a spirit as young as the youngest. I say, it *may* be so. True, the professor may not be a patron of first performances or a connoisseur of art or yet a familiar figure on 'change. He may not even be a devotee of whist and dancing or an indefatigable base-ball fan or a sporting-page enthusiast. Yet he mows his lawn, paints his house, and casts his vote with equal conviction. He is intermittently to be found at the bargain-counter, at least in the person of his wife; he is almost certain to grumble mildly at the premature appearance of shoddiness in his best suit, and may even return it with much dignity to the outfitter and demand satisfactory adjustment; he is more than likely to be the first member of his family to discover that his son and heir is much in need of new shoes; he is sure to think deeply and discourse more or less mildly on the ever-increasing high cost of living. All of which possibilities and certainties lend emphasis to my topic-sentence: the professor is, after all, human like his fellow.

But, as if this array of truths and near-truths were not of sufficient weight to prove the point, there are fortunately other facts and probabilities which may be cast in the balance. Allow me to enumerate a few. In the first place, your professor, behind his calm, equable exterior, looks not without certain well-pronounced invidious twinges upon those of his compeers who are more liberally blest with this world's goods than is he. Now, there is B——'s automobile, for example. Oh, yes, B—— is generous with it; almost too much so sometimes, I fear. Many a refreshing ride along quiet roads and amid cool evening damps shall be set down to B——'s credit. And how often it happens, too, quite accidentally, that when the first *chug-chugging* of B——'s car in the morning announces a speedy departure, does your professor appear at *his* door, brief-case and bag in hand, not at all averse to saving his eight-cent fare! You see, B—— is an accountant at Smith's and earns as much in a day as his neighbor, the professor, does in three. *Earns?* Well, *gets*, anyway. It matters little. Merely a question of niceness of terminology.

Once, it is true, the professor owned a car. It was shortly after B—— had purchased his new two-thousand-dollar sedan that the professor caught the fever. One evening of unblest memory he got down his bank-book and began to calculate debits and credits. Very good; here was a tidy little sum of two hundred dollars that could be spared. How much would a car cost? Of course it need not be elaborate; so long as it was comfortable and not too conspicuous it would do very nicely. For days the frock-coated professor haunted the second-hand places, at once an unaccustomed and befuddled apparition in the courts of second-hand pleasure. He peered into the invisible depths of greasy machinery until his eyes were blinded and his head more befuddled than before. He rode beside a demonstrator in relics of the past and had-beens of the present through the quiet streets of the suburbs until the demonstrator grew tired of demonstrating and he of being demonstrated to the staring eyes of a world which was suddenly beginning to take a deep and mirthful interest in him. He listened to the technicalities of crank-shafts and differentials and gear-cases

and magnetos until for the life of him he could not have told whether he was still a professor, or whether the dusty and greasy demonstrator was some professor of the inferno and he himself a dazed pupil being inducted laboriously into the mysteries of the under-world. But at last it all came to an end, and one day your professor emerged from the second-hand realms of Pluto, perched jauntily upon the seat of a car that went.

But the car that went never went very far, and in desperation, sometime later, the professor drove it back to the under-world and began a long travail of requesting, commanding, and finally of bribing other representatives of Pluto to take the thing off his hands. When the travail ended and the summer ended, the professor took down his bank-book again and derived what satisfaction he could from reflecting that at least his life had been spared.

And then in the evening B—— came over to hear all about the sequel.

"Pooh!" he ejaculated, "imagine a *professor* knowing how to do anything except how to *profess!* Ride this evening?"

Of course the professor went and enjoyed his ride for the first time in weeks.

Then, too, the professor rebels silently, but none the less bitterly, against the elaborate dresses which Jones's wife wears, and Smith's wife, and Brown's wife; in fact, everybody's wife. In his sensitive eye the modest apparel of his own poor wife compares all unfavorably with that worn by her neighbors. Of course his wife always looks neat and wholesome in her last-year's-made-overs and in her bargain-counters, but that fact fails to extract the bitterness from the professor's musings. It is not that he, poor man, sets much store by style; it is only that his instincts to array his lady in finery are every whit as strong as are those of Smith or Jones or Brown, which again demonstrates the professor's *humanness.*

And, speaking of clothes, look at the *professor's* wardrobe: one suit that he wears every day to the university, with a black for church and a carefully hung-away dress-up for formalities. The first cost $19.98 before the war, and has cost his wife many weary hours and near-tears ever since; the second is a shiny, faded affair fast falling into oblivion after years of patient service; and the third, a product of a shopman upon whose sign reads, "Students' misfit and slightly worn clothing." Very likely a discarded dress-suit of one of the professor's own students. Needless to add, perhaps, the pungent odor of moth-balls comes insistently and lingeringly to the professor's nostrils on those rare occasions when he dons the last-named suit, another silent, but olfactory, tribute to the indispensableness of a good helpmate in the great adventure of life and the economy of living.

Not many days since it chanced that some half-score or more threads in the professor's trousers, a-wearied of life and its labors, let loose their grip and settled back into gaping relaxation. The professor inclined his head, and viewed the rent with consternation. There ensued an unhappy scene when his helpmate, tearfully set about gathering up the raveled threads of life. With the aid of strong, though slightly off-shade, splints, however, the good woman succeeded in reviving the garment so well that the grateful professor forthwith betook himself to a near-by department-store and bought her a new shirt-waist for a thank-offering. His trousers bid fair to continue to serve him well for an indefinite period of time.

Then, too, there is the matter of shelter, an item no less important than clothing. It need hardly be stated that the professor has quite as much need of a roof wherewith to cover his head and shelter his family as any one else. True, he does not require a mansion, or yet an apartment on Fifth Avenue, or even a whole house to himself in the suburbs. He can live respectably, and his children can grow up tolerably, in a flat on some modest, quiet street; but roof of some sort he doth require.

Now, B——, of course, owns his own house, and a handsome one it is, too.

"Why pay rent, man?" he demands savagely of the professor after Iddelstein has made his first-day-of-the-month round. "Here I have a house all to myself, and it does n't cost me a cent more, I 'll wager, than you have to pay old Iddelstein."

Right again, B——, as usual. Still,

the initial payment of a thousand down would be about as impossible for the professor as for his tired wife to spend the summer at the shore or in the mountains. Nevertheless, came a day a few months since when your professor was seized with consternation. Old Iddelstein gave notice of a raise in the rent. It had been twenty-five dollars a month for years; but henceforth the landlord would require thirty dollars! Zounds! And another bond issue about to be floated by the Government! How could he possibly afford it? Even B—— failed to understand the situation.

"You are getting it cheap enough at that," he growled. "*Buy* a home, and then you can snap your fingers at old Iddelstein."

Still—well, professors' wives have ways of saving that the world knoweth little of. When rent-day ticked round again, old Iddelstein got his thirty dollars, and another bond was purchased into the bargain.

But it was only the beginning of evil days for the poor professor. Within six weeks the rent was raised again, and within six more weeks it was raised yet again. And then, to cap it all, word came that old Iddelstein had sold the house to a larger investor, and that tenants must vacate within thirty days!

The heavens had never drooped any lower than on that eventful day. The professor hurried across the way to inform B——, while his wife laid her head upon the table and cried softly.

B——, as usual, was as good as gold.

"Jump in, and we 'll go house-hunting," he cried cheerfully. "Plenty of good rents to be had, of course."

It was well for all that B—— was so optimistic, for twenty-two of the thirty days were required to locate an available flat.

"How much?" asked the professor and B—— in the same breath.

"Forty-five dollars!"

A week later the change had been made, and the professor's family found itself once more settling down. What though forty-five of his one hundred and fifty dollars must go every month to keep the roof over their heads? And what though the van had cost thirty-five? And what though the telephone company charged five dollars for transferring the instrument, or the gas company five dollars for resetting the meter, or the electric company an equal amount for the same service? All such little expenses were incidental and were unavoidable. Why bother about them? It was pleasant to be at home, pleasant to have the moving all over with; pleasant to contemplate long years of peaceful residence in the new home.

Say, rather, short weeks. Again the heavens drooped low; for a second time the house was sold over the poor professor's head, for a second time the game of blindman's-buff had to be played, for a second time the drag-net of the telephone and the gas and the electric company operated athwart the professor's thin pocket-book, for a second time worry and unrest and upsetment.

Then the clouds drew back and revealed their silver lining in the form of a letter from the trustees. The professor read it, then re-read it; then in a delicious daze he passed it over to his wife.

"Read some good news, Alice!"

Here is the good news which the letter contained:

My dear Professor A——:

I have the good fortune to inform you, on behalf of the trustees, that at a formal meeting held this morning it was unanimously voted to raise your salary from its present figure, $1800, to $1900. The Board was led to this action, my dear sir, quite as much in recognition of your faithful and efficient service as in consequence of the rather considerable increase in the cost of living within the past two or three years.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Your humble servant,

X——.

"Famous!" exclaimed the professor's wife when she had likewise read and re-read the momentous instrument. "Only think of it—that extra hundred will pay all the expenses of our moving both times!"

That same evening two light-hearted, middle-aged people sat side by side and hand in hand on the front piazza.

"Alice, suppose we celebrate our raise," suggested the professor. "Which shall it be, my dear, vanilla or chocolate?"

No, gracious reader, do not misjudge the poor professor folk. They are willing workers and are hard workers. There is no Bolshevism among them. They are not even strikers. Perhaps they have n't the nerve to strike. Perhaps they deem such forceful demonstration unprofessional. It may be that some day there will be a professors' union, as there is also a carmen's union and a barbers' union and a button-makers' union. Indeed, such movements are already well on foot. Still, though the idea is repugnant to most teachers, I am sure that, in order to be able to live comfortably, they must resort to the strikers' methods.

You see, then, what I have been driving at all through this communication has been *money*, and *more* money. When you get a chance, just sit down with pencil and paper and figure out the professor's problem for yourself.

Here it is:

Professor A—— has taught for 10 years at an average salary of $1800 a year. In order properly to equip himself for his profession, he spent 4 years in high school, 4 years in college, and 3 years in a university. During those 11 years he earned $2000 at summer work, tutoring, etc. His expenses for those years total $8000. Was his education a paying investment for the professor? How many years will he have to teach before he is as well off financially as he was 21 years ago, when he was graduated from the eighth grade? What annual returns would a practical business man expect from such an investment? How does the investment of a hod-carrier compare?

The problem, if you figure it out fairly, will stagger you as it has often staggered the professor and the professor's wife.

"Why don't you give it up, then?" asks B—— in amazement.

Well, perhaps the truth is that away down deep in the heart, your professor knows well that once a real teacher has felt the true charm of his work, he can never find complete happiness elsewhere. It is perhaps something akin to the emotions of the sailor away from his beloved, rolling ocean. The call of the deep is the call of life; so for the professor the call of the lecture-hall and the laboratory is the call of happiness. Then why think of turning a deaf ear to them? Who would advise another to give up important work in which he is interested and happy? Our work is our passion.

The life of the professor, then, is not without its attenuating circumstances. B—— likes to point to the long summer vacation and to reiterate *ad lib.* that the professor's life is, what he pleases to term it, a "cinch." I have not yet quite succeeded in making him appreciate the fact that a teacher is paid for the time that he devotes to teaching, and for nothing more. Of course, if boards of trustees see fit to divide eighteen hundred dollars into twelve equal parts and portion it out each month, it makes the gross income no greater than it would be were it divided into ten equal parts and portioned out during the ten months in which the institution is in operation. But it is quite beyond B——'s comprehension. The result is that, if the professor desires to increase his yearly stipend, he must get out and find a job at a summer school during the two months of enforced idleness.

Still, there are attenuating circumstances that are valid in the professorial profession. The remuneration is sure, however small it may be; there is an undeniable dignity attached to the work; one moves in a good social group; hard-and-fast friendships are fostered; students are not infrequently grateful for life to a beloved professor; there is opportunity to read and study in one's chosen field; and last, but perhaps not least, there is always the possibility of rising higher in the profession by dint of thoughtful, painstaking work.

There are moments of financial discouragement and embarrassment, however, which keep the life of a professor from passing in serenity and peace. Often, too, the knowledge comes painfully over him when riding in a trolley that the motorman and conductor are better recompensed in dollars and cents than is he, or while observing a mason lay his bricks or a carpenter drive a nail or a glazier set a pane or a cobbler heel a shoe, that the same thing is true.

And yet I suppose there will always be professors.

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

An interesting account of the furious political warfare waged between sections of Catholic Quebec, which culminated in the attainment of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to leadership of the Liberal party.

VI. LIBERALISM AND THE CHURCH

IN the first ten years of Wilfrid Laurier's public career the outstanding issue which he had to face was the hostility of a vigorous and aggressive section of the Quebec clergy to the party of which he was one of the responsible leaders. It has been seen that in the twenty years before confederation the *Rouge* party and its journalistic spokesmen had, not without reason, found themselves in the black books of the clergy,[1] and that with much less reason Bishop Bourget and his abettors had waged war upon the young men grouped in *l'Institut Canadien* who had dared to maintain the liberty of inquiry and discussion. In the dozen years that followed, the storm, instead of abating, grew more violent. The area of conflict widened, occupying the whole provincial stage, and the connection with the contemporaneous movements in Europe became still more marked than in the union period.

One factor in the situation was that the aggressively Ultramontane wing of the church in Quebec had grown more powerful. Mgr. Bourget and Mgr. Laflèche were now older and more firmly established in their seats, with wills which had become no less firm with years of exercised authority. Around them, and particularly in Montreal, there gathered the men of what Mgr. Bourget termed the "New School," journalists like the editors of the "*Nouveau Monde*" and the "*Franc Parleur*," pamphleteers like Alphonse Villeneuve, and preachers like Abbé Pelletier and Father Braün, a newly come Jesuit. In the archbishop's palace, in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and in Laval University, at Quebec, another temper and other views of how the church's interest could best be served prevailed; but the fighting, uncompromising, unrecking minority daily gained ascendancy.

The activity of this school was the more intense because confederation seemed to have left them a free field. In Quebec, as in the other provinces, there had been set up a provincial government to which were assigned education and the local matters in which the church was chiefly concerned. No longer was it necessary to run the gantlet of a vigilant and biassed Clear Grit group from Upper Canada when matters ecclesiastical were brought before the house. In Quebec the people were four fifths Catholic, and on this fact the Ultramontane wing based its hopes of molding the province to its will.

But more effective than any other factor was the influence of the Old-World conflict. The Canadian movement was not merely parallel with the European, but in issues and inspiration, party labels and party cries, it was directly and closely shaped by it.

In Catholic Europe, and particularly in France, a struggle had waged for centuries between opposing tendencies that before 1789 were usually termed Gallican and Ultramontane, and after 1789, liberal and Ultramontane, though the shades of opinion were too multiform and shifting for any single labels to qualify them aright. The Gallican sought to build up an independent national church, demanding administrative authority for the king and doctrinal authority for church councils, as against

[1] "Inopportune questions, such as the secularisation of the schools and the strict limitation of ecclesiastical rights of mainmort, had had the effect of alarming the clergy, who feared a coalition between a certain number of Catholics and the Protestants of Upper Canada, and of raising against the Liberals a tempest which left behind it bitter feelings that have required many years to efface." "Le Pays," 1871.

the claims of the papacy. The Ultramontane, looking "beyond the mountains" to Rome, insisted that the one holy Catholic Church must be ruled as a unity, that the pope as its head and God's viceregent not only was supreme in spiritual affairs, but was entitled, because of the inherent superiority of spiritual power over temporal, to control all temporal affairs—and they were not few—in which moral or spiritual issues could be said to be involved. The Gallican, on the whole, had the better of the dispute until the French Revolution seemed likely to end it by completing the destruction alike of national church and papal power. The national churches, undermined by the nationalist questioning of the age of Voltaire and weakened by the worldliness of the higher clergy, appeared destined to crumble under the attacks of the revolutionary spirit, which accepted no institution however ancient and no claim that could not justify itself at the bar of reason. The papacy, with its Italian possessions invaded and seized and the popes themselves exiled and prisoners, had fallen to its lowest ebb of power.

Yet the tide speedily turned. The nineteenth century witnessed no more remarkable development than the steady revival of the Roman Catholic Church and the still more rapid growth of the Ultramontane spirit within the church. The people, when admitted to power, proved to be much more religious than the skeptical aristocrats of the old régime. In the softer lights of romanticism faiths revived that had wilted under the harsh noonday glare of rationalism. Kings and nobles and capitalists, seeking to build up bulwarks against tumultuous change, turned to the most ancient and unchanging seat of authority in Europe. But the new religious zeal, for all the efforts of Bourbon and Hapsburg kings, could not be put back into the old bottles of Gallicanism. The clergy in France had ceased to be a separate estate of the realm; the episcopate had ceased to be made up of scions of ancient families, bound by training and territorial possessions to the political interests of their kingdom. All the men of vitality in the reviving church preferred to be the religious servants of the vicar of Christ rather than the civil servants of a Bourbon king.

What was to be the attitude of the ancient power thus revived to the new power unloosed by the Revolution? Could the church accept the principles of '89 and '93, inscribe "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" on its banners, and make terms with liberalism and the states in which liberalism was in control? Continental liberalism, with its emphasis on the individual, had assumed a state founded on the free contract of individual men, had asserted the right to freedom of thought, of speech, and of organization, and then had often inconsistently refused the church freedom to act and organize as it willed. The church had held that political societies were not man-made, but ordained of Heaven, and that individual reason and individual claims must be subordinated to the authority in church and state that God himself had set up.

There were many ardent spirits in France—Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert foremost among them—who believed it would be possible to bring the church and liberalism to terms, and to develop a Catholic liberalism which would meet the needs of the new day. They besought the pope to place himself at the head of a purified liberal movement in Europe, and to base Catholicism firmly once more on the will and the devotion of the multitudes. In revolt against the policy which made the church merely an instrument of state policy, they turned to Rome for freedom from royal shackles; urging freedom for themselves, they were prepared to extend it to others. Fighting Gallican kings and ministers, they sought to be at once Ultramontane and liberal, Ultramontane from religious conviction, and liberal from political expediency. "Men tremble before liberalism," Lamennais had declared; "make it Catholic, and society will be born again." "There are two liberalisms," he wrote in "L'Avenir" in 1830, "the old and the new: the old, heir to the doctrines of eighteenth-century philosophy, breathes only religious intolerance and oppression, but the new liberalism, which will in time overcome the old, is only concerned, as regards religion, with demanding the separation

of Church and State, a separation which is necessary for the liberty of the Church." "Understand clearly, my Catholic brethren," Lacordaire had added, "if you wish liberty for yourselves, you must wish it for all men and for every land. If you demand it for yourselves alone, it will never be given you. Grant it where you are masters in order that it may be given you where you are slaves." And the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, had been equally clear-cut: "These liberties, so dear to those who accuse us of not loving them, we proclaim and we invoke for ourselves as well as for others. We accept, we invoke, the principles and the liberties proclaimed in '89."

Bishop Laflèche of Trois-Rivières. 1818-98

Catholic liberalism fought in vain. The liberals of the straiter sect would not make peace, continuing to attack the doctrines of the church and too suspicious of its power to grant it the unrestricted liberty of teaching and organization that was demanded. Liberal or constitutional politicians, particularly in central Europe, insisted that the church had no rights save what the state conferred, and that the religious affairs of a nation should be regulated by the minister of worship, as foreign affairs by the foreign secretary. Skeptical wits pictured Lamennais as "putting the red cap on the cross," "leading '93 to its Easter communion," or "taking Babeuf into the service of the prophet Ezekiel." Nor was Rome more ready to accept a compromise. Liberalism had too much to say about the rights of man and too little about duty to God; it erred in endeavoring to found society upon the shifting sands of individual compact instead of upon the rock of divine ordinance applied and interpreted by the church and its earthly head; liberalism was only Gallicanism transformed for the worse, kingless as well as godless. Liberty was not for all times and places, for while truth must always be given liberty, the right to do wrong or think wrong could not be claimed. In the famous encyclical "Mirari vos," Gregory XVI condemned the Catholic liberal policy, exhorted believers to adhere to the old truths as interpreted by their old guides, and condemned in turn "the absurd and erroneous maxim that liberty of conscience must be assured and guaranteed to all," "that fatal liberty, which one cannot regard with sufficient horror, the liberty of printing whatsoever is desired," and the dangerous movement for separation of church and state. Lamennais had appealed to Rome, and Rome had spoken. Catholic liberalism had received its first defect.

For the time the rebuke brought peace and seeming unity. The passing of the Falloux law of 1850, giving the Catholic Church in France freedom of teaching and a wide share in the control of primary schools, marked the effectiveness of a united Catholic party. But the old divergences soon reappeared, if on a different plane. The Gallican tradition was dead; national churches with royal defenders of the faith were no more. What was to take the vacant place? On the one side men like Lacordaire, Montalembert,—Lamennais had long since drifted wholly away from the church,—and Abbé Dupanloup urged in politics full and frank acceptance of democracy, and in religion the same liberty to other faiths they demanded for their own. On the other, Mgr. Parisis and Mgr. Pie, and especially Louis Veuillot, a flaming, fighting, uncompromising journalist, upheld authority, insisted that liberty was good

only where the true believers were in a minority, and urged unquestioning recognition of the pope's supreme doctrinal authority. Each hoped for recognition from Rome, but as the controversy waged throughout the fifties and sixties, it became clear which way Rome would lean. Pope Pius IX had been hailed as a liberal when he succeeded Gregory XVI in 1846, but after he himself had experienced the fury of the Revolution of 1848 and been driven from Rome until restored by French troops, his sympathies became steadily more conservative, until in the Syllabus of 1864 and the Vatican Council of 1870 Catholic liberalism received its second crushing defeat.

The Syllabus was a list of "the principal errors of our time," issued by Pius IX in 1864. The eighty condemned propositions included the errors of naturalism and rationalism, of socialism, communism, and secret societies, errors regarding morality and marriage, the relations of church and state, the temporal power of the pope, and the claims of modern liberalism. Chief interest was attached to the listing as dangerous errors of such propositions as "that the Church has no right to employ force," "that in case of conflict between the two powers the civil authority must prevail," "that the Church should be separated from the State and the State from the Church," "that the abrogation of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See would advance the liberty and prosperity of the Church," "that in the present day it is no longer expedient that the Catholic religion should be considered as the sole state religion, to the exclusion of all other creeds," "that it has been wisely provided by law in certain Catholic countries that strangers who come to reside there may enjoy the public exercise of their own religion," and "that the Roman Pontiff can and should reconcile himself and come to terms with progress, liberalism and modern civilization."

The publication of the Syllabus gave rise to the most violent controversy; it was lauded by Ultramontanes, and received by Continental liberals as a declaration of war; Napoleon III forbade its publication in France. The Catholic liberal group endeavored to avert the blow by pointing out that it had not been signed by the pope, and that the various propositions were subject to comment. Montalembert insisted that the interpretations given to the Syllabus by the chief organ of Ultramontanism, the "Civilta Catholica," published by the Jesuits at Rome, were as unauthorized as they were monstrous, "outraging reason, justice, and honor." But the sweeping triumph of the Ultramontane tendency in the proclamation of papal infallibility at the Vatican Council made it impossible for the most sanguine Catholic liberal to deny defeat.

After long preparation there assembled in Rome in 1869 a great ecumenical council, comprising over seven hundred bishops and prelates representing virtually every country in the world. Many matters were debated, but the vital and testing issue of papal infallibility overshadowed all others. It was soon apparent that those who supported the dogma greatly outnumbered, though it was denied that they outweighed, those who opposed it or believed its proclamation inopportune. In Italy, Spain, France, and the English-speaking countries alike a majority supported the doctrine; only among the German-Austrian prelates was a majority opposed. From December to July negotiation and debate waged ceaselessly. The most active of the supporters were Archbishop Manning of Westminster, Bishop Senestréz of Regensburg, Archbishop Dechamps of Mechlin, Bishop Martin of Paderbom, and Bishop Spalding of Baltimore; the most active opponents within the council were Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans, Cardinal Mathieu of Besançon, Archbishop Darboy of Paris, Cardinal Schwartzenberg of Prague, Archbishop Scherr of Munich, Cardinal Rauscher of Vienna, Bishop Ketteler of Mainz, Bishop Hefele of Rottenburg, Dr. Kenrick of St. Louis, and Bishop Connolly of Halifax, while outside the council Döllinger in Munich and Newman and Acton in England took the same stand. Opposition was vain; on the eighteenth of July, with many of the minority abstaining, the formula was adopted by 533 to 2, and the decree solemnly promulgated by Pius IX. Hereafter it was unquestioned Catholic doctrine "that the Ro-

man Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is to say, when, in virtue of his supreme apostolical authority, and in the exercise of his office as pastor and instructor of all Christians, he pronounces any doctrine touching faith or morality to be binding on the whole Church, is, by reason of the divine assistance promised to him in the person of St. Peter, endowed with that infallibility which, according to the will of the Redeemer, is vouchsafed to the Church when she desires to fix a doctrine of faith or morality; and that consequently all such decisions of the Roman Pontiff are *per se* immutable and independent of the subsequent assent of the Church."

Ultramontanism had triumphed—triumphed so completely that leaders of the church thereafter denied that it was merely one current of action and opinion, and insisted that it was synonymous with any permissible interpretation of Roman Catholicism itself. Yet if accepted within the church, the tendencies of which the proclamation of papal infallibility was the crowning achievement were not accepted by European statesmen. Austria annulled the Concordat, Prussia launched out upon its *Kulturkampf*, and in France the war between clerical and anti-clerical parties grew ever more bitter until it led, many years later, to the disestablishment of the church and the expulsion of the religious orders. The day after the decree was issued war broke out between France and Prussia, Napoleon withdrew the troops which had garrisoned the Papal States, and the temporal power of the pope collapsed in the very year that his spiritual authority reached transcendent heights.

In Canada, as elsewhere, the church authorities were divided in opinion as to the doctrinal soundness or the practical expediency of the Syllabus and the definition of papal infallibility. In Quebec Archbishop Baillargeon circulated among his clergy the famous letter in which Bishop Dupanloup, on the eve of departing for the council, had vigorously and minutely called in question both the soundness and opportuneness of the doctrine. But the men of the newer school, led by Bishop Bourget, gave hearty support to the Ultramontane movement, and were encouraged by its success to assert a wider influence in state affairs and to take a stronger line against their more moderate brethren within the church itself.

A remarkable episode, making dramatically clear the closer bonds that now united Quebec and Rome, was the organization in 1867 and the two years following of companies of Papal Zouaves for the defense of the pope's temporal realms. So strong was the conviction that the whole future of religion and the church was imperiled, that hundreds of young crusaders, fêted and garlanded by sympathetic friends and blessed by Bishop Bourget in a glowing pastoral, crossed the seas from this land that had seemed to know little and care less for Old-World quarrels, prepared to fight side by side with Papal Guards against the forces that were striving to make Italy a single nation, with Rome as its center and crown.

The new spirit was manifested in many onslaughts against the men of moderate views. The Seminary of St. Sulpice in Montreal and Laval University in Quebec, with the archbishop as its patron, were vigorously attacked in the sixties and seventies. Mgr. Bourget was Bishop of Montreal but the seminary, as *seigneur* in receipt of rents and *lods et ventes*, and as curé, in receipt of tithes, secured the chief revenues accruing within the diocese. The main issue at stake was the right of the bishop to subdivide the old single parish of Montreal, hitherto in charge of the seminary; a subsidiary question was as to whether he could establish the new parishes without the consent of the majority of the parishioners concerned, and the formal approval of the state. Sir George Cartier and "La Minerva" stoutly championed the seminary; in "Le Nouveau Monde," established in 1864 under his direct control, Mgr. Bourget found vigorous newspaper support. Of the many writings in the wordy war, doubtless the most extraordinary was the "Comédie Infernale" of Alphonse Villeneuve, in which the seminary, "the last refuge of Gallicanism and Catholic Liberalism," was portrayed as receiving the approbation of Lucifer, Beelzebub, and other demons assembled in council,

Valley of the Nicolet

and the Society of Jesus, "the invincible fortress of ultramontanism," set forth as the chief foe they feared. Against Laval University, again, charges of Gallican and liberal leanings were freely brought, and a strong and persistent endeavor was made to lessen its influence by establishing in Montreal a university under the bishop's control. The attack was not meekly endured. As the Ultramontane chronicler reports: "They marched proudly under the command of their valiant bishops Laflèche and Bourget, but finding in the foremost ranks, at the head of the enemy forces, Laval University and Archbishop Taschereau, their arms were paralyzed and their spirits troubled."[1]

Even old political friends were not spared. Cartier was not forgiven for taking the side of the seminary and the civil powers in the contest over the Montreal parishes, and the hostility of the church contributed heavily to his defeat in the general election of 1872. At his death a year later the "Le Nouveau Monde" very frankly exposed his fault:

The epoch of Mr. Cartier's greatest power was also the epoch when the errors which were to prove fatal developed. Thinking himself invincible, he forgot the source whence he derived his strength. He forgot that if he had become the leader of Lower Canada it was simply because he had identified himself with the Catholic cause, devoted himself to the defense of the Church, and never feared to avow himself eminently Catholic and a submissive child of the Church. From 1865 he had taken an active part in the difficulties excited by the affair of the division of the parish of Montreal, and had impelled his organ and his friends into the path of opposition and persecution which has ended so deplorably for himself. The attempt in which he persisted with so great perseverance to defeat the projects of his Bishop and procure the annulment of canonical decrees by the civil tribunals, destroyed the confidence of Catholics and brought on the ruin of the colossus.

Not content with indirect control, the Ultramontane school determined in 1871 to enter the political field openly and

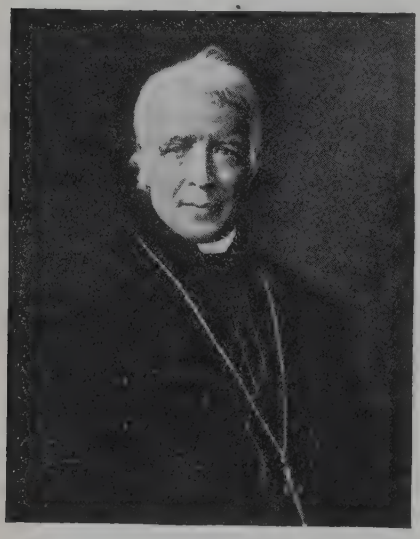
[1]Savaëte, "Vers l'Abime," ii, p. 100.

and Arthabaskaville

aggressively. Early in that year a group of editors and lawyers, all deep-dyed Conservatives, and all, in their own words, "belonging heart and soul to the ultramontane school," gathered in Montreal to consider how best to advance their cause. The group included F. X. A. Trudel, a prominent member of the Assembly; A. B. Routhier, L. O. Taillon, and other lawyers; and the leading Ultramontane editors, Alphonse Desjardins of "L'Ordre," Magloire Macleod of the "Journal des Trois-Rivières," M. Renault of the "Courrier du Canada," and C. Beausoleil, the editor, and Canon Lamarche, the censor, of "Le Nouveau Monde." They decided, after recalling the effective work Louis Veuillot had done in France by his uncompromising stand, to launch a movement for organizing a Catholic party, or, rather, for purging the Conservative party of the anti-clerical elements which were creeping in. A manifesto embodying their views was drawn up by M. Routhier, revised by Mgr. Laflèche, approved by Mgr. Bourget, and published first in the "Journal des Trois-Rivières" on April 20, 1871.

The "Catholic Programme," as the manifesto was termed, was devised to guide aright the Catholic voters in the approaching provincial elections. Taking as its starting-point a pastoral of Mgr. Laflèche exhorting the people to choose legislators who would safeguard the interests of the church, the program declared that since the separation of church and state was an absurd and impious doctrine, and legislators would therefore have to do with matters ecclesiastical, it was essential for Catholics to choose men who gave full and unreserved adhesion to the religious, political, and social doctrines of their church. Protestants, of course, would have the same liberty. This involved, as a rule, the support of the Conservative party as the only one offering valid guaranties for the interests of religion, but the support should not be blind. Only those candidates should be chosen who would agree to modify the laws of the province in regard to education, marriage, the erection of parishes and other matters, in the way demanded by the bishops. In detail, this meant:

"1, if the contest is between two Conservatives, it goes without saying that we shall support the one who accepts the platform we have just outlined; 2, if, on the contrary, it is between a Conservative of any shade whatever and an adept of the liberal school, our sympathies will be given actively to the former; 3, if the only candidates who come forward in a constituency are both liberals or oppositionists, we must choose



Mgr. Ignace Bourget, Bishop of Montreal
1799-1885

whichever will agree to our terms; 4, finally, in the event that the contest lies between a Conservative who rejects our programme and an opportunist of any brand who accepts it, the position would be more delicate. To vote for the former would be to contradict the doctrine we have just expounded; to vote for the latter would be to imperil the Conservative party, which we wish to see strong. What decision should we make as between these two dangers? In this case we should advise Catholic electors to abstain from voting."

This extraordinary document was republished and supported by "Le Nouveau Monde," the "Franc Parleur," the "Ordre," the "Courrier du Canada," the "Union des Cantons de l'Est," and the "Pionnier de Sherbrooke." Several members of the Assembly hastened to proclaim their adhesion. But "La Minerve" and the erstwhile clerical "Journal de Québec" flatly and vigorously denounced the manifesto as an insufferable affront. More significant still was the publication of a letter, on April 26, from Archbishop Taschereau, stating that he knew of the document only through the newspapers, and that it therefore lay under the grave disability of having been drawn up wholly without any participation by the episcopacy; no member of the clergy was authorized to exceed the limits laid down by the Fourth Council of Quebec. This disavowal did not deter the two episcopal champions of Ultramontanism. Both issued pastorals approving its doctrines, and stated publicly and explicitly that they indorsed the program, Mgr. Bourget adding that he considered it the surest safeguard for a truly Conservative party.

When the provincial elections of 1871, in which Wilfrid Laurier was returned for Drummond-Arthabaska, were over, the Liberals found themselves once more in a small minority. A group of moderate Liberals determined to make a fresh start and blot out the tradition of anti-clericalism which barred their path to power. Under the leadership of Louis A. Jetté, a Montreal barrister, the endeavor was made to reorganize the Liberal party as the *Parti National*. The new label was accepted, though without enthusiasm, by the old *Rouges*, and fresh recruits were gathered in circles friendly to the clergy. The *Parti National* stood for Canada first and last, had a leaning toward protection, and expressed the friendliest feelings toward the clergy, though still solicitous to prevent their robes being soiled in the mire of politics. A new journal, "Le National," was established in Montreal to voice its views, and the "Bien Public" of the same city, and "L'Electeur" and "L'Evénement" of Quebec, gave it general support.[1]

[1] " . . . We are a national party because, before all, we are attached to our nation, and because we have pledged our unswerv ng loyalty to Canada above the whole world: Canada against the world. . . . *Le National* will be a political and non-religious paper, but, as the special organ of the Catholic population, and in conformity with the opinions of the directors of the journal, when occasion arises, we shall concur with Catholic opinion, and we repudiate in advance anything which may inadvertently be overlooked in the rapid editing of a daily paper, in order to protest our entire devotion and our filial obedience to the Church." Opening manifesto of "Le National," April 24, 1872.

The effect of the new tactics was seen in the increased Liberal representation in the federal elections of 1872, and particularly in the defeat of the veteran Cartier himself by Jetté in Montreal East. In the latter election there was open alliance between the *Parti National* and the Ultramontanes against their common foe. But the reconciliation did not prove lasting. The great bulk of the clergy looked upon this sudden repentance as merely a ruse, and the fighting class among the old *Rouges* were uneasy in their unwonted company. Gradually the transformation was reversed, the former chieftains again took control, and the *Parti National* faded into the Liberal party once more. When the Liberal party came to power in Ottawa after the exposure of the Pacific scandal, it was the old *Rouge* leaders, Letellier, Fournier, Laflamme, Geoffrion, who were taken into the cabinet, not the Jettés. The appointment of Cauchon was the only concession made to the new allies.

Writing to James Young in July, 1874, Mr. Laurier explains the situation:

> The *Nouveau Monde* party have been clamorous to have Jetté installed in office. You want to know the reason. Here it is. The *Nouveau Monde* party are not Liberals: they are of the worst class of Conservatives —they are Ultramontanes.
>
> That party have been instrumental in making Cartier what he was amongst us. They took him when he was nothing, and for years fought all his battles. They approved of everything he said or did, they represented him as a pillar of the altar, and they poured the blessings of the Church over all his scandals. Cartier, as long as he was weak and needy, humiliated his despotic nature to them, and was in their hands a pliant tool. But when, after Confederation, he found himself supported by an overwhelming majority, he gave free vent to his own haughty nature. He did nothing against them, it is true, but he treated them as inferiors, and no longer submissively kissed their hands: that was enough to alienate their affections. He did still more: he gave them to understand very freely that he was the master, that he could rule and would rule without them.
>
> The Ultramontanes were incensed with rage, but what could they do? Cartier knew perfectly what he was about. They had too long proclaimed him a little saint, to brand him now as a heretic or an enemy of the Church. Cartier knew perfectly well that they would not dare to undo their own work.
>
> They then adopted a new tactics. (Is this English, by the way?) They made a movement forward in the doctrine. Cartier was yet a good man, but he could be better. He had too much of the Liberal ideas in him; though he had been a servant of the Church, he had not in him the true spirit of the Church in all its purity.
>
> Our friend Jetté, who is clever, and has always been known as a moderate Liberal, adopted this new programme. In return, he was adopted both by the Ultramontanes, on account of his avowed principles, and by the Liberals, on account of his supposed tendencies. Since, then, Jetté has always acted with us, and in the same time, has always been careful to keep on good terms with the Ultramontanes. And this is the reason why they have been so zealous to get him a seat in the Cabinet. They want to have there a representative of their own principles.

The *Parti National* diversion had failed to avert the wrath of the Ultramontane crusaders. More convinced than ever that even moderate Liberals were incorrigible, they renewed their endeavor to place submissive politicians in control of the local government. Developments in the provincial field soon provided an opportunity. The Conservative government of Gédéon Ouimet, who had succeeded Chauveau as premier in 1873, was forced to resign in September, 1874, as the result of charges of administrative corruption—the Tanneries or "land-swap" scandal. The Ouimet cabinet had consisted mainly of the Cartier wing of the Conservative party. Charles de Boucherville, who formed the new administration, was one of the leading lay adherents of the program. When the general provincial elections followed in July, 1875, the whole weight of the Ultramontane wing of the clergy was thrown to their support. The Liberals were nearly annihilated. Their leader, Henri Joly de Lotbinière, who was a Protestant, offered to resign on the

ground that his religion was a handicap to his party; but his supporters in the House denied that the Ultramontanes could be any more hostile to a Protestant than to a Catholic liberal, and insisted on his retaining his post.

The activities of the majority in the new legislature soon justified its Ultramontane backers. In the first session three significant acts were passed. One was designed to prevent a second Guibord appeal to the courts. It declared the right of the ecclesiastical authorities to designate the place in the cemetery where each person was to be buried, and provided that, if according to the canonical rules and in the opinion of the bishop any deceased person could not be buried in consecrated ground with liturgical prayers, he should receive civil burial in ground adjoining the cemetery. A second law gave civil confirmation to the action of Bishop Bourget in dividing the parish of Montreal, a marginal note, later explained away as an inexact expression of a compiler, declared that "decrees of our Holy Father the Pope are binding." Most important was the establishment of

Laurier's law office, Arthabaskaville, Quebec

education upon a wholly denominational basis, and the restriction of state control by making the superintendent a civil servant instead of a cabinet member, as formerly. Control of Catholic education was given to a committee consisting of the bishops and an equal number of appointed laymen, the bishops, however, alone enjoying the right to be represented by proxy. Control of Protestant schools was confided as fully and freely to a Protestant committee. It was urged that it was desirable to remove education from politics, and that the freedom given the Protestant minority was a proof of liberality and tolerance; but the fact remained that the measure was a concession to the element which opposed state control over education and other matters declared to be within the church's sphere.

The next concerted action was the issuing of a joint pastoral on the political situation. The council of bishops had on several occasions issued advice on political issues to clergy and laity; the second council, of 1858, urged the clergy to be neutral in political issues where religion was not involved; the third, in 1863, condemned secret societies and the plague of evil newspapers; the fourth, in 1868, criticized the assertion that religion had nothing to do with politics; and the fifth, in 1873, attacked, but in brief and vague terms, that false serpent, Catholic liberalism, and asserted that the church was independent of the state and superior to it. Now in September, 1875, Archbishop Taschereau was induced to join the other bishops of the province in issuing a joint letter, designed, as the latter stated, "to shut the mouths of those who, to sanction their false doctrines, find pretexts for escaping the teachings of their own bishop by invoking the authority of other bishops which unfortunately they abuse, deceiving the good people."

The joint pastoral of September, 1875, was mainly a warning against Catholic

liberalism, that subtle error, that serpent that crept into Eden, that most bitter and most dangerous enemy of the church. The letter ran:

> Distrust above all that liberalism which wishes to cover itself with the fine name of "catholic" in order to accomplish more surely its criminal mission. You will recognize it easily from the description which the Sovereign Pontiff has often given of it: 1, the endeavor to subordinate the Church to the State; 2, incessant attempts to break the bonds which unite the children of the Church with one another and with their clergy; 3, the monstrous alliance of truth with error, under the pretext of reconciling all things and avoiding conflicts; 4, finally, the illusion, or at times the hypocrisy, which conceals a boundless pride under the mask of religion and of fine assurances of submission to the Church. . . . No one, therefore, may in future with good conscience be permitted to remain a Catholic Liberal.

As to the activity of the clergy in politics, they had the same rights as other private citizens, and further, as representing the church might and should intervene in moral issues or questions affecting the liberty or independence of the church. An individual candidate may be a menace, or a whole party may be so considered not only because of its own program and antecedents, but because of the program and private antecedents of its leaders and its journals. In such case the church must speak, the priest "may declare with authority that to vote in such a way is a sin, and exposes the doer to the censures of the Church." If any priest errs in applying these principles, the remedy lies in the tribunals of the church, not, as had been hinted, in haling the priest before the civil courts. A circular to the clergy, accompanying the pastoral, warned the priests not to intervene too freely and to consult their bishop before acting in unusual circumstances. If accused of undue influence before a civil court, they should deny its competence, but if condemned, should suffer persecution in patience. In a pastoral letter of February, 1876, Bishop Bourget explained how the layman could carry out this advice: let each say in his heart, "I hear my Curé, my Curé hears the Bishop, the Bishop hears the Pope, and the Pope hears our Lord Jesus Christ."

The pastoral was taken as a fresh declaration of war on the Liberal party. True, no party was specifically named, but, as Mgr. Laflèche declared, "it would not be strictly true to say that the letter did not condemn the Liberal party." The clerical press, and when by-elections afforded an opportunity, the majority of the clergy, dotted the i's and crossed the t's. In January, 1876, two federal by-elections were held in Quebec constituencies. In Charlevoix, M. Tremblay, a good Catholic all his life, was the Liberal candidate. His opponent was Hector Langevin, who had been tarred by the Pacific scandal, but was still an aspirant for Cartier's mantle. Langevin announced that he presented himself after consulting the clergy of the district and with their full and hearty support, though M. Tremblay was able to produce two dissenting curés. Priest after priest denounced Liberalism, invoked the horrors of the French Revolution and the Paris Commune, pictured the contest as one between the pope and Garibaldi, and warned his hearers of how they would feel on their death-bed, or still worse, if carried away by sudden death, if they had voted for a party condemned by the church. Some curés stated explicitly that to vote for the Liberals was to commit a mortal sin, and such phrases as "subtle serpent," "false Christs," "yawning abyss," heightened many a discourse. In Chambly one curé, M. Lussier, after consulting Mgr. Bourget, declared that no Catholic could be a moderate Liberal: moderate meant liar. The crusade had its effect, and in both constituencies the Liberal candidates were decisively defeated.

The policy of clerical intervention reached its climax in the pastoral of 1875 and in the elections of that and the following year. Many were intimidated by the reign of terror that prevailed, but others were roused to a resistance which compelled a halt.

The Ultramontane campaign had not been without its effect on the Protestant minority in Quebec. Its leaders were divided between acquiescing in

a situation in which they themselves were accorded full liberty, and protesting against the inroads on the liberty of their fellow-citizens. In December, 1875, Huntington took occasion in a by-election speech in Argenteuil to denounce the English-speaking Protestants for giving Ultramontanism its chance by their blind support of the Conservative party, and to call upon them to support the French liberals in the common cause of freedom. Holton at once raised the question in Parliament, denouncing this "offensive attack" and asking whether it had the sanction of the cabinet, of which Huntington was a member. Mackenzie replied by expressing his regret at Huntington's remarks, and his disapproval of raising religious issues in politics; Huntington, while making it clear that he spoke only as a private citizen of his province, declared that the opinions he had expressed were his opinions still. On the other side of politics, Sir A. T. Galt took the same stand as Huntington in speeches and pamphlets unfolding the dangers of Ultramontanism; but his fellow-Conservative, Thomas White, insisted that Protestants, who had been fairly treated themselves, should not interfere in the family quarrels of the majority, and Macdonald characteristically urged that the best policy was "to use the priests for the next election, but be ready to fight them in the Dominion Parliament," and insisted that, though their arrogance was hard to bear, it could be borne when it was remembered that "Ultramontanism depends on the life of two old men, the Pope and Bishop Bourget." Prudence prevailed in both political camps so far as the English-speaking Protestants were concerned, and the French Catholics were left to work out their own salvation.

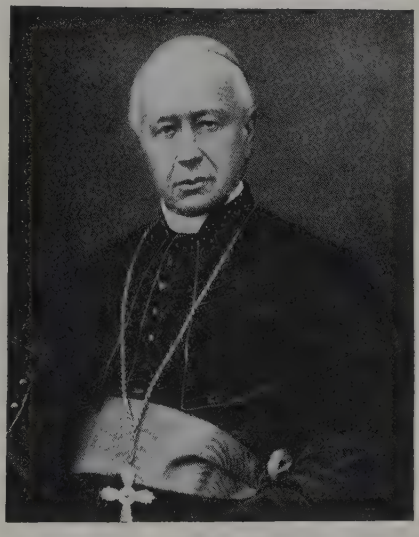
The seriousness of the situation faced by Quebec Liberals may well be gaged by a valedictory address of one of the foremost journalists of the day. M. L. O. David, editor of the "Bien Public," was a man not only of standing and ability, but of unquestioned moderation in all affairs, and friendly to the church, of which he was a faithful son; he had been one of the minority which seceded from *L'Institut Canadien* in 1858, and had taken an active part in endeavoring to live down the *Rouge* tradition by the establishment of the Parti National. Yet he found his journal banned in parish after parish, and in May, 1876, announced his retirement. "The later pastorals of the Bishop of Montreal," he declared, "and the interpretation which has been upon them by a number of priests, and certain facts which I need not mention, have finally convinced me that the profession of politics has become intolerable in this country to any one who has more independence of character than of person. In the name of religion, we have seen destruction fall upon the political careers of sincere and earnest men whose religious convictions have never been questioned. The clergy cannot pretend that they have reason to fear the Liberals on account of their past, for they had absolved them of their past in 1872. The Reform party having done nothing since then against the clergy and religion, the religious war now being waged against it is unjustifiable. . . . The pastoral letters of the Bishop of Montreal, which were nothing more than articles of the "Nouveau Monde" converted into mandements, are incomprehensible. They have stirred prejudices, encouraged bad faith, and excited a certain number of priests who needed to be restrained. There are parishes where since then the pulpit has become nothing but a tribune for the most violent political harangues. It would appear that there is no longer but one crime in the world, but one mortal sin, that of voting for a Reform candidate, of receiving a Reform journal which questions the infallibility of Sir John and Mr. Langevin. . . . A Catholic people will support such abuses long, they will even shut their eyes not to see them in order that their faith may not suffer; but as abuses rapidly accumulate when they are not controlled, the day arrives when they become intolerable, and then indifference toward religion and hatred toward the priest produce revolution."

Mr. Laurier, writing to a friend in December, 1875, in regard to rumors of his approaching accession to the cabinet, makes equally clear the tension of the situation:

My name has been put forward, but I never made a step towards it. To speak the truth, I do not desire an appointment to an official position at present. But the press, which in this province is in the hands of young men, calls loud for me. The men of more mature age desire to have Cauchon in. The fact is, that Cauchon has all the qualities of the position, but he is so thoroughly unprincipled and so deeply stained with the jobberies of the old régime that his appointment would perhaps be more an injury than a benefit to our cause. As to myself personally, I have the bones and sinew of the Liberal party. They push me ahead, and would have me to take a more active part in politics than I have done hitherto. I, however, feel very reluctant to do it. I am at present quiet and happy. The moment I accept office, I will go into it actively and earnestly, and from that moment my quietness and happiness will be gone. It will be a war with the clergy, a war of every day, of every moment. . . . Political strifes are bitter enough in your province, but you have no idea of what it is with us. . . . Whenever I shall be in office, I intend to go seriously into it, and I will be denounced as Anti-Christ. You may laugh at that, but it is no laughing matter to us.

Relief from this intolerable situation came from various quarters. Appeal was made to the civil courts, and the courts set bounds to clerical intervention. Appeal was made to Rome, and the higher authorities of the church ordained restraint. The Liberals themselves, through Wilfrid Laurier, made a declaration of their principles which it was not possible for any reasonable opponent to attack or any weak-kneed friend to renounce.

The advisability of taking legal action to halt clerical intervention in elections had been discussed in Liberal quarters for some years. The suggestion had come from the action of an Irish court, in 1872, in declaring a Galway election void because of the undue influence exercised by the clergy in behalf of the successful candidate. The dominion law against undue influence in elections was based on the British statute. Yet the moderate men who were in control of the party's policy hesitated to take such a step. It would be charged that they were trying to deprive the priest of the elementary right of every citizen to have opinions and to urge them upon one's fellows. Even friends would contend that clerical intervention, however biased and uninformed, should be met by discussion, not by an appeal to law, as Liberals were to conclude when, many years later, in the closing rather than in the opening days of Wilfrid Laurier's career, hundreds of



Cardinal Elzear-Alexandre Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec. 1820-98

Protestant preachers throughout Canada were stampeded and manipulated into a grossly biased and uninformed pulpit attack upon the Liberal party and its leader. But the Charlevoix outburst determined a courageous group to take up the challenge. Appeal was at first made to the archbishop, but afterward withdrawn, and in July, 1876, François Langelier, member of a leading Liberal family of Quebec, and professor of civil law in Laval, brought action in the civil court at Murray Bay. The fact of intervention and its effect in changing votes were clearly proved. Israel Tarte, who had been Langevin's election agent, conducted his case, browbeating witnesses in court and pillorying them afterward in his newspaper, "Le Canadien." The judge was A. B. Routhier, formerly Langevin's right-hand man in

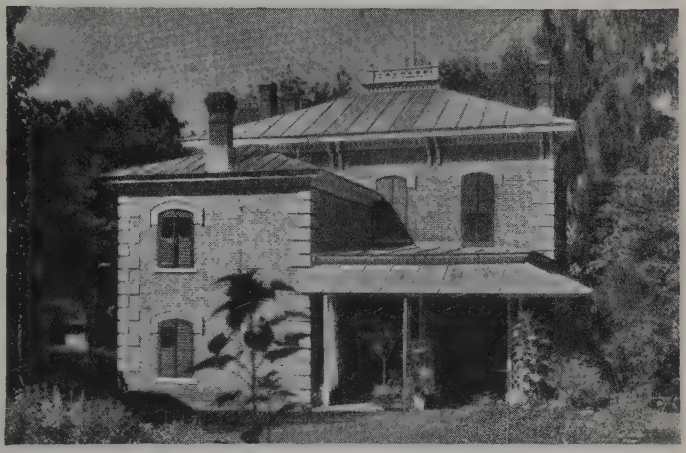
politics, and the drafter of the Catholic Programme. He dismissed the petition, denying that British precedents applied in Canada under the differing relations of church and state, and taking high Ultramontane ground as to the immunity of the clergy from state question or control for their actions on a moral issue, such as voting must be when properly considered. The case was at once appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada, where the unanimous decision was rendered that undue influence had been exercised and the election was declared void. Mr. Justice Ritchie declared that the clergyman, like the layman, had free and full liberty to advise and persuade, but no right, in the pulpit or out, to threaten or compel a voter to do otherwise than as he freely willed. Mr. Justice Taschereau, a brother of the archbishop, in delivering the main judgment of the court, brushed aside the claim of ecclesiastical immunity, found proof of "undue influence of the worst kind, inasmuch as these threats and these declarations fell from the lips of the priests speaking from the pulpit in the name of religion, and were addressed to persons ill-instructed and generally well disposed to follow the counsel of their curés." In a decision rendered shortly before this appeal, three judges of the Superior Court of Quebec, Messrs. Casault, McGuire, and McCord, annulled the election held in the provincial constituency of Bonaventure, where two curés had threatened to refuse the sacraments to Liberal voters, and disqualified the candidate on the ground that "these fraudulent manœuvers were practised with his knowledge and consent." Shortly after, the by-election of Chambly was voided.

The intervention of the law, external and formal in its working, could not go to the root of the matter. Of more enduring importance was the change of ecclesiastical policy, or, rather, the assertion of authority by the tolerant and far-seeing elements within the church as against those intolerant and short-sighted leaders who had been active for many years. The Archbishop of Quebec, realizing the danger of an open rupture and the introduction into Canada of a real anti-clerical movement, such as the Ultramontane editors were always seeing in their nightmares, issued in May, 1876, a pastoral on the church in politics which took much more moderate ground. The pastoral set forth the high importance of the elector's task, warned against perjury, violence, and bribery, urged calm and careful inquiry into the merits of rival candidates and their ability to conserve the people's interests, spiritual as well as temporal, denied any intention in present circumstances of urging the electors to vote for this or that party, and suggested that all join in a solemn mass to insure guidance; this, and no more. True, the archbishop declared that his new pastoral neither revoked nor superseded the joint letter of 1875, but the outburst of indignation from certain other bishops, and their action in sending Mgr. Laflèche and Canon Lamarche hotfoot to Rome to protest, were illuminating.

It was, however, with Rome itself that the last word lay. It was to Rome that Bishop Langevin's demand for the dismissal of Judge Casault from his chair at Laval, because of his judgment in the Bonaventure election, was carried; Rome upheld the professor against the bishop. It was to Rome that Conservatives appealed in 1876 when they wished to learn whether in a Montreal election it was permissible to vote for a candidate who was a Free Mason, seeing that the other candidate was worse (that is, a Liberal), and Rome replied it was permissible. It was to Rome that the bitter and interminable disputes between Montreal and Quebec over the university question were appealed, and finally it was to Rome that in 1876 a group of Quebec Liberals, headed by Cauchon, appealed for inquiry and decision on the charges brought by their Ultramontane opponents. The fact that an appeal should be carried to Rome at all made it clear how far Ultramontanism had triumphed over the old Gallican spirit even among the Liberals, but if it was to decide in any case on the ecclesiastical issues involved, it was well that the views of both parties to the controversy should be before it.

At Rome Pius IX was still pontiff,

but his years were evidently numbered, and it was an open secret that pressure was being brought to bear to insure that his successor should be more in harmony with democratic tendencies. It was decided to send Mgr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh, in Ireland, as ablegate to investigate the situation in Canada. He spent several months in diligent and unobtrusive inquiry, heard all sides, and came to the conclusion that a halt must be called. The bishops met in consistory in October, 1877, and issued a new pastoral, declaring that while the joint letter contained the true doctrine on the constitution and rights of the church, and Liberal Catholics were still anathema, yet it was not to be assumed that any political party was condemned. The forces of moderation and tolerance had won their long fight.



Wilfrid Laurier's house, Arthabaskaville, Quebec. Seen from the garden

While the attitude of the church was still undetermined, Wilfrid Laurier came forward to perform one of the greatest services of his career. His speech on political liberalism, delivered before an immense audience on the invitation of the Club Canadien of Quebec, on June 26, 1877, was essentially a manifesto of the Liberal party on the question of the relation of religion and politics. Mr. Laurier was about to assume the leadership of the Liberal party in Quebec: three months later he entered the Mackenzie cabinet. In his address at Quebec he stated his policy and his terms. At once the issue was clarified, the path of moderation and of progress marked out, and a great step taken toward the just and permanent settlement of an issue which had threatened to divide a whole people into warring and irreconcilable factions.

Without preface, Mr. Laurier at once set forth the purpose of his address. It was to define the ideas and principles of liberalism, in order to remove the prejudices and the opposition of those who believed that liberalism meant heresy in faith and revolution in politics. All the charges made against the Liberal party could be crystallized in two propositions—that liberalism was a heresy condemned by the head of the church, and that a Catholic could not be a Liberal. It was true that Catholic liberalism had been condemned, but what had that to do with political liberalism? What would be the consequence of accepting the contention that no French-Canadian Catholic could be a Liberal? Either Catholics must abstain from any share in political life or must bind themselves hand and foot to the Conservative party, must endure "the ignominy of being regarded by the other members of the Canadian family composing the Conservative party as tools and slaves."

What was the meaning of liberalism and conservatism? At bottom the distinction was a matter of temperament; some men, in Macaulay's phrase, were drawn by the charm of habit and others by the charm of novelty. There was no moral superiority in either tendency. The Conservatives might do good in defending old and tried institutions or much evil in maintaining intolerable abuses; the Liberal might be a benefactor in overthrowing these abuses or a scourge in laying rash hands

on hallowed institutions. Then Mr. Laurier continued:

For my part, as I have already said, I am a Liberal. I am one of those who think that everywhere, in human things, there are abuses to be reformed, new horizons to be opened up, and new forces to be developed. Moreover, Liberalism seems to me in all respects superior to the other principle. The principle of Liberalism is inherent in the very essence of our nature, in that desire for happiness with which we are all born into the world, which pursues us throughout life, and which is never completely gratified on this side of the grave. Our souls are immortal, but our means are limited. We constantly strive toward an ideal which we never attain. We dream of good, but we never realize the best. We only reach the goal we have set for ourselves, to discover new horizons opening up, which we had not before even suspected. We rush on toward them, and those horizons, explored in their turn, reveal to us others which lead us on ever further and further. And thus it will be as long as man is what he is, as long as the immortal soul inhabits a mortal body; his desires will be always vaster than his means and his actions will never rise to the height of his conceptions. He is the real Sisyphus of the fable; his work, always finished, must always be begun again. This condition of our nature is precisely that which makes the greatness of man, for it condemns him irrevocably to movement, to progress; our means are limited, but our nature is perfectible, and we have the infinite for our arena. Thus there is always room for the perfecting of our nature and for the attainment by a larger number of an easier way of life. This, in my eyes, is what constitutes the superiority of Liberalism.

Abuses, Mr. Laurier continued, were bound to creep into every body politic, and institutions which at the beginning were useful become intolerable because everything around them had changed, as in the instance of seigniorial tenure. Men were always found to defend these abuses to the bitter end until they had provoked revolution.

More revolutions have been caused by Conservative obstinacy than by Liberal exaggeration . . . ; wherever there is compression, there will be explosion, violence and ruin; . . . I hate revolution and detest all attempts to win the triumph of opinions by violence, but I am less inclined to throw the responsibility on those who make them than on those who provoke them by their blind obstinacy.

The Liberal party of England had known how to reform abuse before discontent fermented into revolution; the liberals of the Continent had not been so wise:

What is grander than the history of the great English Liberal party during the present century? On its threshold looms up the figure of Fox, the wise, the generous Fox, defending the cause of the oppressed, wherever there were oppressed to be defended. A little later comes O'Connell, claiming and securing for his co-religionists the rights and privileges of British subjects. He is helped in this work by all the Liberals of the three kingdoms, Grey, Brougham, Russell, Jeffrey and a host of others. Then came, one after the other, the abolition of the rule of the landed oligarchy, the repeal of the corn laws, the extension of the suffrage to the working classes, and lastly, to crown the whole, the disestablishment of the Church of England as the state religion in Ireland. . . . Members of the *Club Canadien*, Liberals of the province of Quebec, there are our principles, there is our party!

It is true that there is in Europe, in France, in Italy and in Germany a class of men who give themselves the title of Liberals, but who have nothing of the Liberal about them but the name, and who are the most dangerous of men. They are not Liberals; they are revolutionaries; in their principles they are so extravagant that they aim at nothing less than the destruction of modern society. With these men we have nothing in common, but it is the tactics of our adversaries always to assimilate us to them.

Mr. Laurier proceeded to review the history of the Canadian political parties. Up to 1848 all French-Canadians had belonged to the one Liberal party. Then, in the conflict between LaFontaine and Papineau, divergence had begun. A group of young men of great talent and greater impetuosity, disappointed at having come upon the scene too late to stake their heads in 1837, first followed and then outmarched Papineau. They founded "L'Avenir," and issued a program beginning with election of justices of the peace and ending with annexation to the United

States, which would have meant a complete revolution in the province. Their exaggerations were not surprising; in Canada, the memory of the vengeance exacted for the rebellion and the lack of faith of the Colonial Office stirred discontent, while from Europe there came great soul-disturbing beasts of revolutions. The only excuse for these Liberals was their youth: the oldest of them was not more than twenty-two. Hardly had they taken two steps when they recognized their error, but the harm was done.

The clergy, alarmed at these proceedings, which reminded them of the revolutionaries of Europe, at once declared merciless war on the new party. The English population, friendly to liberty, but equally friendly to the maintenance of order, also ranged themselves against the new party. During twenty-five years that party has remained in opposition, though to it belongs the honor of having taken the initiative in all the reforms accomplished in that period. It was in vain that it demanded and obtained judicial decentralization; and it was in vain that it was the first to give an impetus to the work of colonization; it was not credited with these wise reforms. It was in vain that those children, now grown into men, disavowed the rashness of their youth; it was in vain that the Conservative party made mistake after mistake; the generation of the Liberals of 1848 had almost entirely disappeared from the political scene ere the dawn of a new day began to break for the Liberal party. Since that time the party has received new accessions, calmer and more thoughtful ideas have prevailed in it, and as for the old programme, nothing whatever remains of its social party, while of the political party there remain only the principles of the English Liberals.

In the meantime a fraction of the Liberals had united with the Tories of Upper Canada to form the Liberal-Conservative party. Of late years its leaders had sought to transform it into an Ultramontane, or Catholic, party. They understood neither their country nor their time; all their ideas were modeled on those of the reactionaries of France. Their chief aim was to degrade religion to the level of a political party.

In our adversaries' party it is the custom to accuse us Liberals of irreligion. I am not here to parade my religious sentiments, but I declare that I have too much respect for the faith in which I was born ever to use it as the basis of a political organization. You wish to organize a Catholic party, . . . to organize all the Catholics into one party, without other bond, without other basis, than a common religion. Have you not reflected that by that very fact you will organize the Protestant population as a single party, and then, instead of the peace and harmony now prevailing between the different elements of the Canadian people, you throw open the door to war, a war of religion, the most terrible of all wars? . . .

Our adversaries further reproach us . . . with denying to the Church the freedom to which it is entitled. They reproach us with seeking to silence the administrative body of the Church, and to prevent it from teaching the people their duties as citizens and electors. They reproach us with wanting to hinder the clergy from meddling in politics and to relegate them to the sacristy. In the name of the Liberal party and of Liberal principles, I repel this assertion. I maintain that there is not one Canadian Liberal who wants to prevent the clergy from taking part in political affairs if they wish to do so.

In the name of what principle should the friends of liberty seek to deny to the priest the right to take part in political affairs? In the name of what principle should the friends of liberty seek to deny to the priest the right to have and to express political opinions, the right to approve or disapprove public men and their acts, and to instruct the people in what he believes to be their duty? In the name of what principle would he not have the right to say that if I am elected, religion will be endangered, when I have the right to say that if my adversary is elected, the state will be endangered? . . . No, let the priest speak and preach as he thinks best; such is his right, and no Canadian Liberal will dispute that right. . . . Every one has the right not only to express his opinion, but to influence, if he can, by the expression of his opinion, the opinion of his fellow-citizens. This right exists for all, and there can be no reason why the priest should be deprived of it. I am here to speak my whole mind, and I may add that I am far from finding opportune the intervention of the clergy in the domain of politics.

At last liberalism had found the interpreter it sorely needed. Rising completely above the level of partizan personalities and recriminations, frank in

its recognition of past errors, moderate in its full and ready recognition of the place and rights of the clergy, firm in its insistence that these rights ended where intimidation began, inspiring in its assertion of the eternal and unchanging principles of freedom, sustained in its lofty eloquence, Mr. Laurier's luminous and persuasive speech marked a new era in the long controversy. Resistance to intolerance was given a firm foundation in the unceasing strivings of man for full and free expression, and a guiding chart in the experiences and achievements of English liberalism.

Opposition was not at once disarmed by Mr. Laurier's calm analysis of the situation, nor by the verdict of the papal legate. The Ultramontane organs, while admitting the moderation of his exposition of political liberalism, insisted that Mr. Laurier was still endeavoring to set bounds to the rights and activities of the church and presuming to set himself above his bishops. So when the results of Mgr. Conroy's mission were announced, Mr. Tarte's journal, "Le Canadien," lamented that "concession had followed upon concession, outrage upon outrage," and the "Journal de Trois-Rivières," that "the year 1877 may be designated as the epoch of concession and cowardice, the epoch of the triumph of Catholic Liberalism." Whereupon Mr. Laurier, in an editorial in the "Journal d'Arthabaska" (January 24, 1878), entitled, "*Les Tartufes de la Presse*," paid his respects to them once more. For many years, he wrote, these Conservative organs had cloaked themselves in the mantle of religion and sheltered themselves behind the screen of the clergy. It was a clever play, for the Canadian loved nothing in the world so much as his religion and his clergy, and to identify the cause of conservatism and of the church was to condemn the Liberal party to insignificance. These editors took

> Louis Veuillot as their model, and not possessing his talents, at least were able to imitate his excesses of speech and his bombastic style. The decalogue was revised, corrected, and considerably extended by these gentlemen. . . . They posed as theologians, twisted the sense of pastorals and mandements, and, with these documents in their hands, like the Pharisee in the Gospel, they pointed at us with the finger of scorn and demanded our exile and excommunication. The Church, that good mother, allowed these wretched *enfants terribles* to have their way, but as impunity gave them courage, our high and mighty ultramontanes set themselves to smashing the whole shop. . . . At last the attention of the Holy See was drawn upon these men and their outpourings. Wishing to bring to an end so deplorable a state of affairs, our Holy Father sent his legate, Mgr. Conroy. . . . Now Rome has spoken. But what of our high and mighty ultramontanes, "*Le Canadien*," and "Le Journal de Trois-Rivières?" . . . And these are the submissive children of the Church! Pouah! What Tartuffes!

The struggle had not ended, but a lull had come in the fighting, and high and safe ground had been occupied and consolidated. Not again for a score of years was the question of church and state thrust into the foreground. The attitude of Wilfrid Laurier and his fellow-Liberals of Quebec had been effective in averting the danger alike of unbridled assertion of Ultramontane pretensions and of the outburst of an anti-clerical campaign. The demands for the recognition of the supremacy of the church over the state, for the repeal of the statutes prohibiting undue intervention in elections so far as they applied to the clergy, for the granting of civil immunity to ecclesiastics, and for the still more complete control of the schools by the church, failed to find assent; Ultramontanism reached its climax in 1876. Nor did the reaction in the form of anti-clericalism make much headway. It was only a month before Wilfrid Laurier's speech in the capital of New France that the leader of the liberalism of Old France, M. Gambetta, had uttered his famous cry to action "*Le cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi.*" If the Catholic Church in Canada was spared the long and bitter onslaught which was to be its fate for the next generation in France, it was owing not only to the wisdom of some of its own leaders, but to the sanity and courage of its laymen who sought, and not in vain, to reconcile faith and freedom.

(To be continued)

Scheherazade of the Factory

By GERTRUDE HENDERSON

Illustrations by O. F. Howard

NOT the Orient, but Bohemia, gave her birth. Not Bagdad, but New York, nourished her youth and shaped her imagination. Not in the harem does she reign peerless, the favorite in high places: she is forewoman in a factory, and her word may be muttered against, and is, by the lesser women among whom she moves; but her eye flashes, and superintendents and little new day-rate learners alike obey. Her quick brain is to me an endless source of pleasure. I watch her shrewd sense in the factory crises that arise, and wish that twice her years had given me half her wisdom. I watch her deft, thin fingers, which can do anybody's work and do it better, and her keen understanding, which knows the factory problems upstairs and down, in office and shop and stock-room and first-aid supplies. But the glinting, changing prism of her spirit, which flashes a new and unexpected color at every touch, the sudden doors she opens into unknown dwelling-places of strange life, now of the Old World, now of the very, very New—these are the unexhausted entertainment of my days.

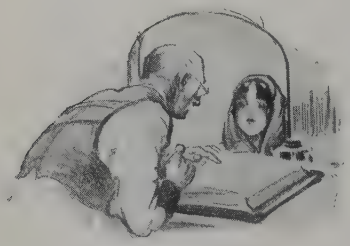
Sometimes it is a bit of her own story; sometimes a fragment of some other life that has brushed hers along the way; sometimes it is ancestral, un-American, remote. Perhaps I go to find her in the shop, and, having finished my errand, loiter a moment, because her fingers have grown still and her eyes dream; and while we stand there for a dozen pulse-beats of the roaring factory, out comes the story apropos. Sometimes she comes to find me, or stops between two hurrying pieces of the day, on her way from the last, on her way to the next, and, sitting beside my desk, looks away beyond the walls into some vivid moment through which people move; and I, looking into her face, see it, too, listen, and watch enthralled, and drama unrolls before me. It is not the stories that I find wonderful; it is herself glowing through them. She is so young, with all life ahead of her, eagerly demanded. She is so old, with all life within her observation, mellowly comprehended, sympathized with, apparaised, condoned. She has no condemnation for frailties of the flesh excepting as they are stupid. For niggardliness of spirit, for laziness, stupid selfishness, and mere lumpish dullness of the unimaginative mind she cannot satisfy herself with sharpening the keen edge of her scorn.

We need some one to clean the factory at night, nine hours of the night, beginning after the long factory day ends, a hard, dirty business. A thin little work-worn woman came to apply for it, and we hired her. My Scheherazade knows her, and knows the little patched-together shack she lives in, and the black-eyed children that swarm innumerous and have to be fed at least, though not washed or mended; those would be thought superfluous attentions. She knows the older children, at work, and the Italian father, and the general household zeal for living pinched and getting hold of more money and putting it away. When she heard that it was that woman who was coming to sweep and scrub all night, her eyes glinted and cut.

"When my father died," she said,

"there was n't a nickel." That was all, but there needed no more. Those older children and that husband were banned, removed forever from all human respect.

Scheherazade is of those who reverence the mother. Her own has an unlined, strong, happy face, and is housekeeper and unquestioned queen in the house her daughters have bought for her out of their wages. I doubt if more



"She may not have stuck to the truth . . . when they asked her how old she was"

than one was old enough to satisfy the labor laws when their father died, certainly not more than two, and the children were many. But they did it, Scheherazade chiefly. She may not have stuck to the truth for a while when they asked her how old she was, but she was tall for her years.

She had to be man of the family; there were no sons. Peter died two years before his father. I saw his picture hanging on the wall, a keen, humorous boy's face, and I know his going must have made a great ache of silence in that household. She was sitting by my desk when she told me the story, my teller of tales, somewhat tired, in the late afternoon, and lingering in that dull, cement-walled corner before she turned the door-knob and plunged into the inmost whir of the factory again. I watched the blank, gray wall melt before her as she talked till she sat leaning forward, looking out with fixed gaze on an unfinished house and three children playing about it one spring afternoon. Peter had gone out walking, taking two of the little sisters. When the storm came, they went inside a house, one that was just being built and had no doors and windows. An unlucky house; it drew the lightning, she said. There were some other people struck who were working there, and Sophy was holding Peter's hand, and she was struck lightly down one side. But Peter— "It tore his heart out of him," said Scheherazade. "It struck him right here"—between his eyes. "When they came they found there was n't no life in him."

She was at home, and there was one strange thing that happened,—there are often glints like this in her stories, Old-World consciousness of the something beyond and enveloping the things we know in natural ways,—Peter's watch was hanging on the wall, and their mother happened to look up at it.

"Oh, my God!" she said, "Peter's watch has stopped! I hope nothing has n't happened to Peter."

It was two hours after that that a cab came from the hospital bringing the two little sisters.

"My mother went right down," said Scheherazade; her father went, too. It was his one son among many daughters, and even gallant daughters could not take that desolated place. He had been ailing before, and after that he could not get back.

"We had to move away from that place," she said. "My father could n't walk much, and he wanted to walk all the time to the cemetery." Nearly two years he lived—I suppose those were the years that explain why there was n't a nickel—and then he went, too. "In two weeks it would have been two years since my brother died."

The scene enacting beyond that blank wall shifted before Scheherazade's wide eyes, though its coloring was still somber. It was Austria now, before they came to America, and it was the time when the baby died—the strong, big baby, their flower. She was five months old and so big! She held on to the sides and sat up in her crib, and said "Dada"; she was too bright for her age. Scheherazade remembered the day she was born. Her mother had been making a cake, and Scheherazade and the other children went out somewhere and left her putting it in the oven, and when they came back the midwife was just going in. It was only two hours after that.

Then when the baby was five months

old there was something the matter. Their mother was sure she would be well if they could take her to Bohemia. There were five children then, none of them very big, and it was not easy. But at last their father said the mother had better go, and she did, and took the baby and the next oldest; the other three stayed with him. Just two weeks made all the difference. The mother was right; it was Bohemia the baby needed. When they came back she was so big, so well! Then the father went away for a day or two, and when he came home the baby was dead.

"The doctor gave her too strong medicine," said Scheherazade. "My mother had thought she was n't so sick, see? She was so strong! When my mother saw she was dead she took him by the back of the collar. People have their feelings. The doctor had come in a cab, see? My mother shook him out to his cab. People have their feelings."

"Scheherazade dances extremely well"

Her gaze came slowly back from the old country to the clattering factory. The wall grew substantial again and closed in her vista, and she got up.

"Well, that 's a long time ago now," she said. "When trouble comes, it comes in bunches."

When I heard about the factory dance it chilled me—me, with my puritanical limitations. It was n't the having a dance that disturbed me, not that, of course; but because they had arranged to have it in one of the establishments euphemistically called hotels, whose chief reason for existing is also the chief reason for its being regarded as a commodious place for dances: there is something to drink down-stairs.

"Yes?" said Scheherazade when I spoke my misgivings.

She is very tolerant. She does n't condemn me for my narrow-minded provincialism. I think even in her thoughts she does n't. She has lived largely. She knows that different environments, different experiences, make different points of view. None of us is particularly responsible or to blame.

"I suppose it looks that way to you," she said. Presently she drifted into further talk. "I never saw anything like this town," she said. "You don't make friends. I don't like to go to a dance unless I go with a fellow. In New York two girls can go with each other, and they start dancing together, see, and two fellows 'll ask them, 'Do you care to break?' Then, if they want to, they finish the dance with the fellows, and if they like them, they go and sit down at a table, see? Or, if they don't like the fellows, they go back and dance the next dance with each other. If a fellow does n't ask a girl to have something to drink, she thinks he 's cheap, see?"

As Scheherazade suggests, it is a different point of view.

"In New York," she commented, "a girl like that would n't be allowed in a dance-hall." She meant a little sixteen-year-old who was passing by. "A girl 's got to be able to take care of herself. One night I went with a fellow, and the man that takes the tickets said, 'How old 's the young lady?' I was nineteen. They won't let you in if you 're under eighteen."

Sometimes Scheherazade's face sharpens, and her eyes smolder with longing for New York. Her whole vivid personality craves the gaiety, the beauty, the glitter, the something going on, the fire of temperament, that is New York. We are a million miles away from it here. So little, so little goes on! For

the electric glitter of a city night we have one candle, burning smokily. For the gay excitement of wide streets we have broken pavements, the jostling of throngs still in their factory grime, a murk doorway, and grim flights of stairs to the municipal recreation-hall.

Scheherazade dances extremely well. It is a delight to watch her slim body, grown unfalteringly graceful as the music takes it, moving through the heterogeneous throngs the recreation-hall invites. It is possible to dance very badly. People can be amazingly awkward to music, painfully worse than awkward, some kinds of girls. There is an essential dignity about her way. Dancing even to a jazz-band in a public dance-hall is relifted to an art, and I cure the hurts the sight of some of the rest has inflicted on me by looking at her. If she had chosen, she might have accepted an invitation to be dancing teacher in a hall not municipal and not at all chaperoned,—she told me about that one day,—but she saw with complete clarity the whole way of life therein implied. The functions of such a "teacher" are not accurately implied in that word, but are such as give her opportunity to dance a long way down the primrose path with young gentlemen of cosmopolitan expensiveness and tastes not puritanical, and ultimately make it difficult to return. Scheherazade prefers the factory. She has no stones to throw at any young woman who chooses otherwise. She knows one. They used to be very good friends, and Scheherazade would n't disown her now; but she went one way, and Scheherazade the other. She wears expensive clothes and lives very gaily, and thought Scheherazade a foolish person not to take the goods the gods provided, even though false gods. Scheherazade says that it may turn out all right, that sometimes it does. But as for herself, she chooses the factory. She chooses so because she definitely and permanently prefers it, not applying any invidious terms to any girl who makes the other choice.

"She . . . thought Scheherazade a foolish person not to take the goods the gods provided

When she has finished the dance with a girl it has been because she prefers that, too. Her path through life has had a liberal attendance of young men, I think. They have stepped briefly into and out of her stories a number of times, and I never yet have recognized the same one twice. Indeed, I have her word for it.

"That 's four years ago," she concluded one day. She had been telling me how her sudden ire descended upon one "fellow" and shriveled him to ashes. "I never have heard that he went with any girl since." In the factory doorway she turned for an instant. "I 've went with lots," she tossed back, and disappeared.

One came into sight down a sudden vista of her talk one day, and I hoped I recognized him as the one of destiny. If he is, I am sure he does n't know it from her; and yet I fancied a different manner in my Scheherazade that day. If he is, I hope he 'll find it out, and I hope it has n't blunted the edge of his ardor to have traveled overseas and to have been in the storm of the World War without knowing. But neither has he appeared a second time any more than the others, so I do not know. I do not know, either, how her family could spare her to any returning soldier—the head of the family, who has filled the larder and brought up her sisters and straightened out their love-affairs when they got snarled and suffered through their illnesses and bought the tickets for the movies and stood by to

spare her mother all avoidable distress. I don't know how they would do without her in the immediate captaincy, even though there are several husbands in the family now, and the babies are multiplying, and there is only the beloved, sheltered youngest left at home. The others came back to have their babies where their wise mother and Scheherazade are, and it is only to the outsider that the lovely, beloved youngest seems as if she were already grown up.

A baby is n't a hospital event. He comes at home, welcomed by his own efficient family, and three days afterward his mother is up. This is a degenerate age, however, in comparison with what Scheherazade tells me. Her grandmother in the old country had business in the village, and, having business, went. It was a long walk, and half-way home her baby arrived, and she alone there. But she wrapped the baby in her apron, and walked on home, and the baby grew up and thrived. That was Scheherazade's aunt, and her grandmother lived to be an old woman.

"That was in the old country," said Scheherazade. "She was a strong woman. People ain't like that here."

I believe Scheherazade is, though. I believe she is the true descendent of her grandmother. Not in physical frame, but in the valiant spirit. I believe, like her grandmother, she could make her body do anything she chose. I wish I could really get her into sentences. You can't put a vital force on paper. You can't pin down a butterfly; only the dead apparatus that one used. You can't catch a thunder-clap or take hold of a rainbow. I have n't even said she can swear. She can quite efficiently and rather proudly. To some people it seems a distasteful accomplishment. She lives in a working world, and regards it as a necessary tool without which she would not always be able to do the rough things that are to be done. I myself have never felt the necessity; but, then, I do not do the things she does. How do I know?

I hope Scheherazade will have all the things she wants in life, and also that her fount of stories may never run dry or lose its rainbow play of color. I can't help hoping, too, that there is a soldier coming home from the wars for her particularly, and that he is quite as admirable a soldier as those that Heaven has bestowed upon her sisters one by one under her keen and guarding eye.

"I do not know, either, how her family could spare her to any returning soldier"

Song and Soul

By ROBERT NICHOLS

SEE the lark leap,
  Scattering dew—one vault!
Singing, he takes the steep,
  Nor to sing need halt.

O laden heart,
  Which would to the height
So speed, with what ill art
  Thou takest thy flight!

Stubborn thy will,
  That, despite weak wing,
Thine be the miracle
  Both to climb and sing!

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TROUT FISHING
on "The Screecher"
Nova Scotia

From a painting by
George B. Luks

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General Pershing's Mexican Campaign

By FRANK B. ELSER

"As this is written, Villa is presumably still alive. Recent despatches recount reminiscently and with familiar detail stories of his raids and depredations in the same stretch of country over which the forces under Pershing made their painful way."

IT was June, and hot even for Chihuahua. To the north and east of us lay Columbus; to the south and west, in the distance, stretched the gray and buckskin-colored peaks of the Sierra Madre. Overhead in the blue sky, so blue that you thought of a Maxfield Parrish picture, the buzzards volplaned, or, in spiral upward flight, touched great heights from which they looked down on a desert of such softly blending colors as would render crude by contrast the subtlest art of war camouflage.

Over this desert stretch, and by virtue of the desert dust they themselves camouflaged, three automobiles swayed and lurched and banged in low gear, belching steam from their radiators, grinding their way through the sand. Tanks would have been better suited to the journey.

In the leading car sat a clean-shaved, six-foot, soldierly-looking man munching a saltless cracker. His name was John J. Pershing, but he was not then thinking of France. As a brigadier-general of cavalry, he was commander-in-chief of the United States expeditionary forces hunting Francisco Villa, who had, on March 9, 1916, killed seventeen Americans in the Columbus raid.

But our forces had not got Villa, and the general was motoring north over the desert on a flying trip of inspection. Of the two cars that followed his, the first carried a guard of five enlisted men, the second three newspaper correspondents, one of whom was the writer.

The Villa campaign was essentially lacking in what we have learned from the English to call "swank." There was no place for it. Pershing wore no Sam Browne belt. For weeks his headquarters was his hat, or at best a small tent, and for days at a stretch he slept on the ground near his men. Our allies, nominally, were the federal troops of the Carranza government, but from them we had no liaison officers. Pershing did not trust them and did not want them. That he was right in his stand developments in the campaign were to bear out.

With minor exceptions mounted troops alone engaged the Villistas in what running fights we were able to force upon them, and the infantry, after hiking miles on blistering feet over the desert, fretted greatly under

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the inactivity. Infantry officers, as General Pershing appreciated at the time, felt that the doughboy was not getting the opportunity he should, and there were among both officers and enlisted men heated, if friendly, tilts relative to the respective efficiency of the two branches. Old infantry officers were wont to boast, in fact, that if a small command of infantry had been despatched forthwith from Columbus immediately after the raid, Villa would have been caught in twenty-four hours or less. As it was, the cavalry did not get started until seven days after the raid. In the face of such post-mortems, General Pershing used to smile good-naturedly. He had always been a cavalryman, and doubtless he had his own opinions on the subject. In the light of events that were soon to occur, with Pershing in France at the head of an army in which cavalry played an inconspicuous rôle, the controversy is not without its amusing features.

No one with the expedition ever set eyes on Villa once the chase was on. He was a will-o'-the-wisp, a ghost. The cavalry took a goodly toll of his band, and Villa himself was undoubtedly badly wounded in the leg; but this wound was inflicted by the Carranzistas. They winged him on a chance shot at Guerrero on the day preceding our clash there with his band, a circumstance which, instead of aiding Pershing, tended to embarrass him; for it gave birth to rumors that Villa, wounded, had died, and there were times when the expedition pushed forward in a quandary.

Yet no cavalry ever rode harder than the American troopers, black and white, in the bandit chieftain's pursuit, and probably no general ever threw himself into a campaign with more determination than did Pershing. Still bowed by the grief that had come to him through the loss of his wife and two children by the fire at the Presidio in San Francisco, the expedition crossed the border at a time when activity was a godsend to him, and he took full measure of it. As a fledgling lieutenant from West Point he had thrashed through these same Chihuahua wastes in the Geronimo campaign, and with Villa as the quarry and he himself in his fifties, he found the country little changed.

Much of Chihuahua remains to-day unmapped, especially so in the military sense, and we therefore relied to a great extent on guides, cow-men of the ranges, gun-fighters, gamblers, adventurers who had fought with Villa and against him, ranch bosses, half-breeds, Apaches. Of these we had as colorful an outfit as ever swung a leg across a horse. The Columbus episode quickened the pulse of the border as had nothing else in years, thereby working out a paradox. It brought new life to the frontier by bringing back the old. Remington died too soon. He should have seen his Southwest and Chihuahua, the land of his "Pony Tracks," in the spring and summer of 1916.

But picturesque as it was, the campaign was overshadowed by the great struggle in Europe. Slowly, it seemed, even to our men and officers in khaki, who, sleeping under the stars in the foot-hills of the Sierras, rose in the cactus to beat farther south in pursuit of our phantom foeman, we were getting nearer and nearer a break with Germany. We saw few newspapers, but the feeling was in the air. The general felt it, even if he did not express it. The entire expedition was, of course, from a world-war standard, a toy. Twelve field-pieces constituted the sum total of its artillery equipment. But it was on a war footing, and it learned many lessons, soon to be of value overseas. Villa, hiding in his mountain strongholds, was America's unconscious ally. His flight, for one thing, brought about the army's first real test of motor transport. Our lines of communication attained a maximum length of nearly four hundred miles; and along roads that were not roads, but a series of sandy ribs and high centers, straddled and restraddled, the truck trains smashed their way.

Our losses in the campaign were so slight as to be almost negligible. A handful of enlisted men were killed, but only two officers, Boyd and Adair, met death in action. Ironically enough, they fell before the Carranzistas, ostensibly coöperating with us, but with which,

nevertheless, our men had two serious clashes. It was the federal troops rather than Villa's ragged band of cut-throats that necessitated so large a force in Mexico from the start, and it was the hair-trigger situation with the Carranza government and the Mexican people as a whole that brought the national guard to the border in the summer. Here again Villa was indirectly our ally, for the calling out and the federalization of the guard was another move of preparedness toward the great step the country was about to take.

As this is written, Villa presumably is still alive. Recent despatches recount reminiscently and with familiar detail stories of his raids and depredations in the same stretch of country over which the forces under Pershing made their painful way. He is still the will-o'-the wisp we came to regard him. Pershing shook his hand once when Villa, grinning, strode to greet him on the international bridge at El Paso. The bandit was emperor of all northern Mexico then, boss of mine and cattle-range and dictator of Juarez, just across the Rio Grande from El Paso. There his brother Hippolito ran the bull-ring and the gambling concessions, and exacted tribute from the sporting-houses, while Villa, a reputed millionaire, traveled back and forth in state, his troopers cluttering the car-tops and cow-catcher of his special train. In fact, it is the name Villa and the peon stories of his exploits, real and mythical, that have through the years given him such sway. Doubtless this fetishism would persist indefinitely, especially in the back country, even were Villa dead, as has been many times reported. Chihuahua is like one vast feudal estate in which Villa and Villaism have become generic terms. A raid is committed, a herd driven off, an entire Mexican family tortured and hanged. "Villa!" so goes the cry. It is automatic, just as, in the East, the cry is "Black Hand!" whenever there is a bomb outrage in the tenements.

© U. & U.
General John J. Pershing, commanding the American forces in Mexico, standing in front of his tent at Colonia Dublan

Pershing felt acutely the disappointment at not getting Villa. The spectacular thrust at Columbus, it may be recalled, was made notwithstanding the presence there of detachments of the Thirteenth Cavalry, and for many a day the army did not hear the end of it. Colonel H. J. Slocum, commander of the troops that suffered the surprise attack, himself offered a fifty-thousand-dollar reward for the bandit dead or alive, and "Villa, dead or alive," was the slogan of the expedition.

Astride a horse, in traditional cavalry style, General Pershing first crossed the line when the columns got under way on March 15; but he soon changed to that more modern steed of

warfare, the automobile, and it was by, and largely from, automobile that he conducted the remainder of the campaign. Early in the pursuit he detached himself from main field headquarters and, motoring as best he could behind his flying squadrons of cavalry, he sought to be in at the death, which for weeks we thought to be imminent. For days at a stretch he was out of touch with the nearest base, and so precarious were our means of communication, what with faulty airplanes, severed field telegraph, and inadequate wireless, that on occasion he lost the cavalry he sought to follow. These advance units were living off the country, subsisting, and subsisting barely, on parched corn, jerked beef, and frijoles. The general himself was little better off. More than once he eked out his mess from the hoarded supply of the correspondents. Although for a period of nearly ten days he slept in his clothes, he shaved daily, as I recall it, though his toilet otherwise was simple. It consisted in washing his face from a canvas bucket, a collapsible affair that looked like a horse's nose-bag. If circumstances were more propitious and the temperature would permit, he indulged in ampler ablutions in one of those creeks which the Mexicans dignify on their maps with the misleading, if euphonious, term "Rio."

Throughout the campaign there was censorship, military and—I know of no better terms—political and diplomatic. By the latter I mean, of course, as with reference only to the relations between the United States and Mexico. We could not tell, for instance, how the populace of Chihuahua City, encouraged and abetted by police and soldiers, tried to shoot up the first American airplane that landed in that town, or how Carranza troops, even in the early stages of the campaign, quartered in this town or that, sent us sullen word that our men were to keep away. Instead, as befitted a delicate situation, we emphasized the "coöperation" we were getting. It was part of the game, and, as we realized with wry smiles, "military necessity."

We did chronicle how Pershing, nearly caught in ambush, bowled over a mesa only a jump ahead of a volley of rifle-shots, and a few days later we described with certain restrictions the incident that marked the crisis of the campaign—the attack by Carranza troops on the Thirteenth Cavalry at Parral. But we did not disclose how near Pershing was to Parral at the time, how scant was the escort with him, how surrounded we were by Mexican troops, or how, expecting attack, we took precautions to meet it. Looking back on the incident now, there is no doubt that the general took great chances with his personal safety, even risking the ignominy of capture.

Nor did we give, after the Parral affair, the details of our precipitate withdrawal 180 miles northward, to accomplish which the general made an unbroken run of nearly twenty-four hours by motor, with an escort of fewer than fifty men. It was, I believe, not a move of his own choosing. As I have reason to know, he would have preferred to fight. But he was acting under orders from Funston, his superior, and the War Department. The United States did not want war with Mexico; it desired on its hands no Egypt, no Gallipoli, if for no other reasons than the fast-approaching crisis with Germany. So, in any event, the administration supporters with the expedition were wont to argue.

A hundred and twenty-five miles south by west from Columbus lies the Mexican town of Casas Grandes. Near by is the Mormon colony, Colonia Dublan. It was near Dublan that Pershing established his first field-headquarters, and it was there, after riding on horseback from the border, roughly following the route of Villa's retreat, that I first joined him. He had been afield eight days.

It was easy to follow Villa's line of march. For one thing, he had clung close to the only available water supply, the Rio Casas Grandes, and at frequent intervals we came upon his abandoned horses. Saddle-galled, dazed, thin to the point that we marveled at their being able to stand at all, they staggered like blind things in the desert, or, having found water, fell beside it only to expire. Nobody can abuse a

horse like a Mexican, and Villa's men in retreating had surpassed themselves.

Overhead, as we moved south, wheeled the buzzards and the carrion-crows, watching, waiting. They were to feed not only on Villa horse-flesh, but on the mounts of our troopers. Many a good cavalry horse perished in the men lay flat on their bellies, "telling the world" what they thought of the habitat of Pancho Villa. Every man in the outfit possessing sand-goggles had them on, and over his mouth he had tied a handkerchief after the manner of a cowboy. As figures passed, leaning against the wind, we saw them through the

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Eleventh Cavalry, United States Army, "somewhere in Mexico," 1916

campaign. Motor-trucks and mules brought the expedition's supplies, but horses pursued Villa, and from the start the horse was a very real problem with the general.

In a stratum above the buzzards and the carrion-crows moved bigger birds of flight, the airplanes. We saw them on our first day out from Columbus, five of them in a great triangle, like geese. They would be rated as playthings now, those eighty-five-horse-power Curtiss tractors, but they shimmered wonderfully in the desert air, and, watching, we thrilled with pride. Uncle Sam was after Pancho Villa, and our bird-men were on the job.

We joined the general on the afternoon of March 23. A sand-storm was raging. We came to a snarl of tents and wagons and dirty men, a Futurist creation in brown and green. Overhead were the cottonwoods on the banks of the Rio Casas Grandes, and nearly everywhere else was desert. That was splotched by what appeared to be innumerable triangular little piles of sand. These were the troopers' pup-tents, double-staked and stone-weighted, to prevent their blowing away. Inside, driven sand like things under water.

General Pershing had sought some measure of relief in a small tent pitched near the river-bank. His personal orderly, Lankton, who had been with him in the Philippines and who later was to go with him to France, had made this as sand-proof as possible, and inside the commander-in-chief was consulting maps, checking up the probable route of his elusive enemy and planning to fling more cavalry forward in an endeavor to ride Villa out of the hills.

South of us detachments of the Seventh, the Thirteenth, and the Tenth Cavalry already were drumming the country-side, beating through draw and arroyo and over butte and headland; but as yet they had not encountered the enemy. Villa had had a week's start, and he was in his own country. Moreover, Pancho Villa has, or had, a great deal of the genius of Stonewall Jackson in him, a fact which he had demonstrated by the ease with which he was smashing such Carranza detachments as had the temerity to challenge him as he fled. It was through news of such one-sided encounters, in fact, that headquarters for a time kept trace of his

movements. We had a buzzer line, or field-telegraph, from headquarters north to the border, a gray snake of insulated wire wriggling across the desert; but where the general was it ended. To the south was just Mexico; and somewhere, Villa. Somewhere also was the advance cavalry.

About dusk a few days later the general issued to correspondents the first communiqué of the campaign. Orderlies had erected a wind-break of cottonwood and willow-brush near his tent, and standing beside it, his campaign-hat pulled well down on his head and a camp-fire at his back,—it must be remembered that Chihuahua evenings have a sting in March, and that we had had snow,—he summarized the troop movements to date and traced Villa's line of retreat to and beyond the town of Namiquipa, where he had met and defeated the Carranza command.

"Our troops seem to be pressing him," said the general, "but I won't hazard any predictions. Villa is no fool. It may be that the campaign has just started."

A scout in a red shirt, a real border character, albeit he looked more like a movie one, glanced up from where he squatted on his haunches, chewing a straw.

"As I figure it, General," he said, "we 've got Villa entirely surrounded —on one side."

He allowed in his drawl just the requisite pause. Will Rogers could n't have done better.

Pershing laughed; everybody did. It brought the delivery of the communiqué to an end and gave to me at least a great deal of satisfaction. General Pershing might have a reputation for being a rigid disciplinarian, he might be a stickler for formality when occasion seemed to demand it, but at any rate it appeared that he had a sense of humor. He has, and it never deserted him throughout those months in Mexico. His health was not at all times good, yet he was always ready for a joke, even if the joke was on him. And there were occasions, what with messages from Washington about what the expedition should do and demands from Carranza about what it should not, when a sense of humor was a valuable possession.

But if, as the scout said, the cavalry's encompassing movement did not embrace the full 360 degrees, they were nevertheless hard on Villa's heels. The airmen reported this. Trusting to God and their engines, mostly God, little Chapman and Foulois and Dargue and Christie of the First Aëro Squadron had plumbed the reaches to the south and had come back with word that Colonel George A. Dodd's outfit of the hard-riding Seventh, Custer's old command, was less than half a day's march behind the bandit, and that a conclusive engagement seemed at hand.

That was the situation on March 27, twelve days after the expedition had crossed the border; and, marooned as he was near Casas Grandes, out of touch except by uncertain aircraft with the Seventh and other units about to strike the enemy, General Pershing found himself in a dilemma. To go farther south meant to risk the severance of regular communication with the War Department. To remain where he was would preclude his personally directing the forces closing in on Villa.

He decided to go, to move by motor-car, and to move quickly; to leave his staff and the main body of his command behind, and, with his personal aide, a meager escort, and a Gipsy equipment which included no tent, to beat south on the heels of the fast-moving cavalry.

We made ready for the start about noon on March 28. Three cars, plain little fellows, constituted the general's string. He and his aide, driven by a civilian chauffeur, occupied one, which led, and behind it trailed two others bearing four enlisted men each, among them Lankton. In the third car was a supercargo in the person of Booker, the general's negro cook, while in the rear, in a battered second-hand car, were H. W. Blakeslee, The Associated Press Correspondent, and the writer.

We started with a jump, the general a silent, erect, thin-lipped figure; Booker, a rich chocolate color, grinning as he sat sandwiched between two white enlisted men. With a splash of brown mud, we were over an irrigation-ditch beyond the adobe shacks of Casas

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The United States punitive expedition in Mexico, 1916

Grandes, and looking back at camp, we saw only the cottonwoods and the white pole from which depended the antennæ of the field wireless. That is all we saw for the moment; but looking back again, we saw something else. It was another car, and it was coming fast. It gained on us, and presently it drew abreast and then passed. The driver was Floyd Gibbons of the Chicago "Tribune," later on wounded in France. With him was Robert Dunn, representing the New York "Tribune." They had bought from a wandering spirit an ancient and decrepit car, paying therefor with a check written on wrapping-paper, and, thus equipped, had joined the dash at the fifty-ninth second, completing the roster of correspondents who went farthest south with Pershing.

Sixty miles below Casas Grandes is the town of El Valle, and just below El Valle the expedition had established a little advance base, which was our first night's objective. Generally speaking, there are no fences in north Chihuahua, and our progress was in no way impeded by gate-opening. The trail was fairly good, and the general's chauffeur met its turns like a rabbit. A solitary peon in a spring-wagon, which he pulled to the roadside in panic as we neared him, afforded the only noteworthy incident of the afternoon. He had a load of lump sugar, and from the general down we made purchases, filling our pockets. With a lump in his cheek, after the manner of a school-boy, the general climbed back into his car, and we were off again.

As we neared El Valle we saw a red glare that lit up the heavens like the concentrated lights of some great summer amusement resort. The mesquite was ablaze.

We did not see the general again that night, for he beat us to the camp beyond El Valle by two hours, and he was asleep amid a clutter of hay and grain, brought forward for the cavalry, when we arrived at midnight.

At dawn he was up. "I think we 've got Villa," he said at breakfast, and twenty minutes later he had resumed his dash southward; for another message had come by airplane, saying that Dodd's command, although forty men had been ridden out of the saddle, was in striking distance of the enemy.

All that day, therefore, March 29, Pershing drove south and west, halting only for a brief mess at noon. Evening found him still pushing on. Reaching Namiquipa, later to figure prominently in the expedition's affairs, he proceeded toward the settlement of Bachiniva, where, if he had attained it, he would have run into a nest of Villistas. Warned, he turned back to the Rancho San Geronimo, 270 miles from the bor-

der. At Namiquipa, twenty miles to the north, Villa had routed the Carranzistas only a day previously. The trail was now fresh, and Pershing was in direct touch with his own cavalry, with Villa presumably only a few miles away.

Because of the breaking-down of our automobile, necessitating its abandonment, Blakeslee and I had been unable to keep up with the general, and at Namiquipa, which we reached a day behind him, we heard only word of his passing. But in a tent we found Major Frank Tompkins of the Thirteenth Cavalry. It was about ten o'clock at night. He was holding a lantern over something, reading. It was a despatch from General Pershing, and it had just arrived. He handed it over to us, and we read:

San Geronimo Ranch, March 30, 1916.

Sir—Col. Dodd's force yesterday at 7 A. M. struck Villa's force at Guerrero, scattering it and driving it northeast toward Providencia and Santa Ana. You will take two troops of your command at once and move via Santa Ana, arriving at Providencia at daylight and working through the mountains, coöperating with Major Howze, who is working west through the mountains from Bachiniva.

It was after midnight when we reached San Geronimo, traveling in a staff car. The general we visualized as standing by a camp-fire, a group of cavalry officers about him, and with couriers, foot in stirrup, about to dash away with despatches.

Pershing slept tentless that night, only the top of his head exposed. Toward dawn he covered even his head, pulling on his campaign-hat for that purpose. Sun-up found him sitting on his bed-roll. As he pulled on his boots, the most important part of his toilet, he looked every inch the brigadier of cavalry and the commander-in-chief that he was, but he did not look comfortable. He was not comfortable. None of us was. We were up 7500 feet in the foothills of the Sierra Madre, and it was snowing. Moreover, there was a terrific wind. It came from the north, driving the snow before it, and with the snow of course came sand. Mingled snow and sand cut like a knife, filling the eyes and hair and mouth, filtering through the clothing and into boots and shoes. Even the horses suffered. They had turned their backs to the wind, and with heads down, like cattle drifting before a blizzard, they stood dejected at the picket-lines.

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Sixteenth United States Infantry encamped in Mexico, April, 1916

We messed like tramps that morning, with sand in everything we ate or drank. With the Eleventh gone, the camp was all but deserted, albeit a group of scouts and guides had joined us.

The general got into his automobile to write despatches. We correspondents wrote of the fight at Guerrero. Dodd's men had struck the Villistas there after a thirty-five-mile ride across the Continental Divide. They had been in the saddle seventeen hours straight to do this, and they had engaged the enemy with horses staggering. But they had kept up a running fight for ten miles, and they had killed thirty of the Villa band. Villa himself, wounded the night before in a brush with Carranza troops, had not been with his men, but had gone ahead of them in a buggy. The Seventh had not seen him, but this story they had got from natives and the federal troops. We had suffered no casualties.

With fresh troops assisting the Seventh, Pershing, to all appearances, now had Villa surrounded—surrounded and badly wounded. The Seventh was remaining in the neighborhood of Guerrero, presumably blocking further flight to the south; Tompkins, with the Thirteenth, was taking a stand to the west, near Providencia; and the Tenth Cavalry, negroes, were drumming the country near Bachiniva, to the east. Finally, moving south, was Howze, with his picked squadron of the Eleventh, ready to engage the bandit should he make any break northward up the Santa Maria Valley, in which we were encamped. The envelopment seemed complete.

So certain were we correspondents that the end was at hand that we had great difficulty in framing our despatches. I sat near the general, pecking away at a little folding type-writer which I had installed on the running-board of his automobile. A few feet away was Floyd Gibbons.

I wrote:

To-day we have been squatting in the sand, waiting. It is possible that Villa may come this way, right up the valley, like a hare in a lane. . . . General Pershing is taking every precaution to prevent anything that might lead to unpleasantness either with the Carranzistas or the Mexican people. . . . An airplane has just come now, around the jutting shoulder of a mountain, into our valley. It has lighted, and the aviator is coming to report to the general. When he takes flight again, he will carry this despatch, which may or may not reach New York before Villa is dead or a prisoner.

Seated in his car, the general himself censored our copy, penciling in a word here, deleting one there. When he came to the optimistic sentence wherein I hazarded the prediction that Villa might be killed or captured before the despatch reached New York, he shook his head and frowned.

"You fellows must n't be too sanguine," he said. "It may require weeks, perhaps months. It 's like trying to catch a rat in a corn-field."

I amended my composition by quoting what the general had said. It was a wise thing to do, for there developed one of the strangest situations that ever a commander was called upon to face. We actually did not know whether there was a Villa any more. Report had it that there was not. According to native grape-vine, gangrene had developed in his wound, and, like an animal, he had crawled off somewhere and died. Various versions of the alleged incident reached San Geronimo.

"Do you believe it?" we would ask the general.

He would hesitate, then say:

"I don't know any more than you do. We get a lot of reports that he is dead, but when they are sifted, they all seem to come from the same source. Frankly, I can't say. If he is dead, well and good; the job 's done. Anticlimax, possibly, but what we want is Villa."

But there was an irony about the circumstances that even the enlisted men felt. Hunting Villa alive was job enough; hunting him dead was too much. General Pershing did not express it quite that way, but naturally he wanted to "get Villa whole." Everybody in the expedition did.

Trying to confirm the reports of the bandit's death, the general caused

countless native rumors to be checked up. One report had it, for instance, that his grave had been found. To locate this grave an aviator set forth. He found nothing.

So far the Mexican federal troops, of which there were many detachments in northern Chihuahua, had rendered the American expedition virtually no assistance. They had half-heartedly fought Villa as he fled south, mainly forced into these encounters by Villa himself; but it was plain that Mexicans of all stripes regarded Villa as a renegade member of the family to be handled in due time by the family itself. They did not want any American interference. Still, we felt that it was our duty to "coöperate" on paper, and on April 3, in the absence of any news of import from the cavalry, I asked the general for a statement on the reception accorded the American troops by the Mexicans. He looked at me quizzically for a moment, then, with the smile of the Virginian on his face, he dictated carefully and slowly as follows:

> After having progressed 350 miles into the interior of Mexico [he had reference to the point farthest south then attained by the cavalry] it is very gratifying to be able to state that our relations with the Mexican people, both civil and military, have been exceptionally cordial and friendly. From the military forces of the de facto government we have received hearty cooperation.

Four days later our first airplane got through to Chihuahua City, and was stoned and fired on. Foulois piloted the machine. He got back to San Geronimo unscathed, but there were bullet-holes in the plane's wings and fuselage. The incident, though the censorship forbade our mentioning it in its true aspect at the time, marked the beginning of the end of the hunt for Villa.

There was in northern Chihuahua at the time an important military personage by the name of Luis Herrera. His rank was that of general. For a time he had been military governor of the state, with headquarters at Chihuahua City; but Carranza had deposed him, and Herrera, at the head of one of the best-equipped outfits of men in the country, was roaming around as he saw fit. About the time that the American expedition crossed the border he was reported lost. That is to say, the officials at Chihuahua City had lost track of him, and the report spread, and was printed in the States, that he had turned Villista. Previously he had fought with Villa, and the rumor was that because of the intrusion of the Americans he had gone back to his old love.

All the way to San Geronimo our troops saw no trace of Herrera. At times, riding parallel to our columns, a Carranza detachment had been sighted; but they were as wary as antelope, and usually kept a fairish distance from our columns. It was something of a military and diplomatic event, therefore, when one afternoon at San Geronimo scouts brought word that Herrera and his band were about to pay us a visit.

He came from the east, and with him came an armed escort of some two hundred, about ten times the size of the little outfit with the general. This, what with the departure of every available cavalry unit, numbered possibly not more than thirty-five or forty.

The Mexican approached cautiously, after the manner of Indians. Convinced, apparently, that Pershing had prepared for them nothing in the way of a trap, they finally rode into camp. Herrera was in the lead, astride a pacing gray. Armed as only Mexicans can arm, with double rows of cartridges where an American has one, spurred as only Mexicans can equip their heels, and riding pinto, roan, gray, sorrel, black, white, and bay mounts, cruelly bitted and weighted down with accoutrements, these fighting men made a picture that drew even the scouts and cow-punchers to inspect them.

With considerable show of ceremony, orderlies held the horses of the officers as they dismounted, and General Pershing, striding forward from a tomato-can box that served him as a chair, grasped General Herrera by the hand. The other Mexican officers were introduced, and there was more hand-shaking. Then in a space swept clear of camp litter by the negro cook, Booker,

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United States punitive expedition in Mexico, 1916. Four Villistas under guard in a stockade at Namiquipa

the party took seats in a semicircle. It required every box and gas-can in camp to provide the seats.

We had heard much of the youthfulness of the Mexican soldier, but the officers with Herrera were not striplings. Mostly they were men in the thirties or forties, quiet, curious, ever-watchful. They smiled a great deal, showing white teeth. They laughed and spoke softly. Standing within ten feet of them, one could scarcely hear them.

Of General Pershing they asked a great many questions. What did he know of Villa's whereabouts? Did he credit the rumor that Villa had succumbed to his wound? How many men had the general in the field, where were they now, and how far south were they going? About the latter point they wished especially to be enlightened. We did not appreciate the import of it at the time, but that question was later to determine the destinies of the campaign.

General Pershing said very little. Pressed for details relative to the disposition of his forces, he retaliated by asking them about the disposition of theirs. Seeing that it was a case of dog eat dog, and perhaps divining from the general's manner that he was not a garrulous sort of person, they dropped the subject and rode away.

Herrera and his men had called ostensibly as allies. A few days later we were to meet them again; that is, the advance cavalry was. By that time Herrera had a very definite idea about how far south the American troops should go. But again I am getting ahead of my story.

We remained at San Geronimo ten days, short of rations, sand-pestered. Scattering detachments of cavalry came back, reporting running fights with the Villistas, now split into several bands; but Villa himself had disappeared, had vanished, had faded away into that wonderful purple haze that seemed to ooze up from the foot-hills of the mountains. But being unable to confirm the rumors of his death, Pershing became convinced of their untruth. Farther and farther south plunged the airmen, and returning, they brought what appeared to be reliable reports that Villa, though wounded, had passed the mining

town of Cusihuiriachic, and was heading for the Durango line.

Acting on this report, the general regrouped his advance cavalry. The information he received was that Villa was traveling painfully, with an immediate escort of only forty men, with a command of about one hundred behind him. This was on April 5, and under orders from Pershing, our flying columns prepared for a superlative effort, though their riding had been superlative all along. With instructions to push horses and men for every ounce that was in them, the columns headed toward Parral, for which place Villa apparently was making. Tompkins, with the Thirteenth, held the lead. Behind him came Colonel W. C. Brown, with a detachment of the black Tenth, and behind him Howze, with the Eleventh, all about a day apart.

On April 6, in order that the forces might be properly coördinated, the general caught Brown by a parachute message dropped from an airplane and sent him to the east, supporting Tompkins's right. Howze was instructed to cover his flank on the left. Dodd, in the meantime, with a selected squadron of the Seventh, was beating west of the Continental Divide, with the idea of heading off any dash Villa might make toward the mountain fastnesses there among the Indians. Engaged in this, he was directed to turn about and proceed east to join the general movement, which he did.

But Pershing at San Geronimo found himself in these circumstances very much as he had been situated near Casas Grandes before his move south. Having manœuvered his cavalry to close in on Villa, he had of necessity put himself out of touch with them, and to be nearer the scene of action he again broke camp. The chase was on again. On April 8 we left San Geronimo.

As before, the general was accompanied only by his small escort and a few scouts. Behind him, however, came the trucks of the Aëro Squadron, for airplanes had preceded us to Satevo, and the trucks were bringing up gasolene and supplies. The aircraft were indispensable both for keeping the general in touch with the troops and for sending despatches back, to be relayed north by field telegraph or wireless.

About nine o'clock on the night of April 11 we reached the Satevo camp. I say camp; it had been a corn-field. The cars halted, and we got out stiffly. Two figures joined us as we did so. They were aviators, Carberry and Chapman, as I recall them. Having landed ahead of the general and finding no American troops in sight, they had hidden all day for safety. They were equally concerned about Villistas and a Carranza detachment about three miles away. We had passed this outfit as we swung into camp. Bare-footed, dirty, and ragged for the most part, there was no way of telling them from Villistas, although they had appeared friendly enough as the general passed.

Presumably not far behind us were the trucks of the Aëro Squadron; but they did not come. On one of them was what little commissary we had, and the general was getting hungry. A food census among the correspondents brought to light some bacon; a few eggs, miraculously unbroken; and coffee. We shared this with him, and we ate.

Presently the trucks came. They had been fired on. From the mesquite along the trail over which Pershing had just passed a hundred or more shots had come. The trucks had halted and, forming a square, had returned the fire, dispersing the attackers with casualties unknown. On the American side there had been no casualties, barring the hat of Pablo, the airmen's Filipino cook.

In view of the presence of the Carranza detachment just over the hill there was considerable conjecture in camp as to who fired the shots at the trucks. It seemed unlikely that any Villistas would be so near a federal command. I recall especially the general's censoring our copy before he turned in. Very naturally, we speculated on the identity of the attacking party. This speculation, from the writer's despatch at least, Pershing promptly struck out. We were still "cooperating." He did let stand, however, a phrase suggesting that it was a planned ambush, smiling, as though conceding, "Well, you are entitled to that assumption."

We slept unmolested in the corn-field. Our problem next day and that of the general was one of communication, ours to get our stories eastward somehow, his to keep in touch not only with the rear, but with the cavalry, now, according to best reports, only two days behind Villa. But it was not wise to send the aviators farther south, and the general accordingly tried another channel. Chihuahua City lay fifty miles away, nearly due north of us, and Chihuahua City has telegraph lines, running both north to El Paso Junction and south to Parral. So Foulois left by air for Chihuahua City, where on a previous trip the populace had greeted him with shots and stones. Before he had flown to the town from the north; now he headed north.

I am puzzled as to the exact date here; that is, whether Foulois left Satevo on April 12 or 13. But it is of no consequence. He came back safely on April 14, and brought with him news that made the truck-train episode small by comparison. He brought word that our cavalry and the Mexican federals at Parral had clashed, that our men had withdrawn before superior numbers, that there had been a running fight lasting several hours, and that there had been casualties on both sides. Moreover, all Mexico was now aflame.

All this had occurred only eighty miles from the general's camp two days before, April 12, but such was his isolation that he had not heard a word of it until Foulois brought his report. Meantime a Carranza version had been telegraphed to the States, and both the American and the Mexican press were full of it. But the version reaching the general was garbled and incomplete. Only one thing appeared certain, and that was that we had reached the deadline. Herrera's solicitude about how far south the American troops were going now appeared in a clearer light. As the general learned later, Herrera, after leaving our San Geronimo camp, promising coöperation in the hunt for Villa, proceeded to the town of Minaca, where, a few days later, he accosted Dodd with the Seventh, then turning east to join the enveloping movement heretofore described. "The Americans have gone far enough into the country," said Herrera.

But General Pershing was not even sure from the information at hand which of his detachments had been attacked at Parral. He was inclined to think it was the Tenth, when, as it happened, it was the squadron of the Thirteenth, under Tompkins. To clear up the situation, the general despatched

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First scene of the fight at Columbus, New Mexico. Ranchers identifying dead bandit

armed couriers forthwith toward Parral by motor-car, still further depleting his small escort, and directed Foulois again to proceed to Chihuahua City, this time by car, to telegraph from there to Washington a preliminary report of the affair. As soon as he heard the first word of the episode, the general had announced himself as confident of one thing, that the American troops were not the aggressors.

As details subsequently learned showed, it was an opera-bouffe affair, as fighting standards go nowadays. We correspondents described it as an ambush at the time, but now it appears to me that the Mexicans simply lost their heads. The Thirteenth, needing supplies, had ridden into Parral at the invitation of the *presidente*, and was riding out peacefully enough when some one among the Carranza troops started shooting. Two of our troopers were immediately killed, and six were wounded. Tompkins himself got a bullet through the shoulder. He threw his pack-mules forward, however, and kept up a running fight for about fifteen miles, making a stand at the Rancho Santa Cruz to the north of the town. There the Americans let the jubilant and excited Mexicans approach close, then poured into them a withering fire, killing thirty.

As unimportant as the affair appears in retrospect, it brought the Villa campaign to a sudden and unexpected crisis —a crisis that found General Pershing and his little headquarters outfit in a situation delicate, to say the least. Almost within rifle-shot of his camp was the Carranza detachment referred to; less than a hundred miles away was the now aroused Parral command, smarting after that incident; Chihuahua City itself was full of Carranza troops, and somewhere about was our erstwhile ally, Herrera, with his fighting men. At his camp Pershing was nearly five hundred miles from the border, and with him were not more than twenty armed men, including cooks, correspondents, and mechanics.

That night, April 14, we did something we had never done before. We dug in. At the general's orders, the trucks were formed in a square, skirted inside with shallow trenches, and between the wheels was piled all the camp equipment collectable, bags, boxes, and bedding. Within this barrier most of the outfit crawled. An exception was the general. He turned in alone some fifty yards away.

But the night passed without incident, and the next day, Saturday, the general received full reports of what had happened to the Thirteenth. The couriers sent toward Parral by automobile brought these details, reporting also that all the flying cavalry units had united at Santa Cruz for mutual protection and that the nicely coördinated envelopment of Villa was at an end. Barricaded in the Santa Cruz Ranch, confident of their ability to meet any eventualities, and itching to deliver a retaliatory blow, the Thirteenth, the Seventh, the Tenth, and the Eleventh, their mounts out of forage, their troopers out at the seat, awaited the general's orders.

Pershing now had two alternatives. He could order the cavalry to join him, and, thus assured of personal protection, make his way north to Namiquipa, now become a base of some importance, with both field telegraph and wireless equipment, or he could make a dash for it alone, as it were, leaving the cavalry to hold its ground, ready to resume the Villa chase should Washington so decree. Meantime he could throw infantry and artillery forward to back up the cavalry, besides sending cavalry reinforcements southward.

Obviously, all depended on whether Washington wanted to see the thing through. What instructions came to the general via Chihuahua or otherwise we with him never knew; but on that afternoon of Saturday, April 15, 1916, we began our withdrawal. The cavalry units remained near Parral, and General Pershing and his escort climbed into cars and trucks and started the trek north over the same trail we had come.

It was sunrise Sunday morning when we reached Namiquipa. There, notwithstanding his fatiguing ride, the general made to the War Department a full account of the situation as he saw it. To the correspondents he issued no

statement explaining his withdrawal and made no apology for himself or his superiors. He said nothing. But what his plans were we had surmised as we neared Namiquipa about dawn. Swinging down the trail, heading south, singing, were the doughboys, the Sixteenth Infantry, as I recall it. At last, so they felt and hoped, they were going to see some fighting. Behind them came the guns and ammunition-carts of the Fourth Field Artillery. I sent to my paper, and General Pershing censored it, a despatch in which I said:

> The United States Punitive Expedition directed against Pancho Villa and his followers has apparently come to a standstill. Whether the halt is to be permanent depends largely on circumstances beyond the control of General Pershing. From a military standpoint he has for the time being come to the end of his lane.

And so he had. Villa, wounded, his mounts ridden out, his men ragged and weary, was allowed to escape. Having aroused the Carranza troops and the populace to open resistance, the United States punitive expedition "ate crow." Its line was shortened, and the expedition thereafter held what might be styled a cramped tactical position, waiting developments. The pursuit was over.

The guard came to the border. Pershing remained weeks at Namiquipa, then established permanent headquarters near Colonia Dublan, whither he had set out in March.

In mid-June the Carranza troops again attacked the American cavalry, this time the black Tenth, at Carrizal. Besides inflicting considerable losses in killed and wounded, including the only two officers killed in action during the campaign,—Boyd and Adair, mentioned at the outset of this narrative,—they took seventeen prisoners and transported them to Chihuahua City. We at headquarters with the general were betting three to one that this time it meant war. We would ask the general what he thought. "What do you think?" he would invariably retort.

That was more than three years ago. In the time intervening Pershing has become a world figure. The country has all but forgotten the slogan of the spring of 1916, "Villa, dead or alive," but I am sure the general has not, nor have the fighting men, the old regulars, doughboys and cavalry, who pushed their way southward with him over the desert. Many of those men, officers and privates, now lie in France. What general Pershing thought of them in Mexico may be indicated by the statement he dictated to the writer some weeks after our withdrawal from Satevo. Brief reference has been made to it previously as marking the only occasion when the general showed open annoyance over the flings at his "retreat." His teeth clicked and his gray eyes snapped when he said:

"You can state for me that there never was a command which left the borders of the United States by sea or land that more nearly represented the flower of the American Army or was better qualified to take care of itself in any emergency. They [the Mexicans] can't make this expedition budge one inch unless so ordered. It stands ready to hold its ground, to meet all emergencies, face all contingencies; and I wish you would emphasize that reports of nervousness and feverish preparation are the sheerest nonsense and wildest exaggeration."

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London Discovers "Uncle Abe"

By STACY AUMONIER

London has taken over the spirit of Abraham Lincoln and now shares its influence with the United States. Historians, poets, and dramatists write of the great American. All London, and soon all England, will be happier and wiser in knowing about "the great heart of humanity."

AN event is happening in London which every American ought to know of. It may not in itself appear to be of great importance, but on reflection it becomes a matter of pregnant significance. In an obscure suburb, buried away among shops and booths, is a small theater with the somewhat grandiloquent title of the Lyric Opera House. A year or so ago not one Londoner in ten thousand could have told you where the Lyric Opera House was. Then one day some enthusiasts from Birmingham, with a passion for reforming the stage, came to London. Finding themselves crowded out of all the West End theaters, where revues and pajama farces were in complete sway, they came across this obscure theater and put on a play. It was a purely experimental play, the kind of thing that any theatrical expert would have prophesied as being good for a few matinées, or probably a week's run at a loss. The play concerned the life of an American. It is true, it was a great—probably the greatest American who ever lived. But that was all it was. It could not be called a good play in any sense. It certainly had none of the ingredients of a popular success. There was no plot, no sensational development, very little humor, and, strangest of all, no love interest. It just portrayed the character, and some of the human episodes in the political career, of a rugged man.

But the Londoner, who is slow in the uptake, but persistent when he wants a thing, gradually began to trace his footsteps, as though compelled by some mesmeric force, in the direction of the Lyric Opera House. To say that the play caught on would be too mild a way of expressing the peculiar grip which the life of Abraham Lincoln has got upon us. London has fallen under the spell of "Uncle Abe." The thing has been an enormous popular success. It has been going on months, and still every performance is crowded out. Only last week a bishop drove up. He had come to town specially from the country to see the play, and he could not get a seat! Now everybody knows the Lyric Opera House and is anxious to direct you thither. But it is n't only the box-office which interests us. The play has been more than a popular success. It has been a symbol, an inspiration.

The people who crowd the theater are not a clique of literary or theatrical dilettante; they are the people. You see them sitting there in rows,—the seats are all low-priced,—mixed up and familiar, princes and publicans, bankers, bishops (I hope he got a seat the next night), clerks and green-grocers, horsy-looking men and poets, little shop girls and old duchesses. They are peculiarly silent, thrilled, moved. If you ask them, they can't tell you why, but they say, "It 's wonderful," and they go away and come again and again.

How much of this wonder may be due to the genius of Mr. John Drinkwater, who wrote the play and produced it, or to the clever company who interpret it, is difficult to determine. I have spoken to hundreds of people who have been, and many have criticized the acting or the producing or the play itself; but I have not met one who did not think that somehow it was "wonderful" and

they wanted to go again. The solution may be that in the mind of Abraham Lincoln we find a salve, healing the complicated disruption of our own present troubles. The conditions are somewhat analogous. We observe the reactions of our own distresses through this spectacle of great simplicity. It is as though we had been groping in the dark for something which we had lost, when a friend appears who produces an electric torch, and we observe that that which we had lost is lying at our feet. We recall the phenomena of our own upheaval, the basic causes of war and civil strife. The greed and intolerance of those in high places, the insincerity and chop-logic of politicians, the sycophantic attitude of place-seekers, the machinations of profiteers, the fear and cowardice and heroism of the individual man, and through it all this one simple man, of inflexible purpose, high courage, broad vision, and unbounded humanity. His horror and loathing of war permeate the play. He is incapable of bitterness and hatred. He can hate only an idea. He represents to us what is best in us, the attitude we ourselves would like to take in our best moments. When the dear old society lady rejoices in the slaughter of many thousands of "these disgusting rebels,"—we can almost hear her say "disgusting Huns,"—the heart of Lincoln is as nearly stirred to hate as it is capable of. He turns on her in a flood of scorn and orders her from the house. That was not the spirit in which he plunged his country into war. Men were dying that a broader humanity might emerge. The colored man should be free, the brother of the white man, not the slave. All men were equal in the sight of God, and all men must obey the dictates of this human impulse. Let justice be done though the heavens fall, but justice with mercy, and with your eye always fixed upon the ultimate goal.

It was an American who toasted "Our country. In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

But Lincoln was bigger than that. And it is because we believe that he was bigger than that that we rejoice in him. We do not believe that he would have backed his country in what he believed to be an unjust war. He would have been a rebel. He would rather have died at the stake. One sees in him the birth of a force acting socially rather than nationally. That is why in these days when national issues are involved and confused, when they who, we are told by our governments, are one day our friends and another day our enemies, we turn to Lincoln as we would turn to a draft of water at a surfeited banquet in an overheated room. And there dawns upon us at the Lyric Opera House a new and comforting generalization. It is this: there could never be serious trouble between England and America, because the day is dawning when things are acting socially rather than nationally. The workers of the world are becoming as great a force as governments themselves, indeed greater. It will no longer be possible to wave a flag, put head-lines in the newspapers, and send a band into the street and say, "We are at war!" Government is going to be by the people and for the people. There might conceivably be some quite serious point of dispute between the governments, but the people will require to know all about it. And then there will be a national cleavage. Parties will be formed on each side favoring the other country's point of view. There will be no national unity in the old sense. The world—or in any case, for the time being, *our* world—will act socially.

That which is called "industrial unrest" is not a purely material thing. It does not concern only work and wages. It is a spiritual revolt. Five million men were slain on the battle-fields of Europe, and nine tenths of those men were sent to their deaths without being consulted or without fully understanding the fundamental cause of the strife. And this holocaust has made the people of these various countries suspicious. They are for the most part patient, long-suffering people, good sportsmen, quite willing to die in a good cause; but they are beginning to feel that if this sort of thing is going to happen often, they would like to know all about it. Indeed, they would like to be consulted. Incidentally, they want to make it impossible to happen again.

The London cockney made as good

showing in the war as any, and he was in it from the very first. He is not very clever perhaps, but he 's no fool. He does n't believe all the newspapers tell him. The war has broadened his outlook considerably. He has rubbed shoulders with every other national, white and colored, in all parts of the world. Whereas before he may not have traveled farther than from Putney to the Welsh Harp, or from Hendon to Brighton, now he is familiar with France and Italy, Greece, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and India. He has boxed with Australians, made love to French girls, and swapped cigarettes with German prisoners. Death has been his near and familiar companion for four and a half years. And on the top of it all he is thoroughly surfeited with *cant*. These newspapers and old ladies and arm-chair patriots, phew! Suddenly he finds himself listening to some one he understands, a big and simple citizen like himself, albeit a foreigner. A fine old boy, "Uncle Abe." No nonsense about him. He does n't get tied up in a knot with highfalutin rhetoric. He has n't got one eye on the enemy and the other on the next general election. He does n't say one thing and mean another. He 's big, universal, and his spirit is communicable.

This is what the cockney thinks, the cockney who has seen the world and carried other men's burdens upon his back. And his spirit, too, is communicable. That is why the dowager duchesses go, too, and the war exploiters and the old clubmen and the arm-chair patriots. They go and feel humbled, universal, as though their spirit were being transposed from the minor key of their small self-centered lives into a broader key of a great composition. They cannot remain unmoved, and so, while they cannot explain it, they say it 's "wonderful."

Yes, London has fallen to "Uncle Abe." The curtain has come down on the great drama, and our voices are hushed. We know that it is too soon for its significance to come home to us. We are still dazed and bewildered. The eager faces of the young men who will never return are still with us. The sound of their laughter is still fresh in our ears. In such a condition men cannot think or forget or even remember. It will take a hundred years. And so they dance and dance and dance, as though they were trying to readjust the normal rhythm of human intercourse, so long a broken discord. And when everything seems meaningless, what better occupation can there be than dancing? In time the systole and the diastole will resume its healthy beat. Beneath the hatred and malice and misunderstanding we are learning to know that, as Nurse Cavell discovered, "Patriotism is not enough." Beneath it all there remains the great heart of humanity, the great heart of Lincoln, beating for our eternal good. London is wiser and better and vastly happier for her discovery of "Uncle Abe."

Divination

By JOHN DRINKWATER

Have you sometimes a lonely heart,
  And secret sorrows to endure?
And do you lie sometimes apart,
  With fears no friendliness could cure?

My love of twenty years not yet
  Has that devotion forfeit made
Of those dear sessions where we met
  So often and so unafraid.

Go not alone in any grief,
  Make me your fond confessor still,
Touch not with weary unbelief
  The wit and service of my will.

Your silence yet no silence knows,
  No track you make but I must find,
And every fear you suffer throws
  Its shadow through my wedded mind.

My needs have been your daily cares;
  Bring now your needs to me no less.
You who have pitied my despairs
  Will pity now my tenderness.

Grieve not apart, nor think you can.
  No trysting-place so rare, so lone,
But there, the shadow of a man,
  With you and grief I shall be known.

The Tyrant

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrations by Robert E. Johnston

The story of a farmer who thinks that his daughter is "'like a turnip-cutter, and you 've only got to turn the handle for her to work and never tire.'"

FALCON FARM rested upon the shoulder of Buckland Beacon like a midge on an elephant. Its gray walls and blue slate roof, its byres, and barn were dwarfed into a little spot on the immense hill, where it swept from its granite crown against the sky northward to the forests and green meadows of Dart Vale, far beneath. Round about the farm spread little crofts, some just shorn of the harvest, some green under mangel and swede, some permanent meadow into which bad husbandry had permitted the entrance of brake fern and heather. Beyond rose forest trees, and overhead wheeled and cried a pair of brown hawks.

A woman stood at George Cleave's door and talked with him. He was a genial spirit, with grizzled hair, a healthy, red face, and a well-set-up body. He declared himself within sight of seventy, but the folk judged him ten years younger, and he had the reputation of being the laziest man in the Vale. Indeed, people scoffed at his alleged age, and believed the statement an excuse for sporting and idling. He was a widower, with one daughter, and while the men pitied Nancy Cleave and declared that her parent made a drudge of her, the women, for whom George exercised no small fascination, took his part and would hear no ill of him. They could not have confessed why; but there was something in the farmer's attitude to the sex, something in his gallant bearing, swift tongue, and admiring glance that made most women his supporters. One such now spoke with him, a widow of fifty or thereabout, who regarded herself and was regarded as his particular friend. From her he had no secrets, and at the bottom of Nancy Cleave's heart was a suspicion that in different circumstances her father might have inclined to May Smerdon. Nor would she have raised any objection, for May was a good-tempered, good-looking, and amiable creature, unburdened with a family, and, though exceedingly poor, well worth her keep to any middle-aged man. None admitted this more readily than George Cleave.

Now they discussed Nancy, and her parent unconsciously revealed his small spirit.

"Good comes out of evil," he said, "and though her port-wine mark may be a source of sorrow to her, yet I ban't going to deny it 's a blessing in disguise to me. For why? It means that Nancy be doomed to the single state, and so I 've got her safe forevermore."

"More fools the men, then. 'T is no great matter after all, and if she 'd dress her hair different and wear a fringe, who 'd see much of it? And whether or no, when you think of her character and her good heart and masterful power of work and thrift and common sense, the blemish be nothing against such virtues."

"Granted; and that 's what I know—none better. She 's a gold mine in fact, and but for her I can't well say where I should be. Don't you tell her I said so, however, because 't is very dangerous to let the younger generation think

their parents could n't get on without them."

"Nothing would spoil Nancy."

"What 's human can be spoiled. She knows her lot in life, and though I fret her now and again, and she can't realize, along of my pluck and courage, that I 'm an old man now and must n't be asked to work like I did, still she 's a very good creature indeed and a tower of strength, and will so continue. She got her power of hard work from me, for my wife, God forgive her, was n't a lover of it; but I 've done ten men's work in my time, and though people think I 'm younger than my age, I swear I ban't. 'T is only my valiant courage keeps me so spry."

"When 's your new hand coming?"

"To-day. Thomas Batson he be called, and I 've got a very good character to him. I could wish he was a thought younger, but I liked his look, the lean, spare sort. He 's got a mind broken in to work and no book l'arning whatever, so please God he 'll be content with his lot and not be hankering for luxuries, like the young generation. That 's one bright thing about middle age. 'T was brought up better than youth as we know it."

"Married?"

"No. One of the neuter sort. And they be much the best from a farmer's point of view. He 's saved a bit of money and he respects himself. He 's a very silent chap."

"What 's he like?"

"Ah, you females be always so interested in the outside of a man! He 's like Bowerman's Nose, that great tall rock t' other side of Hound Tor. Yes, a ragged, harsh-faced chap, tall and bent a bit, with a voice, when he do speak, well up in his head and creaky, like a guinea-fowl. A long neck and one of them goat beards, with a clean-shaved upper lip. Brown hair, but scanty, and hands and feet remarkable large. A tough blade, I hope, and a water-drinker from his youth. But I might have spared my wind, for here the man cometh."

His eye had seen a gray figure descending the side of the Beacon. It carried a big bundle, and came with long strides through the fern.

"I 'll go and meet the chap for friendship," explained George. "There is a lot in first impressions. He 'll have to work,—he knows that,—but he don't know how hard yet. Landlord was along last week and cast a very sour look at the brake and weeds got in his meadows. 'Fern seed will fly,' I told the man, and all he said was that he hoped the fern would have flown also by the time he came over again! A clever tongue he 's gotten. So Thomas Batson must get to his task, and there 's naught harder than rooting out fern. Miles I 've cleared in my time, but 't is no work for an old man. How did you find that brace of plovers, May?"

"Beautiful birds."

"Shot o' purpose for you."

"No, no; I won't believe that."

"God 's my judge if they were n't!"

She went her way, and Mr. Cleave ascended to welcome the new arrival. Beside him went a ginger-colored greyhound with a white face. It reached the descending laborer before its master, nosed his hand, and showed friendliness.

"I be come," said Mr. Batson.

"So I see, my son. And very well content I am."

"Carrier 'll bring my box presently."

"That 's all right, then. There 's a very nice tallat for you over the stable, with a window and all. Now we 'll get in to dinner. I 've got two men besides you, also a boy, my nephew. But 't is understood that you 're head man and give orders under me. You 'll find 'em all right. One lives here, t' other 's married and homes to Buckland."

Mr. Batson was looking down at the acres of Falcon Farm spread beneath him.

"Cattle out on the moor, I suppose?"

"So they be. Two hundred sheep I 've gotten, Devon long-wools crossed with Scotch, and three-score bullocks and four milch cows. You 'll be leery[1] for your dinner. We 'll go round after, if the weather holds. But I can't face rain; too old now."

The rough, heavy eyebrows of Mr. Batson lifted over his small gray eyes. He was a gaunt, ugly man with a long

[1] *Leery.* Hungry, empty.

"'She knows her lot in life, . . . though I fret her now and again'"

nose and wrinkled brow. He spoke in a very slow and grating voice.

"Be you more than sixty, then, if I may ask?"

"Seventy, Thomas; a whited sepulcher, you may say. All right to the eye, I grant, but the machine 's wore out along of a lifetime of labor. My heart ain't worth a year's purchase."

"Fancy!" said Mr. Batson.

"I can just potter about on my pony and go now and again to see hounds meet or shoot a rabbit; but durs n't do much more than that. So I want an experienced head man, same as you."

"I 'll do my bestest, be sure."

"That 's what I ax and expect."

Presently they entered the house-place of the farm.

It was sweet and clean, with walls washed pale ocher. On the tall chimney-piece tin and copper glittered; a brass warming-pan shone against the wall; Mr. Cleave's gun hung near it, and for decoration the shabby masks and brushes of three foxes appeared above the door. Mr. Cleave explained them.

"I rode with the best on a clever pony more than half a century ago."

Then came Nancy Cleave and welcomed the new head man. She was a big, weary-looking, unattractive woman of thirty-five. Her face was sallow, her rough hair scanty, and her body large-boned, but not well covered. She was dark, with a gruff voice and abrupt gestures. Her brown eyes were really beautiful,—the only beautiful thing about her person,—but beholders failed to observe her solitary, physical charm because the fatal "port-wine" mark descended from her forehead to the side of Nancy's left cheek, and arrested vision.

She made Mr. Batson welcome, and he was pleased to find her father's amiability reflected in his future mistress. But he learned presently how widely they differed, for the woman proved steadfast, and meant all she said in her abrupt sentences, while Mr. Cleave, under his easy flow of amiable language, proved exceedingly selfish and exacting when it came to business.

In a month Thomas Batson was grumbling to a fellow-laborer, old Amos Tarleton.

"The man 's a slave-driver under his nice words," he said. "Nobody 's more wishful to pleasure him than me, but the more you do, the more you may."

"We have found that out long ago," explained Amos. "He 's a proper old

hooken-snivey humbug, and you must not believe a quarter what he says. At first, such is his smooth tongue, you feel you 're the backbone of the farm and that he could n't do without you. But it is all craft. He only belauds you to make you work the harder. He don't beat the willing hoss, but he praises it, till it drops down dead trying to be worthy. A very cunning fashion of man and lazy as hell himself."

"Never does a stroke so far as I can see," murmured Batson.

"Mighty seldom, and when he do put his hand to a trifle, the farm rings with it, and he wonders all day long in his friendly voice how it is as he pays us and has to do the work himself!"

Thus gradually the new head man came to get a general notion of his master's method and practice, and the way of George Cleave both amused and angered him. He was angry that such a lazy being should exist and prosper on the face of the earth; he was amused in a dour fashion at the unfailing praise and applause the farmer paid him for his own achievements.

"God 's my judge, I don't know however I ran this place without you, Tom," he often said. "You 're a masterpiece, without a doubt, and you be got to be my right hand and the apple of my eye already."

It was not possible to be seriously annoyed with one who so generously praised; but later Mr. Batson began to find the truth of old Amos Tarleton's assertion that he was a humbug. Gradually, too, he perceived the crowning iniquity of the tyrant.

"His grip be tightening," he confessed to Amos. " 'T is the steel claws in the velvet glove, as they say. I work so hard as ever; but he don't pour out his praise in such a torrent as he did. Always civil and all that, and often flashes out a thanksgiving I be here; but the gilt 's off the gingerbread, I reckon. He 's seen what I can do at great moments, and he 'll see that I continue to do it always."

"The same with us all," said the elder. "When he once feels we be part of the farm, body and soul, forevermore, then he takes us for granted. But there 't is; he 's a very clever man, though a driver. They be all drivers for that matter,—farmers, I mean,—and while the money 's good, I 'd so soon serve him as another. You 've got to mind also the food be a bit above the common quality here. We must grant that."

"Thanks to Miss Cleave."

"For the cooking, yes; but masters often sit to one dish and put their servants to another. Cleave don't grudge us to share and share alike. And when all 's said, you 'll never catch him treating the least of us quite so hard as he do his own flesh and blood."

"No, nor yet his plow hoss," said Thomas. "If anything could make me quarrel with the man 't would be his scorn of his daughter. He won't even let her have a maiden under her, and seems to think she 's like a turnip-cutter and you 've only got to turn the handle for her to work and never tire."

"You do feel that with Miss Cleave," said Tarleton. "She 's so much of a machine that you forget she 's a human soul also. There 's lots like that."

"Machine or not, she 's the light of the house to any but a blind man."

"In a way; but no more account than a candle in a candlestick. I 'm sorry for her, nevertheless. She 's a very good, faithful creature to her father, and but for her affliction might—"

"What affliction?" asked Thomas.

"Her port-wine mark, I mean. That purple shadow down her cheek. In a manner of speaking, I don't think master ever forgave her for having that. He felt it a slight on himself, silly man. But none the less, as he 've whispered to me more than once, 't was a blessing in disguise for him, because now he 's got her safe at his elbow forevermore, and she 'll see him out and keep him in comfort and luxury to the end."

"Unless she drops down dead herself some day from working too hard," said Mr. Batson. "He puts a very great strain upon her and may live to see her go scat under it."

"She don't complain, however."

"There 's nobody to complain to. It 's her doom, and a very bad mark against her father, in my opinion."

"Yet all the other women think the world of George Cleave," declared

Amos. They like him for his red face and merry eye and quick tongue."

"Master be a great ladies' man seemingly."

"Safety in numbers. But 't is all his craft. He 'll not wed again. His daughter does all he wants that a woman can do. No other female would work like she does, because she gives him her sleepless service for naught. A wife might give all, but she 'd want something back, if 't was only a little ready money and an outing now and again. But neither money nor outing do Nancy ever get from the man."

"Why don't she make a fuss about it and open his eyes?" asked Thomas. "I feel properly vexed for the poor creature sometimes."

"You 'll get used to it. She ain't unhappy nor nothing like that. It 's her life. She don't know nothing different and don't expect no better. If you look out at the world through a port-wine mark, Thomas, it takes its own dark color, I reckon, and such afflicted people must n't expect to have so nice a time as others. 'T is the will of God, and no doubt He 'll make it up to 'em in the next world and help 'em to forget what a beastly fate they had in this one."

"Be blessed if I see anything so very terrible about the scar," said Thomas.

"Ah, my dear, that 's easy to say; but you ax her. She knows what it means and how it robs her of what other women get."

"'T is only an accident of the outside."

"But it works into them as suffers it. It chastens a woman's soul. I don't say such a thing always ruins character, but it well might."

"She 's got a very kind character."

"She have, and all the more credit to her. She 's patient, and she 'll carry her crosses to her grave without complaining. And when her father dies, if he goes first, she 'll certainly lose one of 'em, and live, no doubt, in ease for the rest of her days."

Within a week of this conversation Thomas Batson was under notice to quit Falcon Farm. It happened unexpectedly for him, but he had only himself to thank. He was an independent being and found, to his own surprise, that the situation, though none of his business, forced itself upon him and presently possessed his mind to the loss of comfort. That he should thus be thinking so often of what did not concern him mildly astonished Thomas, and that the welfare of a woman, and such a mournful specimen of a woman as Nancy Cleave, could thus challenge his indignation surprised him not a little; but she persisted in his thoughts and would not be banished. He found himself desirous to better her lot; he even spoke with her, indicated that she was worked too hard, and astonished her by showing some vague suggestion of sympathy. He cleaned rabbits for her and did various other disagreeable little tasks that none had ever offered to do before. And for his reward he marked the first blank doubt and frank amazement in her eyes change to a startled gratitude. She reacted slowly. For a time it seemed that she was powerless to grasp the extraordinary circumstance of his casual consideration; but when she did, Nancy responded to such unimaginable friendship and did what she might to increase Mr. Batson's own comfort.

Then on a day when George Cleave declared himself ill and sat in the house-place and drove Nancy nearly desperate with the ceaseless chores he put upon her, Thomas found his tongue and even dared to take the master to task.

It was the first time that they had differed openly, and Mr. Cleave, quite forgetting the "tissick" in his chest, listened round-eyed, while his pipe went out and his hot rum and water grew cold. He was not more surprised than Thomas himself, for never before had the latter championed a woman or found the name of one upon his tongue.

But, once off, he kept to his theme, and while Nancy had gone out to tramp to Ashburton, because her father decided that he must have a bottle of brown sherry and a linseed poultice, the head man, now established for six months, spoke his mind in a slow and grating voice that rose and fell monotonously on no more than three notes.

"You 'll excuse me if I say some-

thing," he began. "'T is about Miss Nancy Cleave, and I do assure you that outsiders, seeing most of the game as they will, think that you properly mangle that woman and make her do the work of three in this here house. You say you done the work of ten in your palmy days, master, so perhaps you be content to see her toil so terrible hard; but you 're wrong in my opinion, and if I may humbly say so without offense and in a friendly spirit, you put far too much upon her. She don't know how other women fare, being cooped here day and night, and no doubt she thinks that they all be called to labor same as her; but you know different, and you know that if Mrs. May Smerdon, for one, had any idea how your daughter was called to moil and toil for us four men and a boy, she 'd tell you 't was n't fair or Christian and did ought to be altered."

He stopped a moment.

"Go on," said Mr. Cleave. "You say all you 've got to say, Thomas. Then I 'll answer, if you 'll allow me."

Batson proceeded. He had never spoken at such length in his life and was surprised to find that words, which were not bent to his purpose easily as a rule, came fast as snowflakes in a storm. He warmed to his work, and made a very telling case for Nancy. He concluded with a hope that Mr. Cleave would take his strictures in a large spirit as man to man and feel no malice or resentment.

"Most certainly," began the master, lighting his pipe and apparently unangered. "It 's a free country, and a man has a right to say his say to a fellow-man if he thinks it is his duty to do so. And woman, likewise, has a right to her opinions within the limit of reason and sense. I should be very sorry if any of you chaps stopped with me or was doomed to my tyrant ways longer than your convenience and comfort, Thomas Batson. Because as I said, for man or woman, praise God, this be a free country. But it cuts both ways, don't it?"

"That 's all right, master. We could go if we was wishful to do so; but a man's daughter 's different. She can't go very well, can she?"

"She cannot," admitted Mr. Cleave. "And I 've yet to hear as she 's got any ideas in that direction. But you can, Thomas. 'T is within your power to go, and well within mine to wish it. And I do wish it. I 'm wishing it something tremendous at this moment. In a word, fine chap though you are and a willing worker, with a good method and all worthy of my praise,—which you 've had,—I 'm fed up with you now, so we 'll part Monday month, if you please. And delighted I shall be, Thomas, to give you a right-down good character so far as your work 's concerned."

Mr. Batson had not expected this.

"D' you mean it, master?"

"I do, my dear. A great loss, because with a man like me, old before his age along of working too hard for half a century, it was a nice thing to feel I 'd got a right hand in you worthy of the name. You be the pattern of a good useful sort that 's dying out, worse luck. But a meddlesome creature, such as pokes in where he did n't ought, be very much against the grain with me, and to think you know better how to treat a grown-up daughter than what I do—and you a bachelor, if you told me truth—throws a harsh light upon one side of your character, Thomas, and makes me see you ain't got enough work to do in this little place. You must go and seek bigger and harder labor, my son—labor that will not leave you time for thrusting between parent and child, which is a place where sensible angels would n't dare to tread. I 'm sure you meant well. You 're the most well-meaning man ever I met after myself; but we sha'n't suit each other no more; so by your leave we 'll part friends o' Monday month."

George Cleave smiled and, rising, went to the kettle for more hot water.

"The talk be at an end now," he said, "and I 'll ask you not to return to the subject, Thomas. Both me and my God 's very well satisfied with the way I brought up my daughter, and so 's she; and if there 's anything as I can do to make her life a happier thing for her, rest assured she 'll ax me herself. She knows that she 's the master jewel

"The bottle of brown sherry had trembled dangerously before; now it dropped from the woman's hand"

for me, though she 'll never know all I 've done for her, because no child ever does know the height and depth of a good father's love."

"Monday month then, master."

"If you please, Thomas."

Then Batson went out into stinging March rain and gathering dusk. The woods of Buckland were gray under the gloaming, and a great wind panted and roared over the granite crown of the Beacon above. He considered with himself. Nothing called to be done, for his day's work was ended, but he remembered that the innocent cause of this unexpected revolution in his life must now be returning up a long hill from the market town. He was in a state as perturbed as it was possible for such a stolid spirit to be. He decided that he would take his big umbrella and go and meet Nancy.

"'T will amaze her above a bit," reflected Mr. Batson. "I 'll cut the ground from under that oily-tongued old devil and tell her I be going myself."

He set out, and met Nancy toiling upward through the coarse weather. She was laden with parcels, and stared when Thomas took all but the bottle from her arms, and unfurled his big green umbrella over her.

"I be bone-wet as 't is," she said. "What matter?"

"I had a good reason in my judgment. I 'm sorry to say, Miss Cleave, as I be going to leave Falcon Farm. It have fallen with a terrible rush upon me—and my fault, too. But I had a fancy as I 'd like to tell you myself. The master 's sacked me, and every right to do so without a doubt."

Nancy stood still, and the bottle in the blue paper trembled.

"Going—you? Never!"

"Monday month."

"Why for? Whatever have you gone and done, Mr. Batson? You was grown to be father's pride a'ready. He said it in a hundred ears."

"I 've done a very difficult and dangerous thing, and it have n't gone right. Can't tell you what it was, unfortunately; but I meant well. No doubt he 'll get somebody he likes better. I 'm properly sorry myself."

"This be a cruel come-along-of-it," she said mournfully. "I could n't have heard anything to trouble me more. You was the bestest of 'em."

"Thank you very much for them kind words, Miss Cleave. We 've been good friends, I believe. And why not?"

"I shall speak to my father."

"Don't you do that. He was right, no doubt, from his point of view. Not that I 'll allow his point of view was the best, however.

"Why can't you tell what it was? If you want to stop; but perhaps you don't?"

"I never thought to go. 'T is all I wish it here, and I felt quite content."

"We never know our luck," she said drearily. "Not you, but—me."

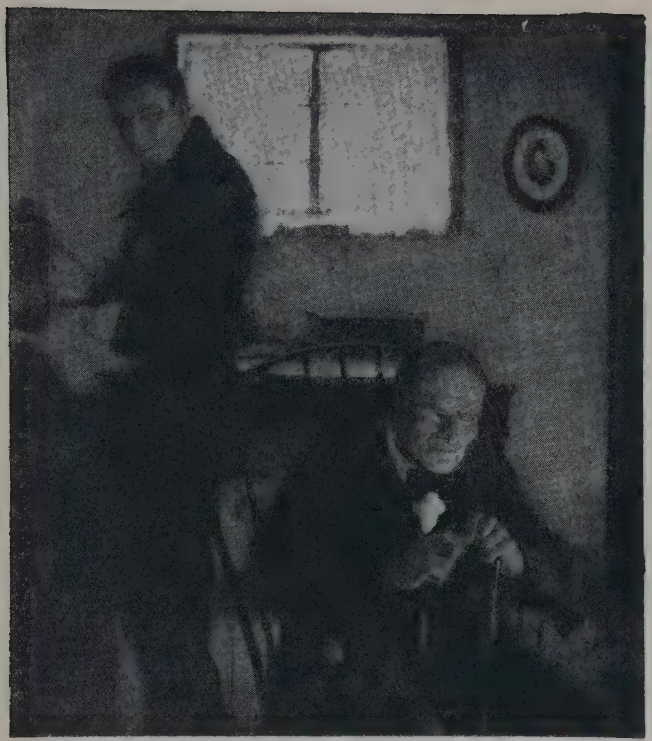
"To his intense amazement Mr. Batson marked a tear on Nancy's cheek. He thought it must be the rain; but it was not. She shook her head impatiently, and turned it away from him. He had remarked the phenomenon, however, and if a small fire can kindle a great one, so surely may a drop of water swell into a river. At any rate, a sluggish river of emotion began to run through the heart of Thomas. He said what came into his head.

"You 're a woman of very high qualities, and I see 'em, and you be a good bit undervalued here, and I ain't the only one as understands it. You 're the light of the house, but 't was left for others to find that out seemingly—not your father."

"I 'm naught and less than naught; yet I 'm very pleased to have pleasured you, I 'm sure."

"The light of the house," he repeated, "and 't is the light be far more to the purpose than the candlestick. I can speak to you straight and open, being ugly as sin myself and not ashamed of it. Because I did n't have the choosing of my mug, and my Maker did n't ax me what I 'd like to look like, come I grew up. But you 're a living lesson to other plain people in my opinion, and you show us commoner sort that 't is possible to make the inside so fine that no thinking man would care a damn about the outside."

She was not concerned with his philosophy. She had fastened on a question of fact.



" 'Yes, I have heard it, you wicked sarpent!' "

"You 're not ugly, Mr. Batson. There 's scores plainer. You 've got a very nice, honest face and proper gray eyes in it, if I may say so."

"Certainly you may say so," he replied. "And I 'm very pleased to think you 've been at the trouble of marking the color of my eyes, I 'm sure. 'T is a way women have. They always know the color of their friends' eyes. And to hear as I 've got an honest face, coming from you, is a very good thing for me, because well I know you could not tell a lie even in such a trifle. And as for eyes, if your eyes was in a prettier setting, they 'd well become it. Because you 've got a proper soul, Miss Cleave, and it looks out of your eyes."

"Why be you going? You can tell me surely if you can say such things as that?"

"I meddled—I—and yet—shut your mouth a minute afore we get home and let me think. A valiant thought be stirring in my mind."

She was silent, and the wind brought the rain flying horizontally into their faces at the crown of the hill. But Thomas minded it no more than a cow. For a quarter of a mile no word passed between them; then he spoke again.

"Come in here under these hollies," he said. "You 'd like me to bide at Falcon Farm, seemingly?"

"I should, then. You 've got a nice way, and you 've always been amazing pitiful for me."

"I felt you was a rare good sort of woman under your skin, and did n't get the fame you did ought. You be one of the sort took at your own small valuation. Yet where would your father be if you left him?"

"I 'll never leave him. He knows that."

"Never 's a long day. How old might you be?"

"Thirty-five last June."

"They say port-wine marks are handed down; but I don't know if 't is true. And if you was to hand down that, you 'd also hand down what 's better, I should n't wonder."

She did not answer.

"Look here, Nancy, how would it be if us was to be married? It have just come over me like a flame of fire. Oh, hell!"

The last expletive was occasioned by an accident. The bottle of brown sherry had trembled dangerously before; now it dropped from the woman's hand, broke on a stone, and spread its contents in the wet moss at their feet. The sweet air suddenly reeked of it.

"Me! My God, you must be mad!"

"Why? I never thought to marry, being little addicted to the females. In fact, my mother was the only one as ever I cared a cuss about. And no doubt, for your part, you 'd long despaired of the males; but it have been borne in upon me the last ten minutes that you 'm being properly wasted as a spinster. I say that most steadfast because I 've had the good fortune to look through you and see the light within. I do think us would suit each other cruel, well, Nancy."

"'T is beyond dreaming!"

"Then say 'yes' and make it real."

"You be above yourself for the minute. Best to think it over and go to church and pray to God and let a Sunday pass. I can't believe you mean it, Thomas. 'T is beyond belief."

"Sunday be the day for calling out in church."

"My father?"

"'T is you, not your father. Say you will, and put me on good terms with myself again. I 've never had the sack afore and be feeling a bit low about it. And I 'd much like to get back on farmer afore I go to bed. 'T is only human for me to feel like that."

"You ban't doing this for revenge, however?"

"For naught but love of you, Nancy."

"To be loved by a fine man—a go-by-the-ground creature like me!"

"And few better worthy of it."

"I 'll take you, Thomas; but if you change your mind after you 've slept on it, I sha'n't think no worse of you."

"Then praise God for all His blessings, I 'm sure."

"What about his sherry wine? Shall I go back?"

He considered this.

"Us don't want to shatter the poor man at one blow. He 'll want more 'n sherry wine when he hears about this feat. I 'll trapse back to Ashburton and get another bottle. And you go home and change they soaking-wet clothes, else you might fall ill."

"That 's love!" she said, and looked at him wet-eyed.

"That 's only sense. I 'll show you what love is as soon as I know what 't is myself. Then you break it to farmer as we be tokened, and when I come back with the drink, he 'll want it."

"For God's sake, don't be long!"

"I sha'n't. Kiss me, Nancy."

He put his arms round her.

"There 's a brave lot of 'e to cuddle, whether or no," he said.

"'T is all yours, God He knows—if you want it."

"I be coming to want it so fast as I can, woman."

They parted, and two hours later Mr. Batson returned with a bottle of sherry and a bottle of Plymouth gin.

He found George Cleave sitting by the fire alone.

"Hope you find yourself better, master," he said. "I 've fetched along a drop of unsweetened for 'e. Hast heard the great news?"

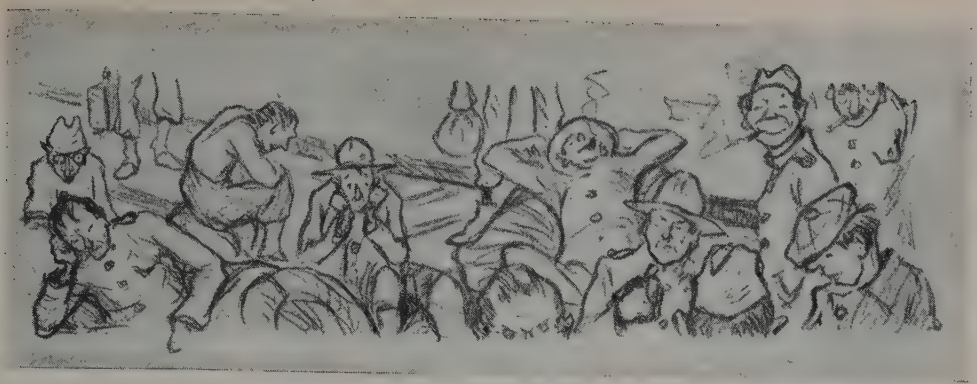
"Yes, I have heard it, you wicked sarpent!"

"If a sarpent, then so wise as one. I was thinking of you coming up the hill. I be very hopeful you 'll change your mind about me now. But if you can't, then my wits ran on, and I said, 'A grand man like my future father-in-law, so amazing young for his years, did n't ought to be on the shelf.' And I thought of Mrs. Smerdon and some of they other fine women to Buckland village. And I much hoped as you might be well enough, come to-morrow, to go down the hill and have a talk with some of 'em and tell what is going to happen."

"You mind your own business and give me a whack of thicky gin," answered Mr. Cleave. "I be gone so weak as a mouse. 'T is shocking thing for a man just up home seventy."

"You take Mrs. Smerdon, master, and you 'll find yourself not a day more than fifty-nine."

"Sarpent!"



A Casual Affair

By HOWARD H. BROWN

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

That the grand old Duke of York is not without followers among modern tacticians the experience of one unfortunate second lieutenant in the depot brigade bears witness. A depot brigade is the last place to look for romance or adventure; indeed, one who enters there soon abandons all hope of anything ever happening, and yet—

TO be assigned to duty with a depot brigade stamped an officer as either incompetent or unfortunate. It was worse for an officer than it was for the men, because sooner or later they would be sent overseas to replace casualties, while he most probably would be kept there throughout the war, training one batch of casuals after another. If an officer was conscientious, he would try at first to make even the brief instruction that he could give the men passing through his hands in such a place count for something; but, as their personnel was constantly changing and the work was all to be done over again every week or two, he very soon lost heart, and concentrated his energies on getting out himself.

Pom had been there only two days when he received a summons at five-thirty in the afternoon to report immediately to the brigade adjutant. The orderly volunteered the information that "immediately" in this case really meant immediately, because the adjutant was in a hurry to get off for the day and would be sore if the lieutenant kept him waiting. After a regretful glance toward the mess-hall, where dinner was about to be served, Pom hurried to brigade headquarters and reported. The adjutant handed him a list of one hundred and eighty-four names. It was almost illegible, because it was an nth carbon copy, all the original and first copies having been duly filed in various places. This made no difference to Pom, for a glance at the list showed him that the names were all of men from the lower East Side and entirely beyond pronunciation in any case.

"Lieutenant," said the major, "you will take command of these casuals and report them to the commanding officer of the engineers at Camp Merritt. The major's tone was very crisp and military; it made one feel that any order he gave was as good as accomplished.

"Yes, sir," faltered Pom, a little doubtfully. Inwardly he felt no small dismay, for he had never been in command of troops before.

"Well," said the major, with evident displeasure, "have you any questions?"

"Don't I get a travel order or some sort of authority for their transportation?" ventured Pom, apologetically.

"Yes, yes; of course!" The major made no effort to conceal his annoyance at being bothered with trifling details. "Don't worry, Lieutenant; it will be sent to you in plenty of time. Anything else?"

"What connection do I get from New York, sir?"

"You don't have to worry about that, either. It is all arranged. Just keep your men in the cars when you get to the Pennsylvania Station. They will pull you out through the yards, across the river, and hitch you on the West Shore, which goes directly to Tenafly, where you get off. You don't have to change cars at all. Really, I must ask you to excuse me now."

" 'Sure, we only just got here' "

The adjutant was in a hurry to go to dinner. Pom, having missed his, wished to pursue the subject further.

"Just one more question, sir. What equipment—"

"They take full overseas equipment with them. The engineers may sail any day. That reminds me, you had better arrange to have two trucks take the equipment to the station."

A faint, but alluring, hope came to Lieutenant Pom.

"Do I go overseas with them?" he demanded of the major's departing back.

"No." The major flung the word unpleasantly over his shoulder. "You report back here without unnecessary delay."

After Pom had arranged to have the casuals and the trucks for their baggage ready at seven the next morning, he retired, not to repose, but to the most dire forebodings. Perhaps any one not trained to the regular service experiences a certain qualm the first time he is called upon to take command of troops. To Pom the prospect was unspeakably terrifying. He tried to reason himself out of his blue funk by figuring out in advance just what he should do. First, he would place himself in front of the men, and command, "Fall in," whereupon they would form double ranks, facing him. Then he would call the roll to make sure that they were all present. After that there would be nothing to do except to give the command "Squads right, march," and proceed in column of squads to the station. It was all ridiculously simple. The only thing was that he must act like an officer, and this was what he felt perfectly sure he could not do. It would be with him as it was with one of the newly made colonels, who was said to have been arrested by the secret service on the streets of New York, charged with "impersonating an officer."

When the fateful hour arrived the next morning, Pom marched out in front of the men with a great excess of dignity and cried, "Fall in," exactly according to schedule. He flattered himself that he did it as though he were used to that sort of thing. But nothing came of it. At least the men did not form in double ranks, facing him, as the Drill Regulations distinctly provided that they should. Most of them were too engrossed in private conversa-

tions to pay any attention to him whatever. Some few did turn around and stare at him as much as to say it was a pity that he was mentally unbalanced. Pom was too frightened to be angry. He was utterly at a loss how to proceed. Such a situation was beyond belief. The Drill Regulations did not contemplate it. The only provision he could think of that seemed even remotely pertinent was that if enlisted men refused to obey an officer, they should be immediately placed under arrest.

One of the few men who had the appearance of being native Americans, a big Irishman with a humorous twinkle in his eye, and, evidently, friendly intentions, ambled over to his new lieutenant and said confidentially:

"Faith, Officer, they have no notion what you mean by that. By the same token, no more have I myself. Sure, we only just got here."

" 'My name he is no pronounce like you said' "

A great light broke upon Lieutenant Pom. If he had not been so mentally upset, even his limited intelligence might have grasped the situation without the intervention of the kindly Irishman. Only a third of the men wore uniforms, another third wore civilian clothes, and the remainder a strange combination of the two. He established his Irish friend where he wanted the right of the line to be, placed several of the others so as to begin the double ranks, and by words and gestures unprescribed by the Drill Regulations, but suitable to the comprehension of all nationalities, conveyed to the rest the idea that the formation was to be continued. The movement, once begun, was as contagious as it would have been among a flock of sheep.

The next stumbling-block on the schedule was roll-call. The Drill Regulations prescribed that the first sergeant should take charge of this, but, alas! there was no first sergeant. First on the list came the name Abrsowininsisky. Several shouted variations of this theme failed to produce any response. At last a hand was raised in the rear rank.

"Why the deuce don't you answer to your name?" roared Pom.

"It ain't me, sir; it 's him," pointing to the man on the left.

"Well, why the deuce don't *you* answer, then?"

"My name he is no pronounce like you said," came the cold reply.

And so it went. Generally three or four mutilations of each long-drawn-out and unfamiliar foreign name would enable its proud possessor to recognize it. Sometimes Pom was reduced to spelling. One Russian who could no more spell than he could speak English would have remained forever undiscovered had not his comrades pointed him out. The fact that the list of names was a very bad carbon copy considerably complicated matters. Pom fairly shouted with relief when on rare occasions he came to such names as Smith and O'Brien.

All this had taken time, and Pom realized that he must hurry to the station. Any such complicated movement as "Squads right" was obviously out of the question, so he experimented with "Right face," which succeeded after some confusion as to which face was

right, and marched the men off in column of twos. This proved not to be a formation suited to the military genius of that particular organization. Even with trained troops such a column is apt to straggle hopelessly. With the casuals, even though Pom kept shouting "Close up" at the top of his voice, it seemed doubtful if the rear of the column would have left the starting-point by the time its head arrived at the destination.

Suddenly Pom remembered that he had received no written order authorizing him to take these men anywhere. He hastily halted the column, and, with a last bellow that the men should close up and keep in ranks, he dashed off to brigade headquarters.

"Sir," he panted to the adjutant, "I have n't received my travel orders."

"Sergeant-major, where is the order transferring those casuals to Camp Merritt?"

"Ready in ten minutes, sir."

"But my train goes in fifteen minutes," burst out the anxious Pom, "and I have to get the men and baggage loaded on the train."

"Well, it 's a nice time to come to me about it," replied the adjutant, severely. "Let this be a lesson to you, Lieutenant, never to let things go until the last minute. In the military service an officer must always plan ahead."

"But you said last night—" began Pom, indignantly.

"Don't stand there talking about it or you will miss your train. As it is, you will have to stop at the camp quartermaster's office and get your transportation order. That 's another thing you should have attended to last night. I 'll send the travel order to you at the train. Now hurry. It will be a very serious matter for you if those men miss the train."

Pom rushed to the quartermaster's office, explained the urgency of the case, and demanded his order for transporting the men.

"I can't issue such an order without written authority from the commanding officer," announced the transportation officer, shortly. "Even a second lieutenant ought to know that."

"But the order 's coming down," pleaded Pom, desperately, "and if you make me wait for it, I 'll miss my train. You might take my word for it. Do you think I want to kidnap those casuals?"

"There has to be a system in this office; but, well, I 'll help you out this once, as a favor. Get your brigade headquarters to verify what you say on the telephone, and I 'll have the order made out."

By the time Pom finally got the order and rejoined the casuals it was four minutes before train-time. He had left them halted on a side street near one of the main avenues of the camp. Unluckily, there was a stand across this avenue where peanut brittle and other articles dear to the heart of man were on sale. The leaders of the column conceived the idea that there could be no harm in advancing the few steps necessary to patronize this place. Those in the rear felt equally entitled to peanut brittle. Not only was the formation entirely broken up, but the main thoroughfare was effectually blocked to all traffic. A brigadier-general, whose automobile had been held up by the mob, was bellowing lustily for the officer in charge of it, concerning whom he expressed extremely unfavorable opinions.

Pom's recollections are somewhat confused at this point; he merely remembers violent haste on his part and violent language on the general's. Somehow the men and baggage got on the train before it pulled out. Just as it got under way, some one climbed aboard and thrust into his hands a paper that turned out to be the delayed order from brigade headquarters. The tired Pom sank into a seat with a sigh of relief. All his troubles were over. He would not even have to change cars.

The train pulled into the Pennsylvania Station at New York. All the passengers alighted except the casuals, who had the last three cars to themselves. Pom paced back and forth on the platform to make sure that none of them had tired of his company. The conductor hurried up.

"Better get your men off the train, Lieutenant. We back out of here in five minutes."

"But these men don't have to change. Your road is going to take their cars and hitch them on the West Shore."

"Where did you get that?"

"Those are my orders from brigade headquarters."

"Well, there has been some mistake. No arrangements have been made with our railroad. Those cars are going to be hooked on the train for Washington that 's being made up now. You 'll have to get the men off."

"But what shall I do with them?"

"Search me!" The conductor's tone was not unsympathetic. "Better see the general manager and get him to fix things up for you."

Pom collected his men and their baggage on the platform, and regarded them in perplexity. The dilemma was this: if he left them to see about arrangements, that mob would dissolve into thin air like the puff of a shrapnel burst before the wind; if he stayed with them, they would never get any farther. He left them with stern admonitions that no man should leave the immediate neighborhood under any pretext whatsoever until his return.

The general manager was sympathy itself; if the Camp Upton authorities had only let him know in advance, the matter could easily have been arranged, but they had said absolutely nothing about any connection after the casuals reached New York. He kindly volunteered, however, to see what he could do. Fifteen minutes of telephoning, while Pom wretchedly paced up and down, wondering whether the casuals would set fire to the station before dispersing, developed the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad had no rolling stock available for taking the casuals to the West Shore station.

"Why don't you march them over to the Forty-Second Street ferry, which connects with the West Shore?" suggested the manager.

"What about their baggage?" objected Pom.

"Can't they carry it?"

"You ought to see it," replied Pom, thinking of the assortment of bundles piled on the platform, most of which were bursting open and spilling everything from army shoes to talcum powder. The manager looked his sympathy.

"Well, call up your depot quartermaster and get trucks."

The depot quartermaster could not let the lieutenant have any trucks, because it was Saturday afternoon and his drivers were just leaving. He appreciated that the circumstances were very unfortunate, but it was a rule of his office that the drivers should have Saturday afternoon off.

Headquarters at Governor's Island were not particularly interested in the troubles of a strange second lieutenant. The matter was entirely outside of their jurisdiction. He had better communicate with his own division.

It took twenty minutes to get Camp Upton on the wire. Just as Pom got the adjutant, the line went out.

"Well," said Pom, to the general manager, "it looks as if it were up to me to get to the West Shore by my own devices."

"You 'll hardly make it now," said the general manager, glancing at his watch.

"For God's sake, telephone them to hold the train until I get there!"

"Anything to help an officer in distress," declared the manager; "but you will have to assume full responsibility. It 's their flyer."

"That 's all right," responded Pom, who was beyond trifles. "Tell them it 's a government order."

As Pom had anticipated, his command had dispersed throughout the length and breadth of the Pennsylvania Station like fleas in a barn-yard. Only about twenty of the most timorous remained with the baggage. He was obliged to make an undignified tour of that extensive building, shouting for the rest to assemble. When a respectable number had collected in straggling instalments, he ordered those present to pick up what baggage they could carry, and follow him. He made no attempt to establish any formation; indeed, he had given up all attempt to act like an officer, and he felt much better for it.

As the disorderly procession straggled across the main hall of the station, delinquent members of the command oozed out from news-stands, toilets,

cigar shops, soda-water fountains, smoking-rooms, in short, from all the unnumbered compartments of that great station. They followed in the wake of the march, if such it could be called, much as cattle trail the bell-cow at milking-time. Late arrivals had no difficulty in determining the direction

" 'Laugh, you beast!' the old lady screamed louder than ever"

of the advance, because the entire length of the route was strewn with shoes, socks, underwear, blouses, breeches, neckties, towels, cakes of soap, combs, miscellaneous shaving articles, and all other imaginable forms of portable property, as though a cyclone had swept away the contents of a men's-furnishing store. Pom realized that to continue his progress in this manner through the streets of the city, although calculated to elicit considerable applause from the passers-by, would hardly commend him to his superior officers. He called a halt in front of the baggage-room and sent some of the men back to gather in their scattered goods and chattels.

There were two empty trucks belonging to an express company standing in front of the baggage-room, waiting for loads. To Pom these appeared as manna placed in the desert by divine Providence. He tore a leaf out of his note-book and wrote a requisition commandeering one of them to his use, reflecting the while that in a constitutionally governed country the offense ought to be good for at least six months in Leavenworth before any court martial. The driver of one of the trucks was an Irishman, who did not look impressionable; the other driver was a Pole, who had the down-trodden appearance of one who has emigrated to escape oppression. Pom decided at a glance to try it out on the Pole.

"My man," he said impressively, "I am an officer of the United States Army." After a pause to allow this astonishing piece of information to sink in he continued: "Circumstances render it necessary for me to commandeer your truck and your services for a short time. Here is the requisition."

While the astonished Pole was staring stupidly at the "requisition," which began with that time-honored and imposing phrase, "Know all men by these presents," Pom ordered the men to start loading their baggage into the truck.

One truck would not hold all the equipment, and it became necessary, therefore, to requisition the second. Its driver had been watching Pom's unlawful proceedings with a belligerent expression, which plainly said that he would like to see any shavetail come that game over him. One's method of attack must be influenced by the dispositions of the enemy. Pom tried a different form of approach.

"Pat," he whispered confidentially, leaning close to the driver's ear, "I 'm in the devil of a fix."

He then narrated briefly the trying events of the morning, and wound up with the appeal:

"I don't suppose you could help me out with the loan of your truck as far as the ferry?"

"Sure I will," responded the Irishman, heartily.

The baggage disposed of, Pom as-

sembled his command and marched them off toward the ferry. He had to keep circling the column and shouting orders, in the same way that a collie runs barking round the flock of sheep that it is driving, for the men had no idea of subordinating for the common good individual preferences as to the rate of march, nor could they be made to realize that there was anything improper in dropping out to satisfy such reasonable personal wants as a package of cigarettes or a glass of beer. It was hot in the sun.

At the ferry Pom, on whom the habit of writing out requisitions was growing, tendered such a document in payment for the passage of the two trucks. The ferry-keeper replied respectfully, but firmly, that he would rather have a dollar and a quarter.

With the casuals safely herded into the waiting-room, and Pom occupying a strategic position at the single entrance, it seemed that for once the commanding officer had complete control of the situation. Unluckily, two ferry-boats arrived simultaneously, only one of which went to the West Shore station, and opinion was pretty evenly divided among the casuals as to the relative desirability of the two. Only terrible exertions on Pom's part deprived half of them of a pleasant sail up the Hudson to some point unknown.

When the ferry docked on the Jersey side, Pom's watch imparted the dismal information that they were more than an hour late for the West Shore flyer. He had little hope that they had held the train. They had held it, however, and they were very decent about it.

The journey to Tenafly was uneventful. A corporal met them at the station in response to a telegram Pom had presumed to send as an official message. He said that it was a two-mile march to Camp Merritt, but that their equipment would be cared for if they piled it under cover. While Pom was attending to this, the station-master frantically called his attention to the fact that twenty of his charges had descended from the wrong side of the train and had deposited themselves and their baggage on the other track, over which an express was due to pass in about thirty seconds. Pom cleared the track.

Pom, warned by previous experience, resolved to form his command in column of fours instead of column of twos. The Drill Regulations prescribe various evolutions for arriving at this desirable formation, but he did not attempt to follow any of them. Instead, he resorted to the simple expedient of leading four of the men by the hand and placing them side by side, facing in the direction of march. Then he exhorted the remainder to fall in behind these four. His voice and manner gave no suggestion of the shrinking self-consciousness with which no later than that morning he had embarked on his career as a commanding officer. If he was somewhat vehement, it must be remembered that a column of fours is not a formation that specially appeals to every casual. It may be that the end man of one rank is popular, in which case one or more extra men promptly attach themselves to that rank; or, if the third man of another rank is not well liked, his comrades coldly leave

" 'An officer is not allowed to strike us drafted men. I know the law. I shall report you to my uncle' "

that rank with only three men left in it.

The formation, nevertheless, was gradually taking shape, when an old lady rushed up to Lieutenant Pom. She was a nice old lady, but she was laboring under strong emotion, as evidenced by the angry flush on her face and the convulsive way in which she gripped her umbrella.

"You 're a Regular Army officer, are n't you?" the old lady accused Pom.

He was too astonished to deny it. In the course of a long and varied military career he has been accused of many things, but never before or since has that particular charge been preferred against him. It was a most flattering mistake; perhaps, after all, he had underestimated his military bearing.

"I knew it!" screamed the old lady, in vindictive triumph. "No National Army officer would think of speaking to those dear boys like that! My nephew is a drafted man, and it makes my blood boil to think of his having to serve under a brute like you!"

Pom sat down weakly on the curbstone and gave way to hysterical laughter.

"Laugh, you beast!" the old lady screamed louder than ever.

She stood menacingly over him, brandishing the umbrella in a manner that threatened immediate bodily violence, but, thinking better of it, she finally marched off, muttering:

"President Wilson shall hear of this outrage!"

Needless to say, the column of fours had completely broken up and crowded around the scene of the threatened assault. The casuals seemed much disappointed when the old lady forbore to use her umbrella. Pom arose, wiping his eyes, and addressed them in language not taught at West Point.

"Downtrodden dears, we are not at the moment trying to stage the mob scene from 'Faust,' but to form a column of fours facing in that direction. Will the sweet boy who is making a fifth on the left of the front rank please be kind enough to step back into the second rank, where there are but three men?"

Half-way to camp a thunder-storm burst upon them. Fewer than a quarter of the casuals had overcoats or slickers. The uniforms or civilian clothes or combinations of the remainder were soon wet through to the skin. It was still raining heavily when Lieutenant Pom went in to report to the commanding officer of the engineers with all the relief that one experiences in being well rid of a bad job.

"Sir, Lieutenant Pom reports with one hundred and eighty-four casuals from the depot brigade at Camp Upton."

"What are you reporting them to me for?"

"My order so directs, sir."

"Let 's see your order. Well, so it does! But your division commander has made a mistake. My command is full, and we sail for France immediately. I cannot receive these men. In the first place, I have no authority from the War Department to take them, and in the second, I don't want them."

"What am I to do with them?" gasped Pom, with the blankness of despair.

"That is a matter for you to take up with your division commander."

"In the meantime could I get the men out of the rain? Most of them have no overcoats."

"Certainly. Sergeant-major, have those men out there put into one of the vacant barracks. If you wish, Lieutenant, I will call up your division myself."

After much wrangling over the telephone it developed that the War Department had ordered Camp Upton to send the casuals to Camp Merritt, but had entirely failed to authorize Camp Merritt to receive them. Clearly the War Department alone could straighten out the tangle. In the meantime the authorities at both camps were agreed on only one point, that neither of them would assume the least responsibility in the matter. So long as their official skirts were kept clean, they were ready to bear with Christian fortitude whatever misfortunes might happen to Pom and the one hundred and eighty-four. It was finally arranged that, pending action by the War Department, the casuals should be quartered in empty barracks at Camp Merritt, with messing facilities there. The commanding of-

ficer, however, made it extremely clear that Pom, and Pom alone, was to be responsible for their conduct and well-being during their enforced sojourn.

For the next week the War Department was too much occupied with important matters to give a thought to one hundred and eighty-four casuals gone astray with one second lieutenant. During that time Pom went through the experiences of a hen who has inadvertently hatched duck's eggs. He had to perform all the duties that in a regularly organized company would have been divided between a captain, four lieutenants, a first sergeant, a mess sergeant, a supply sergeant, and any number of sergeants and corporals, and all this at a time when the men had no military training to steady them and no experience in looking after themselves. His first care was to lay out a daily schedule calculated to keep the men too tired for much mischief.

Reveille	6:15 A.M.
Mess	6:30 A.M.
Police of barracks	7:15—7:45 A.M.
Physical exercise	8—8:45 A.M.
Drill	9—11 A.M
Lecture	11—11:30 A.M.
Mess	12 M.
Lecture	1—2 P.M
Hike	2—3 P.M.
Retreat	4:30 P.M.
Mess	5:30 P.M.
Taps	10 P.M.

Whether or not this schedule had the desired effect upon the men, it certainly kept Pom pretty tired, for he had to conduct it all and take all the formations. The engineers, in pity, loaned him three sergeants, who took turns, so that one assisted him all the time.

The most pressing necessity was for some sort of organization, temporary and makeshift though it would have to be. Pom delved into the men's pasts to discover a promising candidate for acting first sergeant. There was among them the son of a captain of industry whose goods are in every one's mouth. Pom selected him on the theory that he must have inherited some of his father's executive ability, and started him off on his new career by giving the men a lecture on the respect to be accorded to non-commissioned officers. The lecture wound up, as such lectures always do, with the statement that the men must receive all orders issued by the acting first sergeant with the same respect and accord them the same prompt obedience that they would had they been issued by Lieutenant Pom himself. In view

" 'Vill I be court martialed?' "

of past experiences it was hard for Pom to say this with a straight face. The men seemed rather impressed with this statement as a matter of theory, but it was different in practice. In fact, the embryo captain of industry did not do at all as a first sergeant. The troubles in the company, instead of stopping with him, always came eventually to Lieutenant Pom rather aggravated than otherwise by having passed through his hands. Pom's next choice, an ex-policemen, was more helpful.

The duties of disciplinary officer to those casuals were peculiarly trying. Like good Christians, they were perpetually doing those things which they

ought not to have done and vice versa. Despite Pom's utmost efforts, the a. w. o. l.'s uniformly ranged from ten to thirty. One evening when, as usual, Pom was prowling around like a suspicious watch-dog he encountered some twenty of his command on the road to town, which they were strictly prohibited from visiting. He barred the way majestically. Most of them were inclined to slink back to barracks, but not so their leader, a big Jew, who stood his ground defiantly.

"Where are you going?" demanded Pom, sternly.

"To New York, to see my family."

"Have n't I ordered you not to leave camp?"

"You have no right to keep me from seeing my family. I know my rights. My uncle is judge in the Municipal Court. I am going to tell my uncle you treat us like dogs."

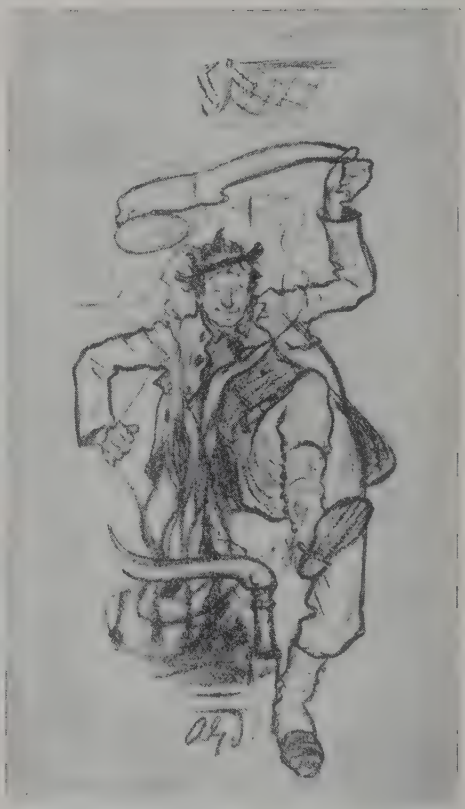
"Back to camp!" Pom balanced himself in the position that in years gone by boxing instructors had made him assume while they mauled him.

"You can't bluff me!" blustered the Jew, truculently. "An officer is not allowed to strike us drafted men. I know the law. I shall report you to my uncle."

He rather had Pom there, for it is a very serious matter for an officer to strike an enlisted man. On the other hand, if he allowed that Jew to walk over him into town, any orders he afterward gave to those casuals would be a joke. Without hesitation he chose what he conceived to be the lesser of two evils.

"Either you go back to camp now or any writ of habeas corpus your precious uncle gets out will find you in the hospital."

The Jew went.



"A jovial soul in the last of the three cars made a bonfire out of newspapers piled in a seat"

As though Pom's official relations with the casuals were not multifarious enough, they tacitly appointed him a sort of combination of father, elder brother, nurse, family physician, and legal adviser. They came to him with all their troubles from blistered feet to the most delicate family matters. After Retreat one afternoon another Jew, a pathetically little one this time, begged for a pass to visit New York.

"I have no authority to give any of you men a pass. We may be ordered anywhere any minute. I've explained that a dozen times."

"But, Lieutenant, you would n't keep me here while brother Bennie die?"

"No; I suppose I 'd rather get myself into trouble. What 's the matter with him?"

The answer was to thrust forward a dirty telegram, which read:

"Brother Bennie very sick. Come at once. MAMA."

"Well, if he 's really dangerously ill, I 'll let you go. We 'll telephone and find out."

"Please, we have no telephone."

"We 'll telegraph, then. Come on."

"But I have no money." Bennie's brother did not seem to relish the turn matters were taking.

"That 's all right; I 'll pay for the telegram."

To reach the telegraph-office required a walk of half a mile. The day was hot, and Pom was tired. It cost ninety-eight cents to send a telegram that would inquire into the details of brother Bennie's health and at the same explain to mama the difficulties in the way of letting her other son return to his bedside. They were in the middle of an unusually dusty stretch of road on the way back when—

"Lieutenant."

"Well?"

"I got mama send telegram. There —there ain't no brother Bennie. I told you lies. Please, I was so homesick."

Lieutenant Pom started to vent his righteous indignation, then started to laugh, but did neither. No one could who looked down into that frightened little upturned face, where two tears had started to roll ridiculously down the dirty cheeks.

"I 'm homesick myself," was Pom's only comment.

The two walked on in silence, and Pom's mind wandered off to other troubles. As they approached the barracks the little Jew spoke again quaveringly:

"Please, Lieutenant."

"Well?"

"Vill I be court-martialed?"

"I guess not. Between you and me, I once knew a second lieutenant who did not always adhere absolutely to the truth when asking for a leave."

On one occasion an opportunity was given Lieutenant Pom to see himself through the eyes of the men. They were gathered in front of the barracks, enjoying the pleasant dusk of a spring evening that was fast fading into darkness. He stood in the shadow of the building, shamelessly eavesdropping. His own character was under discussion, and the consensus of thumbs was most emphatically down.

"He 's a bully."

"Regular low-down slave-driver. But wait; this war won't last forever."

"You said it! If I ever catch him in civilian clothes I 'll kick the stuffing out of him!"

There was only one dissenting voice.

"The lieutenant has a damn mean tongue in his head, I 'll not deny that. But you keep your eye on him and you will notice he does quite a bit of running around looking out for our interests."

After a week the War Department decided that the wandering casuals should return whence they came. Pom planned the details of the return trip with considerable care. He even wheedled two trucks out of the depot quartermaster at New York by a combination of cajoleries and threats to report the matter to his division commander. The one critical point was the

"Asserting between sobs and hiccups that the lieutenant was the finest officer in the United States Army"

connection between the West Shore on the Jersey side and the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. The best schedule he could get gave him eleven minutes to load the baggage into trucks, cross the ferry, and march the men from the foot of West Forty-Second Street to the Pennsylvania Station at Thirty-Fourth Street and Eighth

Avenue, clearly an impossibility. A Pennsylvania official promised to hold the train four minutes and no longer.

At the roll-call before leaving camp twelve casuals were absent without leave. For each of these Pom would be held strictly personally responsible, or so he had been made to believe. There were, however, some encouraging features. The men fell in, right dressed, counted off into squads, and executed squads right and column left rather creditably. No one would have recognized them as the same unorganized mob that had started out with him only a week before.

All went well as far as the ferry. They missed one boat and had to wait five minutes for another. This delay proved fatal. On the New York side the men formed swiftly into column of squads and even started off at an orderly double time, but Pom's wrist watch warned him that this was not enough. As he kept speeding up the pace the column straggled out hopelessly and lost all pretense of military formation, despite the fact that the ex-policeman and a couple of sergeants borrowed from the engineers kept exhorting the rear of the column to close up in stentorian tones that could be heard for blocks. The sun beat down scorchingly on the pavement, and the sweat poured in streams down Pom's poor old fat body. Things began to waver before his bloodshot eyes in a black mist through which little red fires danced. As he dashed around the corner of Thirty-Fourth Street at the head of the column, he looked back over his shoulder. As far as eye could see up the avenue the men were strung out in ones and twos and small panting groups like the finish of a Marathon race. The people in the streets, evidently under the impression that these troops were fleeing from a threatened German invasion, gazed at the performance in unbounded astonishment.

Pom, with a few of the fleetest or most willing at his heels, staggered down the stairs of the station to the Long Island trains. The gates of the Camp Upton track were closed in his face. The rear end of the train was just vanishing around the first curve.

The next train did not leave for four hours. As the sweating, panting men straggled in, Pom made a disheartened estimate of the situation. Clearly it was his duty to hold the men in the station. Pershing might have done it, but Pom was too exhausted physically, mentally, and morally even to try. He dismissed them with the admonition to return half an hour before train-time.

Train-time approached, and hilarious groups began to collect on the platform. As Pom circulated among these to nip incipient riots in the bud, he mentally pledged undying loyalty to Bryan's grape-juice. Most of the East Side had turned out to bid the departing heroes God-speed, and the farewells were as tearful as though they had been bound for the Château-Thierry drive instead of prosaic Camp Upton. Pom had to exhibit fresh brutality to tear his charges from weeping mothers, wives, and sweethearts.

The casuals were allotted the three forward cars of the train. The rear half of the first of these was a baggage-compartment and held their equipment. As the train pulled out, a jovial soul in the last of the three cars made a bonfire out of newspapers piled in a seat, and touched a match to it. While Pom was occupied with this, some of the more daring spirits, who had congregated in the forward compartment of the first car, made a barricade of the equipment in the rear compartment in true Bolshevik style. In proof of the inalienability of the rights of American citizens they produced several bottles of whisky, smashed a few windows, and dared their lieutenant to try to interfere. He struggled over the barricade, fat and puffing. The threatened mutiny promptly simmered down to one inebriated casual thrusting forward his bottle and saying impudently:

"Have a drink, Lieutenant. It 's a hot day, and you 're all het up."

Pom took the bottle, and quietly dropped it through one of the broken windows. While he was searching for other bottles the train reached Jamaica, and it was necessary to change. His attention was entirely engrossed for the moment in getting the baggage transferred. One belligerently in-

clined casual took advantage of the opportunity to assault a station policeman. The policeman was rather mussed up and bloody by the time Pom broke through the circle of cheering spectators.

The rest of the trip was uneventful, except that the late belligerent in a fit of maudlin penitence threw his arms around Pom's neck and wept copiously on his bosom, asserting between sobs and hiccups that the lieutenant was the finest officer in the United States Army and the best friend he ever had. Pom substituted the manly breast of the ex-policeman for his own. It was a dirty trick, but the commission of second lieutenant ought to carry with it certain compensating privileges.

Things had sobered down considerably by the time camp was reached. The men formed and marched off well. Pom marched at the head of the column and snapped out, "Hep—hep—hep," from time to time in the way he had heard real officers do. He was inclined to feel satisfied with the military bearing of his outfit and himself as he left the men standing at ease in front of brigade headquarters and started in to make his report. No sooner had he turned his back than one casual, who could not wait to catch his lieutenant in civilian clothes after the war, let fly at him with a medium-sized rock. It just missed being a good shot, for the rock flicked his ear. Forgotten was the dignity of an officer, forgotten the lectures he himself had delivered on the uselessness and unmanliness of profanity. Pom raged up and down the line in equally frantic and futile efforts to discover that ungrateful, cowardly miscreant. Having the man court-martialed was the furthest thing from his thought. His one passionate desire was immediate primitive personal combat. He used language that a second lieutenant should never permit himself anywhere, certainly not in front of his brigade headquarters. Windows in the headquarters building began to open, and interested faces to appear.

Pom was outwardly calm when he stalked up to the adjutant's desk.

"Sir, Lieutenant Pom reports back with the one hundred and eighty-four casuals sent to Camp Merritt."

"I hope you did n't have any trouble with the men?" asked the adjutant, concealing a grin behind his hand.

Every one in that part of the building, and a good many people seemed suddenly to have found business there, suppressed a titter of anticipated amusement.

"Trouble, sir?" queried Pom, with the guileless innocence of childhood in his voice. "What trouble, sir? I had not heard of any."

"I 'm very glad to hear it." There was an appreciative twinkle in the adjutant's eye. "The only thing left for you to do is to turn the men over to the company commanders you got them from."

Pom held the final roll-call with a heavy heart. There had been twelve a. w. o. l.'s to start with. How many more had he lost in transit? The roll-call went rapidly, for those impossible foreign names now slipped off his tongue as though they belonged to his brothers, and before he realized it he had reached the end. There had been a "Here, sir," for every name. Not only had none of the casuals gone astray during that turbulent journey homeward, but the twelve original absentees had returned to the fold in some mysterious manner best known to themselves.

As soon as each man had answered to his name he was allowed to fall out of ranks and go about his business. After the roll-call was finished five men still stood in their places, stolidly confronting Pom. He was so amazed at the miraculous fact that the anticipated depletion of his command had not materialized that it was some minutes before the significance of this dawned upon him.

"Who the deuce are you? And where do you come from?" he demanded, dumfounded.

All five smiled propitiatingly, and spread out their hands with the me-no-speak-English gesture that had become only too familiar. Pom never found out who they were or where they came from, and so far as he knows no one else ever did.

Joseph Caillaux

The Caillaux Case

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Dr. Gibbons is particularly well qualified to write on the Caillaux affair from his long residence in France and his knowledge of French life and politics. The trial of Caillaux when it occurs promises to be a matter of great international consideration. In this article the author gives in well presented detail the causes and conditions that should make the Caillaux matter of interest to Americans.

AFTER the disappearance of the Second Empire in the cataclysm of 1870, Thiers dominated France. The man who had to make a humiliating peace with Germany died before the new form of government for France was definitely decided upon. But he lived long enough to set the example which has been followed throughout the half-century of the Third Republic. France has had her parliament, free from the control of the executive, and master of the policies of the nation. There has been a government, with an opposition. But leaders have not arisen from parties through advocacy of party programs and been maintained in public life by defense of the principles and attachment to the interests of their party. We hunt in vain to find continuity in French political parties. We cannot even classify groups or parties by a general adherence to political and economic concepts or tendencies. The French have no equivalents for parties as we understand them in the Anglo-Saxon world. I have often been asked to indicate what parties were similar to Conservative and Liberal, Republican and Democrat, or even Labor. I do not try to answer. Any attempt at identification of parties and groups in the Chamber of Deputies with political divisions of the House of Commons and Congress involves one in hopeless contradiction.

Did Thiers stand for the establishment of a republic or the restoration of the monarchy or empire? We do not know. Thiers rallied France around him to meet the crisis of the hour—the recovery of France from the disaster of defeat by Prussia. In every country where political leaders have to depend upon the electorate for continuing in office, they are opportunists. But with the British and ourselves politicians are limited by traditional policies and are bound by party organization. Personal popularity and a personal following are precious assets. And yet, however powerful a man may be, he has to go before the public with party backing. The greatest leader in contemporary American life bucked the system without success. The failure of the Bull Moose campaign and the inability of brilliant British and Canadian statesmen to maintain their power after abandoning their party give proof of the ascendancy of parties over men in Anglo-Saxondom.

Only if we keep in mind this essential difference can we hope to understand French politics. The parliamentary history of the Third Republic is a stirring drama of man pitted against man. Personalities and not principles have dominated. Men have espoused causes and raised issues, and have appealed for support to parliament and people untrammeled by the general concepts and particular planks of party programs. This explains the insurmountable difficulty that confronts the Paris correspondent of a London or New York newspaper when he tries to make clear to his readers the result of a general election in France. One has to give up trying to draw deductions from the distribution of seats, and to prophesy party alinements in the choice of premiers when a new

cabinet is being formed. It explains the uncertainty of the life of a cabinet. Above all, it is our clue to the bitter struggles between leaders that seem so unintelligible to us. Jules Ferry, Gambetta, Boulanger, Paul Déroulède, Waldeck, Rousseau, Combes, Briand, Viviani, Caillaux, and Clemenceau—we have a general idea of what these men have stood for (perhaps!), but when we try to class them with parties or fixed and continuous policies emanating from parties, we begin to flounder.

Now that I have cleared the decks for action by renouncing any attempt to identify French politicians with parties or to establish an analogy between French and our own political systems, it is possible to discuss the Caillaux case.

Since the Dreyfus affair, which mystified and then shocked public opinion in Great Britain and America, no political scandal in France has equaled the Caillaux affair. Like Dreyfus, Caillaux has been charged with high treason, and had his case tried in the newspapers before it was tried in court. Public opinion has adjudged him guilty and has not protested against an unusually long term of imprisonment without the case coming before a jury. Whatever we Anglo-Saxons may think of Caillaux, the fact of long imprisonment without trial upsets us. The protection of the person through the Habeas Corpus Act is a corner-stone of Anglo-Saxon liberty. If Caillaux is guilty of the charges against him, why has he not been brought to trial? Bolo, Duval, and Lenoir, with whom he is supposed to have been associated, were convicted and shot.

A study of the evidence in the Caillaux case, such as has been published in the newspapers, and of the methods of the press campaign against Caillaux, give rise to grave misgivings in the minds of the seeker after the truth. Caillaux has been in prison for more than two years. Although constantly hinted at and frequently promised, no proof of his guilt of the charges of treason has been published. The letters and telegrams made public, and the evidence brought out in trials for treason in France and Italy, afford only the most circumstantial evidence against Caillaux of intelligence with the enemy. We are not sure that Caillaux saw or had communication with the German minister in Argentina in 1914. There is a tangle of contradiction in the whole story about his visit to Rome. No direct proof involves Caillaux in dealings with German agents in Switzerland or Spain. The accusations hinted at in the trials in connection with the "Bonnet Rouge" and the "Journal" have never been substantiated. Many of the stories that were allowed by the Government to be printed to discredit Caillaux, such as having securities hidden in a safe-deposit box in Florence to avoid his own income tax and having increased his personal fortune during and since his premiership, were disproved. But, as in the Dreyfus case, the newspapers of France, almost without exception, have not given Caillaux's side of the story. When some newspapers attempted to do so, the testimony in his favor was cut out by the military censorship.

A prominent Paris lawyer said to me a few months ago:

"I have the clearest sort of moral conviction that Caillaux has been mixed up with the Germans before and during the war in treasonable dealings, and I have no sympathy with him. He ought to be shot. But speaking from a legal point of view, we have no case against him, and could not secure his conviction even in a court martial. If his case ever does come before the High Court of the Senate, I doubt if he gets more than Malvy—a decree of expulsion."

"Then why has he been kept in prison so long without trial?" I asked. "To my Anglo-Saxon mind that does not seem in accord with the elementary principles of justice."

"Ah, *mon ami*," the lawyer answered quickly, "you know as well as I that the Tiger knows what he is about. *Salus populi suprema lex* is justification for anything. As he had gone into office on the pledge of getting after the traitors and breaking up the defeatist campaign, Clemenceau would have been a fool to allow Caillaux to remain at liberty in France or elsewhere. To try him and not secure a conviction was a risk our *chère patrie* could not run."

I could only agree with the lawyer. I

did agree with him heart and soul. The mortal danger to France of the insidious defeatist campaign was fully appreciated by those who came into contact with it, as I had done. When the Germans knew that American aid would inevitably ruin their hopes of military success, they bent their energies to the task of demoralizing France from the rear. The cost of the struggle had been fearful. The nervous tension was growing. American military aid came slowly. The ground was ripe for a propaganda to make "an honorable peace" before France was hopelessly ruined. When Clemenceau made his famous speech against traitors and defeatists in the Senate, heroic measures were necessary if France were to carry on. It is well enough for those who are far from the scene of action to talk about technical legal procedure and to view a situation impassively and objectively; but in time of crisis quick and energetic action, regardless of the niceties of law, is imperative. "*Je fais la guerre*," said Clemenceau. When you are struggling for existence, you have not time to be concerned with the legitimate safeguards that the law and a sense of abstract justice erect for the protection of persons.

Clemenceau arrested the men who were undermining the faith of France in ultimate victory or questioning the wisdom of continuing the war *jusqu'au bout*. Vulgar traitors, who gave the enemy a voice in the French press, were shot. Extremists, many of them sincere but none the less playing the game of Germany, were silenced. Senator Humbert, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, was jailed for letting the influential "Journal," of which he was proprietor and editor, get into the hands of Germany. Former Minister of the Interior Malvy, despite the testimony in his behalf of the four war premiers (Viviani, Briand, Ribot, and Painlevé), was sent into exile for not having stopped the defeatist propaganda. Former Premier Caillaux was locked up in La Santé Prison and kept there.

Public sentiment was overwhelmingly behind Clemenceau in every step he took to strengthen the country internally. This was not because Clemenceau came in on the turn of the tide. As dark days, from the military point of view, as any his predecessors faced had to be lived through. And the country was more exhausted and more enervated. Nor was it because the blows he struck, not sparing the highest, cowed the defeatists. The propaganda continued. Powerful friends of Caillaux and the entire Socialist press demanded a speedy trial or release for lack of evidence. One of the two most influential newspapers of the provinces tried to remain "Caillautist" in defiance of the censorship and other forms of governmental pressure. The Chamber of Deputies was hostile to the new premier and not unfriendly to the fallen leader. Clemenceau remained in power to pilot France through the "last quarter of an hour" to victory because he dared to keep Caillaux in jail and press the trials of the others. If he had weakened, if he had yielded to technical legal proof, if he had been faithful to his own lifelong advocacy of a free press, he would have been lost—and France with him. The fundamental common sense of the people, a national instinct of self-preservation, put and kept France behind the man who embodied the traditional spirit of France.

Public men in Anglo-Saxon countries sometimes get themselves into trouble and lose their influence and popularity. Guessing wrong or failing to succeed or leading badly are causes of disgrace the world over. Democracies do not spare their idols and heroes. But with us the public man who has held a position such as Caillaux held is protected against general antipathy and condemnation by party solidarity. Newspapers and men lose confidence in party leaders and their policies, but they rarely turn openly against them for fear of "hurting the party." They are reserved in public expression of their changed opinions. The old chief is saved from a sheep-like and general turning away of allegiance by our party system. The chief has been spokesman for his party. Discrediting him is discrediting the party and threatens to ruin the political future of the man who indulges in violent and open denunciation or who abandons the erstwhile leader. For instance, would

it not be interesting to hear "honest-to-God" opinions of prominent Democrats on Mr. Wilson and of prominent Republicans on Mr. Lodge? Our mugwumpery takes refuge in the secrecy of the ballot-box.

It is not so in France. Nothing is easier than the rôle of Peter in French politics. Ten years ago Joseph Caillaux, *Président du Conseil des Ministres de la République*, was the master of France by the will of the people expressed through their deputies. Just before the war the crime of his wife dimmed his prestige. But he was minister of finance, holding down this important post uncommonly well, and leader of the most influential French party. In the last general election the Radical Socialists had won a brilliant victory. And during the first three years of the war, despite his growing unpopularity and the suspicion noised abroad about his political activities outside of France, he was unofficial minister of the interior, acting through Malvy, with the internal administration of France in the hands of his appointees. It was not infrequently that your *cocher* or *chauffeur* or *concierge* would shake his head gravely and tell you that Caillaux was going to be the next premier. "The *bourgeois* will enjoy that, *hein! Qu'en dites-vous?*"

How a former premier and party leader, still enjoying sufficient power at the moment of his arrest to make him a real menace, could be shut up in a cell like a convicted criminal and gradually be forgotten, is not a simple matter to explain. At the time of the arrest of Caillaux, it was not believed that Clemenceau would have dared to take this step without damning proofs of the former premier's guilt or that the trial could be long postponed. Who would have predicted the end of the war, a year of peace negotiations, a new general election, the convening of a new parliament, with Caillaux still in prison and untried?

There are the obvious factors in the situation: the unusual power in the hands of a French premier owing to the highly centralized administrative system, enhanced by the state of war (control of the manhood of the nation mobilized in the army, suppression of right of assembly, free speech, free press, and martial law); Clemenceau's appeal for a free hand to win the war; his prestige through victory; the anxiety to make a profitable peace; the fear of labor getting out of hand or becoming contaminated with Bolshevism; the exhaustion of a great struggle.

If this were all there was in the Caillaux case, if it were simply a question of a discredited public man who had been discarded, it would not be worth our while to devote time and thought to Joseph Caillaux. We have so many important problems to solve in this changing world of ours that the fortunes of one man, whether he be guilty or innocent, are of little importance. We might feel that a country which has allowed Caillaux to stay in jail for more than two years without trial, thus seemingly having already convicted him, will not be interested in the proceedings of the High Court of the Senate when Caillaux finally does come up for judgment. But, like the Dreyfus case, the Caillaux case is bound up with a period of history upon which judgment must be passed, with national policies, with currents of opinion of far-reaching influence and purport.

Bitterness against Caillaux and condemnation of Caillaux as a political leader are inspired by his fiscal policy and his foreign policy. He went counter to the natural instincts of his compatriots in the matter of taxation and the matter of relations with Germany. His unpopularity goes back to the income tax and to the Agadir incident. When he comes up for trial, the merits and demerits of his leadership in the years before the war will be brought before the Senate to decide upon. France, whatever may be the fate of Caillaux personally, will find herself plunged into a bitter controversy concerning fiscal and foreign policies, past, present, and future.

Students of British politics remember the feeling in England against Mr. Lloyd George when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he proposed to tax the "unearned increment" in land values. The budget of 1909 arrayed against "the Welsh demagogue" all the Tories. The House of Lords rejected Mr. Lloyd

George's "revolutionary" scheme. But as a comparatively few people were affected by the tax, Mr. Lloyd George had the nation behind him. The country was appealed to a second time, and the fight ended in a serious curtailment of the prerogative of the House of Lords. One used to hear, however, the bitterest sort of criticism of Lloyd George for years after Limehouse. You cannot touch a man in his pocket-book with impunity.

The statesman in France who faced the unenviable task of Lloyd George in England, devising ways and means to increase the nation's revenue, was Joseph Caillaux. Like Lloyd George, he had a genius for finance, and his worst enemies admit his ability in budget-making. No other man in contemporary France has equaled Caillaux's record in handling national finances. He had a harder task than Lloyd George and one that could not win him the favor and approval of the bulk of the electorate, however successful he might be. There are few great fortunes in France of any kind, and none at all in land. Capital is widely distributed. Hundreds of thousands have income from investments. Taxing wealth, whether by an inheritance tax or an income tax, hits the entire nation, and not a class. Caillaux's proposal of an income tax was not received with joy by millions of dispossessed, who would not have to pay it, as in Great Britain and America. (I am speaking of before the war, when the exemption figure was high.) Love of money and secretiveness in money matters are innate in the French. The proposal of Caillaux would take money from them and would compel them to disclose to vulgar functionaries and to put on record where outsiders could see it the exact statement of their business and their family fortune.

Opposition to the income tax made Caillaux the man in France most hated by the "respectable elements," which include peasants and shopkeepers as well as aristocrats and bourgeois. Press and people determined to resist its application. The onus of proposing and sponsoring the income tax fell upon Caillaux and not upon the Radical Socialist party as a whole. The party was divided in fiscal policy and was able to shift the responsibility for the unpopular measure to Caillaux, who accepted it. He defended the income tax with great skill, using every argument he could lay his hands on. He condemned increasing and widening the scope of indirect taxes (dear to the French, because they were being taxed without having the pain of handing money outright to the Government) on the ground of the great uncertainty in estimating them, the fear that levying additional taxation might lead to restriction of use of the thing taxed and thus deceive the hopes of budget-makers, and the injustice of increasing the burden upon the small wage-earners and parents of large families. Then, as is the case always where a man becomes the embodiment of a principle that is difficult to combat in itself, the opponents of Caillaux's income tax began to seek to discredit the man in order to defeat the principle.

There was of course much that could be used against Caillaux. He was *véreux*, as the French say. But questionable honesty in political methods and in the stock market is unfortunately the weakness of politicians as a class. And in France corruption in private morals is also common among political leaders. If Mme. Caillaux had refrained from shooting Gaston Calmette, editor of the "Figaro," the world at large would have known little of Caillaux's private life. The enemies of Caillaux knew well enough that if the scandal brought out at the trial of Mme. Caillaux was simply a *querelle de maîtresses*, Caillaux would not be permanently ruined. Too many of them were tarred with the same brush. So they sought to pierce the armor of Caillaux at the one politically vulnerable point—his attitude, as *président du conseil*, toward Germany. It was planned to make the assault upon the author of the income tax at the closing session of his wife's trial for murder, but the war clouds broke with dramatic suddenness. There were no sensational disclosures. Mme. Caillaux was acquitted. President Poincaré appealed to political leaders to form *l'union sacrée* to repel the invader.

Had the war been averted, had Great Britain failed to join France, had Germany won or pulled out with a draw, had the United States not given financial aid to France, Caillaux would have been the wise and far-seeing statesman to whom France ought to have listened. Until victory was assured, all his political opponents and the bourgeoisie at large feared the return of Caillaux to power. They may deny it now, but it is none the less true. Fortunately, Caillaux was not called from his cell in La Santé to be a second Jules Favre. American intervention brought victory to the Entente. But whether the cards have fallen definitely against Caillaux depends upon the aftermath of the war. Is the menace of Germany removed? Is France going to be able to afford the price of victory? Standing alone, no. Protected by a military alliance with Great Britain and the United States, and aided by the Anglo-Saxon world during the period of reconstruction, yes. The judgment of history on the foreign policy of Joseph Caillaux depends upon the attitude of the British and ourselves toward France.

As minister of finance and *président du conseil*, Caillaux realized that the fiscal difficulties of France were largely due to the bad relations between France and Germany. Increasing sums had to be added to every budget for military equipment, for strengthening land fortifications, for the navy, and for the maintenance of a larger standing army. The population of Germany and the wealth of Germany were increasing by leaps and bounds. Public opinion in France supported the prolongation of compulsory military service from two years to three years; but the nation's treasurer had to insist upon the unpalatable truth that the additional sacrifice involved money as well as one more year of a young man's life. You had to pay and feed and equip the extra soldiers and the extra officers required to train and command them. If public opinion insisted upon keeping pace with Germany, it must accept the income tax. The alternative was trying to come to an understanding with Germany.

The limits of a magazine article forbid going into the Anglo-French agreement of 1904 and the resultant difficulties between France and Germany over the status of Morocco. The Algeciras Convention was differently interpreted by France and Germany and led to the sending of the German gunboat *Panther* to Agadir in 1911 "to protect German rights." It was Germany's way of forcing concessions from France elsewhere in Africa in return for German recognition of France's special position in Morocco. Former Premier Clemenceau and former Foreign Secretary Delcassé had advocated the settlement of colonial problems by an understanding with Great Britain and looked to the British to aid France in case the conflict over African colonies led to German aggression in Europe. Caillaux (and he was by no means alone among French statesmen and publicists) believed that the friendship of Great Britain was not a sufficient guaranty for France against Germany, and that the wisest course for France was to compound colonial rivalries and ambitions with Germany by mutual concessions, as had been done with Great Britain in the agreement of 1904. Despite opposition that never died out even after the *fait accompli*, Caillaux negotiated and signed an agreement transferring to Germany sovereignty over a large part of the French Congo.

The anti-Caillautists and Anglophiles, of whom Clemenceau was one of the most able spokesmen, declared that France had been humiliated and betrayed. They argued that Germany's threat of war was a bluff, and that Great Britain would have stood behind France to the bitter end if the Caillaux cabinet had said *non possumus* to the German demands. Caillaux was accused of using the Agadir incident to play the stock market.

In defense of his policy, Caillaux set forth the divergence of French and British foreign policy. He claimed that the British were of course willing to make the agreement of 1904 in order to secure advantages and remove opposition in Africa and Asia. But British interests were extra-European. France, on the other hand, was primarily interested in Europe. She was a Continental power, in juxtaposition with

Germany. For the sake of colonial aspirations, no matter how fully she could rely upon British backing, it was folly for France to keep alive the hostility of Germany when there was a possibility of establishing better relations with Germany. France had neither the money nor the man-power to continue indefinitely to be the enemy of her more populous Continental neighbor. If no war came, the weight of armaments would eventually crush France. If war came, it must be remembered that Great Britain had specifically limited her promise of aid to the protection of the Atlantic coast of France against naval aggression, and that only in return for French naval protection of British interests in the Mediterranean.

All who were in Paris from August 1 to August 4, 1914, remember how nervous and uncertain French public opinion was in regard to British intervention. Sir Edward Grey told the House of Commons that Great Britain was not bound to give France military aid. The violation of Belgian neutrality precipitated British intervention. None doubts that the British would have come to the aid of the French even if the Germans had not committed this act of criminal folly; but it would not have been a simple matter to overcome the opposition of the Haldanes and Morleys and the strongly pacifist labor elements.

After the outbreak of the war Caillaux would not admit that he had been wrong in his estimate of the British and in his belief that the war was an unqualified disaster to his country. Without actually committing himself to an opinion as to the military outcome, he still maintained that France and Germany had a common interest in terminating the war as soon as possible and in reconciling their conflicting extra-European colonial ambitions. He remained stubbornly under the spell of his anti-bellum theories. With amazing egoism he conceived himself as the instrument for remaking Europe on the foundation of a *rapprochement* between France and Germany. I am not concerned here with the question of Caillaux's guilt or abuse of his position either before or during the war. The accusations against him of treason or of intelligence with the enemy are still unproved. But Caillaux himself, in his writings and in his speeches, notably his book on "Agadir: Ma Politique Extérieure," and his last speech in the Chamber of Deputies before his arrest, confessed to holding the opinions and following the policy outlined above. The opinions may have been well grounded and sincere, the policy may have been wise; but France could not possibly have followed Caillaux.

Adverse judgment has been passed upon Caillaux by his fellow-countrymen because he sinned against the national consciousness of France. In this sense he betrayed France. A man who has been placed by the people in the highest position of trust is under the obligation of representing them. As an individual man Joseph Caillaux had the right of such in a free country to think and act as he pleased to bring about a *rapprochement* with Germany. As premier he abused his delegated authority, and later, as former premier, the influence derived from having been premier, to bring about the triumph of a policy antipathetic to the instincts of the people who had entrusted him with leadership. Whether or not his policy was, or might have been, in accord with the permanent interests of France does not enter into the question.

Two years ago I had the privilege of explaining to readers of THE CENTURY how the French felt about Alsace and Lorraine.[1] The loss of these two provinces affected vitally the life and thought of the generation coming to manhood and the generation born in the Third Republic. It was a question of honor, of justice, of patriotism. Bygones could not be bygones. Alsace and Lorraine were part of the living flesh of France. It was inconceivable that a Frenchman could attempt to advocate or negotiate any sort of *rapprochement* between the aggressor and the victim of aggression that did not have as its preliminary condition, before bases of compromise and mutual concession in other moot questions were

[1] See "World Justice for France" in THE CENTURY, for March, 1918. This article was translated into French, and published by the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères.

agreed upon, the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France. In entertaining the thought that he could bridge the chasm between France and Germany without taking up first the Alsace-Lorraine question Caillaux misjudged the sentiment of national honor. This is where Caillaux went wrong before the war.

During the war he showed equal disregard of the traditions and sense of honor of his race. Perhaps he was obsessed. Perhaps the process of pure reasoning or the study of the material factors and advantages of the problem of France's Continental policy blinded him to moral and psychological considerations. Perhaps he mistook the mental attitude of thinkers *au-dessus de la mêlée* or of Socialists who regarded every problem in the light of class instead of national interest for the feeling of the majority in France. He came to grief in forgetting the old dictum that "France does not treat with the enemy upon the soil of *la patrie*." More than once France had been compelled to do so, and with the same enemy. But it had been only when the knife was at her throat and when she stood alone without allies. This war was the last straw on the camel's back. Once more the Germans had invaded France, bringing death and destruction, and treating hapless civilians with a barbarity more ruthless than ever before. They were held on the Marne and driven back to the Aisne in one of the most costly, but most glorious, battles of French history. And yet a former *président du conseil* dared to advocate in France, in neutral countries, and in Italy, cessation of hostilities before the task was completed, and reconciliation with Germany, the aggressor, the invader, the assassin, the pillager. When they found out what Caillaux had been doing, the French revolted against the insult of it all. "*Bravo!*" they cried at the news of Caillaux's arrest.

But now that the war is over and the Germans have been beaten and humiliated, and especially since Alsace and Lorraine have returned to France, the attitude toward Germans is being modified. Your hatred of the man you have whipped cannot remain as intense as your hatred of the bully. The thief who has been made to disgorge stolen property is in a different relation toward you. The French have paid off old scores with a vengeance, but their superiority over Germany is due to the fact that they are not alone in imposing their will upon Germany. The victory could not have been won without the aid of Anglo-Saxondom. The peace cannot be assured without the coöperation of Anglo-Saxondom. The French have paid a fearful price for victory. The excitement and uncertainty and necessity of straining every nerve are over. A more dangerous period of moral depression is being entered upon than at any time during the war. The French are beginning to realize for the first time what the victory has cost them. If it proves to be a real victory, with tangible and beneficial results, all right. If not—

The unthinkable alternative is possible only if the British and we withdraw or gradually lessen our military support of France. Is it true that Anglo-Saxondom considers its interests wholly extra-European, and that the Continental position of France will compel her to come to a *rapprochement* with Germany after all? This is the significance of the Caillaux case. Are we going to give Joseph Caillaux the chance to say, "I told you so?"

Hunger

By KARL WISEHART

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

"He rather accepted the view that life was a fool-proof lock, and that he himself would fit the right key."

ONE was a poet, another was a college professor in philosophy, the third was a hungry man. It was the morning of the fifth day since they had put off from the sinking tank-ship *Salvarak*, her decks being then already awash, to watch in silence as she went down. Eight biscuits, a three-pound tin of corned beef, a gallon of water, had comprised their stores, of which three biscuits and less than a pint of water remained. The poet found himself sinking into reverie, the philosopher was beginning to lose his sense of humor, and Jerry, the hungry deck-hand, was growing hungrier.

Where their craft floated on the listless sea, ripples appeared in a surface of green enamel, as faintly green as the broken edge of thick, clear glass, and smooth with the heavy, viscous, lukewarm calm of liquid in a vat. At a distance the sea was blue, and far off along the horizon it merged with little tufts of unaccountable, smoke-like, gentian blue, which seemed deeper than mist, more substantial than mere cloud stuff, unvarying in their size and shape. These clouds had the contour of low-lying hills. Above there were no clouds. For more than an hour the sea had wrinkled coquettishly along the water-line of the life-boat, and the sound of waves had not been heard lapping ever so gently against the planks. Under the static conditions prevailing in this inverted bowl of a world, the boat seemed stanchly competent and for three men as roomy as an ark. The wind was dead. The sun burned steadily in an unmisted, shimmering course a little more than half-way toward noon; with a saffron glare flaming through its thin veil of white brilliance, it seemed to the hungry man in the stern, as his eyes peeled slowly open, not so much unlike the significant center of a poached egg. The sea itself seemed as parched and still as an unwinnowed desert. The ribs and planks of the boat inside were as dry as a skeleton bleaching in the sands. Dust that had gathered when the boat was swinging from the davits of the old *Salvarak* lay on the gunwales, where the professor, as he removed his hand to draw a soiled handkerchief across his brow, left the print of his fingers. He cleared his throat.

"The trouble is," he observed in dry, monotonous tones, from his location amidships, "there is nothing to do."

Indisputatiously, without heat, with the smile of a pleasant, half-dreaming consciousness on his lips, the poet, who sprawled in the fork of the gunwales at the bow, said a moment later:

"No, *that* is not the trouble."

A voice of bitterness, anger, reproach, something just short of blasphemy, came from the stern, where Jerry, awakened from his lounging coma, glared with red-rimmed eyes far beyond this controversial disturbance.

"There ought to be something to eat," he roared.

An hour passed before words were exchanged again. Their conversation during the last two days had been like that, consisting of brief interpellations between long pauses, as though the weightiness of their remarks required profound deliberation before utterance, and thereafter much insalivating. During the silences the professor might have devised and ratified several adequate schemes for running the universe, and it is a fact that he had several in view when he went aboard the *Salvarak*. Had the poet been ashore, he could not have spent his time more profitably; for he waited —he was used to it—without anxiety or cynicism, indifferently, as though for a notice of rejection from some tardy-minded editor. Jerry industriously evolved new forms of blasphemous indignation toward the Almighty, Who had been unthinking enough to let the *Salvarak* go down, in that dim age of blessed, well-fed memory, five days before, just at daybreak, before any one had breakfasted heartily.

"A damned rotten time to sink a ship," he had said at sundown of their third day adrift on a calm sea, when the final remnant of tinned meat was apportioned—"a damned rotten time, just before mess."

He had come to miss that meal mightily, and referred to it with unabated growls.

The professor in philosophy had never had so great an amount of meditative leisure before, though he had always chafed for an opportunity to pursue original work. There had been examinations to conduct, students' papers to ponder, and by far too many positing works old and new, a flotsam and jetsam of changing hypotheses upon which to check up, to make the evolution of a satisfactory, original system easily possible. Moreover, the mouths of three babies had made the thought of throwing over the obligations of his assistant professorship untenable. They were not ripe to be fed upon philosophy. Everything in its time and place—this might have been a casual summary of a certain practical, but superficial, philosophy which the professor scorned and by which he lived just the same. He would explain in polysyllables that it was a philosophy fit only for amateurs to live by, but the truth was that he selfishly preferred to keep on with the assistant professorship to hearing the chant of starving, pragmatic infants. Then, too, there was the babies' mother. She loved philosophy; she could not eat it. So, when toward nightfall of the first day, after long study of the fleckless sea, the professor had observed, "At last there 's time to think," the poet had nodded appreciatively at the brief, mordant click of his friend's ironic speech.

He was something more than of middle age, the professor, with a stout, muscular waist. His hair was almost black, thriving in rather plentiful disorder. He wore a mustache. It was dark except where the drooping ends branched into foam, and the droop was quite melancholy. The eyebrows thatched into a punctuation of unflagging interest in the things that had made him a little weighty, tiresome, and dry. His heavy spectacles, with blue-steel rims, gave him the look of a short-sighted hunter; and in fact he had been much of a hunter, quiet and strong-nerved, in stalking the insoluble. In the voyage aboard the *Salvarak* he had expected a setting-up experience that would forward the purpose of another year's endless trek of the unknown.

As for the poet, he was indolent. When it had been decided that without a compass in this vast expanse of middle ocean it was useless to work the oars, he had settled himself indolently in a rather comfortable position at the bow. He had not seen much sense to the exertion, but with three in the boat he had not wanted to dissent from the will of the majority; poet that he was, he had always cursed and then indolently surrendered his individualist creed. He had never been anything but indolent. He had been too indolent to marry; too indolent to proceed in matters of verse on any theory of laborious, refined, lapidarian inspiration; too indolent even always to set down the blessings of his muse. His

books were few, slight, fragile, but continuous in their projection of beauty—beauty of a sensitive, refined, tensile strength, without a hint of didacticism or any philosophical conviction. He had a slow-burning, languorous flame of enthusiasm for life, esthetic form, youth—above all for youth, though this enthusiasm was really a passion. There had been some danger of his playing the courtezan with life through a native sensuousness and a tendency to savor rather than through license. He was young, and often, at the thought of turning thirty, suffered little shocks that were sour to the taste, as when zinc and silver touch between the lips.

Jerry himself was not without solid convictions. They appertained chiefly to the advantages of mess at regular intervals and an inexhaustible supply of chewing-tobacco and to a hard-working seaman's right to enjoy all the creature comforts between voyages. He had a wife ashore, and in other ports was not a monk. He knew a dive or two where the entertainment was without the benefit of cowl and cassock.

"For the love of God," he exclaimed, with sudden pettishness, "is n't it time to eat?"

A significant glance passed between the professor and the poet, who understood each other to mean, "He 's right; we may as well." Thereupon the professor took a pail from the locker under his seat. He handed one of the biscuits to Jerry, who seized it eagerly; another he handed to the poet, and when he had refitted the cover to the empty pail, he gazed meditatively at the biscuit in his own hand. He bit into it and began chewing slowly. The poet eyed the professor as he pushed his own morsel back under the bow-deck.

"Not yet?" queried the professor, and his masticating came to a full stop.

"I 'm not quite ready," the poet answered, turning on his side and peering through half-closed eyes at the gentian hills.

The professor made a slight backward gesture with his head, which was easily interpreted to mean, "You 'll want to look out for him." The answer was a shrugging little crawl of negation over the poet's outstretched form. He meant "Harmless!" but he pushed the biscuit back farther under the deck.

There was a noise in the stern just then, the rattle of Jerry feasting. He had torn away half his ration at a bite; a trail of saliva ran from one corner of his mouth. His eyes were normally of a blue-gray color that turned in certain lights to a winnish red, and his inflamed lids seemed now to spread over them this carmine film as he dived beneath his seat and then brought up an empty three-pound beef tin. With what remained of his biscuit he wiped out the rancid tin, running it along the edges and into the soldered grooves. He crammed the fragment, discolored and tainted with the precious juice, into his mouth, and made away with the last swallow. The professor, watching him lick the edges of the tin and attempt to reach every crevice, said calmly, "You 'll cut yourself, Jerry." But Jerry paused in his ravening only long enough to turn his eyes, filled to the brim like bowls of red blood, upon the professor. When he had picked out a tiny shred that stuck to the bottom, he swabbed the tin repeatedly with his fingers, putting them into his mouth, two or three at a time, then sedulously one at a time, after which he gave them a most critical examination to see that no edible item had escaped notice. He scrutinized the seat beside him and the bottom of the boat for crumbs, then hurled the tin with all his might.

"Thief! thief!" he shouted, and sat down, gripping the sides of the rocked boat and staring angrily, with his sanquinary eyes fixed on the back of the professor's neck.

The two men forward seemed to have entered a conspiracy to disregard Jerry's strange behavior. The poet watched the tin float and balance easily in the swell of its own disturbance, until finally it tipped too much, gurgled once, and sank with an inaudible bubbling, an effervescent, blue-green, crystal trail. The professor continued to chew methodically, with philosophic calm. It was his well-ordered plan to make the biscuit last till sundown. He caught the poet's eye.

"You 'd better eat yours," he said, with a motion of his head toward the stern; "it makes me uneasy." But the poet, dreaming of actualities more essential to his nature than pancreatic juices, shook his head and smiled.

Jerry's wolfishness seemed for a while the chief menace before the occupants of the boat, more threatening in its restrained possibilities than the slow, undulating stir that awoke in the bosom of the ocean as the afternoon wore away. The professor still thought with certainty of reaching shore, optimism having increased within him gradually as he consumed the biscuit. Furthermore he was really of a bucolic turn of mind; his grass would be badly in need of cropping, and it might be advisable to manure the lawn that fall. There was no one to attend to it but himself, and at the moment this seemed reason enough for counting upon a safe return, if Jerry could be induced to behave. The professor was quite disturbed over Jerry and the unreasoning, violent animosity with which he had come to look upon the professor's very presence in the boat. The professor tried to allay suspicion by engaging him in amicable converse with regard to wind, weather, and trade routes; but this only deepened Jerry's distrust, and embittered him in the belief that he was being taken advantage of, as was shown by his retort:

"There 's no use talking. You can't get to shore without me."

Fortitude sat with the professor amidships. He stared at the sheer realism of the oarlock while reflecting on the insoluble. It would have made an interesting classroom problem, this picture of creation whirling on toward its own design, with man clinging tenaciously to the periphery: the most facetious-minded student might have been induced to take a serious view of life and to come to a grapple with some of the professor's immutable values. Once a mouse had betrayed the professor into a momentary belief that circumstances alter cases, but as a competent philosopher he had cured himself quickly of this apostasy, which would have compelled him to revise many laboriously acquired convictions. He could not permit himself to be alienated from the sublime, diaphanous imperatives, and he rejected substitute earthenware inconsistencies. If the universe did not click regularly, what was to keep it from running down? It was the professor's idea to destroy amalgams, to restore what had been lost, to chalk out the stains on the virgin white mantle of the eternal verities, which had been soiled by self-indulgent thinkers. He rather accepted the view that life was a foolproof lock, and that he himself would fit the right key. For the professor's turn of mind it was essential that the answer to the quandary of the ages should be reduced to an impregnable finality, as logical as a syllogism, as comprehensive as a paradigm, as triumphant as an epigram. He held by the view that no other key than that to be found by refilling the old lamps of philosophy could fit the lock, wherefore he had continued in the chair of an associate professor and seemed likely, barring a change in his philosophy or discovery of the missing key itself, to occupy that seat until the bottom fell out.

He had once sturdily contended against the rigidity of all philosophies, but this radical inspiration was lost to him as he was not hit hard enough on the head by a brick before he was thirty. By the time he was thirty-five he had begun to store away the observed facts of life against the day when his own demonstration would everlastingly rout all other rigidities. It was not strange, therefore, that he was able at first to get a certain satisfaction out of the curious significance of his present predicament. He had not run a lawn-mower across his grass without a meditative attitude toward the universe. He had not trapped mice with cheese in his oat-bin without indulging a few subtle distinctions. At one time the professor would argue that his success in catching mice was due to the omnipotence of men over the rodents; at another time he would see that this could be only a comparative omnipotence, wherefore illogical in the very statement of the case and hence

illustrative of nothing more than a mere preference in diet.

He had been weak enough, nevertheless, to experiment with omnipotence and the quarry far out behind the barn. A mouse had refused to leave the trap, and, when the professor shook it out, it declined to race away as the others had done. It squatted in its tracks, breathless, palpitant. And the professor had warded off the cat! That behavior on the part of the mouse meant something. The professor had decided that the furry gray creature should live, and was already considering the philosophical phases of the spectacle when he accidentally stepped on the mouse and killed it. He had never ceased to think fondly of the creature, and often mused as to how it might have figured in his ultimate demonstration if it had lived. Obviously, it was a philosophical mouse that had preferred cheese to oats not, as other mice, from whimsy, but from principle. Assume similarly that a man allowed himself to walk into a trap of presumably inevitable consequences. Assume that he drifted for many days in an open boat with a taste of meat, a biscuit or two, and a smell of fresh water; that during this time no sail or puff of smoke graced the horizon. He was a little weary of assumptions, and faint, for they were not sustaining. It was just as well that he had no supply of writing materials handy. He was not able to connect just now all his ideas in a way to lead to the great demonstration, the ineluctable, irreducible, clarifying theorem for which he had hungered and thirsted with his wife's consent while keeping close to the associate professor's salaried position.

A point had been reached in his reasoning where it seemed a manifest absurdity to keep the poet's lavender pajama shirt flying from the oar at the bow. It was somehow like flaunting levity in the face of the unknowable, with which the professor was on such terms of intimacy that he knew better than to expect any change of heart. If mercy did intervene, there was always the chance of an accident. The professor had figured it out; rescue would not respond to the pajama shirt. Keeping the signal up was a proceeding less well reasoned than the conduct of the mouse that had squatted and survived temporarily the mice that had scurried into the jaws of the cat. The signal's indiscriminate appeal greatly offended the transcendental tendency of the professor's reasoning faculties. By and by he would reduce it all to a theorem in a proper way that would be delightful and appeal even to children and make them happy. It would be a philosophy that could be given to children very early indeed, and it would not hurt their mothers. After all, philosophy must be for children, to illuminate at once the quandary into which they were born and to appease the crepuscular, brooding hours of women. It was a mistake to think that the world was in need of anything so inconsistent as what was going loosely by the name of freedom. Children wanted an answer; women wanted their minds made up. Men must have something to do. The really important thing was that the house had to be painted before the fall opening, and a leader set in the eaves-trough; it was a job that would have to be done. He would relish doing it, and meanwhile—

Plainly there should be something to do meanwhile; a few minutes more, and the professor had shipped the oars and was rowing madly. His reach was wide, and his strength superhuman; so that he actually lifted the boat along in advance of the swells. His shirt was open to the waist; his chest rose and fell with deep respiration in a way to suggest that the bones of his emaciated frame would in time wear through their covering. Sweat ran over his forehead, drenched the hollows of his eyes, and fell at last in a pearly avalanche, glistening in the hairy cleft of his bosom. He rowed on with his eyes shut; his lips, straining taut, drew back and bared his teeth as the speed of his awkward strokes increased. He splashed much water, but held a straight course toward the sinking sun. His knuckles bulged through the skin of his great pale hands, but his grip, tense, fierce, desperate, as though cemented to the oars for a race against

death, never relaxed. The poet watched the swing of his back, and a gleam of sympathetic inquiry that was almost intelligent appeared between his fluttering eyelids. Jerry, aroused to one moment of curious scrutiny, settled back indifferently, while the professor rowed and rowed and rowed.

When he had started to row, his feet were encased in bath-room slippers, with which he had hurried from his berth to the deck of the stricken *Salvarak*. One of these had fallen off, and the bare foot now braced itself against a rib of the boat, so that the long, thin, prehensile toes resembled the claw of a bird gripping a perch. His face shrank visibly, and it was grimed with the sediment of perspiration that filtered down the furrows of his cheeks amid a stiff wilderness of iron-gray stubble. The mustache was grayer, too; the melancholy droop was gone. It straggled unkempt, soaked, over his mouth, and sparkled so with the drops of his exertion that at a distance it might have been taken for foam. With his eyes closed, he was an epitome of blind, haggard struggle. The significance of his accumulated culture vanished before the fury of his titanic idiocy. The pathos of his latter state was vexed by the stark, inquiring interest of the thatched eyebrows which the sweated avalanche could not subdue. He spent himself in an effort to heighten speed. He breathed stertorously, and quivered in the second's rest between strokes; but his force was unbroken. Once when he had gained his second wind and was plowing steadily through heavier seas, his eyes were emboldened to open; but what he saw only nerved him to shake the spray from his face and hair and to bend again to the oars. The sun reddened and sank lower, purpling the cloud-like gentian hills, and still the professor rowed, rowed, rowed.

The swells had been very gradual at first, supplementing the professor's determination to do something. Then a change had come over the low-lying hills. They had sent up wisps of smoke, streamers as from a volcano. A strange heaviness charged the atmosphere; it was as though the air had curdled. But for a time yet the rollers were long and gradual, and if nature smiled then, it was with the sour appreciation of distasteful comedy.

The poet's pajama shirt began to flap stiffly, like a galvanic scarecrow from the oar at the bow; but the professor rowed, and observed nothing. The wind increased; the rollers shortened; the chopped spray flew; the crest of the rollers foamed. The setting sun burst through the volcanic hills. Ahead the rollers turned to wine; and beyond, rafters of the sunset, red and gray trusses, appeared to be resting their great weight precariously upon the hills. The roof was falling.

Then the poet awoke, and for a moment observed idly the swaying back of the frantic oarsman. Jerry lifted his head, knocked the spray from his eyes, and stared incredibly at the shrunken, engine-working dervish before him. He became aware of the perilous toss and roll of the boat.

"You 'll swamp us!" he cried hoarsely.

But the professor rowed on.

Jerry scanned the waters apprehensively. His stare fixed upon a huge roller, and he clutched his seat. Blindly the professor labored. The crest of the wave foamed in over the gunwales, buffeting Jerry and rinsing the poet.

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" cried Jerry.

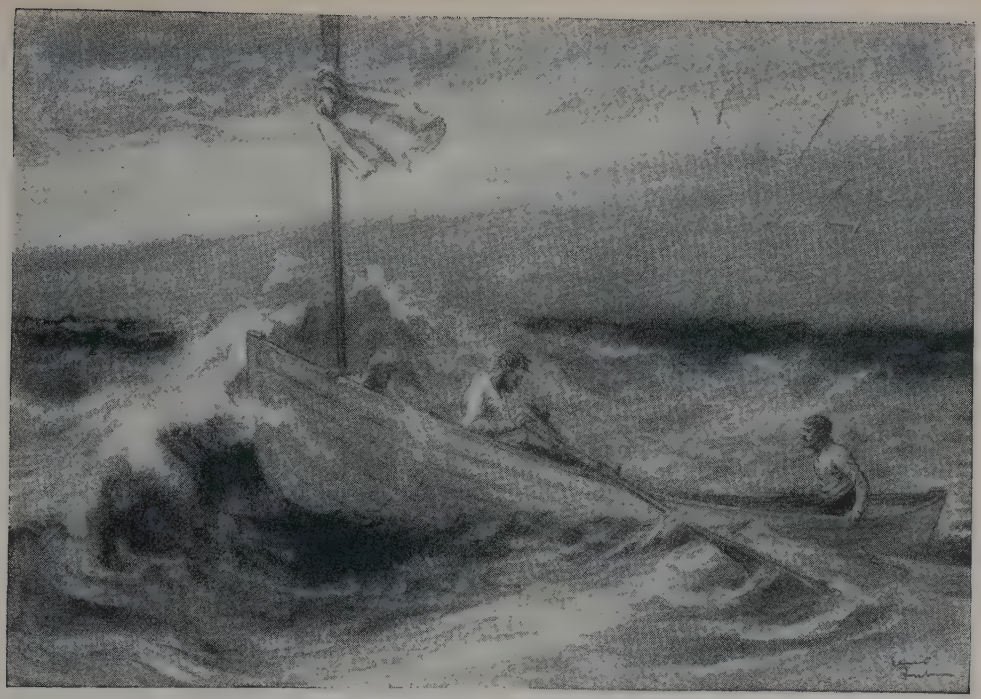
And still the professor rowed.

Jerry was not anxious just then to test supremacy in the uneasy boat. He waited. The squall that seemed threatening proved to be a passing sunset wind. The white caps fell away, and the professor's course became more regular. He drove ahead as steadily as an engine plunger. He was on a course straight for the sun when his eyes opened, and the light of recognition returned.

"You 'll row into that red hell ahead if you keep on," said Jerry, unconcernedly.

The professor smiled, paused, drew in the oars.

"That, Jerry," he said, "could be used as a demonstration of the freedom of the will, though I seem to recall that



" 'You 'll swamp us!' he cried hoarsely"

some teachers, without due regard for dangers confronting the young, contend that there is n't any. But—is that the sun rising?"

Jerry eyed him closely.

"You damned fool," he said, "that 's not east"; and he added, muttering to himself, "nutty, clean nutty."

The professor bent his head as though to rest it on his knees, then lurched forward, and lay still in the bottom of the boat.

Hunger at its worst had assailed Jerry in the midst of the professor's rowing. Twice he had visions of savory meat rinsing about in a platter of gravy, and he had muttered the nourishing phrase between his teeth, "Roast beef—roast beef," after which he had exerted himself to draw a tighter knot in his waist thong. The pit of the trouble was right there, in his stomach. For once on the ocean he suffered nausea, and he lost his bearings in a dizzy blackness. The rest was numb anguish until he awoke and found that thirst had precedence over every desire and that his swollen tongue clogged his throat.

On the poet's face had remained that expression of wistful complaisance. He had heeded neither the professor's waste of energy nor Jerry's interruption of the exercise. Once or twice he had felt an impulse to write. It was in response to such impulses that he did his best writing. He reached for a pen, but gave up the effort as the paper seemed to have been written over with cumbersome polysyllables. On a blank sheet he could have written beautiful lines, without effort, quickly, infused with the glow of youth. He started back and sighed as he saw those transcendental phrases and realized that the professor had preëmpted the scroll. But he soon relaxed into perfect contentment as childish dancers passed before him, turned into flowers rooted by the brook-side, and gravely dipped their heads in the purling stream. Then had appeared a daguerreotype of a girl whose head and shoulders, rising from a vase-like frilled white frock, were fast fading from recollection. When she was a girl her head must have swayed on her neck like a winded posy on a pliant reed. It was true that she

had grown to a serene, poised woman, with eyes that were sensitively keen and a smile that was discriminating, and her hands spoke the gift of life into things she touched. It was no such vision as a poet should have, for the nodding children were hers and she was mature, and altogether she was inconsistent with the poet's conviction of youth. She was the wife of the professor, himself really a good fellow, polysyllabic, dry, a little unconventional with his metaphysics over the breakfast-table. He had always assumed that his wife was fond of philosophy, when, as a matter of fact, she loved poetry. The professor lived with her and the three children in the brown house just off the campus. The poet had the daguerreotype at home, placed casually among some of his cluttered relics.

As the young night lay still upon the water, the poet reached up, dismantled the oar, donned his lavender pajama shirt, stuffed it into his trousers at the waist, and resumed his rest. Stars slipped into being, and a faint moon scattered a mottled snakeskin athwart the boat. When the poet suddenly became aware of Jerry's dark form looming over the professor he sat up. Something glistened in Jerry's hand as he worked his way back stealthily to his seat in the stern. His head was upturned. He was drinking. In slow drafts he quaffed the liquid, the elixir saved for division against the hour of worse extremity. His face, dimly visible, shone with a light of satisfaction seldom seen on land or sea. He lowered the vessel, waited, quaffed once more, and gulped finally as he gazed at the empty container. He seemed to have found bitter reason for complaint.

"It 's salt!" he proclaimed gutturally, and kicked the professor's bath-slippered foot. "Curse you for an idiot! You shipped water in it!"

"You 've taken the last of the water, Jerry," said the poet, wonderingly.

"Damn you!" returned Jerry, and, using both hands, he pushed the tin vessel into the sea with a great splash.

The moon had lost its pallor and was glistening clear when the professor again seated himself amidships. Jerry slept now, with his head on his arms. The poet lay still, musing, and with his hand hanging limply over the side fingered the velvet texture of the night. Pangs of delight varied the poet's lassitude. Death, flawless death, was in the offing. He was not hungry, not in such a way that a vision of savory food could disturb him. His throat was dry, but it was not unbearable. He could laugh at the pleasant ring-around-the-roses play of the professor's children.

Their dog dashed across the lawn in gay abandon, and the game was quickly one of tag. The dog knew his part. The professor, with suspenders knotted for a belt about his stout waist, came around the corner of the house perspiring behind the lawn-mower, churning up with a low, steady hum a fine-cut shower from the snipped grass. The professor's wife had been reading some of the poet's verses in celebration of youth. She was conceding that poetry had done more to bring truth to light than atom-gazing, but she disliked the poet's implication as to stiff, rheumatic age; for to the poet age was most unlovely decay. Finally she disagreed altogether with the poet's facile arrangement of somber despair, and denied the validity of his passion to make music of the contention that age was waste and waste alone, and all ripening after the glamour of youth only a grotesque corrosion.

"Youth is one wisdom," she had said; "age is another. He 's not generally regarded as a counterfeiter who said, 'Ripeness is all.' "

The poet had fumbled for an epigram.

"Time is to youth," he had said, "as the scarab is to the rose." But she had not seemed to be impressed by this finality, and the poet had seen her eyes turn solicitously toward the professor, who came up red in the face and winded with his progress to and fro across the grass.

Still, the poet had insisted, if in any reasonable universe age were a necessity, it should properly have come first, and youth should have been the attainment. One should have achieved youth instead of senility. Was she a little offended by his personal empha-

sis? She had smiled; she could always smile when the poet turned didactic. The professor climbed the steps, mopping his face; and he sat down with that look of astounded inquiry due to the inextinguishable curiosity of his eyebrows. There was not time for her on that occasion to undermine the poet's single view of youth. She had gone to bring the professor tinkling lemonade.

Youth! the perfect overture. The rest was satiety. The radiance could not possibly endure beyond thirty. What did the wisdom of age teach? Surely that hairs dropping one by one led to a baldness that no philosophy could conceal. No, the poet would not look down the years for the gift of life. It was in his palm; and now the miracle of the passing—

Over the edge of the boat he fingered the sable fabric that would cover him, while he bent his ear with languid satisfaction to the slow breathing of the night. It was hard to realize that he was not alone with youth; but there was the professor—in clambering back to his seat he had turned toward the bow—confronting the poet with his middle-aged existence and tenacity of life. His eyes were closed, but his gaunt face had a look of restored, studious intelligence.

"There are instincts," said the poet half aloud, "which those who reach old age never overcome. It is the most ludicrous instinct of all—to live long."

He reached under the bow-seat for the biscuit. When he put it into the professor's hand, the hand clutched it; and the professor ate, chewing methodically, with his eyes closed.

"Oh, benign ridicule! Bogie behind phenomena!" the poet sneered. "Observe us now—youth, old age, and, in the other end of the boat, outmanœuvered appetite!"

This apostrophe left the sleepers undisturbed. The poet himself lay down to rest, drew up his knees, and slept until sunrise.

It was long after Jerry, through granulated lids, with insensate animosity, first scanned the sea that morning that the professor lifted his head. The poet was already laving his hands.

"I slept a great deal," the professor said in his sociable way; "but since the moon went down I have been awake." He observed the blisters on his hands in thoughtful silence, curious and inexplicable phenomena.

"I feel singularly weary," he said to the poet, and then turned to Jerry. "No ships seen, I suppose. Of course not. It 's a beautiful morn—"

The professor's matutinal observations came to an abrupt close once he had Jerry in full view. The professor was no coward. He had pursued big game (naked truth) all his life, but now he was shocked. Jerry seemed not to have enjoyed his night's rest. Either the professor was more discerning than he had been on the day previous, or Jerry in a single night had slipped back to barbarism. It was decency itself, an eagerness to shield any weakness in humanity, an understanding of the rights of privacy, that led the professor to turn away. The professor was ready to acknowledge that he felt weak, but happily he was secure in his nerves. At no time had he lost stoical self-control, and he knew that he was equal this morning to putting aside certain interesting problems for the sake of encouraging cheerfulness in the boat. As a philosopher, that duty fell naturally upon him; but he was compelled to wonder how far the inspiration of a becoming example might succeed with Jerry.

Until he beheld the reversion of Jerry he had never felt so keenly that in approaching death by starvation the decencies must be preserved and the fruits of philosophical discipline apparent. It was not simply that a growth of beard had transformed the deck-hand, though this had happened to such a marked degree that the professor ran his hand reflectively along his own hairy jowls; there was something else. The aspect of Jerry, with his reddened eyes, was that of a savage gazing through a fiery thicket. His jaw hung with sullen avarice. There was about him an atmosphere of unrefined hunger, the very essence of crude, potential cannibalism. The professor shuddered, and still not from fear of being eaten. All his life he had ad-

mired the manifestation of the reasoning faculties in man. Now a mad man, the crony of his fate, sat within easy reach of him, and the professor himself felt, in the head, as though the sun had been too long at high noon.

"I shall refresh myself with a morning bath," he remarked to the poet in explanation of what otherwise might have seemed strange behavior; and, as he loosened his shirt and stripped, continued dryly; "I have found them quite refreshing, these air baths. The sunlight, you know—the pores—brisk rubbing—I remember a pamphlet which spoke of the nourishing effect. It might do you good, too, Jerry."

Without looking at him, the professor could be thoughtful of Jerry's welfare. It was a strange sight, the professor balancing himself in the middle of the boat, trouserless, shirtless, as naked as truth, if not its facsimile, astride the middle seat, with his back to the sun, swinging his arms and rubbing his muscles with mild gusto. In view of Jerry's reverting to barbarism it may not have been so extraordinary of the professor to go back to nature and imitate the air plants in an effort to sustain himself by the pores. Nevertheless, when he sat down, clothed, he seemed more like himself.

"It is really invigorating," he argued, but neither Jerry nor the poet followed his example.

No streamer of smoke, no sail, not a fleck upon the wide expanse anywhere suggested the approach of a ship. With nothing to do now, the professor sat with his face in his hands thinking of that pent-up, overcharged, guttural maniac behind him. The poet indolently took in the aspect of sea and sky. The sea was calm, moved by a gentle restlessness. Where the low-lying hills had been, he perceived in purple mirage an isle of death.

The professor had covered his face with his hands to shut out the picture of savagery behind his back, and still he was on the verge of shuddering when the poet had reason to sit upright. Jerry was crouching low and working his way forward. At first observation gave the poet no inkling of his purpose; but as Jerry secured his footing and drew back a bony paw to clip the professor beside the head, he spoke sharply:

"Go back and sit down, Jerry!" But Jerry only dropped his hand and stared. "Lie down—you pup!" commanded the poet still more sharply.

"Yes," acquiesced the professor, irrationally, for he could not see what was going on behind him, "be still. Do."

"Where 's the other biscuit?" demanded Jerry of the poet. "You did n't eat it. You saved it. Now divvy, or I 'll knock the block off this nut."

It was the language of Jerry, but the voice of ravening, and yet not so terrible a breach of the philosophic decencies as the professor's fears had led him to expect.

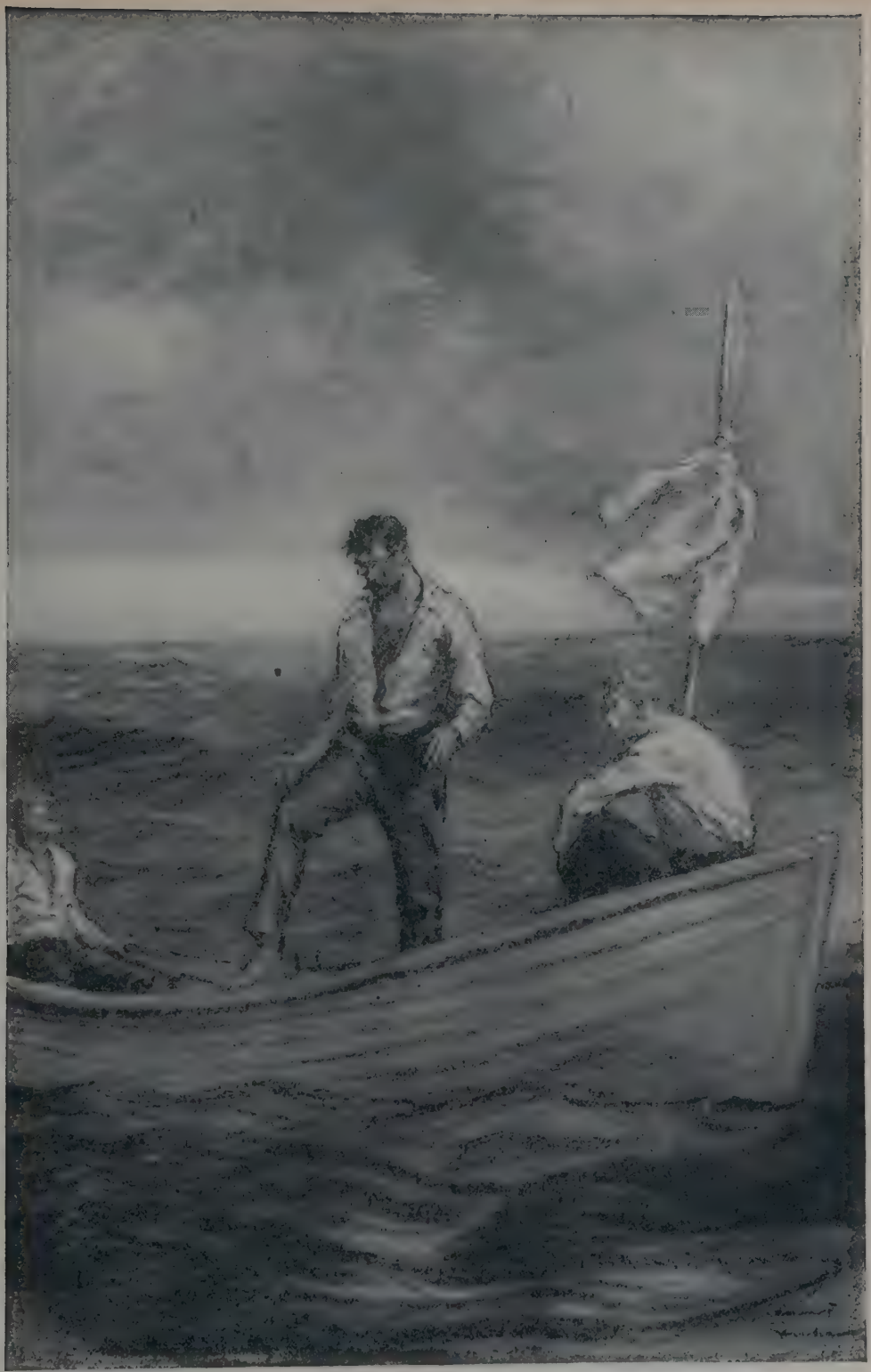
"The biscuit is eaten up," said the poet. "Everything is eaten up. You finished the water yourself—all of it. Try the leather in your shoes. You 're lucky to have shoes on. Just sit still; that 's all you have to do. Sit still until we 're taken off."

"You were wise to eat it," the professor said huskily. "I am glad you heeded my warning. There are situations which the undisciplined cannot be expected to meet with impartiality."

"Ho! ho! bright one!" exclaimed Jerry, boisterously, from the stern. "That 's meant for a joke. Till we 're taken off! A hell of a joke! That 's a regular fleet of rescue-ships out there, is n't it? See all the boats coming with beef and beans and beer and a bath-tub for the professor! Blast your soul! I want beer! I 'm starving to death, and a bottle of beer would save me. Keep your old biscuit! I 'll chew the ear off this nut's head. He 's nutty clean through, batty. There 's a screw loose somewhere. I know him. Did you see him standing up a while ago? He did n't have the nerve to jump over. Ho! ho! Did you see him row? Hey, old crow, do you know how near you came to swamping us? Why don't you jump over instead of working yourself to death?"

"Do be quiet, Jerry," said the poet, coaxingly. "I want to go back to sleep."

Jerry, subsiding, began to chew an



" 'Kindly excuse me,' he said with the utmost politeness, and the splash immediately followed"

end of the strap about his waist. It was a piece of leather from the flesh side of the cow, very soft to the taste, and Jerry succeeded in inducing a flow of saliva.

The morning wore away without another outbreak from Jerry; the professor held his face in his hands; the poet found reverie, with his forehead resting on his arm. Jerry crooned to himself, varying the monotony by chewing, biting, and snapping at the spongy belt strap. It was early in the afternoon when he burst suddenly into a sort of plain song:

"By Jiminy, I am the great American sailor boy;
For thirty years I 've sailed the briny deep,
I swab the deck and spell the cook—
There ain't anything I can't do.
I welded a shaft twelve inches through and through,
And shrunk a collar on—by Jiminy Jesus Christmas!"

He repeated it over and over, never wearying, now softly as a lullaby, and again roaring from beginning to end as though it were a stirring passage of some epic forecastle tale. For a long time the professor was able to ignore the sinewy manner in which Jerry got a hypnotizing, barbaric emphasis out of the crude lines.

"It is a very monotonous song," he said at last wearily to the poet, "significantly egotistical."

"It is bad, quite bad," agreed the poet, critically. "It is unrhythmical. The feet are atrocious. You might call the whole thing rough-shod. At first he got a certain effect by gusto. But he seems to have made it up, and he is unable to think of anything more. He never was a poet. No sailor in his right mind ever was so much out of tune."

The professor would have said something further, but he was answered by Jerry's roar:

"Heigh-ho! Heave, oh! Listen!
I am the great American sailor boy—"

"Death," said the professor, when Jerry's voice died away, "was for me never terrible—" The rest of the communication was drowned in Jerry's renewal of the chant.

"Have you thought about it?" asked the poet, presently, when conditions were more favorable.

"No theory I ever entertained," answered the professor, "was quite satisfactory. I am much interested in the event. Has it occurred to you that waiting is useless?"

The poet was silent.

"I do not seem to remember yesterday," the professor resumed suddenly, and added a moment later, with equal abruptness, "I have seen my last sunrise."

The professor was again interrupted by Jerry's resounding egotism.

"You 'll hardly miss me," the professor found opportunity to observe. "It would be different if I could be of any use. I have figured it out carefully in the time at my disposal. It is not a question of the freedom of the will. Many such important controversies are irrelevant, if not immaterial. I have come to the negation of matter. The atom and electron fade. There are only knots of congested force. A human being is but a vessel, a container of energy, and may he not be excused for desiring to change the form of that energy? It would follow. When an agglomeration of these knots has an incurable hunger for the infinite—"

"You mean that then it is reasonable to untie the knot intrinsicate?" asked the poet, gently. "You are coming to a defense of euthanasia?"

"I mean that it is not illogical," returned the professor, looking solemnly at the water. "It would demonstrate all that I have come to believe. If the demonstration is not a success, I shall at least find what my philosophy should have been. I remember once how a mouse, different from all other mice—but that is a long story."

Still the professor was troubled. He reflected ponderously, and then asked without seeming to expect an answer:

"I wonder if I have done anything unseemly. I would like to be sure. But I cannot seem to remember yesterday."

He drew from his hip-pocket a memo-

randum-book, wrote with the stub of a pencil, and laid the book on the seat beside him. The poet bent his head to rest upon his folded arms. The professor stood up and shielded his eyes, observing vacancy with a nod and a knowing smile. As he moved the center of gravity a little more toward the edge, and placed one foot on the gunwale, the boat rocked. He recovered his balance, and glanced first at Jerry, then at the poet.

"Kindly excuse me," he said with the utmost politeness, and the splash immediately followed. It was a clean jump. The professor went down four feet from the side of the boat.

"Heigh-ho! Heave, oh! What did he do that for?" demanded Jerry, completely changing the sense of his chant. "Did you feel the boat rock? How he could row! And he 's not coming up. Did you see the sun wink then? Look! Why did n't the old fool go before he ate all the biscuits? He was a heavy eater and had more than his share."

The poet raised his head.

"He jumped," Jerry explained, pointing and nodding sagely. "He did n't come up, but his straw slipper did. It floated over there, and then went down after him."

"For many years," said the poet, "he was in search of a satisfying theorem, a great demonstration. Now he has it; if not, at any rate he has found a great negative. It was inevitable. He was an old man, very prolix. He lived too long. He left a short message, condensing the wisdom of the ages. Let us see." The poet reached for the memorandum-book and continued: "It begins, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth—' You see, Jerry, it is the Apostle's Creed. You will not ask me for an explanation. He was a very gentle, confused philosopher, who was able to forgive his wife because she could understand reason. It is quite certain that he meant no harm. He lived long enough to arrive at faith in the immortality of a knot of congested force. Other philosophers, Jerry, have their faults, and our professor had his; but something we must give him credit for. He tinkered with the infinite, but he never created God in his own image. He never tried to put old bogie, the invisible joke, on wheels. He believed at the last in a knot of congested force."

"I thought he meant my lost quid of chewing-tobacco," said Jerry, and renewed his chant, which became indistinguishably jumbled on his tongue.

The ripples of the professor's departure had long since disappeared when heavy clouds shrouded the boat in deep, gray twilight. The wind came in light puffs. Jerry was the first to speak.

"Maybe he had a good idea," he said to himself, and then in louder tones addressed the same remark to the poet.

"Who?" inquired the poet. "Oh, you mean the professor. He had many ideas."

"That was a good one," Jerry insisted.

"It depends," said the poet. "Surely you 've heard that 'The door of death is made of gold.' Why not take your time in going through and examine the portals? I 've often wondered about it myself."

"Hell!" scoffed Jerry. "I say the professor had a good idea."

"He was an old man, Jerry, confused by philosophy. If he had been younger, he would not thus have cheated himself of a great hour."

"A good idea!" shouted Jerry. "The old man had a good idea!"

"Think it over. An old man, he was born too soon. He never enjoyed his youth. He sowed philosophical wild oats, but rust got into the crop and it came out dry rot. He married a lovely woman; we must give him credit for that. But you are young, Jerry, comparatively. That is all I can claim for you. You are not too old to make the most of your opportunity. Understand, of course, that the soul is nearest perfection when it is most akin to the fiery vapor out of which it was originally created: that time is youth. Rightly speaking, youth should be a variable approaching its limit. That is an algebraic term, Jerry. It comes to this. If there were a chance of reaching land, the part of wisdom would dictate that you follow the professor before it is too late. It is only a question of seizing your minute, Jerry; of pass-

ing through the golden door and examining the portals. Think it over."

"He 's off his nut, too," Jerry explained to himself, and then demanded: "What do I care about your dodgasted door? If I could walk ashore through it—I 've got a wife and two kids. I wonder what they 're up to. Then there 's Lena; she 's not my wife. She broke the old woman's heart. I wonder how Lena will support her kid. A man 's a fool to mix up with two women in the same port. Hell!"

"I did n't hear," the poet said dreamily.

"I say, what 's on the other side of your golden door?"

"Probably the professor knows, though he went in the back way and may have got a rejection slip. Who can tell?"

"He had a good idea!"

"It looks like rain," the poet said drowsily.

By and by Jerry nodded in confirmation of the poet's weather judgment.

"It will rain," he said, "but it 's a good idea. A good idea."

He stood up and made sure of his footing on the stern-seat.

"I 'm going," he informed the sleeping poet. He went.

The boat rocked and settled a little deeper under the poet's weight at the bow. For a time his sleep was undisturbed, and then he was awakened by the sound of waves gently slapping the stern. The wind, whipping up, blew moisture in his face and ruffled his blond hair. He could see the horizon without raising his head, and he started up suddenly to examine more closely the vacancy at the stern. He fell back murmuring:

"Perhaps he thought it was better to get in out of the rain. He was neither a poet nor a philosopher, and he really could not sing. He could hardly have acted upon principle, otherwise it might be said that a philosopher had at last won an uncompromising follower of his system. Jerry seemed to think he was going on a picnic, and doubtless expected to find a free-lunch counter on the other side of the golden door."

The rain bathed his face, settled in the hollows at the base of his neck and ran in rivulets down the curvature of his gaunt ribs, which were as prominent as the flying buttresses of a cathedral. At first the drops ran along the gunwales and bottom of the boat, gathering dust and creeping like furry seeds; soon they made a pool, and the boat filled to six inches. All night the soaked pajama shirt clung to the upraised oar. The poet slept, and did not awaken after the tiny silver bullets began pelting his recumbent form, but dreamed happily of the golden door and of youth, the variable, approaching its beautiful limit, death.

It was an hour after dawn when the poet's dreaming was vaguely disconcerted by a man with a small black case in his hand who stood in the bow of the approaching tender and gave the caution:

"Easy—come up easy, now."

They came up easily, and the ship's surgeon clambered from the tender to the life-boat, keeping his companions informed of his thoughts.

"H-m, I wonder how many days. The *Salvarak*. A tanker, was n't she? I think I see what happened here. There must have been others. No stores, apparently. Weak, decidedly. Exposure. The rain at that may have done him some good. I never thought I 'd sleep toward the last, no matter how weak. But I never starved. Accounts would probably differ. I 've always thought I 'd go mad. Not too much of the stimulant. A fair heart-beat here. Narrow squeak, really; pull him through. I venture he lives to a ripe old age. By the shoulders, now—easy."

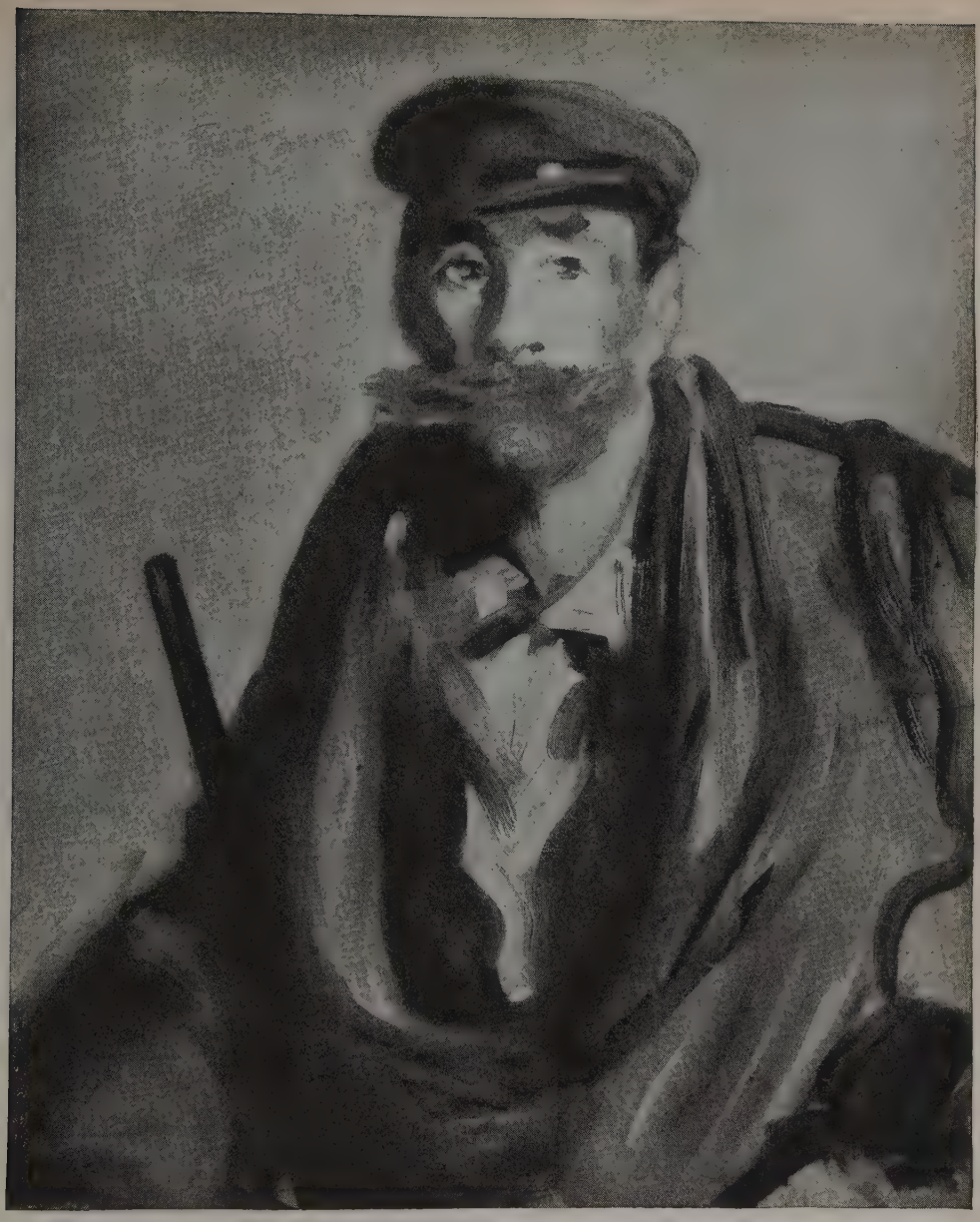
WOOD, WIND AND WATER

(NOVA SCOTIA)

Eight Paintings

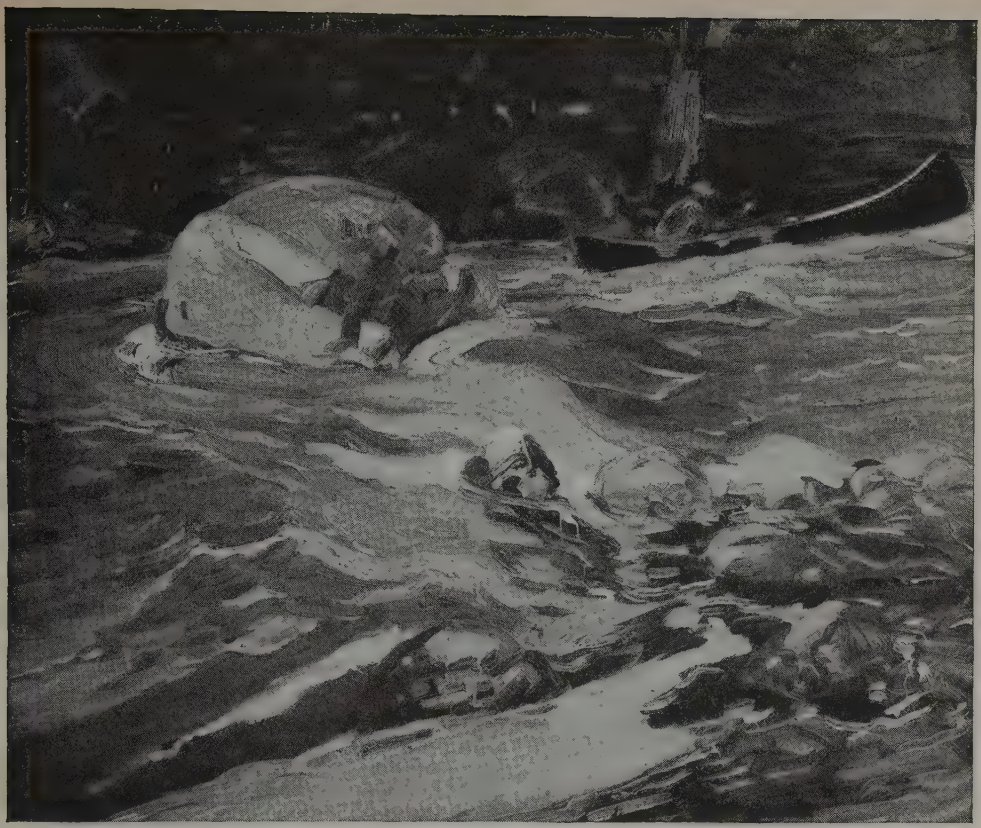
by George B. Luks

Joe Armstrong, trapper and guide

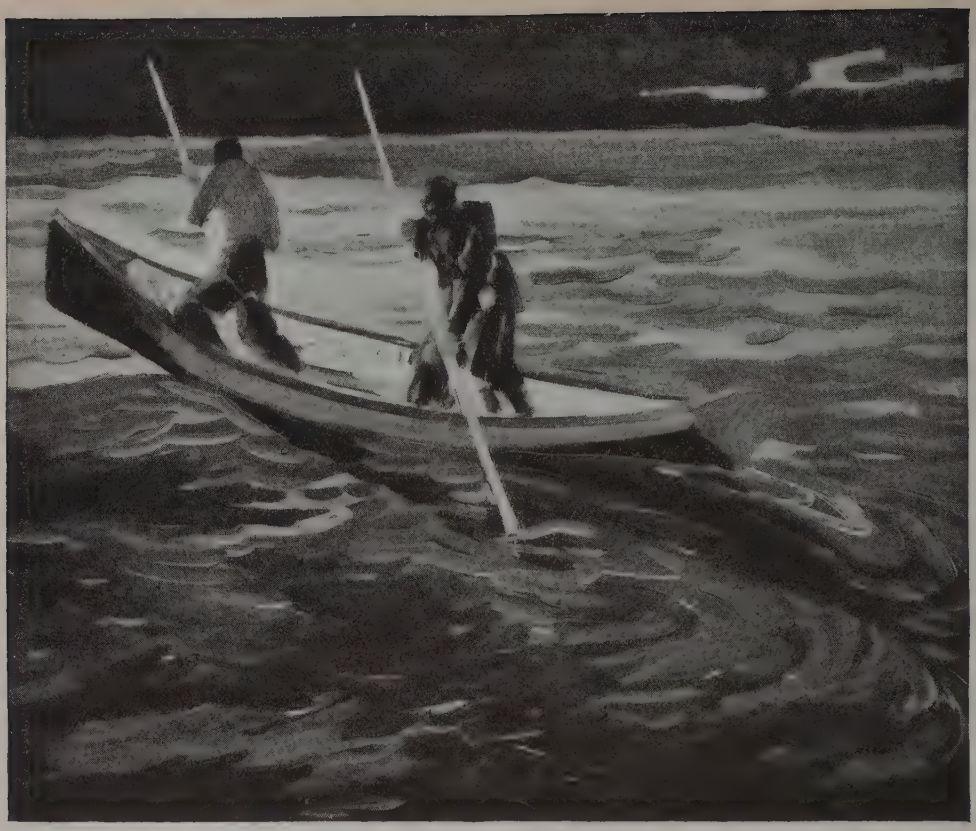


Pat Lacey, bear-hunter and guide

Salmon pool, Medway River



"The Screecher"



Guides in a storm on Lake Rossignol

Salmon fishing, Medway River

Calling the moose. The Dunraven bog

The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

HUMANE ATROCITIES

THE infant mortality of our beliefs grows yearly greater. Just when we are comfortably settled in an opinion, some irritating statistician interrupts to tell us that the exact opposite is true. The "intolerable fatigue of thought" might almost seem a poor investment of energy when dogmas and convictions afford such transient shelter. It would be interesting to know how much of the world's hates and loves and achievements are motivated by beliefs that prove unfounded with the passage of even a few months. All this is prompted by a recent statement respecting the use of poison gas in the war, an authorized statement issued by General March, Chief of the General Staff of the United States Army.

During the war German atrocities proved a boomerang, stimulating in Germany's enemies a hatred that kept a fighting edge on Allied morale. When some one questioned the proof of this or that atrocity, we could always fall back on the proved fact of Germany's use of poison gas on the battle-field. When we listed the horrors of war, poison gas usually headed the list.

Now, within less than a year after the war, General March announces that an examination of the casualty and death lists of the American Army shows that gas is one of the most humane weapons of war. The figures compiled by the office of the surgeon-general show that a man gassed has twelve times as many chances to recover as a man put out of action by other causes. This conclusion goes side by side with the conclusion that gas is one of the most powerful weapons of modern warfare. The American Army suffered 274,217 battle casualties and 48,059 deaths from all battle causes. Of the 274,217 battle casualties, 74,779 were caused by gas. The number who died on the battle-field from gas was, however, very slight. Out of the 74,779 casualties from gas, only about 1400 resulted in death, and of these 1400 deaths only 206 occurred on the battle-field. It is estimated, therefore, that while gas produced 27.3 per cent. of all battle *casualties*, gas produced only 1.87 per cent. of all deaths from battle causes.

"Is it possible," exclaimed a gentleman upon reading the March statement, "that we shall end by crediting the Germans with discovering the most humane methods of waging war?" This might easily be the first deduction that comes to mind upon reading the surgeon-general's figures, but these facts about gas are not the dramatic surprise they may seem. Most Americans go on the assumption that the American and Allied armies used gas under protest and in self-defense, looking upon it as dirty business that nothing less than self-preservation could justify. It is interesting, therefore, to recall that it was the American delegation at the Hague Conference which protested against the prohibition of gas as a weapon in war. At the first Hague Conference in 1899 it was Captain Mahan who advanced urgent and cogent arguments that gas-shells might prove more humane than other projectiles and that it was highly illogical to prohibit a weapon because of its novelty. The British delegates joined the American delegates in voting against the clause, "the contracting parties agree to abstain from the use of projectiles the sole object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases." Both England and Germany finally agreed, however, to the clause. The United States has always refused to acknowledge the restriction. Germany's guilt in the use of poison gas was, there-

fore, not that of cruelty, but of a treacherous disregard of her pledge.

The instinctive revolt against the use of poison gas is simply the revolt that has accompanied the first use of every new weapon of warfare. The swift and sterile wound of a modern rifle-ball is preferable to the ugly and septic hacking of the knightly sword, but who does not recall the record of the horror evoked by the introduction of gunpowder? But probably the most useful deduction from all this is that in war-time our judgments are over-simplified. We throw facts out at the window, and divide all actions into very black black and very white white. After all, that may be necessary in war-time. The qualities of judge and soldier do not mix well. A hateless war is theoretically right, but it somehow does not work. In our next war we shall think just as naïvely as in the last war. But meanwhile this reversal of judgment on the use of poison gas may counsel us to more reason and less instinct in our judgments on the issues of peace.

THE EGYPTIAN PLAGUE

WE are watching Egypt with keen interest these days, not because Gallini, Pasha Fahmy, and a like-minded group in the native press are starting a temperance campaign under the contagious example of the United States, but because a seething Egyptian unrest has at last compelled the British Government to announce an Egyptian policy, although in the most general terms, and to despatch a commission of fundamental inquiry into the causes of the perennial, but now acute, disaffection of this territory. We shall follow the findings of the Milner Commission with singular concern as a test case of the regenerate foreign policy to which the Allied nations committed themselves in the flush of their war-time idealism.

It seems that of Roosevelt's alternatives, "to govern or get out," the British Government has chosen the first, and purposes to condescend to details in the working out of an Egyptian policy. On the heels of the abortive uprisings of last spring, the British Government promised to send a commission to Egypt to inquire into the causes of the unrest and to suggest a definite policy for the future government of the territory. This commission, headed by Lord Milner, did not get under way until toward the end of 1919. This long delay was due to a number of causes. The selection of the personnel for so important a commission was not to be made hastily. Summer was regarded as a bad time to make investigations in the interior of Egypt. Muhammed Said Pasha's administration, it was said, deserved time in which to prove whether it could bring Egypt to normal, after the March and April disturbances, without outside interference. It was thought by many that it was useless to make any fundamental decisions regarding a settled policy for Egypt until the Turkish question was definitely settled, so the matter was left pending a possible settlement of the Eastern problem by the peace conference. The Sultan of Egypt wanted the matter postponed until later in the year; so the matter lagged, until finally the Milner Commission set out for Egypt.

The story of English-Egyptian relations is an interesting tale. England came into the Egyptian picture when Khedive Ismail plunged Egypt into bankruptcy in 1879 as a result of his futile and expensive attempt to create an imposing Sudanese empire. At that time France and England established a "dual control" over Egypt as a protective move for European creditors. Then Arabi Pasha came on the scene with his slogan of "Egypt for the Egyptians." This agitation resulted in a native uprising, in the crushing of which France faded out of the picture, and England assumed the rôle of protector she has played to the present time. The British protectorate did not call itself by that name until 1914, a protectorate that has been called an annexation, but to all intents and purposes Egypt has been a British protectorate since Arabi Pasha's rebellion was crushed in 1882. But from that moment until 1914, when Egypt was formally incorporated in the British Empire, and since, Arabi Pasha's ghost has walked through Egypt fanning alive the flame of Nationalist hope.

The war's aftermath of discontent has given Egyptian Nationalists a new opportunity for agitation, and they have improved the opportunity. All during the war they protested against the progressive weakening of the British promise that the Egyptians would not be asked to fight against their fellow-Mohammedans in Turkey. They have protested against the conscription of the fellaheen, the Egyptian peasantry, for a labor corps during the war, charging marked abuses in the recruiting, and insisting that they were made to fight their coreligionists in reality, although in this roundabout way. But the present Egyptian unrest is compounded of many factors. The normal forces of Nationalism, of course, give the unrest its name and obvious purpose. Muhammed Said Pasha's attempt at normalizing affairs succeeded no better than our own in lowering the high cost of living, which made for a continuation of the war-induced discontent. The whole series of economic difficulties have been shrewdly exploited for political purposes by Egyptian and alien agitators. Much disaffection has been caused by England's action respecting the setting up of an Arab kingdom. Egyptian unrest may also be credited to an indication of the general unrest that is stirring the entire Mohammedan world. The inveterate separateness of English officialdom and Egyptian officialdom in Egypt has made Egypt a paradise for intriguers. Renegade Italians and Greeks, Russians, Germans, Jews, and Turks are there plying their trade of intrigue. Emissaries of Bolshevism are busy there, stirring to a boil the pot of Panislamic ambitions and helping to put the worst face on every social and economic difficulty in Egypt. It did not exactly minister to Egyptian content when Arabian and Indian delegates were accorded a recognition by the peace conference that was refused Egyptians. It is a tangled situation.

The Milner Commission must thread its way through a disconcerting and dangerous labyrinth. The Nationalist press in Egypt has grown bolder and bolder in its denunciation of the commission, urging a complete boycott of the body. The Nationalists have been evolving far-reaching schemes for heckling and hampering the British at every turn of the road. They are planning to create Egyptian industries that can through competition destroy Egyptian trade with England. They have distributed lists of British firms elaborately classified,—drapery, cotton, shipping, engineering, and the like,—and are agitating for a complete Egyptian boycott of these firms. Lord Curzon, addressing the House of Lords, made a sort of advance analysis of the causes of Egyptian unrest, mentioning political agitation, religious fanaticism, the reaction of war, economic causes, and the undisciplined forces of anarchy; but the Milner Commission will find these and other causes assuming a thousand varied forms that will well-nigh defy analysis and administration.

The British Government has announced that its future policy in Egypt will be "to preserve the autonomy of Egypt under British protection, and to develop a system of self-government under Egyptian rule." This is a clear statement of the idea of trusteeship in international affairs. A literal adhesion to the spirit and letter of such a policy would leave little to be desired in the evolution of a chaotic state into self-government. But the economic and strategic interests of England in Egypt are so great that we may look for only the most cautious experiments tending toward Egyptian ascendancy in the control of Egyptian affairs. This is not meant as any deliberate criticism of English motives, but as a frank recognition of the necessities that the task of holding together the British Empire imposes upon British statesmen. Egypt and the Suez Canal form the "keystone in Great Britain's arch of empire," since they control the highway between the East and the West, and Egypt protects the enormous Sudanese and east African holdings of Great Britain. Egypt's large foreign trade has been falling more and more into British control. Very large amounts of English capital are invested in Egypt; the British shares in the Suez Canal Company are a prized investment. England has a clearer field in Egypt than ever before, so far as rival powers are concerned. Germany

is for the time out of the Egyptian game, since things are moving toward a possible insulation of Egypt from Turkey, if the Turkish problem is ever solved, for it was through Turkey that Germany hoped to realize her Egyptian ambitions. Also the wiping out of German colonization in Africa removes much of the reason for Germany's Egyptian designs. If Arabia and Syria are effectively removed from Turkish control, Turkey's strategic interest, at least, in Egypt will be lessened, unless it be coveted as a step toward regaining them.

It would require the wish as father to the thought to believe that the Egyptians at present are politically capable of maintaining an independent national existence without turning Egypt into an international plague-spot. Couple with this the fact that tremendous strategic and commercial interests will constrain British policy to very great conservatism in yielding power to Egyptian hands, and it is clear that the one hope, here as throughout international affairs, is in a ceaseless education of that international mind that must inevitably precede international machinery, if such machinery is to function.

A RELUCTANT HOST

WERE it not so humiliating to those who like to think of the United States as a grown-up nation, there would be no end of humor in the dubious hospitality extended by Congress to the International Labor Conference that met in Washington a few weeks ago. Mr. Ernest H. Greenwood, the deputy secretary-general of the conference, contributed an illuminating analysis of the conference to a recent issue of "The Nation's Business," and in his analysis the facts regarding our reception of the conference were brought to light. As a study in bad manners, it is interesting to summarize those facts.

In the first place, the conference was unfortunately named. To have called it a labor conference was misleading. There were as many employers as there were labor leaders in the conference, and three times as many government representatives as there were either employers or labor leaders. To this conference, called to stabilize world labor conditions, forty different nations sent some of their biggest and ablest business men, labor leaders, and government representatives. The United States was the host. With whatever derelictions Uncle Sam may be charged, he has always prided himself upon his graciousness. But, unfortunately, in these days of indifferent service he cannot always be sure that his servants will faithfully interpret his inveterate hospitality. And what havoc can be wrought by a boorish butler!

Despite the distinction of our guests and in face of the plain obligations of international courtesy, the conference was attacked on the floor of the Senate by one histrionic senator, who regarded the conference as a rendezvous of anarchists, Bolshevists, and professional trouble-makers. He thought it would be a blessing were we to deport the whole lot, bag and baggage. As Mr. Greenwood suggests, this senator was probably surprised to discover the next morning that some of the biggest and ablest business men in the world were in the conference and that he had dramatically asked for the deportation of several accredited ministers to the United States.

Had this been the end of the incident, we might have passed over the matter as the temporary aberration of one hysterical senator. But the individual discourtesy was made official. At this point the Appropriations Committee of Congress comes into the picture. The Department of Labor presented to this committee a detailed budget of expense for the conference. The appropriation asked was $200,000. The conference was made up of representatives of forty different nations, and the proceedings involved the use of twenty-two different languages. Naturally, a large secretariate and a staff of translators were necessary. Despite the fact that the appropriation was to be simply an advance, since the treaty of peace provided that the expenses of the conference should be paid by the League of Nations, the Appropriations Committee haggled about the details of the budget. Casting a covetous eye at the economy-loving voter of Possum Hollow, the

committee whittled the appropriation down to one third of the amount asked, and in addition insisted upon itemizing the reduced appropriation in a way that made it virtually impossible to use the fund effectively. The committee granted one fifth of the number of translators suggested, and about one tenth of the number of messengers specified in the budget.

What were the American officials to do? The humiliating thing they did was to go to the British and explain their lack of funds. To quote Mr. Greenwood:

> Long before the deficiency bill was finally passed a cable was sent to the Secretary General of the League of Nations that no funds were available, and they were immediately provided. Up to the time of writing every penny of expense has been paid out of funds cabled from abroad. Even the little twenty-five cent silk flag of the United States, drooping from its sturdy staff on the table before the empty chairs reserved for delegates from America was paid for in this way. The cost of the beautiful grouping of the flags of all the nations at the west end of the hall was submitted to the representative of Sir Eric Drummond before the order was placed.

The Public Buildings Committee, displaying a similar reluctance, finally provided "one or two badly damaged buildings and suggested that possibly they might be used in part." Again the American officials charged with receiving the conference were empty-handed. The outcome was, according to Mr. Greenwood, that "the Secretary of the Navy, hearing that the official headquarters of the conference was about to be located in a barn, came to the rescue, and provided sufficient space to give each delegation a place to hang its hats and go to work."

This whole affair had nothing whatever to do with congressional opinion regarding the League of Nations. Although every man and woman in the United States might be opposed to the League of Nations and the treaty of peace, and thought that Mr. Wilson went beyond his authority in concurring in the placing of this first meeting of the conference in the United States before knowing what action the Senate would take on the peace treaty, still, with the delegations at our doors, we were obligated to the decencies of hospitality. The facts here recorded are the story of a boorishness unworthy of an enlightened republic.

SOFTENING DEFEAT FOR BULGARIA

ONE of the innumerable "mysteries of Paris" is said to be the deliberate softening of defeat for Bulgaria by the peace conference. Our press has carried not a little cabled correspondence protesting against an alleged favoritism to Bulgaria in the matter of indemnity. The major part of the criticism of the Bulgarian treaty is directed against the reparation and financial clauses. The indemnity statement in the treaty reads as follows:

> The allied and associated governments, while recognizing that the resources of Bulgaria are insufficient to enable adequate reparation to be made, agree to accept from Bulgaria such reparation as she can make, and fix the sum of 2,250,000,000 (two and a quarter milliards) francs in gold.

The critics of the Bulgarian treaty contend that Bulgaria's ability to pay has been deliberately underestimated, and that an even further loophole is left for Bulgaria's escape from her obligations; for the treaty also states that "the Interallied Commission shall have discretion to recommend to the Reparations Commission a reduction of the capital sum to be paid by Bulgaria." It is contended that the national wealth of Bulgaria showed a marked increase during the war; that deposits in Bulgarian banks have greatly increased; that the value of reserves have increased in value three times; and that Bulgaria was obliged to extend her banking machinery during 1916 and 1917. The critics of the treaty estimate that the total national revenue of Bulgaria has, by the most conservative reckoning, increased from 1,646,000,000 francs in 1911 to 2,000,000,000 francs in 1919. Estimates of Bulgaria's ability to pay indemnity, estimates made by her critics, run from 15,000,000,000 to 29,000,000,000 francs, payable in the thirty-eight years permitted for liquidation of the debt.

These estimates stand against the 2,250,000,000 francs actually fixed by the treaty.

A further protest is entered against the fact that the peace conference canceled Bulgaria's debt to Germany. It is pointed out that this is not simply a case of the Allies being generous with Germany's money, since they might have added the Bulgarian debt to Germany's indemnity or shifted it as a credit to Serbia and Greece. A London correspondent for "The Christian Science Monitor" in a despatch dealing with this matter further points out that the peace conference not only dealt more generously with Bulgaria than with Germany, but more generously than with Greece and Serbia. In support of this contention comparisons are made between Bulgaria and these two countries. The comparisons are as follows:

> Bulgaria lost three per cent. of her population during the war; Serbia paid a toll of thirty-one and a half per cent. Bulgaria's stock of cattle has remained undiminished; that of Serbia has been reduced by eighty per cent. Bulgaria is more flourishing than ever before; Serbia is in ruins. Before the war Bulgaria owed 750,000,000 francs; the debt of Serbia amounted to over 1,000,000,000 francs. As the result of the war and the cancelation of her indebtedness to the Central Empires, Bulgaria, the vanquished, owes only 4,000,000,000 francs, while Serbia, the victor, owes 4,500,000,000 francs. On a national wealth of 14,000,000,000 francs Bulgaria owes 4,000,000,000 francs; on a national wealth of 5,000,000,000 francs Serbia owes 4,500,000,000 francs. In other words, while Bulgaria is indebted to the extent of twenty-eight per cent. of her national wealth, Serbia is engaged to the extent of ninety per cent.

From this is deduced the contention that Serbia should be relieved of all of her loans and given increased indemnity for the reconstruction of her devastated lands if in the face of these figures Bulgaria is judged capable of paying only 2,250,000,000 francs indemnity. The same case is made out for Greece, although the comparisons are not so glaring.

In passing judgment upon these criticisms, it must be remembered that much of the criticism argues from figures compiled by the Greek delegation to the peace conference, Greece being a deeply interested party in the transaction. On the other hand, men in a position to know the facts contend that the Bulgarian indemnity is pretty accurately adjusted to Bulgaria's ability. It must be remembered that the indemnity is to be paid in gold. And the indemnity assessed is about one half what France was compelled to pay in 1871. Contrasted with the stern terms imposed upon Germany, the Bulgarian terms are certainly light. But time alone can show whether the German terms are wisely adjusted to Germany's ability to pay and at the same time effect a normal and safe reconstruction.

Divers explanations are offered for this leniency to Bulgaria. No one seriously suggests that the Allies felt any particular gratitude to Bulgaria for her early capitulation, which began the disintegration of Middle-Europe. It is pretty generally recognized that Bulgaria was playing a thoroughly selfish game all along. She kept her place in the Middle-Europe scheme as long as she did, as Mr. Stoddard pointed out in an article in THE CENTURY at the time of the Bulgarian surrender, because she looked forward to "a Russian retirement under imperial auspices and thereafter to a Russo-German rapprochement in which Bulgaria would be the connecting link, extracting a profitable brokerage by playing off one against the other in Balkan affairs." But when the Russian Revolution broke and the revolutionary leaders repudiated all imperial ambitions, she saw her dreams of usurious brokerage go glimmering, and she had no stomach for a future German-Austrian domination. So Bulgaria took the first good chance to get from under. Such astute selfishness, although it played into the hands of the Allies, does not call for sentimental leniency.

It must be remembered that Italy would naturally be pro-Bulgar in the light of her anti-Greek and anti-Jugoslavic sentiments, and in England there has always been a divided sentiment on the Bulgarian question. So there were normal bases for some degree of friendliness to Bulgaria in the personnel of the

peace conference. In an editorial "The Christian Science Monitor" emphasizes the possible influence of the American missionaries in Bulgaria and the faculty of Robert College, in Constantinople, upon the American delegation to the peace conference. Both of these groups have been decidedly pro-Bulgarian in their sympathies, and it is suggested as natural that the American delegates would have turned to their fellow-countrymen in the near East for counsel. It is difficult to say how much influence should be credited to this factor.

With the passing of time we may find that the leniency to Bulgaria is more relative than real. We may discover that the passions of war played a smaller part in the assessment of indemnity upon Bulgaria than upon others of the central Europe combination, and that, despite its relative injustice, the Bulgarian settlement was a measureably wise move toward a reconstructive and conciliatory peace. But this is pure speculation, and at this distance from the facts there is little value in dogmatism.

THE LAWYER AS A LEADER

AN analysis of the personnel of the French Chamber of Deputies chosen at the November elections shows one hundred and fifty-four lawyers, one hundred and four landed proprietors, seventy-seven business men, forty-seven physicians and chemists, forty-four journalists, thirty-seven professors, fifteen workmen, ten solicitors, eight magistrates, seven clergymen, five diplomatists, four notaries, two airmen, and one actor. Such diversity of background in legislatures is highly valuable. It is perhaps significant to note that fewer lawyers were elected to the present Chamber than were elected at any of the four preceding elections. The lawyer as a public leader has had an interesting evolution not only in France, but in our own country. This evolution was interestingly traced some years ago by Francis M. Burdick in an illuminating little brochure on "The Lawyer's Place in American Life."

This study showed how the pendulum of popular confidence in the lawyer has swung from one extreme to the other. In Europe's history and literature many uncomplimentary verdicts on the lawyer may be found. Richard de Bury, High Chancellor of England under Edward III, is found saying in his vitriolic Latin of the fourteenth century, "Lawyers indulge more in protracting litigation than in peace, and quote the law, not according to the intention of the legislator, but violently twist his words to the purpose of their own machinations." Of course, it may be that this lord chancellor, who was also Bishop of Durham, had experienced some uncomfortable tilts with lawyers who were making a defense against the cupidity of certain ecclesiastics of that time. Napoleon was given to stigmatizing lawyers as a class that lived upon the quarrels of others and stirred up trouble as a merchant drums up trade; he once sarcastically admitted that he had never been courageous enough to adopt his plan of starving lawyers by legislation, to the effect that they should not receive fees save when they won their cases. It may be remembered that Sir Thomas More's Utopia had no lawyers, every man being left to plead his own case. By this method, as More put it, "they both cut off many delays and find out the truth more certainly." This idea of eliminating professional counsel from litigation took root in the legislation of certain of the early American colonies. In 1645 Virginia forbade lawyers to take fees. In 1633 Massachusetts closed to lawyers membership in the "Great and General Court" of the province. When the Earl of Shaftesbury and John Locke formulated the fundamental constitution of the Carolinas they prohibited lawyers from practising for fees of any sort, and while that constitution was in force, virtually no lawyer of distinction appeared in the Carolinas. So the pendulum was swinging to the extreme of disapproval of the social value of lawyers. But, as Mr. Burdick pointed out, the pendulum began to swing back during the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century. Restrictions against the profession were lifted in Virginia, in New York, in Massachusetts, and even in the Carolinas. Gradually the leader-

ship of colonial America gravitated into the hands of the lawyers.

Virtually every man who played a rôle of distinguished leadership in the early days of our history was a lawyer. This dominance of the lawyer in the councils of public policy, this popular confidence in the lawyer as the champion of public rights, was maintained with fair consistency down to the time, let us say, when John Marshall was making his magnificent contribution to American law and statesmanship. From that time, however, there has been a swinging of the pendulum once more away from the old confidence in the profession, until it has come to be something against a man bidding for the nation's suffrage to say that he has a legal mind. What can be said to account for this shift away from the colonial preëminence of the lawyer as a public leader? The answer lies fairly clear.

In colonial days most of the vital questions that held the hopes of the American colonists in their balance were legal questions that required legal knowledge for their handling. America was severing ties with the mother government and faced the task of working out a new set of relationships—a legal problem. Whether colonists could be taxed by a government in which they had no voice was a vital issue. Whether their property could be seized under general warrants was a vital issue. Whether the justice and legality of an arrest could be questioned under the writ of habeas corpus was a vital issue. These and a thousand other questions that were as vital to the colonists as strikes, social unrest, coal famines, and the high cost of living are to us, were essentially legal questions that could be handled only by men who knew the constitutional history of England and were versed in legal principles and judicial precedents. To put it briefly, American life and American issues rested on a legal basis in our early period; the stage setting of virtually all vital public questions was legal. It is interesting to note that most of the principles upon which English civil liberty rests were evolved or at least firmly established in a lawsuit. The freedom of the press in America was established in the Peter Zenger lawsuit in 1732, when Governor Cosby secured an indictment against the publisher of "The New York Weekly," and Zenger's lawyer established the principle that a jury in a criminal libel suit must determine not only whether the libel has been published, but whether the charge is true; that the truth of a charge is its justification. The right of trial by jury was really established in the Bushel case, when Bushel had been imprisoned by a judge for refusing to pay a fine which a judge had levied upon a jury for bringing in a verdict that the judge deemed against the evidence.

But a change has come in the stage setting of American life since those early days. American life is to-day rooted in social and economic considerations more than in legal considerations. We still have a problem of the freedom of the press, but it is more a question of economic than of political freedom. We still have a problem of taxation without representation, but it is more a question of price determination and the profiteer than taxation by a mother country. We still have virtually every one of the problems that vexed our colonial forefathers. To solve these problems now requires a statesmanlike understanding and handling of social and economic forces rather than, or perhaps in addition to, a mastery of legal knowledge and practice. Our public leaders have to make a fight for the same rights for which the lawyer-leaders of colonial times fought, but the battle has shifted to another quarter of the field, and new weapons are demanded.

The decline of the lawyer in public leadership is due in no small measure to the fact that he has been slow to adjust his technic and outlook to the changed demands of the times. Surrounded by burning social and industrial issues, he too frequently has busied himself with legal casuistries and the sterilities of precedent. The lawyer will again dominate public leadership when he becomes as effective a champion of the rights of the people as were his colonial predecessors. This demands a dynamic conception of the law. It requires a constant recognition of the fact that law must be

the progressive expression of a nation's life before it can effectively and justly govern a nation's life. The outstanding colleges of law are ministering to this dynamic idea of the law, and we may hope for a generation of lawyers who, by joining a devotion to the public rights with the constructive conservatism of the judicial mind, will bring a healing ministry to our disordered time.

WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES IS KING

WHEN we were entering upon our Civil war, Baron Renfrew, who was later to be Edward VII, King of England, visited the United States, and there are still with us delightful matrons who like to tell how, as débutantes, they danced with the prince who was to be king. At the close of the World war, we were once again host to a future King of England. The Prince of Wales captured us with his boyish charm and the innate democracy of his bearing. He ably seconded Albert, King of the Belgians, in humanizing kingship for us. Fashions in kings change, no less than fashions in dress and demeanor. In these times kings tend to become less and less theatrical. In the years ahead we shall probably see an increasing effort upon the part of kings and peoples to extract the maximum social utility from the kingly office.

It is impossible not to speculate upon the contribution the present Prince of Wales will make to the evolution of the kingship in England when he succeeds his father. It is pretty generally granted that the English King has always paid his way by the negative service he has rendered as a symbol of the unity of the British Empire. Modern democracies are admittedly short of cohesive elements. Democracies are always in greater danger of disintegrating than of over-integrating. Democracies decentralize more readily than they centralize. A king may seem a bit anachronistic in a democracy like Great Britain, but he does contribute a cohesive something to the empire. Now and then in later times English kings have made some gestures toward a restoration of the kingly tradition. Edward VII, not satisfied with the rôle of corner-stone-layer alone, through the sheer force of his diplomatic ability, became in quite effective fashion foreign minister *ex officio*. The kaiser, who can hardly be accused of pro-English leanings, paid no mean tribute to the diplomatic effectiveness of Edward VII, when in a memorandum to Bethmann-Hollweg on July 30, 1914, he said, "Edward VII is dead, but he is still stronger in his grave to-day than I, who am alive."

Normally, the currents of modern life are set against any strengthening of the kingly tradition. When things are going measurably well, limited monarchies in modern times tend to stress the limitations, and to keep the king simply a crowned image of unity, as in England. But when things go ill, there is always the possibility that leadership may play up to the kingship, since it is the symbol of the unity that distraught times need. If, when the present Prince of Wales ascends the throne, social conditions in England demand a strong government, it may happen that the strong elements in government leadership may play up to the king in order to dramatize the cohesion and unity of British democracy. Such developments might give the image of unity its chance to come to life, as did Hawthorne's "Snow Image." This might not prove a difficult thing in the hands of a vigorous and capable man, as the prince promises to become.

But all this is highly speculative. As a matter of fact, there is probably little likelihood of any marked accretion of new governmental authority to the English kingship. It was an Englishman of no mean distinction who said recently, in discussing the future of the throne, that "when the sporting instinct of the nation becomes fully developed, a man will probably be as much ashamed of owing office to heredity, as he would be to engage in a dicing bout with loaded dice." But this, again, is highly speculative. When the Prince of Wales is king, English loyalty to the traditional office will probably be as great as ever.

But a virile and versatile king could, nevertheless, vitalize the kingship beyond anything known to English history for many reigns. Modern democracies overload their executive leaders with so many responsibilities and duties that

they have no strength or freshness of spirit left for a creative leadership of the nation's life. Every one of the modern nations needs a great spiritual leader who is neither burdened with the exacting details of administration nor entangled in the exigencies of party politics. By a spiritual leader is not meant a religious leader, but a leader who can stimulate the intellectual, artistic, and scientific powers of the nation—those broad processes of national life that operate above, beneath, and beyond party and creed. By a spiritual leader is meant one who will provide incentives to the political creativeness of popular thought, combing the nation over for its creative brains, seeing to it that no atom of genius is allowed to wither in isolation or starve for lack of recognition. Nations waste their genius and extract less than a tithe of the creative intelligence of their people. We constantly bewail the thinness of the intellectual soil from which our public policies spring; we are always saying that our common life could be gloriously transformed if we would only focus our intelligence upon its problems instead of yielding to an insidious drift; we are ever asserting that science and invention could, if they would, with a clean stroke solve our problems of labor and production. Now, the fact is that all of the modern nations are "rich with an unmeasured capacity for generous responses" that lies dormant for the lack of a leadership that inspires and coördinates. There is ample will, intelligence, and creative genius in the average nation to solve in a generation the problems that have vexed it for a century. The trouble is that much of this will, intelligence, and creative genius is scattered about in isolated and ineffective bits, lost to the nation because there is no leadership to stimulate these bits into action and to coördinate them into national team play.

We cannot expect such leadership from overworked presidents and premiers. But what a chance for the Prince of Wales when he becomes king! If, in the years between now and his accession to the throne, he studiously widens the range of his interests and information, and deliberately scans his empire for its creative brains—brains in out-of-the-way places, brains on the make, he can bring about an incredible advance in the intellectual, literary, artistic, scientific, and inventive life of his people. What an unused resource, or perhaps what a sadly prostituted resource, is the power to confer honors, titles, distinctions, recognitions! Men are always only children grown up. Even in our most commercial democracies, honor runs profit a close race as the prime incentive to worth-while work. Imagine a man of Roosevelt's breadth of interests, with nothing that is human alien to his concern, set at the job of awakening and relating the latent intellectual, artistic, scientific, and inventive resources of a nation. Set such a man free from the daily grind of the executive's desk or the cabinet chamber, and place in his hands the power to grant at his discretion to men and women of worthy achievement the nation's most coveted distinctions, and what could he not do! He would ferret out the nation's latent genius and give it its incentive, and before long the clean and bracing air of a renaissance would blow across the nation's life.

Such an opportunity confronts the Prince of Wales if he can measure up to it. It means, however, the most conscious and conscientious development of himself and his interests in these preparatory years. Here is something a king can do, that politicians and propagandists are leaving undone. But an obvious necessity, before this can be done, is the rescue of titles and distinctions from their present prevalent use as rewards for contributions to party funds. If kings are to keep their thrones in a democratic era, they must be not less, but more, kingly.

JOHN BARLEYCORN: TRANSPORTATION EXPERT

MAY we list this as an example of American genius in the allocation of transportation facilities to the point of greatest social need in a critical time? Our morning paper, one day in December last, carried the following despatch under a Louisville date-line:

Standing on the sidings near bonded warehouses in Kentucky, three thousand empty

freight cars are waiting to carry out 36,500,000 gallons of whiskey, valued at $360,000,000, in anticipation of the possible lifting of the prohibition ban by the Supreme Court to-morrow. These cars will be loaded as fast as revenue stamps can be handed out at the Custom House. If these expectations are realized, each train will carry six heavily armed guards who will patrol the top of the cars while it is in motion and the ground about it when the engine stops.

Strangely reminiscent of the moving of the crown jewels of a harried monarch! But the interesting feature of this story was the fact that beside it in the paper were columns of discussion of the coal shortage and a story of drastic cuts in railway service throughout the East. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad announced the discontinuance of one hundred and eighty-two passenger-trains and seventy-seven trains on the Boston & Albany, on account of the fuel shortage. In one column of the same paper was a discussion of the fact that the lack of continuous employment in coal-mines was not due to any deliberate restraint of output in order to keep prices up, but to the fact that it is impracticable to mine coal and store it at the mouth of the mine, that coal can be mined only as fast as it can be loaded on cars and started to its destination, and that it has been impossible to secure enough freight-cars. Mr. Barleycorn of Kentucky found no ground for a similar complaint.

But perhaps the question with which this comment opened is beside the mark. Maybe we rather unconsciously thought that it was a question of getting external or internal heat, and chose the internal.

THE FREEDOM OF THE AIR

In Kipling's "Actions and Reactions," published about ten years ago, there appeared a story that presented a vivid imaginative picture of the aërial mail from London to Quebec in the year 2000. In this case the prophet was perhaps conservative in his time-estimate, contrary to the habit of ambitious seers. Air-craft development is marching with seven-league boots just now. As this development proceeds we may expect a problem of "freedom of the air" to arise as a vexatious partner to the long-discussed problem of "freedom of the seas."

The time is about ripe for some Grotius to write an "Aer Liber" as a companion volume to the "Mare Liberum," that early master-stroke against a selfish monopoly of the seas. Grotius launched his powerful arguments for freedom of the seas at a time when various nations were insisting upon dominion over the high seas. National claims to sea dominion established their tenacious hold at a time when sea travel was little developed and its regulation less developed. In those days piracy held high carnival upon the seas, and in the absence of adequate international arrangements individual nations, in the exercise of their exclusive claims to the control of certain waters, did some valuable service against piracy. But the continuance of their claims bred much injustice and wrong. If the international administration of ocean and sea communication had been existent and adequate in those early days, we would have been spared the unfortunate complications that have clustered about the problem of the freedom of the seas.

The history of sea-power should afford many valuable lessons for us as we face the newer issue of air-power. There will be so many temptations and opportunities to abuse air communication that, unless we have a fairly adequate international control, individual nations will race for advantage upon a thousand and one specious excuses that chaotic conditions and abuses call for a strong hand and that they are acting in the interest of the common good of the nations.

In 1635 John Selden, a great legal scholar of England, in his ambitious reply to Grotius's "Mare Liberum," wrote his "Mare Clausum," defending the idea of the owned and closed sea. There is rare humor in the lengths to which he went to prove his claim. He began by quoting from Genesis a declaration of God to Adam that he should "have dominion over the fish of the sea," arguing that if God allocated the fruit of the sea to Adam, He certainly did not hesitate at giving him the sea. Isaiah, the Talmud, Neptune, Xerxes, and

their kind all did service in his defense. His book was hailed as the great work of that generation throughout England. When nationalistic claims on the air are entered, we shall not, of course, be treated to such diverting arguments, but "altruism" will probably take the place of "authority" in the modern arguments.

We shall find that the conditions of a lasting peace will depend more and more upon trade routes and communications. Traffic by water is freer than traffic by land, just as traffic by air will be freer than traffic by sea. That is to say, communication will be more difficult to hamper or control. The increasing use of the air for the carrying of goods will reopen for adjustment the whole problem of communication and trade regulations. Custom barriers will no longer be efficient in their present form. It will manifestly be a costly and inefficient policy to attempt to transfer mail or goods from the air-craft of one country to the air-craft of another country at every frontier. If any such narrowly nationalistic policies are attempted, we shall lose much of the advantage of air-craft development. If the air routes, when determined, are found to cut across the corner of this large nation and straight across the territory of that small nation, how will the nations' claim of duties be safeguarded? There will be ample opportunity and temptation to avoid the custom-house examinations. How can we work out this problem of custom duties without cutting down the efficiency of air transport by too frequent landings? How can we prevent smuggling, which will be so much easier by air than by land or sea? It may happen that the rich prizes of smuggling will prove one of the big incentives to air-craft production. If we find it bordering on the impossible to prevent smuggling by air, it may turn out that smuggling by air will constitute a very effective propaganda for free trade. The medley of possibilities is unlimited and intriguing to speculation.

The difficulties of regulation became apparent during the war. Evasions of protective measures were frequent. Spies were taken into enemy countries by air-plane and left, the plane returning unseen and unharmed. Air-planes were disguised as planes of the enemy country, and there were many cases of planes being shot down by airmen of their own armies. But the difficulties only increase the necessity for a carefully planned administration of air communication that will save us the long history of difficulties we have encountered in administration of sea communications.

A BUSINESS LEAGUE OF NATIONS

At about the same time that the United States Senate was rejecting the political league of nations at Washington, in November last, an economic league of nations was being formed at Atlantic City. The venture grew out of the visit to this country of the business missions from England, France, Italy, and Belgium, which were discussed at length in the columns of THE CENTURY for January.

The committee on permanent organization asserted that the need of a more comprehensive organization of the commercial and financial interests of the various nations is imperative, and suggested that the International Trade Conference called at Atlantic City be made the foundation for a permanent organization. The organization was effected, and will hold its first meeting in Paris next June. The purpose of the organization is stated as follows:

> The purpose of the organization is to promote international commerce, to facilitate the commercial intercourse of nations, to secure harmony of action on all international questions involving commerce and industry, and to promote peace, progress, and cordial relations between the countries and their citizens by the coöperation of business men and their associations devoted to the development of commerce and industry.

This is not the novel venture that might appear from many reports. It is in reality only a continuation of the organization that before the war went under the rather cumbersome name of The International Congress of Commercial and Industrial Associations. That organization had been in existence for some years when interrupted by the war. It was well on its way toward the de-

velopment of highly valuable international machinery. Just before the outbreak of the war there was an attempt to introduce into its fundamental constitution the referendum plank that has distinguished the work of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. This plank would have made it impossible for any small clique to dominate the action of the associated chambers and would have placed international business relations upon an increasingly broad basis of counsel and judgment. It is to be hoped that the new organization will not neglect this important feature in the final determination of its constitution.

The old organization had not, to the outbreak of the war, addressed itself to any very fundamental problem of international economic relations, but had dealt with many useful minor matters. It was, however, getting machinery into operation and looking forward to a time when it might render more thoroughgoing service. The time is particularly auspicious for the new organization. We now see more clearly than ever before that a merely political league of nations is inadequate for the task of administering the modern world. We are not far enough out of the woods of narrow nationalism to trust ourselves to diplomats alone. Lasting peace is rooted in the economic relations of the world. It has been suggested before in these columns that lasting peace will never come to the world until economic statesmanship frankly faces the minimum economic rights,—the rights of transit, trade, investment, and migration,—that every nation must be guaranteed before international harmony may be expected.

We have discovered that ever-changing cabinets do not follow a continuous and constructive policy in these matters. Their treatment of the economic issues that lie at the roots of war and peace is too much blurred by nationalistic passion and prejudice. The problem must be handled at its source. The business men of the world are the logical men to do this. If a constructive treatment of the economic causes of war demanded a simon-pure unselfishness and a sort of Holy Grail idealism, we could as well despair of the business men as of the politicians. But good business demands a harmonious organization of the economic life of the world. We look, therefore, for constructive results from this business league as it proceeds under the impulse of enlightened self-interest.

THE ACID OF DOCILITY

It smacks somewhat of paradox to link the active word "acid" with the inactive word "docility," but the phrase accurately expresses the long-held contention that the mechanizing of German life by German autocracy and the docile submission of the German people would in time eat away the self-reliance and initiative of the German character, leaving it incapable of great action save as the tool of a sovereign officialdom. Now comes a prominent German to confirm this contention.

Charles H. Grasty, a special correspondent for "The New York Times," was asking this "great man in Germany" about the outlook for great leaders arising who might lead Germany into a new order and effectively interpret the new Germany before the critical bar of world opinion. The German shook his head sorrowfully and said: "No. In conditions such as we have had in Germany such leaders don't grow. Our political soil has been barren. We have been crushed under the weight of our vast mechanism of governmental autocracy and industrial efficiency. Our previous political slavery will at least make us temporarily submissive."

This raises afresh the question, Is the efficiency of autocracy really efficient? There is no disputing the fact that one man or a small group of men can act with cleaner-cut policy and with greater executive promptness than a mass meeting. Democracy as an executive is frankly inefficient. Democracy is an inveterate muddler. Nor do the most creative acts of political or industrial statesmanship usually spring from the wranglings of a motley crew, any more than an epic poem can spring from the compromise and collaboration of varying shades of opinion. Even democracy, in this well-nigh uncontrollable modern world, must have its autocrats, as its agents, however, not as dictators. The

trouble with autocracy is that, as in Germany, it frequently achieves immense immediate *improvement* at the price of strangling *progress* thereafter. The reason for this is obvious. Unless a people collaborates with its leaders in the formulation of policy, the power of the people to think in terms of policy atrophies. All of the nation's eggs are in one basket. Our pathetically low supply of supermen makes that a dangerous risk. When policy rests upon a broad basis, a nation can make a thousand serious mistakes without courting dissolution. When policy is centered in the hands of an autocrat and his clique, the death or blunder of one man may mean national disaster. A large part of statesmanship's negative function is to reduce the risk involved in the nation's mistakes. In this matter the muddling tactics of democracy are more efficient than autocracy's efficiency.

The democratic peoples of the world have just waged a war in dramatic renunciation of autocracy. But every great renunciation is in danger of producing a great reaction to an opposite extreme. In our infatuation with democracy we must not degenerate into a headless folk, attempting to administer our common life by an eternal talk-fest, which is at once democracy's greatest temptation and greatest peril. We must somehow effect an organization of our national life that will give us the benefit of autocracy in action while assurance is made doubly sure that this autocratic promptness of action shall have its roots deep-set and wide-spread in the soil of the nation's common thought. Upon no other basis can we regain control of our drifting civilization. The implications of all this are as vital in the field of industrial democracy as they are in political democracy.

The barrenness of the political soil in Germany must be taken into account as the world makes up its mind how it is going to act toward Germany during the next ten or twenty-five years. If popular leaders arise too slowly in a Germany whose political capacity has been depleted under the old autocracy, it is inevitable that marked reactions will come in favor of a return to the specious efficiency of the monarchy. It behooves the rest of the world, therefore, to nurse the new Germany through its transition period, helping to create an atmosphere in which popular political capacity may be generated.

THE SWORD OF BLAME

ONE of the outstanding characteristics of our time is an awakening to a greater consciousness of its rights and powers on the part of the public—that part of our national life which we know exists, although we can never quite locate or with certainty define it. This new assertiveness of the public is not merely a defensive tactic against the inconveniences arising from the conflict between organized capital and organized labor; it is a fresh development of our national dogma of the supremacy of public opinion. The American experiment in democracy may quite justly be described as a search for methods that will make public opinion articulate and effective. President Wilson's constant reference to himself as the "spokesman" of the American people bears testimony to the deeply rooted conviction that in America the sovereign power rests in the will of the people or public opinion.

This national dogma we accept with the uncritical approval accorded most dogmas. We assume that in this democracy public opinion makes, amends, and repeals the laws, and let it go at that. But the relation and responsibility of public opinion in the matter of actual government is not to be so naïvely dismissed.

The fact is, of course, that law usually lags behind public opinion. Our national self-criticism is a swifter process than our law-making. At any given time it is safe to assume that a nation's body of laws is an inadequate expression of its best moral and social convictions. And when occasionally, through the adroit and insistent efforts of propagandist groups, a law does run ahead of the main body of public opinion, it usually remains a dead letter until public opinion catches up with it.

It would mark a genuine advance in the art of democratic government if we could devise ways and means of making full use of the enormous power that

resides in that advanced public opinion which has not at the moment been crystallized into law. We do, of course, make some use of that power for social control through our newspapers, our magazines, and the pronouncements of our public leaders; but relatively our public opinion in the period between the time it is really formed and the time when it finds its way on to the statute-books is a wasted resource. It is undoubtedly possible to go beyond our present hit-or-miss use of this opinion by the devising of a new technic or new methods for its use.

A very good illustration of such possibility occurs in Mr. John Zorn's contribution to Mr. Huntley Carter's recent symposium on "The Limits of State Industrial Control." Mr. Zorn is arguing the simple contention that government should be carried on to the greatest possible extent by the power of public opinion, and suggesting a drastic reform of the English laws of slander and libel as one step in that direction. He says that "under our present system, great rascality is possible without a man's actually contravening the law, and it is impossible to make laws that will catch every scoundrel, while if he be exposed, his exposer runs the risk of libel action."

Mr. Zorn illustrates a specific proposal by reference to an extra-legal practice common in California during our Civil war, when greenback paper currency was the legal-tender money of the United States. Because of the great depreciation in the value of greenbacks, Californians demanded that all transactions in their State be conducted on a gold payment basis. If, however, John Brown owed Tom Jones a thousand dollars, Brown could tender Jones a thousand dollars in greenbacks (actually worth in gold about three hundred dollars), and according to law Jones was obliged to accept the greenbacks as full payment of the debt. But public opinion in California found a way to make the "legal" obligation a full "moral" obligation. The next day Jones would run the following advertisement in the local newspaper: "I, Thomas Jones, have been paid by my debtor, John Brown, one thousand dollars in greenbacks." Straightway the community would stop Brown's credit. Brown had acted entirely "within the law" in paying his debt in greenbacks, but the moral judgment of the community demanded dollar for dollar in gold, and found a perfectly moral method for getting it. Californians found a way to use public opinion for social control, although that opinion had not at the time been formulated by the legislator.

With this California practice in mind, Mr. Zorn suggests that "under proper restrictions, this principle of advertisement of a man's acts might be most usefully applied. If Smith felt aggrieved by his neighbor Robinson's action, he should have the chance of stating his case to a jury, presided over by an impartial chairman . . . and if there were no legal grievance, but a genuine moral one, the jury might record their opinion on Robinson's action, and Smith be free to advertise the censure."

ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN AMERICA

At the same moment that the United States Senate was rejecting the treaty of peace on the night of November 19, a party of men and women deeply interested in the fate of the treaty were watching the premier performance of "The Son-Daughter" at the Belasco Theater in New York. The news of the senate vote of thirty-eight to fifty-three against ratification was brought to the box as the last act was about to end. This Chinese melodrama that they had been watching was saturated with ancestor worship. A member of the party who had surrendered herself with a *Peter Pan* simplicity to the appeal of the play said: "Too bad! Ancestor worship ruined poor China." "And the United States Senate," added the man who had just received word of the defeat of the treaty, thinking evidently of the way Washington's counsel to another day and a different sort of world had been made to do duty in the current debate on the League of Nations.

Judgment on the treaty aside, this retort turns our minds toward the yet unsolved problem of making the best social use of our dead leaders, a timely consideration for a month that marks the birth of both Washington and Lin-

coln. Fate plays strange tricks with a great leader after his death. It seems almost a law that the insurgent pioneer of one generation becomes a tool of reaction in the generations that follow him. Too frequently his followers ask only what he said when alive rather than what he would say on a given problem were he alive to-day. We follow a dead leader's precepts rather than his spirit, so that it is probably true to say that should any of the great political or religious leaders of the past return to earth after having been dead a hundred years, the least congenial associates they could find would be their disciples. Disciples have a way of imitating the specific things that ancestors did instead of the courageous and innovating spirit that enabled them to do such things. Disciples overlook the fact that should the great leaders of the past return to earth, their first official act would doubtless be the retraction of most of their century-old sentences, which they would be surprised to find still on duty in the midst of changed conditions and altered needs. The greatest leaders have never spent their time handing down immutable laws for posterity; they have attempted to face the facts of their day wisely and frame policies for the needs then current. The very fact of greatness implies the ability to adapt oneself to changing needs. It is, therefore, a travesty upon our dead great to turn them into a blue-print for all time.

Throughout our national debate on the League of Nations, Washington's Farewell Address was quoted with an awe and a literalness of interpretation that would have done credit to a Mohammedan reciting from his Koran. We may fully agree with the man who thinks the United States should not underwrite with its blood and resources a peace that is fairly bursting with the germinal seeds of new wars, we may be honestly convinced that our entering the League of Nations means strapping America to the cart-tail of a run-away Europe, and yet realize the fallacy of a method of argument that is in reality a renaissance of ancestor worship that would turn a Washington epigram into a law for all time to come. Statesmanship is not statesmanship when it bases its policy upon precedent rather than upon current facts and current needs. If George Washington had been the slave to precedent that some of his present-day followers are, if he had based his policy upon ancestral epigrams, the United States would to-day be a British colony. These comments have been inspired, as already suggested, by the constant quotation of Washington's Farewell Address as though it were a divinely inspired edict that must always inform our foreign policy. To those who still think we should play hermit among the nations, all this may seem much ado about nothing, but the more we see of the blighting slavery to precedent, the more will we realize it is with us a national weakness that we would rather quote an ancestor's epigram than take the trouble to face our time with his creative spirit.

MULTUM IN PARVO

AMERICA is listed as a land of magnificent distances, towering buildings, titanic industries, and undertakings of imperial sweep. It is interesting, therefore, to find America master of the minute, in the production of virtually all of the radium supply of the world. This supply comes from the carnotite ore deposits in Colorado. The total world supply of radium is about four ounces. The Colorado fields produce annually about one ounce. Five hundred tons of ore and about fifteen hundred tons of chemicals and water are used to produce one gram of radium. The carnotite fields of Colorado, from which we get our radium supply, are about four hundred square miles in extent. Radium is estimated as worth one hundred times the value of diamonds and two hundred thousand times the value of gold. Radium is not a static something, but is ever on the move, now an offspring, now a parent. One of its queer tricks is to keep itself a bit warmer than its environment, however warm that may be. Mr. Slosson points out that an ounce of radium salt will melt an ounce of ice in one hour and in the next hour will bring it to the boiling point. We are just beginning to discover the curative power of radium for cancer and other diseases.

A Lithuanian Village Fair

By LEON KOBRIN

Illustrations by J. M. Hamilton Williams

"Everybody and everything have been transported to the market-place, which from afar looks like a huge, black, animated, squirming, tumultuous heap."

SOMEWHERE in Lithuania there once nestled the little village of B——. It boasted a population of several hundred Jewish souls and a score or more of Gentile peasants; it had a market and shops; an old gloomy Polish church in the middle of the market-place; a Jewish apothecary who would have been reckoned by his fellow-Jews as a Gentile only that he appeared in the synagogue at New Year's services and upon the Day of Atonement; a Jewish teacher with an excellent handwriting, who taught the boys and girls of the community all the flourishes of caligraphy, in both Yiddish and Russian, for twenty-five copecks per month; a rabbi or, as he was there called, a dispenser of justice, a couple of slaughterers; a money-lender; a pair of cantors; a public bath, and several synagogues, begging pardon for mentioning the profane and the sacred in the same breath. In addition, there was a Gentile police sergeant, a veritable emperor in his domains.

"And the Jews gladly crossed the sergeant's palm"

All the village Jews were "business people" and made their living by dealing with the peasants of their own village and the surrounding communities. In truth theirs was a poor existence, but illuminated by a great faith in God. It was just such a life as their forebears had lived. They asked no greater favor of the Lord than that their police sergeant would have a soft heart and a willing palm. And the Lord ever showed himself prodigal with his mercy, and never withheld his bounty from the Jews of B——, or sent away sergeants with soft hearts. And the Jews gladly crossed the sergeant's palm, and praised and thanked their Father for His favors. So theirs was a happy existence. They ate bread and groats, sometimes with milk and sometimes without. That was for week-days. For the Sabbath and the holidays the good Lord sent a fish or two and a piece of meat.

The village shopkeepers on the market-place, as well as the other Jews of the neighborhood, were thinking of the annual fair, which would take place

"The fathers, their coat-tails gathered out of the way, fetch water from the well"

shortly after Shabuoth (Pentecost). Now that Passover had gone by, they were all poorer than before. The holiday had consumed almost all their savings, and all their hopes were centered upon the fair.

The nights were white and warm. The soft light, it seemed, was luminous with desire. The moon looked yearningly down upon the forest, the fields, and the valley, saw the stirrings of life, the blooming of the verdure. Somewhere beyond the town a bull bellowed savagely, and close by a nightingale trilled its passionate song in the still air.

The village prepares for the fair with all the avidity of a hungry man looking forward to a banquet. Young and old alike glow with expectation. A few days before the time for the fair has arrived its spirit is felt throughout the population; the place teems with excitement. Every house is converted into a hostelry, every home is transformed into an inn. There is washing and scrubbing, tidying and sweeping, cooking, as if in preparation for a wedding. The housewives stand with rolled-up cloths by the glowing oven, perspiring, toil-worn, shoving in pots and taking them out. The daughters, with their hair disheveled and their sleeves rolled up as far as their shoulders, are busy scaling fish, peeling potatoes, kneading dough. Some of them have their faces or their foreheads adorned with fish-scales. Others have flour all over their noses. The fathers, their coat-tails gathered out of the way, fetch water from the well or help their wives and daughters carry things about. There is not an idle hand anywhere. Everybody is hard at work, everybody is hurrying, preparing for the fair. If a tot happens to get in the way, its mother curses it, its father slaps it, its older sister thrusts it aside; whereupon it throws itself upon the floor, begins to yell and cry and stamp its little heels upon the ground. The cat scampers hither and thither in confusion from the windows to its haunt under the table, thence behind the oven, back to the window, and out of it on to the turf. There she remains, coils her tail, turns her head back to the open window, rolls her yellow eyes, listens to the din from the kitchen, and

"If a tot happens to get in the way, its mother curses it"

shakes her transparent ears as if in amazement. The goat stands on the threshold of the open door, stares through its silly eyes at the busy persons, and chews away. If some one happens to dart out of the house, it receives a kick, withdraws from the door, and ceases its chewing. Soon, however, it is back in its place in the open door and resumes its rumination until it is struck by a rolling-pin or a broom, whereupon it retreats, lies down somewhere in the entry or runs out into the yard.

This is no time for disturbance by

any one. Everybody is now seriously occupied, consumed by one thought, one hope; there is talk of nothing else, indeed, there is little talk at all. If something should be required from outside, the one who needs it dashes out of the house with strange celerity. And should one on such an errand meet an acquaintance or even a friend, there is no time for stopping; there are only weary nods, and each runs on breathlessly to his destination. Folks even sniff their tobacco in a different manner. Prayers, too, are recited hurriedly; as to meals, it is superfluous to speak of them. Food and sleep are the last thoughts that occur to the Jews of B—— at such a time.

On the market-place stand Jews with axes, hammers, and saws, chopping, hammering, sawing away, fixing stakes into the earth, surmounting them with canvas frames, making little stands, open chests, barrels, on which to lay out their wares. They work in haste, bending and squirming in every direction, squinting strangely, making queer grimaces, and panting for breath. From the booths nearby comes a din of hammers and axes, too; the men and women are arranging the goods they have bought for the fair. A dull confusion fills the atmosphere. Hammer and ax begin to bang more loudly than

"Struck by a rolling-pin or a broom"

ever; a splinter flies into the air; the crash of a broken plate in an open case is heard; whereupon the heavy-paunched sparrows take to their wings with a frightened chatter. The geese, the ducklings, and the hens that usually run about the market-place now flee the spot, banished by the hammering, the tumult, and the unusual activity of the village folk. Even the Jewish goats are afraid to approach the precincts whence issues the wild commotion, where persons are dashing hither and thither, brandishing hammers and axes and sticks, which glisten in the sun. The dogs in the yards hear the clangorous sounds and growl.

Nor are the children in the Kheders at ease. Some of them, hearing the noises from the market-place, feel their hearts quiver with restlessness, and before their eyes appears the vision of the fair. They all sit there as if on burning coals, waiting impatiently for the moment of release. They recite their Hebrew lessons so languidly, so unenthusiastically, that at any other time they would be punished with many a slap from the teacher. But on this day their instructor, too, is infected with the thoughts of the fair, and he himself would gladly have a look at how things are progressing on the square, and find out whether many new guests have arrived, and whether so-and-so or such-and-such has already come. He, too, looks distraught, and his voice sounds languorous, preoccupied. He wonders whether the fathers of his pupils will have a profitable season at the fair, and just how much each of them owes him for tuition.

The pious rabbi, Reb Avrom, who lives upon the market-place, is also enmeshed in sinful thoughts. He hears the din as he sits there and teaches his class. Through the open windows come the joyous sounds, *buzz! buzz! bang! bang! buzz! buzz!* He recalls that at the previous fair certain Jews became involved in differences and appealed to him for judgment. He recollects the handsome sum he received from them. And he thinks, "Perhaps this year God will have pity upon me and send me Jews with conflicts to settle." But he catches himself. Good heavens! How can he desire controversies to arise between Jews? He reproves himself, with pain in his thoughts. "Ah, ah, how sinful is man!" He begins to recite in a louder voice, to drive all sin-

ful thoughts away with the sound of his prayers. But the din from the market-place comes in louder than ever through the window, as if to spite him. Whereupon the pious rabbi sinks again in thought, no longer hears his own voice, which continues to recite automatically, and thinks, "But if Jews *must* have controversies, it is better for them to let a rabbi settle the trouble."

Berel-Itsye, too, the wealthy money-lender of the town, is now exceedingly busy. One after the other, men and women, young and old, come to him to borrow money; this one asks a five-ruble note; another, a ten, and occasionally some one goes as high as a whole twenty-five. Some bring him an article in pawn, others merely a note. He haggles with each and every one, and scolds everybody; his applicants fawn upon him, give him their sacred oath, but at every loan he makes a sour grimace and heaves a deep sigh.

At the Jewish graveyard there are lively scenes. From the surrounding towns come women who were born in the village of B——, and who left it shortly after their marriage. Some of them have a father or a mother reposing in the garden of the dead. On their arrival for the fair their first visit is made to the graveyard, and they are accompanied by a sister, an aunt, or a grown-up male child.

"How can he desire controversies to arise between Jews?"

The warden, dressed in his holiday array, receives them with a holiday smile and leads them to the graves amid the trees of the green, tranquil little world. There the women fall upon the graves with wails and lamentations, speak their hearts out, pray for their husbands, for their children, pray for good business, for prosperity. The men who have accompanied the women hither weep in their hearts, and recall how he who now lies under the mound looked in life, and the splendid virtues he possessed, for the vices have all been forgotten. Only the warden strolls among the graves with a tranquil mien and strokes his scraggly beard in meditation. The wailing that comes to his ears moves him as little as the tombstones amid which he saunters, and he is engrossed with speculating as to how much this woman will give him, how much that one, and whether he will earn as much at this year's fair as at the one a year ago. The previous year he took in no fewer than two rubles from the women that visited the graveyard. If he should get that amount this year, it would not be at all bad.

Now another woman enters; he recognizes her and runs up to her with a holiday smile and with a friendly welcome and leads her directly to the graves. The more women that come, the louder resounds the lamentation, and the greater satisfaction is visible upon the countenance of the warden as be paws his scraggy beard.

Every moment brings a new visitor to town, a man, a woman, aged folks, and youngsters, all in Sabbath attire; and each one is dragging something along, each one looks wearied with the labor, and each one looks in the same direction, toward the market-place, as if toward a battle-field.

Suddenly a band of Gipsies appears upon the market-place, as if it had sprouted from the earth. The men are dressed in wide velvet trousers, with red shirts; they are broad-shouldered, sinewy fellows, without hats and with curly black hair, dark, piercing eyes, swarthy faces, pitch-black beards, and sound, glistening, white teeth; the women are likewise swarthy, black-eyed, strong, and muscular; their red kerchiefs are knotted at the nape of the

neck, and they wear yellowish skirts, raised in a special manner at the front. They are barefoot. They walk along noisily, with such a powerful step that the dust rises from their feet. As they proceed on their way they brandish their arms, cast looks in every direction, and talk in loud voices in their own cant. The shopkeepers run out of their stalls and follow the band with their glances; the people around the canvas booths cease their clapping and their hammering for a moment, and eye the Gipsies; heads appear in the open windows of the houses; if a child catches sight of them from afar, it distends its eyes in fright and darts back into its house; the dogs scent them and begin to bark; the moment a Gentile of the town beholds them he thinks of his horse.

Somewhat later vans and vans begin to appear, one van after the other. They arrive from the farther towns and villages, and come from every direction, over every road, in rapid succession. There is a jangling of bells, a creaking of wheels, a clatter of hoofs, the snap of whips, and the buzzing of conversation amid huge pillars of dust.

The vans drive into the same yards in which they put up the previous year; the same landlord and landlady, with the same cordial greeting, as a year ago, receive the guests, help them to carry their luggage in and serve them with the same obsequiousness as in the last year.

Soon the same old samovar is chirping upon the table, and the same old question is asked by the good-humored guests, "How is everybody?" And the same answer as a year ago is given by the host and hostess, "Well, pretty good, thank God!" And the grown-up daughter hears the selfsame compliment, "May no evil eye gaze upon her! Your girl is growing to be a perfect beauty!" And she responds with the selfsame bashful smile, and her cheeks blush the same fiery red. Among the guests there are always one or two who make a business of match-making, also, and very soon a conversation is started upon that topic.

At evening, when the sun has set, most of the village yards are already crowded with wagons, many of the houses with guests. Even at the money-lender's house there are a couple of guests, some of the wealthier dealers from a large city. Guests have even

"The wailing that comes to his ears moves him as little as the tombstones amid which he saunters".

been lodged in the synagogues, Jewish mendicants, who have come from a long distance on foot to beg at the fair.

And still folks come riding in to town. More vans, more carriages, more wagons, more riders, more bustle and dust. Among the recent arrivals the most noticeable are the Jewish butchers and the Jewish horse-dealers. Both have shaved necks and wear red girdles. Both are to be distinguished from the other Jews by their gait and their manner and the general expression of their features. The Jewish butchers possess a certain savagery, look through distended eyes, create a din wherever they go, speak with arrogance, and are surrounded by noise and loud cries. They seem to proclaim, "Hide from me if you value your life!" There is more of the wild ox in them, it seems, than of the humble Jew. The Jewish horse-dealers are also distinguished from their more ordinary brethren by their manner of speech, their gait, and their expression. They are more like Gipsies than Jews.

Gradually the streets become less crowded; the dogs, too, disappear like shadows behind the gates of the houses. The din subsides. The lights

on the market-place are one after another extinguished. The hoarse rattle of keys is heard, and the closing of the shop-doors. The men with the lanterns crawl under the vans. There they go to sleep beside their wares. This is their abode for the night.

The guests sleep in the houses. Husband, wife, and child have prepared places for them. The wife has gone to rest upon a little bench, with some old garment of her husband's as a pillow. She sleeps in her clothes, with her shoes on. So, too, slumber her grown-up daughters upon another kitchen bench. The younger children repose upon the floor, which has been sprinkled with yellow sand in honor of the guests. The husband himself has lain down to doze close by the window, upon an improvised bed made of a few chairs; but he is not asleep; he is listening to the noises outside; perhaps some new guest is driving to his house.

In his van on the market-place lies the teamster, snoring. Under the shelter stands the horse, chewing hay and snorting. From the entries comes the sound of the goats' regular breathing as they lie there asleep.

The following morning the commotion in the village becomes worse than ever. The din has arisen very early and is heard from every direction. The synagogues are filled to overflowing. The beadles, with merry faces, run about from one guest to another and give everybody a hearty welcome. To those of the new-comers from whom they expect a generous perquisite they offer a pinch of snuff from their snuff-boxes. Prayers are hastened; everybody is in a hurry; there is no time. In the yards of the synagogues are ranged the newly arrived mendicants, some with canvas wallets and with staffs,—men and women, well along in years and in some cases very aged,—holding their hands stretched forth to the passers-by, asking alms. The Kheder children have been granted a holiday, so they help the teamsters of the vans, lead the horses to the wells, and scamper about among the vans, between the stalls, and they hang on behind a wagon or a van and steal a ride.

With every moment the racket grows louder and louder. New vans keep arriving, new wagons, horse-dealers with herds of horses, cattle-dealers with whole droves of oxen, new-comers on foot. They throng from all sides in flocks; from every direction comes a jangling of bells, a buzzing of voices; clouds of dust arise as they fill the yards, the houses, and inundate the village. The market-place is already black with people. The shops, the vans, and the tables are not to be seen because of the swarming concourse of heads and shoulders that sway hither and thither. Within, the ovens are going full blast; the women are cooking and baking for the guests. The heads of the homes and their children are perspiring with exertion. To-day they are working even harder than yesterday. From the open windows come a din and a stifling odor, a smell compounded of fried fish, roast meat, tobacco, schnapps, beer, kvass, and sweat.

In one of the houses some Gipsies are seated with Jewish horse-dealers, drinking and slapping one another over the hands. In another, some Jewish butchers are having an altercation amid shouting and tumult; they curse one another, and are scarcely able to restrain themselves from coming to blows; their arms tug this way and that, like angry dogs at their chains. In a third house are some Jewish dealers in flax and produce, drinking tea, stroking their beards calmly, wiping off their perspiration with their colored handkerchiefs, with their sleeves, with their coat-tails, or with their bare five fingers, and discussing business. Yonder is a Jewish maiden bent before an old Gipsy woman, who is examining the girl's hand; the maiden's cheeks are fiery red, and her bosom heaves with intense agitation, until she hears from the fortune-teller's lips just what sort of excellent sweetheart she is destined to find. Elsewhere, at the height of the commotion, they have told the eldest daughter that she is to expect a visit from a prospective husband. Whereupon she becomes confused, and her arms seem to be paralyzed at their labors. Her father seizes the work

from her, and her mother begins to look about the house to find some secluded spot where the girl may change her clothes. The house is filled with people, so she sends the girl into her shop, where the Passover tableware is stored; there she may array herself in her best. So the daughter seizes her Sabbath finery out of the wardrobe and dashes into the little shop in a daze, and her mother's eyes follow her sorrowfully, and her mother heart is on the point of breaking. "Dear God, let this be the poor girl's happy hour! Send her a husband at last."

She would gladly go into the place and help her daughter bedeck herself and make sure that she appears to best advantage by the time the prospective husband arrives, but orders pour in from every direction: schnapps, beer, tea, food. Her exhausted husband cries out, "What 's she stopped over there for?" And her sweating children call: "Mama, come here! Mama, come here!" She forgets everything, and dashes madly to her husband, to her children, helps them serve the guests, seizes a fire-fork and goes to the oven, where something is burning, and in the meantime new guests arrive, and she and her husband run to greet them; she tries to smile to them in friendly welcome, but her smile is a weary one.

It grows rather late. The sun will soon set. In honor of the fair, preparations are being made for service in the Polish church. The black doors are already open. Outside stands the priest, garbed in deep black, with his white head and youthful face, gazing with a tender smile upon the streams of people and wagons that flow through the village.

Now peasants begin to appear with their wives and grown-up children. They arrive from every direction, on their carts and on foot. Some of them wear gray woolen caftans, short and wide, with red and blue girdles; others come in long linen shirts and linen trousers, with dusted shoes or barefoot altogether. The women wear white kerchiefs upon their heads, and white caftans, with ample, flowered sleeves and bosoms, and a few have skirts with flower designs. All are bringing something to the fair.

The village is wearied with hard labor. It rings with hundreds of different sounds. The very houses seem to shout through the open windows and doors with human voices. The yards are clamorous with the wild whinny-

"And the grown-up daughter hears the selfsame compliment"

ing of horses and the mooing of cows. The market-place shrieks; the ground groans beneath the crunching of wheels and the stamping of hundreds of feet and hoofs. Over the roofs there is a raucous din. High over the tree-tops of the forest upon the green hill there is a resounding tumult.

The sun sinks to rest behind the forest. The western sky is illumined as if by a conflagration. The crests of the trees seem to have been inundated by a red wave of flame. The hill itself is covered with tints of red and gold. The white canvas vans on the market-place are bathed in a crimson glow, which engulfs the dense crowds of people, the horses, and the wagons about the booths. The windows of the Polish church are aflame with a blood-red reflection. The priest disappears behind the black doors. Soon the piercing, metallic booming of the bell is heard: *Ding-dong!* It echoes over the village, and is soon swallowed in the noise of the scene.

The peasants remove their hats and

make the sign of the cross. Their wives kneel, and cross themselves. Instinctively the Jews shudder.

Ding-dong! ding-dong! clang! cling! clang! The booming of the bell mingles with the surrounding din.

For a long time the noises continue to rise into the bright night. At a very late hour, after the shops have been locked and the men with the lanterns have vanished under the wagons, the village has not yet gone to sleep entirely. The shrieking din has subsided, yet the place is not by any means at rest. An uneasy activity is felt, a slumbering bustle, a somnambulistic murmuring. Hundreds of peasants have been forced to spend the night upon the streets, since there is not a place in yard or home into which they may be squeezed. So they have unharnessed their horses, dragged their vehicles to one side of the road, raised the shafts aloft, and tied the horses thereto, and laid down to slumber upon their wagons, or on the grass near by, near the doors of the shops on the market-place, on the mounds before the houses, in the yard of the church, and at the foot of the hill on which the Polish cemetery is situated.

"He feels a cow here, a calf there"

There lies a peasant with his face toward the moon, a pipe in his mouth, telling the peasants grouped about him how a Gipsy deceived him with a horse. He smokes as he tells the story, and spits up at the moon, and curses the Gipsy. His listeners give vent to expressions of wonder, and all are agreed that a Gipsy is worse than the devil.

Farther on lies another old peasant recounting vehemently the suit that his town is waging against the landed proprietor on account of the woods. The lawyer has already written documents to the governor and even more, but it 's no use. If the proprietor catches one of the village men in his woods, he beats him black and blue and has him arrested, and takes away his horse or his cow. There 's no justice except at St. Petersburg. Wise folks say that if they were to send a lawyer to "Peter," justice would certainly be done.

"True, true. You must send to 'Peter.' To St. Petersburg," the peasants about him chime in unison.

A peasant woman is telling a woman beside her, in a mysterious tone, how the devil stole into the house of a young soldier's wife from her town. "Since this woman's husband was sent on service somewhere far off in the Caucasian Mountains,—they say it 's at the other side of the world, even farther than 'Peter,'—since he went off on duty they say that she 's become intimate with our priest's son. They began to watch her, and they found out that the devil had possessed her. Sometimes he takes the form of the priest's son and at other times he appears in his own person, with a wide, red mouth and with ears on the very top of his head."

"Aye! aye!" gasps the listener, crossing herself in terror.

A peasant youth sits beside a maiden from his village; she is lying with her face toward him, and he is by no means indifferent to her; he is speaking joyfully. To-morrow he will buy her some sweet beer, sweet cookies shaped like horses and little people, candies, and red beads, and a little ring, if she 'll promise to dance with no one but him.

She laughs, showing her white teeth.

He edges up closer to her, bends over, and whispers:

"I love you, may flames consume you! You 're so beautiful, may wolves devour you!"

She laughs louder than ever, and turns her back to him.

He begins to whisper with increased passion and more rapid speech, until he observes that she is snoring. Then he becomes silent, looks sullenly at her back, scratches the nape of his neck, expectorates voluminously, heaves a deep sigh, leaves her, and lies down to sleep.

The fathers of the households are sleeping outside to-night, like the peasants; husband, wife, and children have ceded their benches and their places upon the floor to the guests. The wife and the eldest daughter have gone to sleep in the store, where the Passover dishes are kept. The smaller children sleep in the loft. The husband really does n't sleep at all. The year is long; he will have plenty of time to sleep. He gropes around among the wagons in his yard, thrusts a sharp instrument into the sacks, and thus extracts oats, corn, and flaxseed, holds the material in his hand and assays its quality, considering how much it will be worth while to offer the peasant for his produce. As he gropes thus among the vehicles, he feels a cow here, a calf there, and inspects everything that is to be offered for sale. For this Jew is a connoisseur of everything; he deals in all these things. He is very careful not to arouse the sleeping peasant and his wife, who are in the wagon; so he steals about on tiptoe, with bated breath.

Thus passes the clear summer night, stirred by an all-pervading unrest. Every sound reverberates through the luminous nocturnal atmosphere with a strange restlessness.

Now a cool breeze begins to blow, the herald of the dawn. The night grows paler, grayer. Gray shadows spread through the village. A damp mist arises. The roofs and the grass become moist. The moon becomes pale, and the silvery dust vanishes. The crowing of a rooster is heard, followed soon by another and yet another, from near and far and from all directions. The hens in the baskets upon the wagons begin to stir and flap their wings. The geese cackle nervously. The horses stamp and neigh.

The moon has set. The rim of the horizon is girt with flame. In the trees is heard the chirping of birds. The air grows brighter, the heavens grow clearer, the hillock is greener; the people, the horses, the cattle, the wagons, the houses, the market-place become once more visible.

From one of the houses a woman has come dashing with a basket of doughnuts. One of the peasants near a wagon has summoned her and bought several of them. The woman has taken a few groschen, has spat upon them generously, hidden them in a side pocket, and walked rapidly off. The fair has begun.

Two hours later the fair is in full swing. Everybody and everything have been transported to the market-place, which from afar looks like a huge, black, animated, squirming, tumultuous heap, upon which everything has been piled, human beings, horses, cattle, wagons, shops, and vans.

Jewish beards are moving about among the gray shoulders of the Gentile peasantry. The black head of a Gipsy forms a striking contrast to the hoary one of the peasant woman at his side. The head of a Jewish huckstress, with her kerchief awry, looms up from under some beard, and at once merges into a white back. Now appears a horse, which, it seems, is carrying on its own head the head of a Gipsy woman, with her many-colored kerchief; yonder is the shaft of a wagon over a cow's back. Boots and shoes become confused with other shoes and hoofs. Hems of flowered skirts brush against the white linen trousers of the peasants. For a moment a white van comes into view and is at once swallowed into the black, squirming, screaming heap.

And there, in the center of the heap, the commotion is at its greatest. Business is being transacted. The crowd has been waiting a year for this one day. Although for the last few days nobody has slept or eaten or rested, none feels hunger or weariness. This is the climax of all efforts, the height of the turmoil.

Jews, both men and women, with flaming cheeks and burning eyes, are

"The crowd has been waiting a year for this one day"

hard at work among the peasants' wagons, quarreling with one another like famished persons over a crust of bread, buying and selling oats, flaxseed, flax, hides, mushrooms, hog's hair, and the like, competing against one another with frightful yells. Once the bargain is struck, they drag the peasant and the wagonload of goods to the village money-lender's yard, where the money-lender's guests, the wealthy dealers from the city, are standing near the barn, beside a scale with large scoops. They deliver the purchased merchandise to the city dealers, and sometimes they come out the gainers by a quarter-ruble or a half-ruble per customer, while at others they are fortunate to get back their original investment.

Having finished their business at the money-lender's yard, they rush back to the market-place and resume their haggling around the peasants' vehicles, competing with one another anew, cursing one another anew, and once again dragging the peasant and the wagon to the money-lender's yard. Their faces are ablaze, their eyes gleam with thirst, their lips are parched, their voices hoarse. Hands and feet, heads wearing caps with peaks awry, kerchiefs twisted about, eyes distended, beards, temple-locks, and shoulders—all stir incessantly in every direction.

The shops are thronged with peasants and their women. Near the vans are Jews and Jewesses, young and old, shrieking, panting, tugging at the peasants, offering them calico, various multi-colored kerchiefs, beads, brass chains, brass rings, and other adornment.

On the tables are exposed for sale cakes fashioned into the semblance of animals, doughnuts, strings of candy wrapped in gold, fringed paper, sweet beer, kvass, and *kisloshtshi.* Peasants are purchasing the doughnuts, cramming them into their mouths and into their bosoms, drinking the beer, the kvass, the *kisloshtshi,* and biting at black bread, which they wrap around with rags. Yonder stands a group of peasants about a wagon containing a heap of new wheels, and they test the wheels by rolling them over the ground.

Somewhat farther away some women are inspecting earthen vessels upon a wagon, tapping them with their fingers and listening to the ring to assure themselves that the vessels are uncracked.

Behind a wagon laden with geese stands a peasant selling idols. A man and wife are haggling with him over the price of some of his wares, which they are holding in their hands.

And yonder speeds a Gipsy on horseback. Another Gipsy, with a tonsured, hatless head, runs after the horse and lashes the animal with a whip; the horse jumps, kicks his hind legs; the Gipsy with the whip strikes again, until the beast dashes off at a gallop. At a short distance stand some peasants, prospective customers, chaffering about the price; near by are a couple of Jewish horse-dealers, with shaved necks and red girdles, trying to arrange an exchange with the Gipsies; all follow the rider with their eyes. Soon he returns. He dismounts, leads the horse to the peasants, rubs his fist against the animal's jaw so hard that the poor beast shudders all over, emits a snort, and turns to one side. *"Tfrroo! Vasko!"* cries the

"And they test the wheels by rolling them over the ground"

Gipsy, tugging at the halter and dragging the horse toward him. He grasps the peasant's hands, sells his goods at last, and soon disappears with the other Gipsy and the Jewish horse-dealers into the crowd behind the vehicles.

On one of the wagons is seated an old Gipsy woman; she is the center of a group of young men and women, and she is reading their palms. Some of them listen to her prophecies with serious countenances, as if she were the priest of their town delivering a sermon; others hear their fortune with beaming eyes and bashful smiles. One of them, indeed, has buried her face in the ample white sleeve of her caftan and is sobbing most pitifully while the old woman reads her palm.

The children of the village scamper about the shops, around the vans, the counters, and the wagons; their faces are merry and red with exertion, and some of them are sucking at long, golden candy sticks, at the same time grasping cakes; others are drawing strange sounds from the two-copeck harmonicas at their lips.

Officialdom is represented, too. Every moment, it seems, the police sergeant appears from among the vehicles, from behind a van, or around the corner of a shop. His beard is nicely groomed, his eyes wander over the heads of the multitude, and his right hand reposes upon his sheathed sword.

The crowd, however, is so engrossed, that it fails to notice the officer. Only when, because of the dense gathering, the sergeant has to force his way through, and brushes people aside with his powerful shoulders, does the crowd perceive the presence of authority, first in their ribs and then visually. No sooner do the men and women catch sight of him than they are seized with confusion, grasp their hats, step back deferentially, allow him to pass, humbly bowing before him and smiling meekly.

The sergeant, however, makes no reply to this salute. He does not even deign to look down upon his subjects. His distended eyes stare sternly straight ahead of him. At a distance he sees the apothecary standing in the open door of his place. The druggist nods to him. The high dignitary answers the druggist's greeting by raising his hand to his cap in military fashion; for he feels some slight respect for this fellow. Although the druggist is only a Jew, he often plays cards with the higher officials, with the captain of police. And again, the police sergeant often suffers from stomach-aches and cramps, and the apothecary has numerous cures for these afflictions.

The Jewish village instructor appears in the crowd. He walks along with his nose in the air, with the knob of his cane in his mouth, looking distractedly in every direction. A wagon almost runs him down, and he jumps to one side; he is knocked in the teeth by his own cane, whereupon he pulls it out of his mouth and spits upon his hands to see whether he is bleeding; meanwhile a wave of excited human beings dashes against him and washes him along before it. "A fellow can be killed here!" he tells himself, and proceeds to a spot where there is less crowding. A Jewish horse-dealer comes flying toward him on horseback with a whiz and a yelling; the instructor jumps back and stumbles

against an old peasant woman, who showers him with curses. He becomes more confused than ever. "Better get out of this," he tells himself. At this juncture he catches sight of the druggist, and it occurs to him that he will buy a newspaper at the apothecary's shop and go off to the woods to read it. So he begins to elbow through the crowd anew, when suddenly he notices that the sergeant has approached the druggist. Now how 's a fellow to have a lion heart and not feel fear in such a moment? A sergeant is a sergeant. Well, he does n't need the newspaper so badly. It 's not a matter of life or death. He 'll get the paper to-morrow. He disappears behind the shops.

Some Jewish butchers, with shaved necks and red girdles, are standing around a flock of cattle, raising a din; one of them, a red-headed fellow, is threatening a black-bearded chap with his balled fist. "You thief, you! Swindler!" The other butchers restrain him, holding his sleeve and his coat-tails. The Jew with the black beard sticks his thumb derisively between his index-finger and the next, and points this "fig" at the would-be assailant, who shouts: "Let me go! I 'll bury him on the spot!" The other fellow turns his back toward him, lifts his coat-tails high in the air, and cries, "Did you see this?" The eyes of the red-bearded Jew glitter like those of an infuriated bull; the veins of his neck swell, and he bellows, "Let me at him, I say!" He begins to struggle with the men who are holding him, wildly shaking his head about and kicking madly. He tears himself free at last and makes a dash for the Jew with the black beard; the latter rushes likewise upon him, and their hands close in a clutch upon each other's shoulders; they glare at each other through bloodshot eyes, gnashing their teeth as they wrestle. The red-beard speaks, "I 'll kill you on the spot!" The black-beard, "Well, well, try it!" Whereupon they begin to kick at each other without releasing their hold upon each other's shoulders; the red-beard and the gnashing teeth get nearer and nearer to the black-beard, and the black-beard with the gnashing teeth gets nearer to the red, as if they are crouching forward to kiss each other. And suddenly—*thump!* The red-beard shudders, his hat falls to the ground, and soon the butcher with the red beard is himself stretched out upon the sod. He springs up, seizes a shaft from one of the wagons, and begins to bellow wildly. Men rush over to him and are once again forced to restrain his fury.

"On one of the wagons is seated an old Gipsy woman"

A crowd has gathered, Jews and Jewesses, children, peasants, and their women. A shout arises, "Hush! The sergeant!" The butcher with the red beard cannot contain himself. He struggles with those who are holding him, and keeps on crying: "Let me at him, I say! He wishes to fight with me, does he? He 's looking for more, is he?"

"Hush, Jews!" cries a Jewess. "The lord with the brass buttons is coming!"

"What do I care for him!" yells the red-bearded butcher. "I 'll settle with him myself. One funeral will be too few for him!"

The sergeant comes running up to the scene with his beard in disarray. The crowd steps back and makes way for him.

"Hey, what?" demands the official in stern tones.

The bystanders volunteer information. Two Jews who have come to the fair from the outlying towns have been quarreling.

"Fighting, too?" he asks.

"Fighting, too."

The Jew with the black beard approaches the officer.

"Gaspodin — police-sergeant, your Grace! He is a butcher, and I am a butcher, and we both bought this ox

" 'Hey, what?' demands the official in stern tones"

here. So he must pay half, and I must pay the other half. Well, he did n't have enough money. Then do I owe him half of the ox, ha, your Grace?"

"That 's not my affair. And you must n't dare to fight hereabouts," replies the sergeant, harshly.

"He 's a thief and a bandit," yells the butcher with the red beard, who has just been released by his friends.

"Quiet!" shouts the sergeant.

"Jew," counsels an aged Jew of the village, addressing the red-beard, "don't have too much to say to the sergeant."

"Sergeant, 'pergeant! Fie on the governor himself! I 've got a passport," answers the butcher with the red beard in Yiddish.

At these words the Jews of the village look in terror toward the policeman, and the black-bearded Jew rushes over to the official, excitedly.

"Your Grace, did you hear what he said? He said he is n't afraid of the governor himself! By God!"

"Ha, what? What did you say?" The sergeant turns to the red-bearded butcher.

"I 've got a passport," replies the latter, now intimidated.

"And did you insult the Government?"

"I have a passport," asserts the butcher in a softer voice than ever, looking about him with increasing uneasiness.

"I 'm asking you did you insult the Government?"

"No," stammers the butcher. "I have a pass—a pa—"

"He *did* make insulting remarks," interjects the butcher with the black beard.

Whereupon a commotion arises amid the Jews and the Jewesses. The idea! To think that a Jew should act as informant against another Jew. But they are afraid to venture these remarks aloud in the presence of the sergeant.

When the sergeant turns to them, to the Jews of his acquaintance, with the inquiry as to whether the man really made any disparaging statements, some of the crowd sneak off, others shrug their shoulders, and still others shake their heads in denial. Nobody has heard any such thing.

The sergeant, however, does not release the Jew with the red beard. He has insulted the Government. The officer believes the accusing Jew. Such a thing must not be permitted. The culprit must come along with him. Whereupon a Jew with terror in his eyes dashes over to the captive butcher and whispers into his ear: "He wishes you to slip something into his hand. Slip him a ruble and let him go to—"

A little while later the sergeant has had something "slipped into his hand," and the Jew with the red beard and the Jew of the black beard have gone off to the rabbi to have him settle the controversy.

Before the day is more than half over many begin to leave the village. Out of the yards come vans, carts, and wagons, with a clatter and rattle, going off in all directions, over all the roads, disappearing beyond the village in clouds of white dust.

Now there is more room. From afar the market may be easily distinguished, with its vans, its tables, and its shops. The people and the horses and the wagons may now be made out with no difficulty.

The tumult, however, is quite as great as before. Many a peasant and peasant woman is still left in the village, and they set about getting drunk and making merry. People guzzle in

" 'Who knows? At next year's fair perhaps God will be good to us, too' "

the houses, in the yards, and drink and dance upon the market-place.

Here and there may be seen intoxicated peasants with filmy eyes, holding flasks of schnapps and little glasses, shouting, cursing, and exchanging affectionate kisses.

In one corner a countryman is playing upon a harmonica, varying the concert with a song in his drunken voice.

From another corner comes the wild, jolly notes of a *kamarinskaya*, pouring forth from a violin, accompanied by the sound of feet stamping out the rhythm of the dance.

Yonder, at the foot of the green hill from which the forest looks down, merry peasant youths and maidens are whirling in a joyous round. The ample white sleeves of the caftans and the hems of the short skirts sway and flutter as if blown by a strong wind.

The sergeant now struts about the village with his hands folded behind his back; he stops before every house and peeks furtively in through the windows, thrusting in half his beard. Whereupon a Jew or a Jewess with a wearied expression comes dashing out of the house, places one hand in that of the official, and fawningly pats him upon the shoulder. He nods most graciously, and one of his hands disappears from his back into a pocket. He proceeds on his way, with his hands folded across his back; again his beard is thrust through an open window of some Jewish dwelling, and again a wan-faced man or woman hastens out, and the official once more feels the caress of a hand upon his back.

By nightfall everybody from out of town had ridden home. The last to go was a drunken, bleeding peasant.

Of the Jewish visitors only the two wealthy dealers remained at the money-lender's home; they still had before them the work of arranging the purchased goods upon the wagons; there were a few more men and women who were concluding matches between their sons and daughters.

The village had suddenly fallen asleep, as if after a wild carouse. It was weary and broken up, utterly without strength. Only now did the men and women in the shops begin to feel an aching in their hands and feet, a heaviness in the head and in the eyes. The children were overcome with a burdensome yearning, as after a great holiday, which is followed by long, long, dragging weeks filled with gloom.

And later, when the moon above the wood gazed down upon the village, it beheld upon the market-place heaps of filth, shattered flasks and glasses, broken axles and grease-kegs.

In the houses, too, there was a superabundance of dirt and disorder. The floors were wet, filthy; in the corners lay fragments of broken vessels; on the table stood plates containing abandoned fish soup, fish-bones, and heads of herring. The benches were overturned. The people, too, were covered with grime, and their faces, their hands, and their clothes were no neater than the floor.

But they had no strength now to think of cleanliness. They were unable to think even of the profits that the fair had brought them. They threw themselves upon their beds and resting-places, with heavy heads and eyes, and soon fell asleep, like exhausted beasts.

Not until the next morning did they calculate their gains. Some very early discovered that they had done better

the previous year, that they had earned no fewer than three rubles more a year before. Others found that the present fair had indeed been a profitable one; they had earned fully ten rubles. Others still wrung their hands. "Woe, woe! How hard we labored, and what did we get out of it?"

The money-lender was altogether jubilant. He had made his fifty rubles. Mottel made less this year than the year before; all of three rubles less. His wife sobbed at the news, and he consoled her: "You little goose, you! Can a few rubles make such a difference? We should thank God for what He was pleased to send. Better than nothing."

The rabbi, too, realized less from controversial fees than he did on the previous year. So, at least, said the rabbi's wife to Mottel when she came to his shop next morning to purchase two copeck's worth of oatmeal. Shmerel, the cobbler, on the other hand, was in high spirits. This fair day he had made all of three rubles on patches, and on the next morning he had gulped down more than one good glass of brandy. He even treated Sholom the Gentile and a few other good fellows to a glass, slapped them across the shoulders, and cried enthusiastically:

"Ha? If every day were only fair day, ha? We 'd live like noblemen, ha? Is n't that so? Your health!"

That same day the whole village knew just how each of its inhabitants had fared. So-and-so was highly elated: his daughter had landed a beau, the son of such-and-such; he was a mighty fine fellow, and had exacted a very small dowry. And some other man's son had made a really excellent match, he had been betrothed to a rich butcher's daughter, and was to get a fat dowry and board and lodging into the bargain.

Other mothers and daughters felt gnawing envy awaken in their hearts, but the fathers consoled them.

"Well, well. What of it? Who knows? At next year's fair perhaps God will be good to us, too."

The Reality in Korea

By LUCY L. W. WILSON

Benefits conferred and blunders committed by Nipponese soldiers and statesmen in governing Cho-sen, the land of "Faultless Morning Calm," as Korea anciently was called.

THE drift toward democracy in the far East began long before the Great War. Constitutional government in Persia, simulacrum though it was, at least registered a wish. For years India was insistently demanding greater autonomy. China astonished the world by overthrowing the Manchu Empire, and establishing in its place a republic—two republics, unfortunately for her peace. Since the close of the war, events in India, in Korea, in Java, and in the Philippines have shown the extent to which the idea for which we fought has stimulated the imagination and the ambitions of subject people in the Orient. Ancient pride of race has revived, and the desire for more or less complete self-government has expressed itself in no uncertain terms.

Even a country as autocratically and efficiently governed as Japan has felt the rising tide of public feeling, strong, indeed, before the war, and vastly stronger now. But neither rulers nor ruling classes willingly yield their power. Therefore, for the Genro, long the real rulers of Japan, to consent to the appointment of Okuma, Japan's Grand Old Man, was a certain indication that they, literally the "Elder Statesmen," were realizing the absolute necessity of listening to a popular demand. True, probably, they counted a bit on his age. It was the war, however, that came to their rescue; for, despite reforms already under way, he was then obliged to work with the military party. Finally he resigned, and Terauchi, the minister of war, became prime minister. Terauchi is one of the greatest personalities of the East, able, honorable, patriotic, but an autocrat and a soldier. The people protested. Just before the end of the war he was succeeded by the present premier, Kei Hara, a liberal by comparison, almost a Red liberal. He is a trained lawyer, a successful journalist, an executive, a diplomat of considerable experience, and a man of the world. Two great Japanese, Inouye and Ito, were his intellectual parents. He is a genuine democrat and has proved his belief in civilian rule. Under his leadership, the military governor of Kwangtung has been superseded by a civilian, and, what is much more significant, the same change has taken place in Korea. Moreover, the military *gendarmerie*, one of the causes of anti-Japanese feeling in Korea, has been succeeded by a civilian police force under civilian control. Local municipal self-government, with popular suffrage, is now promised. It should not be forgotten that in Formosa the Japanese themselves called the "Age of Military Administration" there the "Age of Mistakes and Failures," and that the very reforms now promised to Korea were actually carried out in Formosa by Kodama and Goto.

This is certainly a next step for Korea, even if it does not entirely satisfy the Korean Nationalists in this country. One must remember that while complete self-government is the ideal for nations, and even for individual men, the three indispensable conditions enunciated by John Stuart Mill are: first, that the great majority of the people shall desire it; second,

that they shall be capable of exercising it; and, third, that they shall be able and willing to undertake the responsibilities, among them external and internal defense, which it entails. Obviously, not even those who best know the situation, the Koreans themselves and the Japanese, can say when these conditions are likely to be fulfilled.

In the beginning of the year the Korean National Association issued an Appeal to the World, followed shortly after by their Declaration of Independence, written in Seul, signed by representatives from all religions, including even Buddhists. It contained this significant and statesmanlike sentence:

> Today Korean independence would mean not only life and happiness for us, but it would mean Japan's departure from an evil way and exaltation to the place of true protector of the East; so that China, too, even in her dreams, would put all fear of Japan aside.

Later the same committee issued a manifesto, begging that no Korean disgrace his nation by taking part in destruction of property or violence against people.

Nevertheless, apparently sporadic uprisings began in February. In April the spirit of rebellion spread to hundreds of towns. The local police were utterly unable to control the situation until Japan finally sent over an additional military contingent. There is no doubt that men and women, especially Christians, and in the smaller villages, have been brutally punished and even massacred. Churches and villages have been burned. Missionaries have been assaulted and imprisoned. It may be true that some of the latter were close to the line of what was legally wrong, but certainly there was nothing to justify some of the sentences. In point of fact, Japan has not attempted to justify any atrocity. For example, an Englishman, Mr. Thomas, of the Oriental Mission, has been awarded 5000 yen ($2500) by the Government because of an uncalled-for attack upon him by Japanese officers and civilians.

In July official assurance was given the Koreans, and, according to report, to Washington, not only that these crimes had no sanction from the Government, but also that, as soon as possible, reforms would be carried into effect, and a more liberal policy toward Korea adopted. Indeed, from the time of Inouye many of the ablest Japanese have recognized the unwisdom of military rule in Korea.

An imperial rescript in August confirmed the earlier promises of the premier. We must wait to read the new chapter in the history of an old and interesting nation. That we may understand it better when it comes, let us review the history and the geography of the country.

Korea looks small on the map, but this is because China is large. Korea stretches as far as from northern Massachusetts to southern South Carolina. In area it includes almost as many square miles as Great Britain, and almost a half more than all New England.

One gets a better idea of the range and character of the climate of Korea by paralleling its length on the Pacific coast. It is in almost the same latitude as California, reaching southward to Los Angeles. It has not so great a variety of climate as this State, for its extremes are modified by the fact that it is a peninsula. Moreover, the southwest winds of summer, coming from the ocean and over a warm current, bring a rainy season at that time. Korea is at its brilliant best in the dry, bright autumn, though the spring months are also very beautiful.

The coast-line is long and irregular. There are several excellent harbors on both sides. Fusan, in the south, was the first to be adequately developed. It is the nearest port to Japan. Almost all of its history is tied up with that country. Before the discovery of America the Lord of Tsushima secured an agreement that gave the Japanese the right of permanent settlement. Here landed the forces of Hideyoshi, at the close of the sixteenth century, in their two devastating expeditions against Korea. In all the history that followed Japan managed to keep her hold on that port, so that for years her settlers here had the distinction of being "the only Japanese colony in the world." Fusan

is now a thriving modern port, connected by rail with Seul, the capital.

The most important northern port and eastern port is Gensan. It has a magnificent, deep, spacious harbor, well protected by islands and promontories. Steamboat service connects it with China and with Japan, and it is connected with Seul by rail. Russia has had her eyes on this port since 1854. Doubtless it would have become the eastern terminus of the Transsiberian had she been victorious in her war against Japan.

There are three important ports on the west coast, all on navigable rivers: Kusan, port of Chunju; Chemulpo, port of Seul, famous as the site of naval victories in both the wars waged by Japan for Korea, against China in 1894 and against Russia in 1904; and Chinampo, port of Pyeng-Yang. Unfortunately, there are very high tides (thirty feet) on the west coast. The navigation of the Yellow Sea is dangerous, too, on account of the innumerable small islands.

This long, irregular coast, the numerous islands, the meeting there of warm and cold currents, have given Korea much in the way of marine food. Over a hundred different kinds have been found. The most important are sardine, lobster, bream, mackerel, tunny, swordfish, salmon, codfish, herring, shark, whale, sea-slug, and various seaweeds.

To each mile of coast there are now fifteen fishermen, in contrast to three hundred to each mile of coast in Japan. But the Koreans eat more meat than the Japanese, and of course their population is still much smaller.

The population of Korea has increased from over thirteen and a half millions in 1910 to nearly seventeen millions in 1917, and probably to twenty millions now. The Japanese have nearly doubled in numbers, and the foreigners have increased nearly fifty per cent. (1910-17).

The backbone of Korea is a chain of granitic mountains, highest in the north, disappearing in the extreme south, but again raising its heads in the form of varied and beautiful islands off the west coast. The highest peaks, about eight thousand feet, lie on the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. The heavy rains of summer and the melting snows of spring make them the mothers of the Yalu and the Tumen, both boundary rivers, and also of one of the tributaries of the great Amur. The name of the most famous of these peaks, the Ever White, is due not to a mantel of perpetual snow, but to a robe of glistening pumice. In the crater of this extinct volcano lies a beautiful lake, the Dragon Prince's Pool, and on its sides grow primeval forests. It is a sacred mountain to Koreans and Chinese alike, and its beauties have been sung not only in their literature, but also in that of Japan.

The enchantments of the Diamond Mountains, mother of the River Han, have been well described by Mrs. Bishop. Even the tourist is likely to visit Pouk-han, near Seul, and there realize the mysterious charm and exquisite color of bare and lonely mountains.

The mountains used to be full of tigers, deer, antelopes, leopards, wild boars, and many fur-bearers, but the introduction of the rifle and the high price brought by furs of all kinds have steadily diminished the numbers of wild animals. Over five hundred tiger-skins were recently exported in a single season from Gensan, the northern port on the Sea of Japan, an index of the past rather than a promise for the future.

There is slate as well as granite in the Korean mountains. Both are now yielding their characteristic treasures of coal and graphite on the one hand, and of gold, iron, copper, silver, zinc (since 1915), and lead and tungsten (since 1916) on the other. Beautiful building stones are found, and in one place in the south a good quality of rock crystal. In the mountains grows the precious ginseng, so rare and valuable that the finding of a single root a season will support an ordinary family in comfort for a year.

But valuable as are these gifts of the mountains, it is on the arable land that the prosperity of these people depends. The mountains are very near the eastern coast, and their slopes there are

relatively steep. For this reason the farms are most numerous and valuable on the western slopes and coast. As some one has said, "Her geography predetermined her history: her face lies toward China, her back toward Japan."

Agriculture is the occupation of eighty per cent. of her people, and even now yields seventy per cent. of the value of her exports.

Millet, older than the oldest legend; rice, introduced by the Chinese over three thousand years ago; beans; peas; barley; cotton; tobacco; castor-oil beans; and a variety of garden truck were successfully grown long before the coming of the Japanese: but field-grown ginseng was their only important export. Although its export value is more than ten times greater than in 1910, ginseng now ranks only fifth in importance. In 1917 it was surpassed by rice, soya beans, cotton, fish, and hides. In the previous year both graphite and leather manufactures outranked it as an export.

Almost all of the temperate fruits and nuts except apples are indigenous. The native persimmon, as large as an apple, is the most delicious of its kind in the world. Apples are now grown for export, and quantities of excellent pears, grapes, and peaches of foreign ancestry are raised on modern and well-kept fruit-farms.

From time immemorial bullocks, pigs, and small native horses have made easier the lot of the farmer; but donkeys were a luxury, and sheep were unknown. Intelligent travelers used to ask why sheep were not imported in order to use the sparse grass of the otherwise bare hills. The answer was that the tigers, wolves, and bears would get them; the grass was needed for fuel; and, anyway, only the grass round the graves was fit food. However, in 1911, fifty sheep were imported, and in 1916 the flock had increased to 289. In the country regions, game birds, especially Mongolian pheasants, ducks, and other aquatic birds, are very abundant.

For three thousand years Korea lived a literate and civilized life, sufficient unto herself, with only occasional interruptions from China and Japan of the "Faultless Morning Calm," her boast and the literal meaning of her ancient name, Cho-sen. To China she owed her arts, her letters, her religion. Whatever Korea learned from China she passed on to Japan. Intellectually, as well as physically, Korea stood between China and Japan until the opening of Japan to the Western world.

We know the romantic story of Japan's marvelously rapid assimilation of Occidental practices and ideals of administration and society. While this revolution was taking place in Japan, Korea was in the hands of a regent, bigoted, conservative, unscrupulous, and proud. He believed himself and his country invincible, and he had nothing but contempt for a neighbor who had opened her doors to foreigners. When his young son came to the throne, however, Japan had no difficulty, in 1876, in negotiating a treaty of peace and friendship, which ended forever the isolation of the Hermit Kingdom.

Later, under the able leadership of Yuan-Shikai, subsequently the President of China, with the help of the Britisher, Sir John McLeavy Brown, her customs and finances were reformed. The streets of her capital were cleaned. A model farm was organized. A powder-mill was erected. Still later American capital and initiative built a railroad and the telegraph. Mines were developed. An electric tramway, electric lights, water-works, and telephone service were given to the capital.

Nevertheless, the important things were left untouched. Judicial and executive functions continued to be vested in the same officials. The court was unspeakably corrupt. Taxation, police service, and the administration of justice were ruled by intrigue, bribery, and class interest. Prisons were infernos in which guilty, innocent, and untried prisoners often died from cold and hunger. Torture, flogging, slow strangulation, and poison were not uncommon punishments. Except for a few mission schools, education was denied the masses.

In 1895, at the conclusion of the Chino-Japanese War, Japan won the right to give Korea advice. Theoretically, at any rate, with her royal house secure, her independence and her ter-

ritorial integrity guaranteed. Korea might do just as she saw fit about following that "advice." But the victorious conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War ten years later ended this possibility. By the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth and by subsequent agreements Japan received actual control of Korea's finances and diplomacy, her postal service and telegraph, and of all her internal affairs. Marquis Ito, Japan's great constructive statesman, became resident-general and virtually an absolute monarch. In the four years preceding his assassination he effectively reorganized the Government, separating court and state revenues, giving as far as possible local powers of taxation and administration, reforming the courts and prisons, reorganizing and teaching the police, codifying the laws, creating hospitals and schools, introducing sanitation and water into all cities, and opening new communications by water, by rail, and by roads.

It is perhaps worth while to stop a moment to note that one of the great obstacles to road and railway development in Korea in ante-Japanese days was the fact that many graves blocked the way. To disturb a grave, whether of father or remote ancestor, was the greatest of outrages. It was believed that no matter how innocent were the descendants, yet disasters and punishments were sure to come to them in consequence of such violation.

Nevertheless, the Japanese built the roads quite regardless of graves and in accordance only with principles of engineering. Moreover, they robbed the graves of treasures buried with the dead, exhibiting them later with archæological enthusiasm not understood by the Koreans.

Ito was succeeded by Sone. Then came Terauchi, the marvelously efficient minister of war during the period of the Russo-Japanese War. His administration in Korea won for him the title of the "Kitchener of the East." To him belongs the credit of sending the Japanese hooligans in Korea right about face, and the enactment and enforcement of pure-food laws, compelling some of his countrymen who were trying to mulct the Koreans from the vantage-ground of Japan to play fair and to send over only products that were up to standard. He abolished the objectionable Japanese tea-houses from the Chinko-kin, and the geisha girls were banished at the same time. But Terauchi was needed in Japan. He succeeded Okuma as premier, and General Hasegawa became Governor-General of Korea. Reports of the "ill-health" of the latter were coincident with reports of the uprisings, and no one was astonished when the office of military governor was abolished. Hasegawa's successor, the civilian governor, Baron Saito, was formerly minister of state in Tokio. He is a retired admiral, and in his youth he served as naval attaché in Washington.

The foreign trade of Korea has more than tripled since 1906, though her imports have not quite doubled. Of course the World War caused a decrease in the imports and a sudden jump in exports.

In connection with agriculture, Japan has increased greatly the area of arable land, the quality of agricultural methods used, and therefore both the quality and the quantity of the products. In 1910, for example, about two and a half million acres were added to the area of cultivated land, in 1916 about three and a half million more.

Native Korean cotton is superior to other Oriental cottons, but it does not compare with either American or Egyptian cottons. Experiments were carried on at a station of the model farm with various imported seeds. It was found that an American upland cotton, King's Improved, gave the best results. Wherever the soil is not suited to this cotton, the planting of the native variety is encouraged. It is much in demand for wadding. In six years the area devoted to cotton has not quite doubled, but the quantity has more than quadrupled, and the quality has vastly improved.

The development in mining has been great. Between 1910 and 1916 the total production has tripled. Fourteen times as much copper has been mined and sold. The net profit on coal steadily increased each year until in 1915 it was eleven times greater than in 1910. These profits began to decrease in 1916, and the reduction has continued.

In 1916 there were 1061 factories in Korea, 416 of them owned by Koreans; in 1914 Koreans operated only 175 out of 640 factories. In other words, in three years the Koreans gained control of nearly forty instead of the former twenty-seven per cent. of the factories.

Of course, this great increase in commerce and industry has compelled a corresponding development in internal transportation, as well as better equipped and more numerous ports. The mileage of railroads has increased over seventy per cent. from 1910 to 1917. In the same length of time common roads have increased over eighty per cent.

In 1909 the Japanese established a government printing-office in Seul. It is characteristic of the cosmopolitanism of Japan that she imported the machinery from Germany, the electrical appliances from the United States, skilled workmen from Japan, then adding a hundred Korean women to the force.

Except near the northern border of Korea, in some of the islands, and around the royal tombs, no trees were left. Even the mountains were completely deforested. "Land of Treeless Mountains" became a synonym for Korea. Japan, however, has established forest schools and nurseries, and in 1911 an arbor day, April 3, the anniversary of the death of the legendary first Emperor of Japan. In 1911 over four and one-half million trees were planted, and in six years a total of seventy-seven million trees. In addition to these, in the same period private persons have planted 260 million trees.

At the time of the annexation Korea had only a hundred common schools for fifteen thousand pupils. Now she has over four hundred such schools, well equipped and modern, accommodating seventy thousand pupils. In addition, there are over sixty industrial and technical schools, and at least fifteen agricultural stations.

It is frankly acknowledged by Japan that the quality of the higher schools in Korea does not yet compare with those of the same kind in Japan. The eagerness of the Koreans for more education is shown by the fact that the demand is always in excess of the accommodation provided. Moreover, great numbers of Koreans are going to Japan for higher education.

The so-called Yang-bang schools, intended to teach the upper classes more or less aristocratic occupations, such as sericiculture, have been very successful. They have been established in over a hundred different places. Every year there are several thousand students pursuing short courses, and in 1916 there were over two thousand enrolled for longer courses.

The old-fashioned native schools have not yet been disturbed, partly because there are not yet anything like enough modern schools to take their place, and partly because Japan in this instance seems to recognize the importance of allowing them to develop from within. Many of these schools have added, apparently voluntarily, the Japanese language and arithmetic to their course of study.

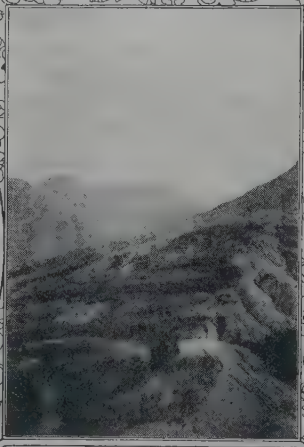
In the industrial school in Seul, under the efficient direction of Doctor Toyonaga, there has developed an intelligent and successful effort to revive ancient Korean arts, notably the manufacture of the beautiful celadon pottery, gray, with an underglaze design in white or self color. Exquisite pieces of this ancient ware exist in museums, many of them dug up from graves, but its creation was one of the lost Korean arts until its recent revival by the Japanese. In the same school are also taught carpentry, cabinet-making, weaving, paper-making,—in which the Koreans have always excelled,—iron-working, and soap manufacture.

But in all of the schools Japanese is the language taught and spoken. In none of them do they teach the history of Korea. Yet written records extend their civilization backward three thousand years, and it was Korea who gave Japan the culture, art, and religion that she herself had acquired from China.

It must be acknowledged, however, that in the National Museum at Seul, created by the Japanese, Mr. Suyumatsu, director, one may read the story of the glory of the ancient art of Korea in painting and sculpture, in bronze, in gold, in brass, and in pottery, arts that she lost when the Japanese vandal, Hideyoshi, by proxy carried away her

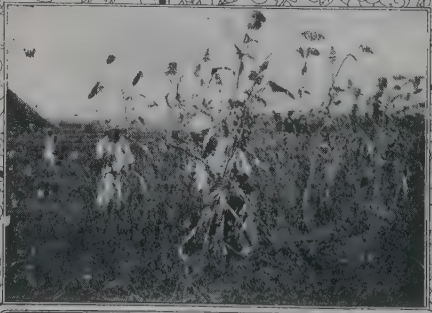
Street scene in Seul

Modern Japanese school

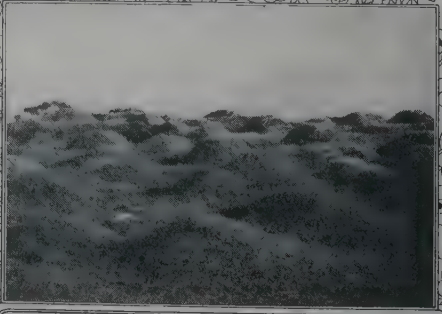


The Treeless mountains

A grocery store



Reaping millet



Korean graves

SAMUELS

A Korean gentleman

A street scene in Seul

Middle-class Korean women

The South Gate, Seul

Natives hulling rice

A fish-vender

The gamblers in Seul

Outside the wall of Seul

skilled workmen to labor in his own country.

There are relatively few schools for higher learning, but Japan is profiting by the British mistake in Bengal.

Many hospitals have been added to Korea since the annexation, in 1910. There is some attempt at food inspection. Public slaughter-houses have been established, something not yet accomplished either in Great Britain or in the United States.

In old Korea there was no incentive to thrift. Any exhibition of wealth was an invitation to the tax-gatherer. The only possible way to enjoy it, therefore, was to spend it as secretly as possible. The old order has changed in this, too. In 1910 the deposits in savings-banks advanced from nothing to over two million yen. One and a quarter million depositors had over twelve million yen to their credit in the postal savings-banks alone in the year 1917-18. It must be acknowledged, however, that the Japanese in Korea have on deposit, per person, four times as much as the individual Korean.

The Agricultural and Industrial Bank, established in 1906, loans money for long terms at a low rate of interest, with easy conditions for repayment, in order to promote agricultural and industrial enterprises. The first Peoples Bank was organized in 1907. It was intended to benefit the small farmer by advancing money to purchase agricultural implements and manure, then helping him to sell his produce. For these purposes the Government advanced 10,000 yen. In 1914 shares were on sale at ten yen each, and in 1917 the number of the banks had increased to 260, with over a hundred thousand members. They now accept deposits.

During the earlier years of Japanese occupancy about twelve million yen annually was required from the home treasury to pay for these and other improvements; but as the wealth of Korea has increased, it has been possible to depend more and more upon her own income. She is now financially independent. Since the annexation, she has probably never cost Japan, on the average, more than the cost of the army and navy.

As in all civilized communities except the United States, Korean expenditures have been guided by a carefully prepared budget.

Over half of the present revenue of the peninsula is now derived from land taxes. In the beginning of Japanese occupancy these taxes were so light that rice farmers, for example, easily met them with the proceeds from the sale of rice-straw. In 1914 the tax on land was increased forty per cent., and a new tax on city land was levied, as well as taxes on tobacco and liquor. In 1916 an income tax was added. Less than a quarter of the total income from taxes is made up from the miscellaneous taxes; more than a quarter from customs. In addition to land and other taxes and customs duties, Korea has an excellent source of revenue in the profits from the manufacture of ginseng and other government monopolies and enterprises, such as the government printing-office, postal, telegraph, telephone, and railway receipts. In other words, Japan has solved some of the problems of government ownership with which we are still struggling.

I came to Korea in 1910, just after the annexation, after a three months' sojourn in Japan, where I had the opportunity to study their schools in considerable detail. When I found that they had already given some similar advantages to the Korean children and were planning to open many more schools, I bubbled over with enthusiasm. Although I was staying in the home of one of the medical missionaries, Doctor Avison, director of the Severance Hospital, very little, if anything, was said of the other side of the story until, enlightened somewhat by Millard's "Far Eastern Question," Mackenzie's "Tragedy of Korea," and Hulburt's "Passing of Korea," I began to ask direct questions. Looking backward, I marvel at the restraint, the fairness, with which burning questions were discussed. My host had the advantage of a scientific turn of mind as well as deep understanding of the real situation. Finally, despite my pro-Japanese and his pro-Korean sympathies, I came gradually to understand the reasons why Japan, with her ability, her power, her genuine

desire to do right, yet seemed to be in the wrong. She had tried to crush Korean nationalism. Instead, she had lighted in their hearts an eternal fire of patriotism. Like Prussia, she had absolute faith in her own *Kultur*. Like Prussia, too, she failed to understand the psychology of the "other fellow."

Japan had the opportunity to make the Koreans forget their historic hatred. She might have justified absolutely her claim to leadership in the East. Instead, she began by furnishing her enemies with a strong argument against it. In the early administration of Korea she made five vital mistakes:

First, her highest official in Korea, successor to Inouye, Count Miura, was either a fellow-conspirator or else the willing tool of a disloyal, dangerous native renegade, the former regent, in the brutal murder of the queen.

The story of the queen, culminating in her murder, with the help of the Japanese, is worth re-telling. She was an aristocrat of ancient lineage, beautiful, gracious, generous. According to Korean ideals, she was extremely well educated. Education, to the Koreans, meant knowledge of the Chinese classics, obtained at first hand. Parts of these books had been translated into the vernacular, so that they might be read by all women. Needless to say, the parts thus made available inculcated chastity, reverence, obedience. They taught uncomplaining and unquestioning subjugation to father and husband. There they stopped. Women of the nobility, however, were taught some ideographs. Occasionally, driven by ability or ambition or by intellectual curiosity, a woman, from this small beginning, became as widely read in Chinese wisdom as the literati.

The queen's learning, however, was not confined to the classics. She had an intimate knowledge of the history of her own country. And as she learned easily from people, too, she grew into a wide knowledge of foreign affairs and acquired unusual skill in diplomacy. She was much admired by the first resident, Inouye. He was always inclined to follow her lead in Korean affairs, and when he returned to Japan, he assured her of his protection.

The king's father, the intolerant, narrow-minded regent before referred to, was her bitter enemy, chiefly because her power over the king was greater than his. He was intensely conservative, hating all foreigners, especially the Japanese. But these dislikes were, after all, pale candle-light to the flame of hatred which burned in his heart for the queen. For a score of years she had successfully thwarted all his efforts to rule; therefore, despite his hatred for the Japanese, he conspired with the resident, Count Miura, that each might be rid of his biggest obstacle to a successful career—the queen.

Early in October, 1895, all ammunition was secretly removed from the palace. At the same time Japanese-trained guards were substituted as generally as possible for those trained by the Americans. Then one day in the early morning, with the king's father carried in his chair at their head, Japanese troops entered the palace. A party of some thirty professional cutthroats, Japanese, of course, demanded the queen. One of them pulled the king round by the shoulder, another, the crown prince by his hair, the others dragged palace women round by the hair. All demanded "The queen, the queen." When at last they found her, they killed her with their swords. They dragged her body in a sack to a grove of trees, covered it with kerosene, and set fire to it. It is said that only a few bones remained. Two years later these bones were given a magnificent burial. To-day the site of the queen's tomb is one of the most beautiful places near the capital. Two years later the king was crowned emperor, and the dead queen was made empress, a triumphant answer to the edict, sent through all Korea, in which the queen was degraded to the lowest rank and declared to be a wicked woman. Weak though he was, the king refused to sign the paper. Nevertheless, it was widely circulated with a forged signature.

Count Miura and all of his satellites were recalled, and tried for the murder. His titles and dignities were taken from him. Later, they were restored. His deed was a blunder as well as a crime. It threw Korea into the hands of Rus-

sia, from which she was not recovered until the close of the costly Russo-Japanese War.

Second, Japan attempted at the point of the sword to enforce sumptuary laws, regulating the length of the pipe, the length and width of sleeves, and the method of dressing the hair.

Japan's efforts to introduce the European style of hair-dressing into Korea make gay reading, but they tell the same story of a curious inability to put herself in her neighbor's place. It is true that in Japan a simple decree had been quite sufficient to bring about easily a change in their method of dressing the hair. This was partly because the order came from their own ruler and partly because there was nothing vital to a Japanese in his hair arrangement. To the Korean, however, the long plait hanging down his back meant that he was a boy, not a despised girl, and the topknot that he had attained the dignity of manhood and marriage.

The decree was resisted furiously. Cabinet ministers resigned rather than obey the order. True, the king, the crown prince, and the palace attendants had their hair cut in the new style, but then they did not wish to resign. Police in the streets and at the gates enforced the new order. Seul nearly starved. Farmers were not allowed to enter with their topknots, and as they knew that they would be mobbed and beaten if they returned to their villages without them, they wisely compromised by returning with their produce unsold, but with their topknots intact.

An interesting commentary on this incident is the fact that, entirely without solicitation from the missionaries, many of the Christian converts cut off the topknot. They consider that this ceremony marks an important break from their old life and an auspicious entrance into the new.

Third, Japan allowed the scum of her population to flock into Korea to plunder, maltreat, and oppress the timid and helpless natives. Inouye himself said of them:

> All the Japanese are overbearing and rude in their dealings with the Koreans. . . . They are not only overbearing, but violent. . . . When there is the slightest misunderstanding, they do not hesitate to employ their fists. Indeed, it is not uncommon for them to pitch Koreans into the river or to cut them down with swords. . . . In such circumstances it would be a wonder if the Koreans developed much friendship with the Japanese. For this state of things the Japanese are themselves to blame.

Fourth, under the pretense of "military necessity" she allowed Japanese soldiers and officials to confiscate houses and lands for their own private gain.

Fifth, she introduced her own unfortunate system of legalized prostitution and segregated districts.

Unfortunately, instead of living down her earlier mistakes, she has roused new antagonisms. Since the annexation most of her blunders may be grouped into three divisions:

First, the continuance of militaristic rule.

Second, the continuance of efforts to denationalize the Koreans, especially by refusing to teach them, in their own language, their own literature and history. They have not only insisted upon their learning to speak Japanese, to use "made-in-Japan" text-books, but they have also compelled Korean children to worship the tablet of the Japanese Emperor, outwardly at least.

Third, official sanction to Buddhist and Shinto propaganda, together with more or less obvious opposition, not only to the religion of the Christians, but also to their social and religious work.

In 1912, in an uprising similar to the one of this year, over a hundred native Christians were arrested. It is not true that they were tortured, though doubtless Japan has learned something from the West of "third-degree" methods of dealing with suspects. It was true that the Japanese were then, as always, suspicious of the missionaries. But it was not true that the missionaries had done anything to deserve the suspicion. They love and understand the Koreans as the Japanese never will, but since the annexation it has been a point of honor with them never to voice criticism or encourage discontent, much less rebellion. The Japanese specifically found

fault with the enthusiastic singing of "Onward, Christian Soldier" and the tense attention paid to the story of David and Goliath. Doubtless, both these things made a strong patriotic appeal to the native Christians. Koreans are human beings "under the skin," and the loss of their nationality was a bitter grief to them. Their history, like that of the Jews, the Czechs, the Poles, the Alsatians, the Schleswig Danes, thrown into the lime-light again by the Great War, has emphasized this truth: to keep alive nationality, and, for that matter, personality, it is only necessary to deny its expression. Forbid a people their language, their customs; take away from them the right of freedom to travel, free public meetings, freedom of the press, of speech; discriminate against them in their daily life because of their nationality, they will then fail to realize, no matter how obvious it may be, that under the new rule they are safer in purse and person; that they are economically, physically, and in educational opportunities far better off than they were under native rule. Under conditions like these the spirit of a nation never dies. It may sleep. Sometime it will awaken.

In the dozen or so years that have elapsed since Japan assumed the protectorate of Korea she has done much for the physical, mental, and economic well-being of the people, more, indeed, than Korea accomplished for herself in her previous three thousand years of civilization, even with the aid of the wisdom and the capital of European and American advisers in the quarter of a century immediately preceding Japanese control. Yet the hatred of Korea for Japan is far greater now than it was in the middle ages that gave it birth.

In 1916 there were in Korea 65 Shinto preaching-houses, with 103 preachers; 209 Buddhist preaching-houses, with 282 preachers; and 49 Buddhist temples, with 31 priests. In the same year there were 3164 Christian churches and mission houses, with 6690 ministers.

I happened to travel from Japan to Seul in the company of the Buddhist archbishop and his priests, sent from Japan to reconvert Korea. At every station they were greeted by a few of the faithful, mostly Japanese. They were obviously cultivated and intelligent and worldly-wise gentlemen; but their coming was the answer of Japan to the missionaries, mostly Americans, who had sympathized, only at first, with the Koreans against Japanese aggressions. Nevertheless, many Japanese realize the advantage of Christianity to the Koreans. Prince Ito gave yearly ten thousand yen to the Y. M. C. A., and gifts have been given to the Salvation Army out of the public treasury.

The religious history of Korea is most interesting. Buddhism had been introduced there in the fourth century. In the sixth their missionaries passed it on to Japan. In both countries, for many centuries, it walked hand and hand with civilization. But in the "Golden Age of Korean Morals," in the sixteenth century, it fell into deserved disrepute. Confucianism took its place. From this time until the Japanese invasion no Buddhist priests were allowed within the walls of the cities. Socially, they ranked just above the slayers of cattle.

Admirable as a code of ethics, Confucianism did not feed the religious needs of the emotional Koreans. Its strongest hold over them was in the laws providing for ancestor worship. Degenerating into superstitions, these bound them with iron chains even to the present time.

From corrupted Buddhism they had acquired a belief in all sorts of demons. They tried to propitiate them with prayers. The fantastic figures, so common on roofs, still bear witness to their belief in numerous and active devils. Altogether their religious beliefs were terrifying instead of consoling.

The earlier Catholic missionaries made the mistake of showing active intolerance of ancestor worship. They failed utterly. That they might have succeeded is shown by the respect that the Chinese still show to the memory of Ricci. He taught them that reverence for one's ancestors need not interfere with a belief in God. In consequence of his liberal thought, the mission he founded is still a vital factor in the religious and social life of Pekin.

After the opening of Korea to the world, Protestant missionaries from England, America, Canada, and Australia flocked there. They had been preceded by French Catholics. Naturally, the earlier and most numerous converts were to the Catholic Church. Even now no other single branch of the church has so many members. Among the Protestants, Presbyterians and Methodists lead.

The rapidity with which Korea has become Christianized is due not only to their antagonism to Japan and to their love for the missionaries, but also to several other factors of which the following, perhaps, is the most important: Korea is the only Oriental country whose people are able to read the Bible in the vernacular. This is due to the invention of one of the Korean kings, living in the fifteenth century. It is called *on-mun,* a Korean alphabet, said to be the most perfect in the world. It was so easy to acquire that it opened the world of books not only to the literati, but to every one. Indeed, for many years it was despised because it was "so easy that even women can learn it in a month."

All this is now ancient history. Korea has cost Japan over thirty-five years of incessant toil, a civil war (the Satsuma Rebellion), and two expensive foreign wars. She is worth all that she has cost, but the end is not yet. Again Japan stands at the parting of the ways. She has seen the defeat of Germany. Yet Germany had all the advantages that enabled little Japan to conquer great Russia: (1) highly centralized political power, (2) a thoroughly militarized population, (3) remarkable national solidarity, (4) thorough preparation. In a word, Japan has witnessed the complete failure of efficient autocracy and militarism. Will she listen now to her own democrats, who beg her to heed the voice of the people, or will she answer that the failure of Germany was due primarily to the fact that her centralization and militarism were inferior to that of Japan? It is true. In Japan the real power is in the hands of the Genro, a small group of men without legal status or any responsibility to the people, and also in those of a sovereign worshiped as a demigod, proclaimed *by his people* a ruler by divine right. Contrast such power with that of William Hohenzollern, almost alone, even in the height of his power, in believing that God had anything to do with his kingship. In Japan, again, the people are martial by instinct and from long inheritance. Feudalism, the spirit of knighthood, was their atmosphere within the memory of men yet living. "The cherry-blossom among flowers; among men the warrior," still expresses their real sentiment. But in Germany the feudal spirit belonged to a remote past. The mass of the people were militarized almost by force. At the best they obeyed from a dull sense of duty. Their martial spirit was an acquired characteristic, not a birthright.

It would be absurd to expect sudden and sweeping changes in the spirit of Japan. But while she is trying to find her soul, it is to be hoped that Western nations, especially our own country, will refrain from saying and doing things that may crystallize her pride instead of freeing her from its domination. We must remember that it was Russian interference that forced Japan into the war that ended finally, against the best judgment of many of her statesmen, in the annexation of Korea. Whatever actual good may have come to Korea in consequence, only an incurable optimist can fail to see much harm to Japan herself, to China, and to the rest of the world, should the Japanese be pushed into a position in which, to protect themselves, they must be aggressive.

Lowry

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Illustrations by W. C. Dexter

"He had turned up, like an evil card in the deck of Fortune, and with that suddenness which makes the securest life seem to rest on quicksand."

HE stood there under the thatched eaves of a low-class sake-shop and held out a hand as we passed. It was raining, not the casual downpour of America, or the "business-as-usual" sort of England, but in the sad Japanese fashion that brings mists thronging to temple-tops, like doubts and despairs to an appeaseless mind.

He was garbed in clothes as tattered as his beard: coat and trousers that hung loosely down, as if heavy with shame; shoes that had evidently not been bought by him; a hat serving for little except partly to conceal long-uncombed hair, on which the rain, trickling from the roof, dripped with disheartening certainty. Yet what was most striking about him was that he was indubitably and somehow distinguishedly American.

In the kuruma with me was Mrs. Neilson, the piquant widow of my former commandant, who was now living in Yokohama and who, I confess, was the chief attraction of my stop-over in Japan. We were making a train for Tokio, off for a reception at the embassy.

For either of us to have tossed the beggar a coin from under wraps and umbrellas would not have been easy; yet I supposed my companion, who uttered a quick, pained "Oh!" was merely too shocked or startled to do so. Nor did the pallor of her face, as the straw-sandaled feet of our *kurumayas* stopped at the station, suggest more to me. As for the disturbing bounder himself, I am sure his look had been only one of bleared, fatal, smiling misery.

My disgust at the mischance, nevertheless, led me to pause in the station-door and look back. That he was, or had been, one of our own kind doubly irritated me. Why could n't such degenerates keep their degradation out of the way of decent people with a day's freedom ashore? Should the prodigal only inherit the earth?

The truth is also that I particularly wanted Mrs. Neilson to be in her happiest mood. Her loveliness, aloof and uncompromising as it was, had intrigued me from time to time for several years, and I had quite made up my mind—well, to mention matrimony. But this rotter, a disgrace to his sex, seemed to have stirred some memory of the masculine in her that was not likely to improve my chances. It was hugely provoking.

"See here," I said, catching up with her, "it 's too bad—that beastly derelict, I mean."

"Yes," she answered, standing strangely motionless, her face turned away from me.

"An American begging, and of all places here in Yokohama!"

"Yes," she agreed again, but in a tone of such unmistakable bitterness and shame as gave me pause. For while passing a down-and-out is not pleasant, and while no one likes to have

his nationality outraged on the way to a festivity meant to celebrate it, why bitterness and shame?

I purchased tickets, half aware in doing so of stupidly accepting too little change for my ten-yen note. Then, silently puzzled, I led my companion to an empty compartment through a crowd of Japanese on clacking geta, of tourists, and of naval officers in dress-uniform, like myself.

I did not, however, enter the compartment with her. Before I could do so she sank to a seat, as if relieved to be out of the throng, and sat shaking in a rigor of self-control.

"My dear Mrs. Neilson," I said, "what is it?"

She could not at first reply, but only sat racked, with clenched hands in her lap. After a while, however, words came.

"On the streets," she began, "begging! Oh, it 's horrible!"

"But, my dear lady, why so horrible? He 's only a—"

"No; he 's more, more!" she cried, rising from her place and almost sobbing the words. Then she turned toward me, with hands pressed against her breast. "You 'll have to forgive me," she said, as I waited for enlightenment, "but I can't go to Tokio."

There was stern distress, almost anger in her note, as well as disappointment.

"But tell me—" I protested.

"It 's a shame," she broke out. "It is! it is! But something must be done. I must go back. Or perhaps you would —oh, would you?"

The change in her face was a revelation to me as she again sank to her seat. Her accustomed poise was wholly gone. Her eyes, always a little hard, were haunted; her lips strained and drawn. The black aigret in her crimson hat was trembling. She had, it became manifest to me, known him somewhere, tragically, before. And now he had turned up, like an evil card in the deck of Fortune, and with that suddenness which makes the securest life seem to rest on quicksand.

The compartment-door was still open. Despite distaste for such mixups and of provocation at the prospect of my lost holiday and opportunity with her, I quietly closed it.

"Surely I 'll go," I said through the open window. "An American can't let another stand begging at a Japanese pot-house without doing something."

I had put it objectively to ease the complexity; but she was a woman whose self-control, once shaken, is more easily broken by another's self-possession than by calamity.

"Go, for God's sake!" she urged, quite undone. "I can't bear to think of him there. His name is Lowry. Go, and tell him—oh, get him away from here, out of Yokohama, anywhere, or—"

The rest of her words did not reach me, for the train was drawing slowly out of the station. My last glimpse of her distorted face revealed it with a map of Japan framed, ironically, it seemed to me, above it.

WHEN I got back to the sake-shop the disheveled Lowry still stood there. But now his smile was sharp and mocking, for Charity had evidently passed by on the other side.

As I approached, he recognized me as a recent passer-by who had failed to give, and instinctively lowered his outstretched hand. It was, I could see, one thing to be tossed a casual coin and forgotten, but to be approached and spoken to by a fellow-countryman was quite another matter. Pride is sometimes stronger than honor or decency, or even than the unbearable thirst of dissipation.

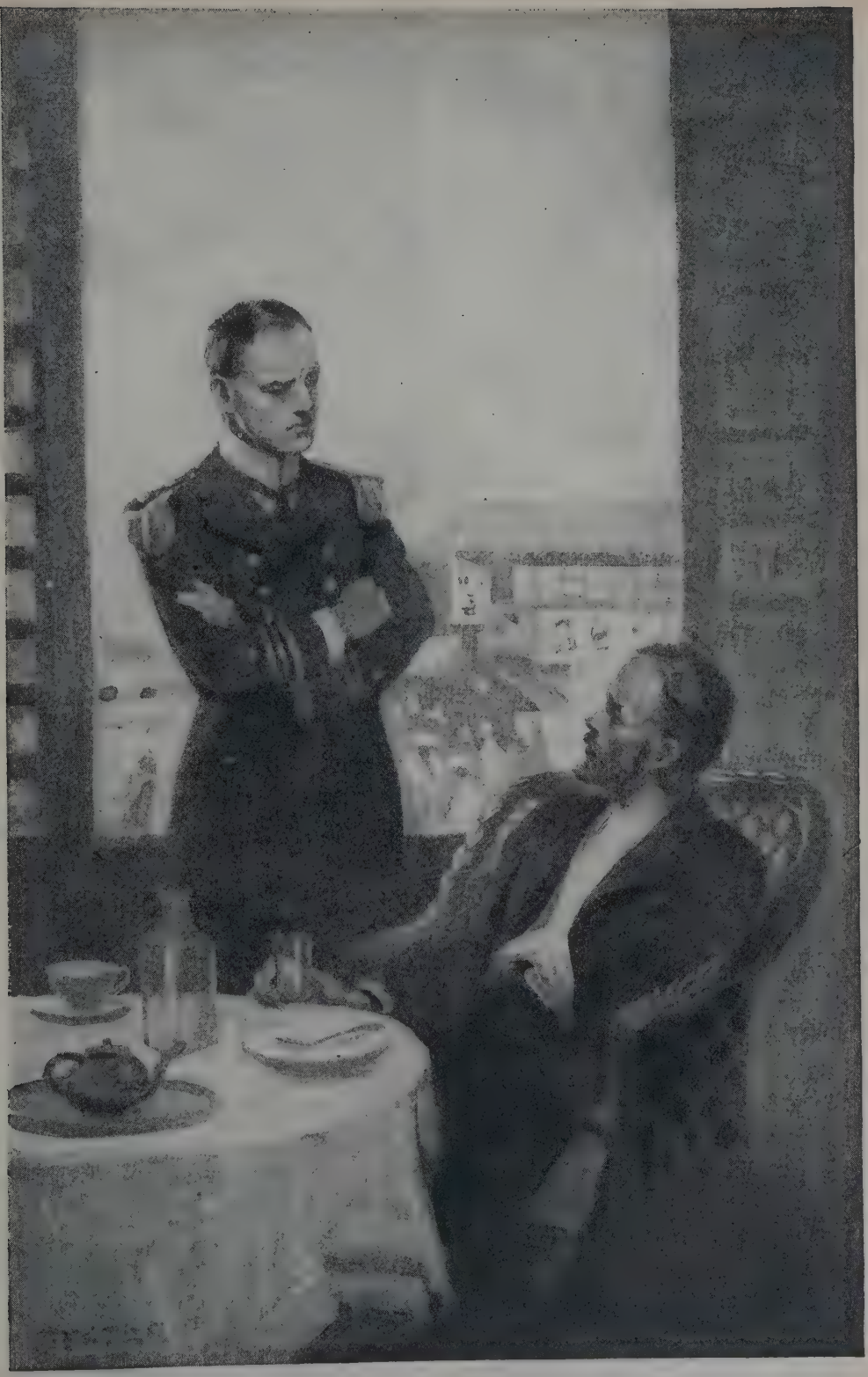
"Will you come with me?" I said curtly enough.

"And where, my friend?" he answered, with a polite, disconcerting irony, which seemed to express contempt for any assumption of superiority on my part, as well as for existence in general.

"To get some clothes," I said, "and food; and, if you must, a drink."

Our eyes met squarely. In the exchange I could feel a vitiated soul trying to meet mine as an equal.

"And why this Christian charity?" he mocked, shrugging his rags, and shivering in the wet air of a somewhat chilly summer day.



" 'Have I informed you . . . that I desire to change my residence?' "

"Well, mainly because I 'm a junk-headed fool," I replied, this time acridly.

He looked slowly at me—at the braid and epaulets of my rather smart uniform, then at his squalor. The contrast was not pleasant, but he smiled, perhaps with amusement at the thought of the humiliation it would cause me, evidently a person without humor, to walk the tourist-thronged streets with him. The smile, though sardonic, was unspeakably wretched.

"As you please," he assented, a touch of mockery still left, for self-respect, in his bow; and we turned into the street.

He walked beside me with shame and yet with contemptuous enjoyment. Our way was past the rich curio-shops, displaying shadowy treasures of bronze, silver, and ivory. It took all Mrs. Neilson's attractions, I 'm willing to admit, to keep me from turning him loose with yen in his pocket, or at best from handing him over somehow to the care of the consulate.

But, with clothes obtained, he was at length seated before a substantial lunch on the balcony of my room at the hotel. The rain had ceased. The bund, with its moist human stream, flowed below. In the harbor were the tethered ships of many nations, swarmed about by sampans, and from my destroyer floated the beloved stars and stripes.

He ate and drank in silence. I stood with my back to him, looking over the sea I had been glad to get away from a few hours since, but that I now heartily wished myself back on, out of this irritating pother.

It had to be got over, however; so I turned. He was just finishing his whisky and soda, and was doubtless considering the particular tone in which to thank me, when I spoke.

"I don't know who you are, where you came from, or what you are doing in Yokohama," I began, with an intensity that made him stare, "but I 've got to ask you to be good enough to tell me where you wish to go."

This was not entirely impressive or tactful, as he was quick to see. He scanned me coolly; then his lip curled.

"Have I informed you," he replied quietly, "that I desire to change my residence? I 'm obliged to you, no doubt,"—he shrugged deprecatingly toward the empty dishes,—"but as I have only lately arrived in this delightful city—delightful, that is, to you," he added, with secret hatred in his eyes, "I don't see just why you are so particularly interested in my departure."

"Nor do I," I answered harshly, realizing that I must speak plainer. "But there is a reason, and I 've no doubt it 's a good one."

His stare became more guarded, but there was only such doubt in his face as comes easily to those who distrust destiny at large.

"This is most interesting," he said with more elaborate irony, yet at the same time clenching an uncontrolled hand. "I 've no love for this city, mind you; no more than you, a seaman, would have for a rotten ship in a China typhoon. I came here first fifteen years ago. And then, my friend, I was a lad, happy, healthy, hopeful—my God!"

He paused at the vision his words had unintentionally raised before him—paused as if it were a ghost ready to strangle him. I knew I must say more to get the scene over.

"Well, you must clear out," I growled, "and the sooner the better. If you lack money, all right. That 's all I 've got to say, except that one can't hang around making women miserable."

"Women?"

"The woman with me this morning when I passed you was Mrs. Hilda Neilson."

It took a moment before the name got through the blankness of his stare; then he quivered as if a harpoon had suddenly been hooked in his heart, and a flood of horror surged over his face—such horror, it seemed, as might break into any terrible passion.

"Hilda—Neilson?" fell from him, like slow drops of blood. "Hilda—Neilson?"

I stared in turn. The inner cause of his horror and anguish was of course unknown to me, but of one thing I be-

came aware: the thought that he had stood there in his degradation begging of her, and had been recognized, was an overwhelming poison.

"God! God! God!" he exclaimed, gazing at me with the expression of one who has been diabolically betrayed, and not for the first time, by chance. Then, as if on the verge of hysteria, or at least with an indignation that made him writhe, he cried: "It 's a lie. She lives in San Francisco. She would n't come back here. She would n't. Who are you, anyway?"

His debilitated body shook from head to foot.

"I don't think she believed *you* would come back," I said. It was getting hard to keep pity and kindness out of my voice, for back of his ruin, I began to feel, was some calamity greater than mere infirmity of individual will. Life had sometimes a way of destroying us with subtle and impersonal mischances more relentless than our own folly.

His passion, however, was now caught up and torn by another thought.

"She sent you to me," he raged—"sent you with money left her by Howard Neilson, whom she never loved, never, though she did marry him! She sent you to get me out of town—out of sight. Brushing her skirts against a memory that has become bloated is n't, doubtless, to her taste."

I did not deny this. At the moment it would have been useless. His loud sense of betrayal was deafening him to any other possible interpretation.

He continued:

"You, my gallant friend, may know nothing of all this, you who no doubt want to marry her yourself. But you shall know it, endure it. I came here, as I told you, fifteen years ago—came to marry Hilda Holt. Yes, I. We had been engaged for a year, and had written each other two, three, four times a week. It was April, the month set for the wedding, when I sailed from San Francisco. I was young," his voice broke, and irony dropped away from it as he added: "The Golden Gate seemed to me the very gate of heaven as our ship put out through it."

He paused. Undeniable sobs were on the point of breaking from him.

"She met me out there in the harbor; came on a tug. As it danced up and down on the waves, it seemed to me she was dancing with joy at seeing me. And perhaps she was inwardly; perhaps not. God! I don't know now. She was flushed, anyhow, and happy and beautiful, fatally beautiful. And yet she was restrained; she was Hilda Holt.

"My things were taken to the hotel and handed to the porter, an ivory-faced villain who—but, no; wait till you have heard, to judge him. Then we went to Hilda's home to see her people.

"The streets seemed enchanted, for I 'd never been out of America before, and our kuruma was double; so I sat close to her, as you did this morning. To live in this place, as I expected to, and to work for her among these little people, who seemed so pleasant and kindly—it suffocates me with despair as I recall it.

"Her people received me open-armed, as was right. They jested at my infatuation and about the wedding. Meanwhile we went out through the streets of little shops, whose blue-and-white hangings, with Japanese characters on them, seemed to me like good-luck signs. Good luck? They are writhing serpents of hell to me now."

He reached for his empty whisky-glass and drained the few drops that had gathered at the bottom. The mere habit seemed to steady him.

"The third day Hilda was occupied with clothes. I was left alone at the hotel, with nothing to do. The charm of the land had already intoxicated me. It can, with almost any man. It soothes the senses, yet lures them. And the curst place does so with such quaintness and witchery of beautiful sights and sounds that he never thinks of evil or danger.

"An idea struck me that I would buy something for Hilda—something wonderful and unique; something that even the connoisseurs would gape at; something, too, for our home, which was to be built in Japanese fashion. For we intended to be real Orientals, Hilda and I did, with mats, shoji, kakemono, and all.

"I told the porter at the door that

I wanted a treasure of the rarest sort, and asked him to tell my kurumaya. I was young, and no doubt love and desire were rawly apparent in me. Perhaps that porter misunderstood me; perhaps he did n't. For years after I would have killed him at sight, anywhere, merely on the strength of the doubt."

He pushed the knife, unconsciously picked up from the table, away from him as he said it, and went on:

"My kurumaya quickly wheeled me away, off across the canal, where the fishermen sunned themselves in sampans, past Motomachi, up the hill,—you know the way,—and along the winding residence road leading to Mississippi Bay.

"The cherries were in bloom; bamboos swayed. I sat back, and crossed my legs. Flowers and miniature gardens were everywhere, as now, and those shady rocks the natives prize so.

"I was transported." He faltered. The bitterness and irony of years again fell from him, and it was easy to imagine him as he must have been, young, handsome, radiant, with a blissful future before him. "Yes, transported and in love. And I had been faithful, too, never untrue to Hilda, even in thought. Yet if desire was at work in me, was n't I a man? Anyhow, I drank in beauty at every pore, though being all the while in a sort of Nirvana."

Some hatred of the word, as he said it, brought him back to his present bitter self, from which, indeed, more than a moment's escape was impossible to him.

"My kurumaya had taken a direction away from the shopping district, but that did n't seem strange. What did it matter where I bought my gift? What did anything matter but the sunshine and enchantment, but the lure and sweetness of this precious land of the lotus, where I had come to marry Hilda?

"Well, before I knew it we were reaching the edge of the city; and again before I knew it my kurumaya had turned suddenly to the left into a little bamboo-walled garden, and had circled around a rocky pool and several pine-trees in the center. There he stopped, hot, smiling, and panting, before a Japanese door, with its shoji thrown open. And inside—"

Speech failed him again, and this time his head sank to his arms, which rested on the table. His face was twitching. When he lifted it to continue, he asked, with startling hopelessness, "Do you believe in freedom of the will?"

The question was evidently always at the bottom of his heart—and of his soul, which had been overthrown and betrayed. He did not wait for an answer.

"Inside there stood a girl. That porter had, indeed, sent me to something rare. She was the aristocratic type of Japanese beauty, with long oval face, black hair done up in the geisha fashion, dreamy eyes—that kind. A kimono of light-rose silk hung, and fell open, from her shoulders. She was wonderful.

"She turned and smiled at me in the way Japanese women can, a submissive, irresistible, smile. They get it, I suppose, through ages of wheedling their indifferent men.

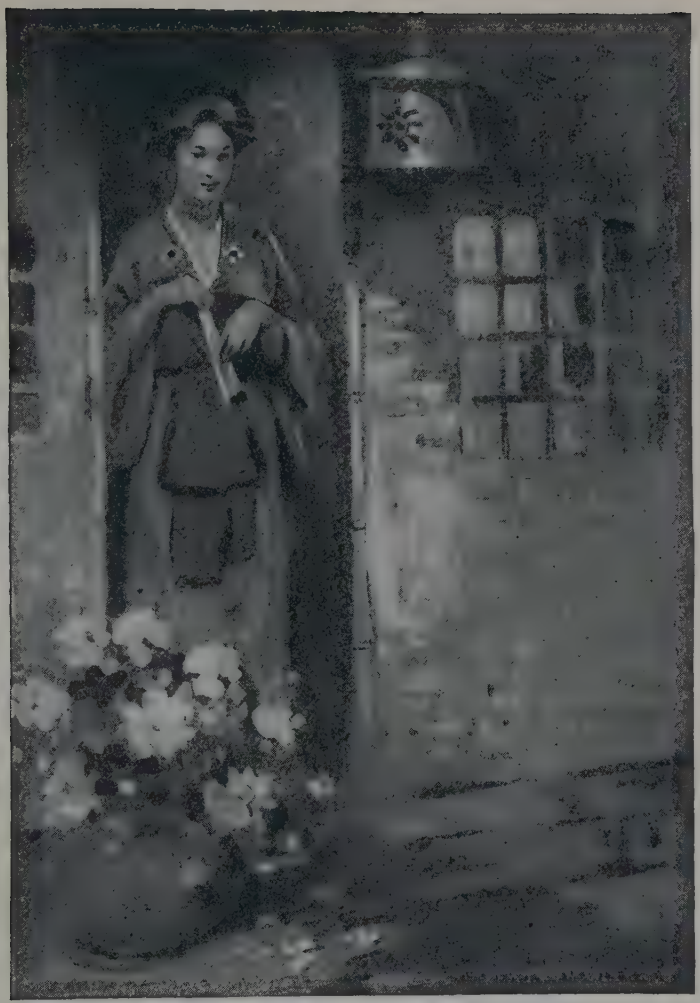
" 'Please to come in?' she said. Then, when she saw clearly that I was taken by surprise and stood helpless before her beauty, 'Please to come up-stairs.'

"They were her only words of English, but as I followed, they seemed like a leash that at the moment I would rather have died than broken. She gave me food, sake, music on the koto, dancing—and herself.

"Yes," he went on almost fiercely, "herself. And Puritan as I was and am yet in belief, those two hours did not seem wrong, but only a part of the enchantment of the land."

This old insoluble perplexity—of desire, somehow implanted, that yet can bring ruin—was, I fancy, much in his thought; but now he dismissed it with a sentence.

"Nature's trick is to punish us most when she tempted us most. We heard a sudden noise of voices down-stairs, and what seemed to be terrified denials from several inmates of the house. Then there were feet on the stairs, the shoji of our room were thrown open,



"Inside there stood a girl"

and police stood in the entrance. The girl beside me grew pale at some accusal in Japanese. Denials broke from her lips, bewitching and indignant, but vain. A thousand-yen note, it seemed, had been stolen in the place the night before, and all found there were ordered before the magistrates."

The rest fell from him brokenly, apathetically, as if he were exhausted with the passion of trying to vindicate to a stranger what could not truly be vindicated.

There had been a scandal, as a matter of course. He had been compelled to appeal to his prospective father-in-law, as he was unknown in Yokohama. Hilda had turned to stone. She would not see or hear him, giving as a reason that unfaithfulness at the moment of marriage meant certain unfaithfulness afterward.

He had written pages of pleas for three months; his letters always came back. Oh, she was hard, frozen cruel, Hilda was, as only the proud can be. And then in six months she had married—she who had scorned marriage except for love!

He had gone away to Shanghai and into wild company. From Shanghai he went to Java and put the little money he had left in a coffee concern, which failed.

Then malaria had attacked him. He was for months in a Surabaya hospital, friendless and moneyless. When he got up he was too done for to work; and he wanted liquor, wanted it badly, to forget.

Only a step remained from that to becoming a beach-comber, to drifting here, there, anywhere, helped from time to time by a little money borrowed, begged, or earned; for he would not appeal to his people. Then he had come back to Yokohama with the promise in a month's time of a job. It was a last chance for him. An old friend was on the way from San Francisco, one who might help him.

I heard him out, and ordered more whisky, loath as I was to do so. When he had drunk it at a gulp, I could speak.

"I don't know," I said, "whether character is destiny, as we 've heard it contended, but destiny is often enough hell. And as it has been so for you, Lowry, I don't mind saying I 'm sorry. In fact, as I 'm a man myself, you have as much of my sympathy in this matter as Mrs. Neilson. Nevertheless, you must leave Yokohama."

He took this, looking hard at me, and wiping his drink-swollen lips in the habitual way. An understanding of man to man passed slowly between us.

He rose silently and looked around the room, as if not only Yokohama streets, but indeed the whole world, were stark prison-walls for him. Then his gaze went far away out the window, past the ships and the sea, to another world he had long lost sight of—the world of *noblesse oblige* and of the ideals to which he had been bred.

The struggle which took place in him was brief. Perhaps he had suffered too much to keep it up long. Perhaps, as I am inclined to think, the result was a clear spiritual triumph for him.

"Yes," he said and smiled miserably, sardonically, as when he had first met me, "I must go. Chances are only for those who don't need a chance. And you may tell Hilda," he added, with a tinge of scorn concealing the gallantry of what seemed to him a lie, "that she was right. Hilda, you know, always liked to be right."

This was his last submission. The sense of wrong he had suffered was the one thing he could oppose to his unforgetable sense of degradation; it was his ballast against the reelings of despair.

"I will tell her," I said.

He took up his hat, offered me his hand, hesitantly, and, after I had grasped it, went out.

I SAT smoking till dusk, and after dinner went to see Hilda. The rain had ceased. The moon was damnably haunting. It poured phosphorescent silver on the temples, where crimson lanterns swung; on shadowy gate-posts, whose ideographs, I recalled, seemed to Lowry like writhing hell-serpents; on the branches of bamboo and pine; and on the mystery of the sea.

Hilda, herself again, was expecting me, in manner and attire cool, handsome, complete. It was fascinating, partly, I believe, because the uncertainty of life at sea made the certainty that she would always be thus presentable most tempting.

We walked in the garden that I might smoke, or perhaps that she might throw over her shoulders a rarely embroidered mandarin coat of irresistible hue. I was given an account of the day at the embassy, begun with regret that I had missed it, but related with the satisfaction and assuredness of one who has recently been soothed by admiration and flattery.

Yet flattery had not proved a complete anodyne to the encounter of the morning: it only covered insecurity. I could see that. And she was little pleased with the silence I was determined to keep until she asked for what she most wished to hear.

"Well?" she said at length, laying an intimate hand for the first time on my arm.

The touch was crucial. Twenty-four hours before it would have brought ardent avowal to my lips. Now I let it rest there without seeming to consider the caress or even to be aware of it.

"Oh, he 's going away," I said, as if that was all that was needed.

"That 's decent, at least," she answered, withdrawing the touch, at which, perversely enough, I was piqued and fretted.

"Yes, he 'll go," I averred. "I fancy you 'll not be bothered again. He left you a message."

My cigar had gone out. I lit it again indifferently, getting a rich glimpse of her face as I did so.

"He asked me to tell you," I said slowly, "that you were right."

I felt her tremble, as if the words had withdrawn from her some invisible support. But immediately she straightened. It may have been with determination, but I was in a mood to see only self-satisfaction.

Yes, I thought, Hilda likes to be right; and no doubt she had been in dealing with Lowry. Almost any fine woman would have taken the same course. Yet the certainty of having been right at that most critical moment would, it seemed to me, harden the last tenderness in her; for she was, she was, hard.

I finished my cigar, the guilty tenth that day, and prepared to take leave.

"When shall I see you again?" she asked, walking with me to the gate.

It was uncertain, I replied, as I had to go to Tokio to-morrow, and perhaps directly from there to Kobe to join my ship. It had been charming to see her. Would she be here when I next returned? If so, I must see more of her, much more.

At the gate we said good-by, she puzzled and perhaps a little pained. But not with self-suspicion, I sneered to myself, for to those who like being right as much as Hilda self-suspicion is scarcely a habit.

Two days later I sailed from Kobe. Six months ago I met an old friend of the Neilsons at the club in Shanghai. He had evidently known them well, and I admit that I listened hungrily to his talk of them.

They had never hit it off together, it seemed, though it was hard to say just why. She had always been charming in her manner toward Neilson, perfect, and their home was all it should be. Only, something was missing.

His opinion was that she secretly regarded her marriage a mistake, and would never marry again; perhaps because she was in love, and always had been, with a chap named Lowry, to whom she had been engaged before she met Neilson.

With an instant sinking of the heart I felt that he was right, and at the same time I knew that I loved her, knew it certainly. Yet on the night I gave her Lowry's message might I not have changed her? She had laid her hand on my arm as if—

I put the thought away, rose, said good night, and went to my ship.

The Altar

By JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

There were estrangements on the road of love,
  Betrayals and false passions, angers, lusts.
  There were keen nights and sated moons, and trusts
Grudgingly given and held light to prove
  Your self-sufficiency, your manhood's dower,
  And mocking at my faith—my single power.

There were renewals all along the way
  Of pledges and of weeping, new delights;
  But no new meaning till that night of nights
You groped beyond to where my meaning lay.
  And when you knelt to me you found me kneeling,
  Proud of love's pain and humble to its healing.

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

In this instalment Professor Skelton writes of that period in Laurier's career when the Liberal party was under the control of many chiefs, who seldom had the confidence of their followers. The Conservatives had one leader, Sir John A. Macdonald. Few periods in the political history of Canada possess greater interest.

VII. THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP

FOR a quarter of a century after Confederation, as for many years before it, the Conservative party of Canada followed a single leader. Never in Canada's history, and rarely in the annals of any other country, has any man dominated a great political party through so long a term as has John A. Macdonald. His leadership was not wholly unquestioned. At times severe illness, at others inattention to duties, and again the seemingly hopeless load of obloquy and discredit following the revelations of the Pacific scandal threatened his hold. Yet never for long. Macdonald's vast patience and resource, his uncanny knowledge of men and the motives that moved them, his grip on the popular imagination not less for his human failings than for his statesman's virtues, the mistakes of his opponents, or the weakness of his rivals, brought the party humbly and gratefully back to the incomparable leader. He was primarily an Ontario man, and each of the other provinces had its own leader, Cartier or Langevin, Tupper, Tilley; but the system of dual premiership which had marked the Union disappeared under Confederation, and the prime minister was really first. As year after year went by, and "John A." still reigned, his luck became legendary and his prestige invincible.

The Liberal party had no such good fortune. It had not one chief, but many. Leader after leader took up the task of vanquishing Sir John, and leader after leader laid it down again. Brown, Mackenzie, Blake, in turn failed, or found success but momentary, and Laurier won through to power only after his great rival had passed from the scene. All were men of outstanding personal force, of unquestioned sincerity, and of devotion to their country's good, endowed with many of the qualities that stir a people's and a party's loyalty. Brown and Blake and Laurier had broad constructive vision and a statesmanlike grasp of the wider issues of politics, and if Brown did not wholly despise the arts of the practical politician, Mackenzie and Blake, as well as their successor, scorned corruption and fought it whether in the ranks in front or in the ranks behind them. Yet in the first thirty years of Confederation the Liberals held power for five years, and the Conservatives for five and twenty.

In so far as the Conservatives owed their victories to the people's belief that they were more national-minded, more positive and optimistic in their policies, whether of trade development or of railway building, there might be room for dispute, but none for despair. In so far as they owed their fortune to a greater readiness to grant or to promise favors to a person or a class at public cost, or to gerrymander a riding or a province, it was not surprising that many observers grew doubtful of democracy. There is more than the loser's disappointment in Mackenzie's words to a friend a few days after his defeat in 1878.

> The recent verdict has shaken my confidence in the general soundness of public opinion and has given cause to fear that an upright administration of public affairs will not be appreciated by the mass of the people. If political criminals and political chicanery are to be preferred to such a course as we pursued, the outlook is an alarming one.

Whichever of these factors is held the more weighty, there was a third of undoubted force, the constant and disturbing shift in leadership. The Liberal party entered the dominion field under a heavy disability. Their opponent was in power, possessed of the honey-pots of patronage; they had nothing to offer but the stern task of opposition that for years to come must be its own reward. True, when the project of Confederation was adopted, Macdonald had been steadily losing his grip on his party as well as on himself, and the Government formed to carry the project through was a coalition in which the Liberals had a fair-sized share. But the coalition, and later the opportunity of patching up alliances with men from the new provinces that were entering the Union, gave Macdonald a new lease of life. Brown, with all his downright and domineering force, could not hold his own in the administration against his shrewd and supple rival; bitterly disappointed, he shook the dust of the cabinet from his feet, and the Liberal tinge soon faded out of the coalition.

Throughout the Union period George Brown had dominated the Liberal party of Canada West. A fiery and uncompromising Covenanter, fierce in assault upon sectional or religious or racial or class privilege, constructive on occasion, as in his insistence upon the acquisition of the Northwest and his championing of Confederation, hard-hitting in parliamentary debate, a whirlwind force in country campaigning, a shrewd and tireless organizer, Brown had many qualities of a great party leader. But he was too impatient and too sure not only of the superiority of his own powers, but of the absolute rightness of his own opinions to be able to keep a parliamentary following contented and in line.

Alexander Mackenzie had brought his Scotch radicalism and his dour downrightness to Canada in 1842, a year before George Brown arrived similarly freighted. But where Brown, trained to journalism, plunged at once into politics, Mackenzie, every whit as keen, had first to earn a living in occupations which offered less scope. He had left school at thirteen, herded and plowed on Scottish farms, and turned stone-cutter before emigrating to Canada as a lad of twenty. When John A. Macdonald was building up his law practice in Kingston and representing that city in the provincial parliament, and Oliver Mowat and Alexander Campbell, one-time students in Macdonald's office, were beginning to practise, in the same town Alexander Mackenzie was dressing or laying stone for the doorway of St. Mary's Cathedral, the Martello tower at Fort Henry, or the walls of the city hall, attending the local temperance society, joining in the worship of the Baptist Church, or debating hotly with his fellow-workmen the iniquity of the clergy reserves or Governor Metcalfe's last stand for high Toryism. Pushing farther west, in Sarnia, he became in turn a prosperous contractor, an editor strong alike on principles and on personalities, and in 1861 member for Lambton in the provincial parliament. He declined to walk into Macdonald's coalition parlor, was elected a member of the first dominion and of the second provincial parliament, joined Blake in 1871 in overturning the government which Sir John had set up in Ontario under his clansman and former foe, John Sandfield Macdonald, became provincial treasurer under Blake as premier, and in 1872, when the abolition of dual representation forced both Blake and himself to choose between Toronto and Ottawa, decided for the federal field, but not until he had joined Blake in setting Oliver Mowat firmly on the provincial throne that pawky chieftain was to occupy for a quarter of a century.

Edward Blake came by other ways to power. His father, William Hume Blake, a member of a distinguished Irish family, had come to Canada in 1832 with a colony of kinsmen and neighbors who had combined to charter a vessel. Finding a backwoods clearing far from corresponding to his dreams of a forest estate, the elder Blake turned city man and barrister, fought on the Liberal side in the struggle for responsible government, entered the Baldwin-Lafontaine cabinet in 1848, swept the House on a memorable occasion by his fierce exposure of Tory claims to a superior loyalty, was prevented by the speaker's intervention from fighting a duel with John A. Macdonald, became the first

Chancellor of Upper Canada, and made the name of Blake a mark of honor by his high interpretation of the judge's calling. Edward Blake, born in 1833 on his father's clearing, went through the University of Toronto with high honors, was called to the bar in 1859, rose to unquestioned leadership of the equity bar almost at a stroke, became a member of both the federal and the provincial parliaments in 1867, and premier of Ontario four years later. After a year of office, he resigned the premiership to Mowat, and chose a federal career.

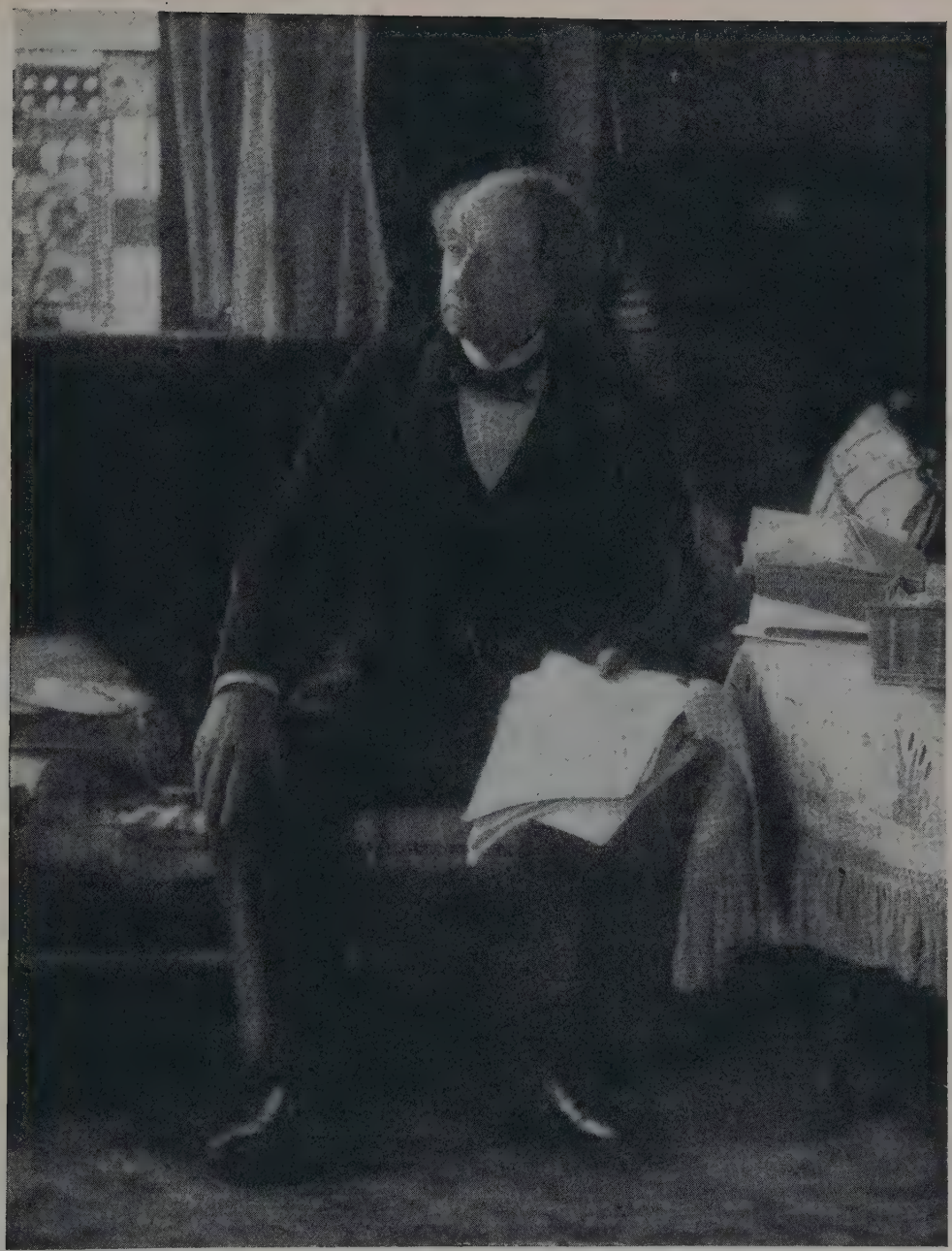
Mackenzie and Blake both entered public life possessed of a deeply rooted and almost hereditary Liberalism. In nearly every other respect of training, as of temperament, they were poles apart. Mackenzie had the self-taught man's unevenness as well as his intensity; Blake's leisurely training had given him a wider culture, but less driving force. Both had extraordinary memories, but Mackenzie's was vertical, furnishing him with a store of fact and precedent as to the achievements of the good men and the lapses of the sinners through many a year of party warfare, while Blake's was horizontal, enabling him to survey with his mind's eye every present angle and every minutest detail of the most complicated issue. Mackenzie was the best debater in parliament, "a grand man on his legs," as Laurier used to say, going straight for his antagonist's weakest point with unerring keenness and unsparing stroke. Blake was its most masterful and overwhelming logician, surveying every phase of the case, fitting argument into argument and heaping up demonstration upon demonstration until his opponent sank crushed under the weight. Rarely, when deeply moved, passion added a force and fire to his words that burned up resistance.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, with that thoroughgoing snobbery of which none but the radical aware of the condescension involved in consorting with other radicals is capable, once remarked, in a phrase curiously reminiscent of that other Oxford don who snubbed the hopes of "Mr. Jude Fawley, stonemason," that Mackenzie had been bred a stone-mason, and that as premier a stone-mason he remained. It was a bigger man than Smith who saw in all Mackenzie's political achievements the same honest efficiency, the same plummet-straight workmanship, that marked his masonry. There is on record a letter of Mackenzie to George Brown, written in 1872, which sets forth in sincere, honorable, and pathetic words his sense of his own deficiencies and of Blake's strong qualities:

> I know too well my own deficiencies as a political leader to wonder at other people seeing them as well. The want of early advantages was but ill compensated for by an anxious-enough effort to acquire such in the midst of a laborious life, deeply furrowed by domestic trials, and it has left me but ill-fitted to grapple with questions and circumstances constantly coming up in Parliament. I am quite aware of the advantages possessed by a leader of men, of high mental culture and having ample means, especially when joined to intellectual power and personal excellence. Therefore I do not wonder at, or complain of, those who see in others possessing such, greater fitness for the work required of them than myself.

National spirit brought discontent with party spirit. In the years before Confederation, political life had been degenerating into personal vendettas; parties were becoming fighting clans, public life a succession of bitter feuds. Shrieking personalities were the staple of discussion in parliament and in press. A Liberal had come to mean a man who feared and hated John A. Macdonald; a Conservative, a man who scorned and hated George Brown. Now, so many an ardent young man dreamed, the time had come to sweep away all these unrealities, to build afresh parties based on ideas—parties which could appeal to every province alike and not seek to impose on the new provinces the discredited leaders and labels of the old, parties that would be constructive and would stand for "Canada First."

Distinct from these youthful crusaders, who stood ostentatiously aloof from both the old parties, there was a wing of the Liberal party with much the same ends in view, but believing that a reorganized Liberalism was the best means



Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada 1867-73 and 1878-91

to that end. Men like David Mills, the "philosopher of Bothwell," and Charles Moss, a brilliant young Toronto lawyer who entered the House in 1873, and who moved the address on the occasion that Wilfrid Laurier seconded it, were keen to broaden the issues of party contest. Other Liberals, notably John Cameron, editor of the London "Advertiser," the "Globe's" most notable rival, chafed at the domination of the Browns, and balked at following Mackenzie because

he was considered an echo of George Brown.

To men of these varied shades of thinking Edward Blake appeared to be the leader predestined to guide Canada out of the bogs of partizanship and colonialism. He was a man of outstanding capacity and scrupulous integrity. He was a Liberal who could be liberal to new ideas and old opponents. Not least, he was a Canadian born and bred, determined to assert for his country a more distinctive place in the world's affairs.

In the first Confederation parliament the opposition did not choose a leader. The different provincial groups had not yet fused into one. Dorion continued to lead the Quebec wing, while Smith and Holmes marshaled the Maritime contingents.

Photo Notman

The Honorable George Brown

Blake was a member of the Ontario group, but as he was serving his first years of parliamentary apprenticeship, he was not yet in the running. Mackenzie, with six years of parliamentary experience and many more of party service, came to the front among the Ontario Reformers when Brown retired and Macdougall joined Macdonald. He soon made his place as virtual leader of the whole party, simply because unflagging industry and interest and unsparing criticism of every government weakness put him at the front of the fray.

After eight months' service as leader of the opposition, Mackenzie was summoned to form a ministry in November, 1873, after the Pacific scandal had forced the retirement of Macdonald. With much difficulty Blake was induced to enter the cabinet. He would not, however, undertake any administrative tasks, and became a minister without portfolio, an expedient then unprecedented in Canadian practice, but supported by two British instances; even so, he informed his constituents that it might not be possible for him to continue permanently in the Government. His presence in the administration, however tentative, undoubtedly strengthened it in the general elections which followed in January and February, 1874. No sooner were the elections completed and a strong majority for the Government assured than Blake resigned. He declared that his legal responsibilities would not permit him to continue in office even without departmental duties, and recalled the intimations he had given during the election. His critics declined to accept this explanation at face value. Conservative editors insisted that his resignation made evident a want of confidence in Mackenzie's policy. Macdonald, in his place in the House, criticized the transaction as an instance of selling under false pretenses: the administration had gone to the country as a Mackenzie-Blake government; it owed much of the support it received to the character and repute of the member for South Bruce; it had sold by sample, and one of the strongest claims for the cabinet cloth was that it contained a strong fiber all the way from Bruce that would stand sun, wind, or rain; now, that fiber was withdrawn before delivery, and the people were saying, "We have had palmed off upon us the same old *brown* stuff."

In October, 1874, Blake delivered a speech to a Liberal county convention at Aurora that raised the hopes of the progressive wing and the ire of the standpatters. He first developed the issues on which he was in agreement with the whole party, indorsing the effi-

cient and economical administration of Mowat in Ontario, and urging the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway with a view to the expansion of settlement on the prairies rather than to the immediate fulfilment of the rash undertaking to pierce British Columbia's "sea of mountains." Blake then proceeded to suggest new fields to explore. Compulsory voting, based on the recognition of the franchise as a sacred trust; extension of the suffrage, then limited to property-owners, by adding farmers' sons and income schedules; representation of minorities by some modification of the Hare system, and reform of the Senate were all urged with reasoned force. Some change in imperial relations was imperative:

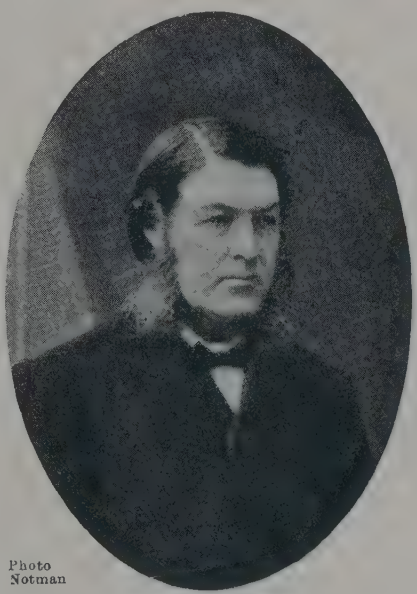


Photo Notman

Sir Charles Tupper

Matters cannot drift much longer as they have drifted hitherto. The Treaty of Washington produced a very profound impression throughout this country. It produced a feeling that at no distant period the people of Canada would desire that they should have some greater share of control than they now have in the management of foreign affairs. . . . This is a state of things of which you have no right to complain, because so long as you do not choose to undertake the responsibilities and burdens which attach to some share of control in these affairs, you cannot fully claim the rights and privileges of free-born Britons in such matters. . . . The time will come when that national spirit which has been spoken of will be truly felt among us, when we shall realize that we are four millions of Britons who are not free.

Blake recognized that he was departing from the usual path set for the leaders of a party when in power. He concluded:

I know that I have made a rather disturbing speech, but I am not afraid of that. Not much good can be done without disturbing something or somebody. I may be said also to have made an imprudent speech; at least that might be said if I were one of those who aspire to lead their fellow-countrymen as ministers. It is the function of a minister to say nothing that can be caught hold of, nothing in advance of the public opinion of the day, and to catch the current of that opinion when it has gathered strength, and crystallize it in Acts of Parliament. That is the function of a Liberal minister. The function of a Tory minister is to wait until he is absolutely forced to swallow his own opinions. It may be permitted to one who prefers to be a private in the advanced guard of the army of freedom to a commanding place in the main body, to run the risk of promulgating what may be a political heresy to-day and may perhaps become a political creed to-morrow.

That the suggestions thus freely thrown out were disturbing to the old guard was sufficiently indicated by the fact that the "Globe," though publishing the speeches of lesser lights delivered later in the proceedings, held over Blake's speech until an editorial counter-blast could be prepared. In a series of editorials Blake's Canadian Pacific policy was indorsed, and a tribute paid to his vigor and independence, but there agreement ended. Senate reform was premature, compulsory voting a fad, the revision of imperial relations an academic issue. Canada was suffering from no injustice, conscious of no hampering and degrading influence exerted by her colonial status. Throughout the winter the discussion continued. The "Globe's" criticism was nominally directed against the Canada First group, and particu-

larly against Goldwin Smith, the Oxford professor who had recently, after a temporary sojourn in Cornell, made Toronto his home, and who was a particularly shining and vulnerable mark because of his well-known belief that Canada must find her future in union with the United States, as Scotland had found her opportunity in union with England. The "Globe" poured scorn upon the "sucking politicians," "the Canada First mischievous little snake in the grass," "the diseased self-consciousness and absurd pretensions of these praters of Nationalism," and upon their program, of which "every plank was calculated to inspire sensible men with wonder if not with ridicule and contempt," and the whole was likened to Milton's "asinine feast of sow thistles and brambles." The Toronto "Mail," the leading Conservative organ, gave no more sympathy; the Canada First group were "beardless boys," and their proposals "the innocent work of bumptious lads who have not cut their eyeteeth in politics." But the "Globe" was the more fierce and pertinacious, for it was its camp that was threatened; "it is the shades, not the colors, that fight," as the French proverb has it.

Even on the question of the construction of the Canadian Pacific, Blake could not continue to follow his leader. When the handful of settlers in British Columbia insisted upon the precise fulfilment of the rash promise made by the Macdonald government to complete the building of a road to the Pacific by 1881, Mackenzie, for the sake of peace, was prepared to accept the compromise suggested by Earl Carnarvon, then colonial secretary, extending the term to 1890, providing for vigorous pushing of surveys, wagon-roads, and telegraph lines, and adding the construction of a road on Vancouver Island from Esquimalt to Nanaimo. Blake, convinced that the plan was folly and the demands of the British-Columbians preposterous, opposed even this concession. Mackenzie's resolution passed the Commons, but was rejected in the Senate by a majority of two. Undoubtedly Blake's criticism had contributed to its defeat and to the further postponement of a settlement of this troublesome issue.

For two years Blake served as minister of justice. The post was particularly congenial in that it gave scope for his mastery of constitutional principles and his policy of extending Canada's national powers. In a series of controversies with the Colonial Office, Blake stood firmly for carrying the principles of responsible government to their logical conclusion. He protested vigorously against a revision of the governor-general's instructions to conform with those designed for crown colonies, making the governor-general once more what he had long ceased to be, a member of the working executive, and authorizing him to act independently of his advisers. He pressed for the abandonment of the instructions requiring the governor-general to reserve for the consideration of the British Government bills on certain subjects enacted by the Canadian Parliament. He contended that the prerogative of pardon should be exercised by the governor-general, as in the case of other powers, on ministerial advice. He insisted that the power of disallowing provincial statutes was vested by the British North America Act in the governor-general-in-council, that is, the cabinet, not in the governor-general acting on his own discretion or under London advice. In each and all he won his point, and contributed materially to the recognition of Canada's national status. In all these measures he had the warm support of Mackenzie, though when it came to discussions of a more sweeping change in imperial relations, Mackenzie had little sympathy with Blake's tentative acceptance of imperial federation.

In June, 1877, once more on the ground of ill health, Blake resigned his portfolio and took the nominal post of president of the council. Six months later he retired from the cabinet altogether. Mackenzie repeatedly offered to make way for him. In 1877 he wrote:

> From the first I was more willing to serve than to reign, and would even now be gladly relieved from a position the toils of which no man can appreciate who has not had the experience. I pressed Mr. Blake in November, 1874, to take the lead, and last winter I

again urged him to do so, and this summer I offered to go out altogether, or serve under him, as he might deem best in the general interest.

But Blake would neither consent to displace Mackenzie nor rest content as his follower. In the election of 1878 he took no part, visiting Europe while Mackenzie was straining every nerve to combat the influences of commercial depression and the specious promises of protectionist soothsayers. He stood again for Bruce, but was defeated. For one session he was absent from Parliament. Then the resignation of the member for West Durham opened a way for him. With Blake's return to Parliament in November, 1879, the question of the leadership of the party again became urgent.

Mackenzie had committed the crime of being defeated. Many were ready to lay the blame for the party's failure upon his unbending rigidity, his lack of conciliatory manners, his over-caution. As a matter of fact, Mackenzie had been prepared, in 1876, to compromise on the tariff issue to the extent of a slight increase in the general rates for additional revenue, with any protection effects that might be incidental, but had been prevented by the opposition of the Maritime Liberals, and the Maritime Provinces in 1878 had gone sweepingly protectionist. He had been anxious, when he saw the tide going against him, to bring on the elections in June instead of in September; Cartwright, Mills, Burpee, Jones, as well as Laurier and Huntington, urged the same course, but some Quebec and Maritime members were not ready, and against his better judgment Mackenzie yielded. Yet when all allowance was made, it was clear that he had not kept in touch with the country, too absorbed in the administrative work of the heaviest department to have adequate leisure for party leadership or general guidance of policy. Laurier came back after a speaking tour in Ontario convinced that the Government was going to be defeated, but Mackenzie scouted his forecast and insisted to the last that they would have a sweeping majority.

During the week after the election Mackenzie announced to several friends his intention to resign and to let the members choose a leader who might be more successful. But as the year went on and his fighting spirit revived, he thought better of it, and no resignation was offered. A second session came, with Blake once again in his seat, but still there was no hint of withdrawal. Through the whole session Mackenzie did not once summon a caucus of the party, an omission unprecedented for many years. The death of Holton and Brown during the session robbed him of two of his closest personal and political friends, Holton dying in March, and Brown, shot by a drunken, discharged workman in the same month, lingering on in pain until May. Still the lonely and austere leader gave no sign. Discontent mounted, until finally the chairman of the caucus, "Joe" Rymal, called a meeting on his own initiative. A resolution was passed, asking Mackenzie to consider the question of the leadership. Five of his late colleagues, Cartwright, Burpee, Smith, Pelletier, and Laurier, were asked to put the matter before him. Laurier was ill, and not present at the caucus. Smith, Burpee, and Cartwright called at his rooms at the Russell House and asked him to go with them to Mackenzie's office. He could not go that day. Next morning the five went to Mackenzie's room in the Commons. Pelletier did not enter. The others greeted Mackenzie, then stood ill at ease. Burpee mentioned that the party had held a caucus.

"Yes, I heard about that," was Mackenzie's gruff response. A pause followed, then Pelletier entered. Mackenzie turned to him. "Pelletier," he said, "is not this simply a conspiracy of Mills and Rymal to put Blake in?"

"No, Mr. Mackenzie," Pelletier stammered; "we thought that in your state of health—"

"There is nothing the matter with my health. It is all a conspiracy of a few men." Then came another pause, more lengthy and more painful. At last, seeing the older men mute, Laurier spoke out:

"As a sincere friend of yours, Mr. Mackenzie, I must tell you that it is not so. There is a general movement. We

have been defeated; you have been defeated; it is only human nature that a defeated army should seek another general. There is not a man who has not high regard for your services, but there is a general feeling—"

"Very well," Mackenzie broke in; "if that is so, I shall very soon cease to lead the Liberal party."

Late that night, just as the House was about to adjourn at two A.M., Mr. Mackenzie rose.

"I desire to say a word or two with regard to my personal relations to the House. I yesterday determined to withdraw from my position as leader of the opposition, and from this time forth I will speak and act for no person but myself." That was all. For twelve years more Mackenzie sat on the Liberal benches, slowly worn down by a fatal paralytic malady, taking less and less part in the proceedings of the House, until in his last sessions he appeared a mere ghost of the fighter he once had been. With grim lips he saw his successor come and go; with mellowing comprehension he watched Macdonald manage men; and then, in 1892, a year after his great rival, he passed from the scene.

The Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General 1872-78

Edward Blake became the leader of the Liberal party in May, 1880. He continued to lead it for seven years and through two general elections. He and his followers alike were filled with hope and enthusiasm when the pilgrimage began; he was wearied and disappointed when it ended. The Fates, his own temperament, the adroitness of his opponent, the renewal of dissension in his own party, the influence of protected manufacturers, and the loading of the dice in electoral redistribution, proved too much even for his great powers of intellect to master.

The Macdonald government, elected on a policy of readjusting the tariff to favor Canadian industries, lost no time in giving the producers of textiles, furniture, boots and shoes, sugar, foodstuffs, and iron and steel products from pig-iron to farm implements, the protection they demanded. At the same time the long depression which had shadowed the whole continent came to an end; trade revived in the United States, and gave a fillip to industry in its Northern neighbor; soon Canada had passed from bankruptcy and soup-kitchens to rising chimneys and feverish speculation. Naturally, the public gave credit for the betterment to the change in fiscal policy. The national policy seemed justified and firmly rooted.

Even had the chances of attack on the "N. P." seemed fair, Blake was reluctant to make the tariff the issue. He had no small sympathy with protection on its national side, and was prepared to give the policy a fair trial, while criticizing its chief excrescences. With this policy Laurier agreed. He had shared in the desire of the *Parti National* to give infant industries a chance, and at this time differed with the out-and-out protectionists more in questions of degree and application than in questions of principle. During the session of 1882 the opposition assault on the tariff was directed against specific schedules. Laurier moved the abolition of the duty designed to force the use of Nova Scotia coal in Ontario and the duty designed to force the use of Ontario wheat and flour in Nova Scotia; Paterson of Brant attacked the sugar monopoly; Anglin criticized the duties

on cottons and woolens as discriminating against the poor; and Burpee of St. John the duties on pig and bar and sheet iron as hampering manufacturers, to whom these wares were raw materials. One and all, these amendments were of course voted down, but the opposition had prepared its fighting ground.

If divided on the tariff, the Liberal party was a unit on another issue that took much time and roused much temper in the session of 1882. The re-allotment of seats in the Federal Parliament to each province, in accordance with the changes in relative population revealed by the decennial census of 1881, was made the occasion of a wholesale gerrymander. To give Ontario four additional representatives, the boundaries of fifty electoral divisions were redrawn, with complete disregard of county boundaries or consistent policy. There was no dispute that the purpose was, in Macdonald's phrase, "to hive the Grits," and snatch for the party in power an unfair advantage at the polls. Blake riddled the inconsistencies and denounced the injustices of the project, but the majority paid no heed to logic or to justice. The gerrymander was carried through; Macdonald had won, and Blake had lost. What was more serious, parliament and the country had suffered deeply; for many a year the level of political life in Canada was lowered by this triumph of unscrupulous partizanship.

Lady Dufferin

The general elections were held on June 20, 1882. The result was an overwhelming victory for the Government, which had a majority in every province except Prince Edward Island and Manitoba, and a majority of over sixty in the House. Quebec continued to be the chief Conservative stronghold, returning three Conservatives to one Liberal; whereas in Ontario, even with the gerrymander and with the popular vote evenly divided, the seats were divided three to two. The Government's majority had fallen slightly, but none of its leaders were defeated. Among the Liberals destruction had been widespread: Cartwright, Mills, Huntington, and Anglin had fallen, and Smith, Jones, Laird, and Laflamme had failed to reenter. In Ontario the gerrymander played its part. In Quebec the *Rouges* were still suspect by the church. But everywhere it was chiefly prosperity that told for the Government—prosperity which the manufacturer would not expose to peril from alleged free-traders, prosperity that good Liberal shareholders in a speculative Northwest colonization company did not wish to see disturbed by a less lavish land and railway policy. As for the Canadian Pacific contract, the country wanted the road, and cared little for the fine print in the contract. Depression had killed the Mackenzie government; prosperity gave the Macdonald government a new lease of life.

Blake was disappointed, but not yet discouraged. The swing of the pendulum would be slower in coming than had been hoped, but come it must. One thorn in the flesh was removed when the proprietors of the "Globe," now in the same financial straits to which all its Toronto contemporaries had succumbed, ended the old dynasty and put John Cameron in Gordon Brown's chair, David Mills succeeding Cameron on the London "Advertiser." Henceforth the "Globe" might go its own way, but

even if its way was not that of the leaders, it no longer committed them or lectured them.

In the Fifth Parliament of Canada, the outstanding issue was the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, and the racial and sectional controversies which followed in its wake. How the tide of settlement reached the Saskatchewan, as fifteen years before it had reached the Red River; how discontent grew among the half-breeds, deprived of the buffalo herds they had hunted, threatened with dispossession from their narrow river-front holdings, unable to secure the land grants they claimed; how discontent was fanned into flames by the neglect and procrastination of Ottawa and the agitation of Louis Riel, brought back from exile to champion the Métis once more; how the rebellion was quickly put down by Canadian volunteers; how Ontario called for the hanging of Riel, murderer of Scott and rebel against his country; how Quebec rallied to the defense of the man who had defended a weak people against scorn and oppression; how the Government let Riel go to the scaffold; how the upheaval that followed shook the Conservative hold on Quebec in federal politics, swept the Liberals into power in the provincial field, and split the Liberal party in Ontario and in parliament will be noted elsewhere.

Earlier in the life of the Fifth Parliament Blake had pressed other questions. The flood of settlement into the Northwest had ebbed, and the Liberal criticisms of railway monopoly and thriftless land policy were found to have weight. Macdonald's constant endeavor to restrict and override the provincial governments, partly because of a theoretical preference for a more centralized government, but more because of a very practical and human desire to clip the wings of the troublesome "little tyrant" who controlled Ontario, gave the Liberals an opportunity, admirably suited to their traditions and to Blake's mastery of constitutional lore, to raise the cry of provincial rights. The enactment of a distinct federal franchise, to take the place of the provincial franchise hitherto accepted for dominion elections, and to be administered by officials appointed by the Federal Government, brought on a prolonged struggle in which the opposition used every device of obstruction and delay. By his strong advocacy of home rule, and incidentally his hostility to the incorporation of the Orange order, Blake expressed his genuine convictions, though he could not escape the criticism that he was angling for the Irish Catholic vote. If so, he was not so successful in his efforts as Mowat, whose long lease of power rested on his skill in yoking together Scotch Presbyterian and Irish Catholic; or as Macdonald, who for many a year held the ultramontane of Quebec and the Orangeman of Ontario in a common fold. With the slackening of prosperity, the tariff issue was reviving, but Blake, while attacking the extreme manifestations of protectionism, was not yet prepared to attack all along the line. "Free trade," he declared in his Malvern address, "is out of the domain of practical politics." Not so Cartwright, who had been convinced by the steady exodus of Canadians seeking a livelihood in the United States of the failure of the attempt to make a people of five millions self-sufficient and self-contained, and who was rapidly verging toward a policy of commercial union with the United States. In the campaign of 1887 Cartwright continued to pour all the vials of his scorn and satire on the tariff and tariff profiteers, discounting his leader's studied moderation and providing the Conservatives with a useful bogie to frighten the manufacturers.

The general elections, held in February, 1887, resulted once more in a victory for Macdonald. The Government's majority was cut by over twenty, but it still had forty votes to the good in the House. Every province except Prince Edward Island returned a Conservative majority. In Ontario the Government lost only two seats. In Quebec the Riel agitation cost Macdonald a dozen seats; but scarcely had the session opened when the Quebec bolters who had denounced the Government loudly on the hustings were seen tamely lining up behind the premier again, drawn by his magnetic personality or by the fleshpots of patron-

age; the thirty-two members whom the opposition had claimed from Quebec dwindled once more to its normal score.

Shortly before the Sixth Parliament opened, in April, 1887, Blake announced in a circular letter to the Liberal members his desire to have the leadership reconsidered at a party caucus. The caucus was held, and against his protests Mr. Blake was reëlected leader. He persisted in urging that a successor be appointed, particularly as his health was again precarious, and insomnia was wearing away his nervous force. His decision was a heavy blow to the party. He commanded the deep respect and the firm loyalty of virtually every Liberal in Parliament, and the confidence of the party throughout the country. Whatever might be his failings, they were looked upon as evidences of temperament, idiosyncracies of genius, spots on the sun. There was no disposition to blame him for defeat. "We knew," as Laurier afterward affirmed, "that no man could then have broken the Tory machine." There was no disposition to seek another leader; no other man was thought to have his power, and certainly none had a personal following comparable to his. Yet in face of his insistence, the party perforce cast about for a successor.

Two men in the Ontario delegation seemed of leadership caliber, and each was willing to undertake the task. Sir Richard Cartwright was one of the strong individualities of the House. Grandson of a distinguished Loyalist who had much to do with establishing both the commerce and the public life of Upper Canada on sound foundations; educated in Trinity College, Dublin; president in his thirties of the Commercial Bank; elected to the legislature of united Canada as a Conservative in 1863; gradually separated from his party by distrust of its financial program, personal hostility to Macdonald, and disappointment over not being chosen to succeed Sir John Rose as finance minister in 1869; a strong opponent of Macdonald's railway policy, and vigorous in denunciation of the Pacific scandal, Cartwright had finally thrown in his lot with the Liberals and become a member of the Mackenzie government. As minister of finance through a period of world-wide depression, Cartwright was compelled by his opponents to bear the responsibility for every closed factory and every open soup-kitchen, and had thrust upon him a reputation for pessimism and rigid, doctrinaire laissez-faire attitude which was far from earned. Yet in opposition, with evidences of political corruption, of hand-to-mouth expediency in high places, of the bleeding white of the country by the exodus ever before him, he undoubtedly did grow more pessimistic and more vitriolic. A polished gentleman, a finished debater, a master of mordant satire, widely read, with a much wider outlook in international affairs than almost any of his fellow parliamentarians, Cartwright was a distinct asset in the House, though sometimes a liability in the country. For Blake, whom he was wont to term "Master Blake," though two years his junior,—Blake was fifty-four in 1887, and Cartwright fifty-two,—he had little sympathy: his single-track mind could not understand the many windings and turnings of his leader's thought and action. David Mills, on the contrary, was a warm and loyal follower, almost a worshiper of Blake. Born in Kent County, Ontario, in 1831, educated at the University of Michigan, in turn school-teacher, inspector of schools, editor, barrister, Mills entered Parliament for Bothwell in 1867, and for the last two years of the Mackenzie régime served as minister of the interior. He was a solid, industrious, straightforward, moderate man, well-read, and possessed of a reflective bent and a desire to get down to fundamentals which led Macdonald to call him always the "philosopher of Bothwell." He was unquestionably able, but lacked Cartwright's note of distinction. While possessed of his share of ambition, he would have been quite content to keep Blake's seat warm for him if his leader wished at any time to return.

When Mills and Burpee went to Blake to ask his advice as to his successor, he did not suggest either of the Ontario men. Cartwright was personally antagonistic. Mills he considered made for a lieutenant's, not a captain's, place.

"There is only one possible choice—Laurier," he declared.

Through nine years of opposition Laurier had been growing steadily in power, in self-confidence, and in public confidence. He had not been notably active in the daily round of political strife. As leader of the Quebec Liberals in the federal field, he had taken a part in the provincial struggles, but always secondary to the provincial leader, whether Henri Joly or, after 1883, Honoré Mercier. In 1882 an editorial which he contributed to the Liberal organ in Quebec, "L'Electeur," entitled "The Den of Forty Thieves," a scathing indictment of Senecal, a contractor and boss high in the Conservative party's councils, was made the basis of a libel suit which caused much stir. His counsel pleaded justification; the jury disagreed, with ten for acquittal, and two for conviction, but the effect on the general public was very damaging to the *Bleus*. In federal politics he took an increasing, but still not active, part, speaking during election campaigns in Ontario and accompanying Blake during a summer tour through the Maritime Provinces. In the House he spoke rarely, and only on the larger issues, but on these occasions his mastery was established. On the tariff, on the franchise, on the Letellier affair, he was one of the party's most responsible and effective spokesmen. But it was the Riel issue that called forth his fullest powers and brought him most prominently before the public, particularly in English-speaking Canada.

The Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne

Laurier felt strongly that justice had not been done in the Northwest. He did not believe that the grievances justified rebellion, and supported the measures for its immediate suppression. But he placed the guilt of the outbreak not on the poor half-breeds of the Saskatchewan, but on the Government at Ottawa. He insisted that the Government's share in the guilt should be considered in determining the rebels' fate, and protested against hanging Riel in 1885 for the death of Scott in 1870. He believed, with Blake and with every reasonable layman and every expert who has investigated the question since, that both Riel and his lieutenant Jackson were insane, but he did not wish to make a defense of Riel the line of campaign, but rather to attack the Government for its misdeeds. Had his advice been followed, the Liberals in the House might not have been divided as they were in 1886 when they were jockeyed into voting on the issue of Riel's right and wrong rather than on the Government's wrong or right.

In a meeting of protest held in the Champ de Mars, at Montreal, carried away beyond his wonted calm, Laurier declared, in a sentence which did duty for years in Tory campaigning, that had he been born on the banks of the Saskatchewan, he himself would have borne a musket against injustice. Challenged to repeat to Ontario what he had said at Quebec, he spoke in Toronto in December, 1886, and won a remarkable triumph in what was the hardest task he had faced since his controversy with ultramontanism in the seventies.

The straightforward courage, the keen analysis, the depth of feeling, the breadth of statesmanship that his speeches displayed created a profound impression. It was much that Edward

Blake declared that Mr. Laurier's address of March, 1886, was "the crowning proof of French domination," "the finest parliamentary speech pronounced in the Parliament of Canada since Confederation." It was more that Thomas White, one of the ablest of the government leaders, declared in a generous and unprecedented tribute. "I think it a matter of common pride to us that any man in Canada can make on the floor of parliament such a speech as we listened to last night," he said.

Yet even great speeches do not make a great leader. The majority of the members on his own side had not yet realized the iron determination that lay behind that quiet manner, the latent strength housed in that frail body. An orator of unsurpassed force and grace, they granted, a man of incomparable charm, but a student rather than a fighter, too quiet and retiring for the task of popular leadership, too weak to hold together a party of many strong and criss-cross individualities and to break the hold of Macdonald on the country. Even granting the personal qualities, was it expedient to set a French-speaking Roman Catholic at the head of the party, particularly when the ashes of the Riel controversy still were hot?

The Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General 1878-83

Wilfrid Laurier knew his own powers too well either to display them before the need came or to fear that they would not suffice. Yet he had not thought of succeeding to the leadership, and was genuinely averse to accepting the task. On personal grounds he preferred the quiet life he had been leading, the practice of his profession, the constant browsing in the parliamentary library, the daily warm and pleasant communion with chosen friends, the occasional call for a parliamentary jousting. On party grounds, he doubted even more than his Ontario friends, the wisdom of choosing a man who was too good a Catholic to suit Ontario and not submissive enough to suit Quebec. If Blake must retire, he was convinced that Cartwright was the man to succeed.

When Mills and Burpee reported Blake's attitude, Laurier went to his house, urged him to reconsider, and declared that he could not himself undertake the leadership. Aside from other personal grounds, he was not a man of independent means, and the new post would involve a heavy pecuniary sacrifice; but it was mainly the party reasons against the choice of a leader from Quebec he emphasized. Blake, who was not well, lay stretched upon a sofa, listening while Laurier talked; then repeated his insistence that he must retire and no other man but Laurier could face the task.

"Yes, Mr. Laurier," added Mrs. Blake, who was present and who had evidently discussed the question many times with her husband, "you are the only man for it."

On June 2, two months after the House met, Blake definitely resigned. An advisory committee was named in caucus, Cartwright and Mills from Ontario, Laurier and François Langelier from Quebec, Charles Weldon from New Brunswick, A. G. Jones from Nova Scotia, L. H. Davies from Prince Edward Island, and Robert Watson from Manitoba. This was only a stop-gap measure; the choice of a leader had to be made without further delay. Largely on Blake's urging, the party offered the leadership to Laurier, Cartwright mak-

ing the nomination and Mills seconding it. Laurier strongly objected, and at last agreed only to accept the leadership for the session, and with the advisory council to guide him. When the session ended, he was persuaded, still against his judgment, to accept definitely and to announce his acceptance to the country. At forty-six Wilfrid Laurier became the leader of the party he was to continue to lead for over thirty years.

For four years longer Edward Blake retained his place in the Canadian Parliament, resigning it only to accept a seat in the British House of Commons in order to assist the cause of Home Rule. The relations between the old leader and the new were not wholly friendly in these years. There had been no question of the admiration of Laurier for the older man, no question of Blake's recognition of the younger man's powers. On virtually every issue they had stood together. That Blake was absolutely sincere in wishing to retire and in urging Laurier as the successor best equipped to serve the party and the country, Laurier had no doubt. Yet as time went on he was convinced that Blake had repented. No word passed, but Blake's acts spoke for themselves. For four years he never lifted a hand to help the new leader or his old party. Time after time Laurier went to him or wrote to him for counsel; from 1887 to his death he never gave one word. He was not in Parliament the following session, having gone to Europe for his health. In the session of 1889 he was present, but gave no aid. In the session of 1890 he gave a little more, but hindered as much as he helped. An instance of his attitude may be cited. When in that year serious charges of corruption were brought against a Conservative member, Rykert, it was agreed at a council in which Blake, Cartwright, Mills, and M. C. Cameron, with Laurier, took part, to move for Rykert's expulsion. Cartwright made the motion; Blake turned to Laurier.

"I can turn my speech either way, for expulsion or for a committee of inquiry," he said.

"But you cannot do that," Laurier replied; "it was settled at committee."

Just then Blake had to rise; he ended a strong speech by suggesting a committee. Sir John Thompson, the government leader, saw his chance and moved for a committee. Laurier had to think hard; he saw it was necessary to avoid a split and to avoid humiliation for either Blake or Cartwright. He declared that while in his judgment Rykert's guilt was clear, as Cartwright had demonstrated, yet he had profound respect for such constitutional authorities as Blake and Thompson and would accept a committee. Cartwright looked daggers at both Blake and Laurier, and next day wrote a very wrathy letter. Laurier told Blake straightly that this was not the way to carry on a party.

"Well, it seemed the best way," Blake replied.

"No matter, it was not the way agreed upon in your presence; that was the time for question," Laurier retorted.

But it was not until unrestricted reciprocity with the United States became the issue in the general elections of 1891 that the parting of the ways came. Then Blake, himself leaning more toward a close connection with the United States than Laurier, was with difficulty restrained from attacking his party's stand during the campaign, and the day after the election issued the famous West Durham letter. "He stabbed us in the back," was Laurier's summary. How far Blake's conduct had to do with the fact that "six months after he had laid down the leadership, the Liberal party would not have had him back," possibly not even that inscrutable tragic genius himself could tell.

Some Practical Aspects of Scouting

By GEORGE GLADDEN

THE khaki-clad Boy Scout, in his campaign-hat, worn at every conceivable angle, has become a familiar, if somewhat movable, figure in the American urban and rural landscapes.

"Boy Scout," says the observer to himself or to his companion; and then perhaps he recollects a little vaguely an article he read recently in a newspaper about something the Scouts or a Scout had been doing for the betterment of society.

From February 8 to February 14 there will be a nation-wide celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Boy Scouts of America. Of course it will be a noisy function, and this will seem entirely fitting to those who are disposed to consider it more than a mere coincidence that "boys" and "noise" rhyme. But it should, and will, leave more than the impression of mere racket and organized or unorganized jollification upon the minds of thoughtful persons; for such will learn that, after all, the characteristic function of the Boy Scouts is essentially a silent one—the daily good turn which every Scout pledges himself to do.

Perhaps one day some patient person of generous instincts will calculate how many good turns, at the rate of one per day, have been done by the Scouts during the last decade. The statistics for such calculation are available in the records of the organization, in the form of a daily census of Scouts.

This much has been said about the individual good-turn phase of scouting, because of its subjective influence upon the Scouts themselves in increasing the concerted efficiency of which they have given many striking illustrations. That is to say, scouting leaders believe that once the boy, perhaps quite unconsciously, has learned this primary lesson in practical altruism, he responds readily to any call to do something for society at large. That the results justify that belief is shown most eloquently in the great mass of formal reports and other documentary evidence kept on file at the national headquarters of the organization in New York City.

Rubber tree on public square for United War Work Campaign Fund, Bucyrus, Ohio

For the present purposes, about the most satisfactory document I have found is a carefully prepared and concise report by Mr. Edgar S. Martin, secretary to the editorial board of the Scout organization, which reviews the good turns of the Scouts throughout the country during a single year. These good turns Mr. Martin divides into three

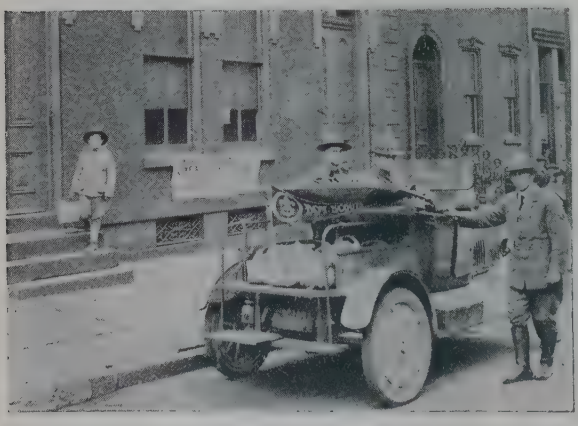
classes, which he summarizes as follows: acts of courtesy, 1514 cases; acts of practical aid, 2558 cases; distinctive service to the community, 6020 cases.

It must be remembered that these figures are compiled from actual cases, definite records of which have reached national headquarters. This fact adds significance especially to the figures for the first two classes of acts, since they reveal plainly the tendency to do the kind of good turns which may correctly be thus grouped. Given this tendency, thus clearly indicated, in an army of boys, and the actual results of course become almost incalculable.

Acts of "distinctive service to the community" are in astonishing variety, and suggest plainly the enormous practical social usefulness of the Scouts.

The "good turn" is the "active" principle in the milk of human kindness

This service naturally suggests not only the objective civic usefulness of the Scouts, but also the subjective value of their activities. There could be no better preparation for future citizenship than are these efforts, through which the boys are brought into familiar contact with the physical, industrial, and moral aspects of life in the communities in which they live.



The Community Service Kitchen

Other points of contact between the Scout and his community that bring mutually advantageous results are effected by means of definite coöperation between the boys and the civil officials of the towns, cities, or states in which they live. Of these Mr. Martin enumerates several concrete instances. For example, in New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey the Scouts coöperated actively with the state authorities to protect the forests from fire and from injury by insects or various fungus growths. In Massachusetts 7000 Scouts, divided into 250 troops, were instructed in fire-prevention methods, and took part in the actual prevention of forest fires. In Alabama, North Carolina, and Texas the state officials concerned made effective use of the Scouts to spread correct information regarding the hook-worm disease and the most efficient methods of combating it. In Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, Texas, and the District of Columbia the Scouts took the field against the fly and the mosquito, and in many states the game commissioners used Scouts to help protect the game.

Specifically, the Scouts have coöperated definitely with such organizations as the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the American Humane Society, the

American Civic Association, the American Forestry Association, the American Society of Economic Entomologists, and the American Science and Historic Preservation.

Again I wish to direct the reader's attention to the retroactive effects of these efforts. Not only is the State, community, or organization benefited by the cheerful, intelligent, and efficient efforts of the boys, but the boys themselves are getting from these associations knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind; that is, the kind which comes of practical familiarity with subjects and conditions, all of which enter more or less intimately into civic or social life. Who shall say that all this is not making directly for better citizenship?

Practising the fireman's return to life

An idea which will be emphasized and reiterated during this coming celebration of the Scouts is the inherent soundness of the daily good-turn obligation, which really is the capstone in the Scout's ethical arch. That altogether admirable confession of moral obligation, the Scout Oath, is worded as follows:

"On my honor I will do my best—

1. *To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law;*
2. *To help other people at all times;*
3. *To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.*

And it is in the third section of the Scout Law, an epitome of pure ethics for the boy which points out to him the straight road to clean, kind, and brave manhood and useful citizenship, in which the good-turn pledge is expressed. It reads:

3. *A scout is helpful.*

He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. *He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.*

If this is a good moral precept for a boy, why is it not for his father and his mother and his sister and his brother? That is the question which will be reiterated so many times next month by the khaki-clad youngster in the slouch-hat that a good many men and women are going to make a great discovery—that in this existence no investment pays so well as just plain kindness.

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SNAKE RIVER
From a painting by Gardner Symons

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Religion and Democracy

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"Are their religious instincts, hidden by the mask of American commercialism, inactive merely because suppressed by custom and fashion? Are they lying fallow? Or are they like seed too long dormant and decaying?"

THE rarest experience in America is a discussion of morals. You can hear morals preached about, but that is not a discussion. You can read about morals in arguments disguised as essays, but these seldom cause discussion. Fully a third of successful American plays and stories turn upon a moral axiom, but one that we accept without argument, like rain in April and the August drought. One hears very little real discussion of moral questions here because "old Americans," at least, agree in their moral standards as remarkably as did the Victorians.

In this respect we are, indeed, still Victorians, though in others already a century beyond them. Some of us may (or did) get drunk, but we do not believe in hard drinking; not even the saloon-keepers believed in hard drinking. Some of us make license of our liberty in sex relations; but the public disapproval of promiscuity is, to fall into the current phrase, nation wide. Some of us steal in a large and generous fashion, taking from him who hath not business ability for the benefit of him who hath shrewdness and its fruits. But if these actions can be described in terms of theft or misappropriation, every one will agree that they are wicked, even stock-holders and profiteers. You cannot get up a decent argument on moral questions in America, because, as with small boys in war-time, no one will take the unpopular side. The ethics of America are as definite as a code.

This accepted and not unlofty moral code, with its extension to justice and the rights of individual persons, is the force behind our idealism that has made it an international factor to be reckoned with from the days of Jeffersonian "ideology" to our own. Like the dissenters' vote in England, it is a dangerous force to oppose. Despite occasional hysteria and sentimentalism, despite its frequent betrayals by an unlovely common sense, it is strong because it has the momentum of tradition and the tenacity of prejudice. Of its worth I am American enough to be convinced. Of its intelligence one cannot be so certain. But what really concerns all lovers of our hard-built civilization is how durable under stress is this moral idealism, under such stress as the approaching change in our social order is sure to bring to morals and morale, as well as to railroad stocks and the Constitution.

Indeed, the inner fire, the spirit, is not easily discoverable in this American idealism with its moral causes. Historically, it is easy to explain it; habit has carried it on, and common sense must usually approve a moral investment that has been profitable; but, nevertheless, it is hard to see a continuing *raison d'être*

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for such idealism in America. It seems, as I have suggested in an earlier essay, to lack a definable spiritual basis. Its persistence, its weaknesses, its dangers, raise constantly the question as to the status of religion in America.

I remember hearing Graham Wallas, who will not be suspected of bias in this matter, remark that England would not pass out of clouds and darkness until she had made for herself a new and felt interpretation of religion. America, founded by a curious partnership of the religious instinct and economic need and brought up on the moral and material profits of the union, cannot be supposed to be less in need of a fundamental spiritual readjustment. Every socialist and communist, every corporation president and ex-secretary, every professional intellectual and amateur prophet, is declaring his mind on the one thing needful to save the world and America. I do not know why we, whose profession it is to teach, whose duty it is to interpret and to sympathize with every motion of the American mind, should hesitate to speak out also in this matter. It is, I think, demonstrable that America needs religion as much as steel and automobiles, as much as a better distribution of wealth and cheaper bread and meat.

The status of religion in America has been as peculiar as the status of politics. Our religious attitudes have been profoundly affected, and from early periods, by the separation of church and state. Struggle against a vested institution, dissent from traditional power, conciliation with sacred authority, have been burning points in the modern history of Europe. They have made great literature in England from Shelley through Tennyson and Arnold and Swinburne. Our first battle against the tyrannical in tradition wherever found was won in the Revolution; our second, in the defeat of the Federalist party in 1800.

In those contests we were freed, perhaps too early and too easily, from the menace of the church as a function of government. Since then we have been, and we still are, freer than the European to seek religion wherever it may be found. Our great religious literature is creative, not protestant. Woolman of the Quakers was a seeker: Emerson, in greater measure, was a seeker, seeking spirituality for Americans, and, like Woolman, fanning their moral enthusiasms. Hawthorne and Thoreau were searchers for a new morality; Whitman and William James, in their fashion, searchers also.

Emerson in his religious attitude belongs a century later than Matthew Arnold. Fed from almost identical intellectual sources, he is the liberated mind seeking new allegiances; Arnold's, the rebel not yet free. And in general American religion, without reference to its quality, has had, like American politics, a status some generations ahead of the rest of the world. Hamilton and Jefferson and Lincoln were prophets for Europe. The independent sects of America, none established, all respectable, and the free seekers after new truth, which sprang from them, seem to have prefigured a condition that is common in a world growing democratic.

In truth, we old Americans, who with all our faults still best represent America, gained freedom of conscience at the expense of shattering the ideal of a church universal. Religion for us came in general to be a personal matter because the church, separated from the state, lost the visible authority that made it easy—or necessary—to trust to an institution the responsibility for one's soul. We felt, as was to be expected, the need of new authority, new sanctions for our religion. And we were free, freer than others, to seek and to find a religion for democracy. What has been the result?

The results in bourgeois America, which goes to the theater, wears the commonly advertised collars, sends its children to college, and keeps out of the slums and the police court, are clearly visible and highly significant. Four classes, interlocking, but distinct enough for definition, may be readily described; and though they do not include the recent immigrant or the fire-new sophists of radicalism, the strongest brains, the most characteristic emotions, and the best character in America belong there with the mass of the mediocre undistinguished who are public opinion and the ultimate America.

There are, first, the militant advance-

guards of our idealism, the ethical enthusiasts who carry on the moral fervor of our America. They range, like colors of the spectrum, from the rarer violet of the philosophical moralists, inheritors of the New England ethics or the Virginia ideology, through the solid blue of the organizers of great movements in social reform, to the blatant red of the prohibitionists and the anti-tobacco league. I do not mean to be flippant. The irony, if there is irony, is bred of the sardonic humor aroused by so various an army all certain that by stopping this and beginning that the world can be saved.

It is their certainty that makes them impressive—the same certainty which drove our colonials toward republican government and our pioneers to the conquest of a wilderness. Sneers at their banner, "Progress," satisfy none but the reactionary. Progress where? Who knows. Progress for whom? It is hard to tell. But only the man who honestly believes in civilization for the benefit of the few can doubt the advance that has been made. I should have preferred the twelfth century to the twentieth if I could have lived in the right Benedictine monastery or been count in Provence. I should have enjoyed the Elizabethan age more than my own if I could have voyaged—in the cabin—with Raleigh, been Shakspere's patron, or possessed a manor neither too near nor too far from London. I still think that life in a good English college, with a taste for letters and the proper port, is superior to any mental or physical luxury we can offer in America. Yet all this is aside from the point. Provençal poetry and perfect social intercourse, high adventure, the intellectual life in an appropriate physical setting, and even good port, may come again somewhere on the line along which our progress is marching. In the meantime, though the war has been a cooling card to optimism, the ethical enthusiasms of the age have made the opportunities of the average man for most good things in life better, have made him, in the most accurate sense of the word, not nobler, but more civilized, and particularly in America, where the fire of opportunity was first set burning.

The moral enthusiasts whose religion has been transformed into ethical idealism are safe from ridicule. Religious persecution, slavery, the tyranny of disease and ignorance, they have already reformed out of the brighter parts of the world, and perhaps alcoholism and poverty are to follow. We can well afford to risk their mistakes and their excesses, their blind trust in works, so long as they are propelled by a sincere energy of will to make the world better. But what lies behind this will? What keeps it from decaying? For these men are seldom religious in the sense that their reforming zeal springs from a deep spiritual need. A part of their energy is moral habit; a part is exactly identical with the energy that builds up a great industrial plant in order to satisfy a craving for action that meets approval in the world. If the certainty that the community must be bettered, can be bettered, should slacken, where would it find revival? In faith, hope, and charity? But can hope endure and charity be permanent without faith? And what is their faith?

The faith of our moral idealists is as strong, I suppose, as that which supported the Stoics or the clear-sighted reformers of the eighteenth century. They believe in the perfectability of man and the pragmatic value of right-doing. This, for a strong man, may be enough; but it is not a religion. It is questionable whether it would stand adversity. It was not shaken in the war, but it is shaking now. If the enthusiasm of the reformers should be spent or exhausted, they would have little to fall back upon. Their idealism has already shown signs of hysteria, spots of sentimentalism, evidences of a basis in habit and impulse as much as in deep spiritual conviction.

It has become almost a commonplace to say that the spiritual seekers, the second of our observable classes,—more numerous, I believe, in America than elsewhere in the white world since the seventeenth century,—are products of reaction against the dry moral will that seeks its satisfaction in works, not faith. Yet their importance has not always been grasped. Commercial America has not only been the home of the greatest of modern philanthropies, but also the source of the only powerful religious

sect created in the nineteenth century, as well as one of the few new strains in idealistic philosophy. They are not happy in our commercialism or content with ethical reform, those more sensitive spirits whose numbers and weight in bourgeois America are evident whenever an emotional crisis arrives. And the freedom from ecclesiastical restraint which was won for them by their ancestors has left them free to construct new religions.

But as it was the earnestness of the moral enthusiasts that seemed more valuable than any reason they had for goodness, so it is the spiritual craving of American seekers that is more impressive than anything they have found. I do not undervalue the hopeful idealism of Emerson or the strong protest of the Christian Scientists against surrender to petty worry and pain. Yet in so far as we may generalize in so vast a matter, the seekers of spirituality have been singularly out of harmony with the needs of a democracy. They have found religions that solace the optimistic temperament when it has been duly intellectualized, they have found medicine for the ills of prosperous people; but the breadth and often the depth of appeal that must characterize a religion for all men they have missed or failed to seek. The Friends, later called Quakers, began with the will that all the world should become Friends; it was only in later stages that they regarded themselves as a peculiar people with whom only those fitted by temperament should join. But it is with such an exclusiveness that the seekers of to-day who promulgate religion now begin. One can prophesy in advance who will or will not be Christian Scientists. And beyond the bounds of sects the spiritual adventure exhausts itself in emotional vagaries, or rises into regions of pure mysticism where, no matter how noble or how satisfying it may be for individual persons, it can never establish the religion for a democracy.

The third group is again a result of that early freeing of America from ecclesiastical control; but its members are those whom such unchartered freedom tires. The reactionaries, if I may call them by that name without offense intended, are the lovers of tradition, whose modern craving for the sanctions of religion leads them back into dependence upon the old rites, the old theologies, the old authority, which many, indeed, never have left. They, in our history, are the Federalists of religion.

And, like the seekers, they, also, have put restrictions of temperament upon their faith. For many Americans of the old stock the breach with authority made by the Reformation is permanent. They could not go back without an intellectual debasement that would be degradation, not humility. For many others the scientific revolution of the nineteenth century has still further unfitted minds for harmony with the forms and pressures of the ecclesiastical past. Sheer scientific materialism as an explanation of God and the universe has broken down. The need for religion emerges from the controversy more palpitating than before. Nevertheless, the science of theology has suffered from the science of inductive research. Tradition carries many a man to the door of past beauty, decorum, and harmonious faith, and he longs to enter. But his way is barred. He leans upon and loves the past. He cannot enter it. The traditionalist, to give him a better and more lovely name, has been a bringer of joy to many; but, like the seeker, his help has been partial only. He is a chaplain attendant upon the regiments of his own faith.

But by far the most significant product of our precocious religiosity in America and our early emancipation from ecclesiastical control has been indifferentism—that American indifferentism which has been easy because of our willingness to be responsible for our own evils, wide-spread because of our necessary obsession with material development, defensible in our century of good luck and the easy optimism that accompanies it.

Here lies the group by all odds the largest, and certainly worthy of the most anxious study. Here belongs the mass of bourgeois Americans upon whom rests the outcome of the immediate future. What lies beneath the seeming religious indifference of the American who is not ritualist, reformer, or seeker for spiritual consolation, who is, in short, the average

American of office, mill, and law-court? That is the crux of the problem.

Indifferentism, of course, is the fashion of the age, and fashions are always delusive. In a Pullman smoker, watching the faces that, like a day of south wind in July, are soggy, unillumined, one despairs of one's America. The human product of too much selling and buying has never been attractive; our half-education and the semi-intelligence that accompanies it have but defined the ill features, like careful breeding of pig or goat. It was a novel principle of primitive Christianity that lowliness and poverty might hide the noblest soul. If you followed these men home, saw their minds freed from the pressure of competition and out of the atmosphere of distrust, would your opinion alter? Are their religious instincts hidden by the mask of American commercialism, inactive merely because suppressed by custom and fashion? Are they lying fallow? Or are they like seed too long dormant and decaying?

If only we knew by what ingenious statistics these men might be classified, prophecy would not be difficult. If only we knew how many have become mere traffickers in bodily comfort, sensualists in fact, whatever they may be in name. If only we knew how many in their hearts were dumb seekers for some spiritual satisfactions that would raise the heart in adversity, lift the mind above the necessity for safety, pleasure, success, so that all might be pursued, all enjoyed, without flatness and disillusion. But no answer is ready; for there has been no test of the latent religion of America.

It is true that in the mass of American indifferentism the suppressed religious instinct exhibits itself by queer shoots of emotional enthusiasm for high things whether in war or in peace. It shows itself, or rather its suppression, by unexpected sentimentalism in hard places. It touches with melancholy many a typical American face in which one would expect to find self-satisfaction or arrogance. We struggle with our religious emotions in youth, suppress them in the middle years; in old age, deep buried like a hidden disease, they torment us. Old age is proverbially restless in America.

Nevertheless, the test that will reveal how much religion is latent in our democracy has not come yet; nor have our moral enthusiasms, our spiritual adventures, our reachings for traditions, been in our day really tested for the spirit behind them. There is reason to believe that the time is approaching. In a normal evolution of the bourgeois society that has made America, some clear revelation must have come of the religious spirit that as a race and a nation we are developing. Doubtless we would slowly have found our way to an expression more true to our nature than any of the partial modes so far allowed us. But there will be no normal, or at least no slow, evolution of the religious emotions of the old Americans. A factor from without, a sudden emergency, calls for an immediate reckoning of our spiritual assets. All, in every class, who are responsible for the American inheritance of ideals and morale and character are challenged, but specially the indifferents. Those neutrals in the conflict between spirit and matter can stay neutral no longer.

Bourgeois America, which means most of America, is, as every one sees, on the verge of a revolution like the political-social revolution of 1800. For a century we have pursued economics, and now economics is pursuing us. A new class is coming to the front, and yet that, perhaps, is of minor importance in America, where money and a little education extinguish distinctions between classes in two decades. What is coming with more significance is a new social system, wherein a new control of industry and a more equitable distribution of the products thereof is to be substituted for competitive individualism. Many are skeptical of the proposed practices by which this revolution is to be accomplished; few now doubt that its theory is correct and will some day be demonstrated.

But there has never been a revolution of any kind in world history that did not bring with it a revolution of all that tradition had established and custom made familiar. And this revolution, peaceful or otherwise, that is upon us differs from earlier examples in that its economic nature is clearly distinguished

and, therefore, its challenge to all that we term esthetic, cultural, spiritual, religious, doubly sharp and direct. Food, clothing, and recreation, not religious or political liberty, are its legitimate, but also its only expressed, objects. If it gains these at the expense of the soul,—of what we all understand by the soul in the ancient warning, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—if it gains material welfare and material welfare only, it will fail; and if it fails, we all go down with it.

In western Europe, one guesses, the struggle between a socialism always threatening to become purely materialistic and our own imperfect order will be differently conducted. There, and specially in France and Great Britain, church organizations are powerful politically, socially, and in their grip upon the popular imagination. They will sharpen the conflict and confuse the issues, making the struggle seem to resemble many earlier combats between church and anti-church. But in bourgeois America no such easy and fallacious division will be possible. Here the question as to whether the new order is to satisfy the religious and moral, as well as the economic, needs of society will rest squarely upon the individual person. No church can speak for America, for no church ever has held or ever can hold Americans together. The responsibility here, and ultimately in Europe, must be personal. It will come to the question of how much religion is possessed by the normal American. When he is aroused by a struggle that sweeps into far wider questions than the tariff or the income tax, when his method of working, his method of living, his method of thinking, are all challenged by a new and militant social order, more dormant idealism, more latent cynicisms, intenser passions, will be aroused than one would ever have suspected in that shrewd and easy-going face in the Pullman smoker. Will religion be aroused also?

It is essential that we should bring about a better distribution of wealth; that we should give every child the equal opportunity that Jefferson had in mind when he wrote the vague, but magnificent, phrases of the Declaration of Independence. Democracy cannot be said to have been tried until we have made an economic democracy, and we are too far on the road of democratic experiment to stop half-way. But it is even more essential that we should carry on into the new community our moral enthusiasm, our ideals, and also that reverence for the shaping power, and love for its manifestations that lie behind them, and constitute the religious emotion that I shall not here attempt otherwise to define. Many fear that the nice taste, the trained mind, which have been borne upon the crest of civilization, will go down in the welter of indistinguishable breakers. There is little danger of this, since already it is the intellectuals who direct, and will direct, the new movement; and the professional man stands to gain as much as the laborer by a peaceful revolution. But in a socialistic world, built on the recovery of the unearned increment, standardized by wages, whose *raison d'être* is the distribution of wealth, it is the religious instinct, with all that its free development implies for democracy, that is in the gravest danger. If we all became relatively rich,—and this is an idea of the earthly paradise that socialism undoubtedly encourages,—how many will crawl through the eye of the needle?

The labor party is not immediately responsible for the saving or the freeing of the religious instinct. Its first objectives are the comforts and material opportunities of civilization; and until these are reached we have no right to expect religious leadership from the proletariat. If any one is responsible, it is the old American, the bourgeois American. He has inherited the spiritual tradition of his ancestors; he has profited by emancipation from superstition and institutional tyranny; he has lived in a comfortable world with opportunities to illumine the spirit by literature and the arts and education. He is not going to be crushed or driven out of his inheritance; there are too many of him, and he too closely resembles in everything but habit of life the proletariat that is rising. Upon this American rests the burden of spiritualizing as well as educating his new masters —upon the moral enthusiasts, the tradi-

tionalists, the seekers, most of all. It is such a task as the church faced in the dark ages, when barbarians had to be not only spiritualized, but civilized as well. It is a lesser task, for our new invaders are not barbarians, and their leaders are intellectually the equal of ours. Whether the outlook for success is greater, depends upon the spirit we bring to the enterprise. Our knowledge is greater; is our will that man should make more than a market of his time, sleeping and feeding, as great as the great wills of the early centuries?

No one can answer; but of this we can be assured, that the solution rests in American indifferentism. If the commercial American is as material as he looks and acts, if common sense is his only good, if his idealism, such as it is, is merely inherited habit, if he responds to two impulses only, restlessness and sentimentality, then en masse he will go over to socialism in its most mechanical phase and, instead of saving the new party, he will ruin it. Potentially the most ardent supporters of a purely materialistic socialism, in which the individual person counts for nothing aside from his appetites, are precisely the "practical" business men who now curse the new order most loudly because it threatens their accumulations. For them it is civil war between seekers for the dollar; and civil war is always the bitterest, and the soonest healed. Such men have been our leaders. Is the army behind them?

I think that the rank and file of bourgeois America are less concerned with wealth and the struggle for wealth than we suppose. I think that they are not so much dazzled by millions as in the nineties; more anxious for simplicity of heart, which spells content, and worthiness of aim, which satisfies conscience, than one would guess from Wall Street or Broadway or public life in the middle West. I think that, while distrusting the economic paradise of the more material socialists, they are closer in sympathy to a thoughtful laborer than to a cynical capitalist. If the religious instinct among them emerges as a disgust for petty emotions, as a passionate interest in humanity, as a willingness to sacrifice privilege and prejudice for a fuller life more generously shared, if the religion of our democracy finds no more expression than this, the crisis will pass. If even thus far indifferentism should yield to active spiritual faith, the bourgeoisie would cease being bourgeois, and we could cease to fear the triumph of the proletariat, since, if there was anything good in our old stock, we could convert them to it.

But if the American has lost his religious instincts, if behind his practical common sense and his vigorous idealism and his eager experiments in spirituality there is nothing but a restless energy working upon the momentum of convictions long dead, then let the new Americans absorb us quickly, for we are worn out.

With all humbleness, with a full realization of the trivialities of hustle and bustle in which we have sunk our religion, with concern for our escape from easy-going optimism and skeptical content, I, for one, feel too sure of the depth of our racial legacy of reverence, and the fundamental religiosity of the American character at its truest, to admit for a moment that conclusion of despair.

Suddenly

By LEONORA SPEYER

Suddenly flickered a flame,
  Suddenly fluttered a wing:
  What, can a dead bird sing?
Somebody spoke your name.

Suddenly fluttered a wing,
  Sounded a voice, the same.
  Somebody spoke your name;
Oh, the remembering!

Sounded a voice, the same.
  Song of the heart's green spring,
  Oh, the remembering!
Which of us was to blame?

Song of the heart's green spring,
  Wings that still flutter, lame,
  Which of us was to blame?
God! the slow withering!

Aftermath

By IRMA WATERHOUSE

Illustrations by Norman Price

A story based upon a not unfamiliar situation—a situation which most girls or women face at least once in their lives. This variation of the theme possesses both a novelty of method and an interesting sincerity that make it well worth reading.

FROM the minute they met in the corridor of the hotel that had been their old rendezvous, each of them was aware that the other had changed.

Ten minutes later Kenneth Graham found himself studying the face of the girl on the opposite side of the small table from him with an absurd sense of unreality. A year could not possibly have made him forget what she looked like.

Dorothy Painter, in her turn, was thinking Kenneth was a bigger-looking person than she had remembered.

"A year 's a long time, Ken," she said.

He nodded.

"And yours has been so eventful."

"What has yours been like?"

He dismissed that quickly.

"Oh, just drilling men and then more men to go across and fight. Not a very thrilling war record; not near so thrilling as yours."

The waiter with their tea made further conversation momentarily impossible.

Dorothy looked at the familiar scene of life and movement around her. How many times in lonely little towns or foreign cities she had dreamed of being back in it all, and had seen the smartly gowned women, the men once more in civilian dress, waiters moving to and fro, the orchestra playing the hits of the season, herself well dressed and aware of it, and some one—the some one was constantly changing in her world that was made up of men—on the opposite side of the table from her, some one whose eyes told her the most interesting things a man's eyes can tell a woman.

She could not have read anything like that in the eyes of the man actually opposite her at the moment. He was still looking at her with surprise. Of course he had expected her to change; and yet, what was it? A different expression of her eyes, as if, perhaps, they had seen too much? Or was it her manner, a bit too poised, that gave him the feeling that there were no situations she could not meet? She met his eyes just then and flashed him a little smile, and her face had the old adorable piquancy that he remembered best. The waiter had now withdrawn, and he went to the heart of the matter that the state of affairs between them made foremost in the consciousness of both.

"Your letters were awfully unsatisfactory things, Dorothy," he said. "You confined yourself so religiously to writing me of all your legitimate A. E. F. activities that I had to guess at the others. In fact, your letters got so tame finally that I knew you could n't be putting everything in."

She half smiled at that.

"How many times did you lose your heart, anyway? You 're a bit too attractive not to have had a few men make a fuss over you."

Dorothy set down a cup of tea quickly and drew a breath.

"Mercy, Ken, you 're nothing if not direct!"

"Well, you knew that, did n't you?

Don't tell me you 've forgotten me that much!" He leaned forward, one arm on the table, and said quizzically, "I wonder just how much you 're really going to tell me—"

"I 'll have to think about it; you know no one who comes home from the war is supposed to tell *everything*." She smiled in a quite friendly, disarming manner, but looking at him, she saw then that he was troubled.

She wondered about it afterward. She had not been frank with Kenneth. On the other hand, she had let the barrier of the last year remain steadfastly between them. He felt she was different, perhaps even less desirable. Did he think it had hurt her? That made her smile. The words of an American major, uttered months before in a gay French resort, flashed back unbidden.

"Why do girls like you come over here?" he had stormed one afternoon when, sickened by the license she saw around her, she had looked at him. "Why don't you stay at home and wait for us?"

She had been full of high resolve, of the ideal of service that made her dare to cross the ocean to face the unknown, the hard, perhaps even the dangerous; so she had flared up at that. She had said something fine about not wanting to stay safe at home, and ended:

"Do you mean we don't do any good?"

She could see the scene now: a bathing-beach, with gay little red-and-white-striped tents pitched upon it, and women whose bathing-costumes even in memory brought the color to her face; the promenade along the sea where vulgarly painted women strolled; the little white houses, with their picturesque red roofs; the blue, blue sky, nearer and warmer than the skies she had known; vivid coloring, beauty, warmth everywhere, and through it all hundreds of khaki-clad Americans who, perhaps, like herself, knew nothing of the Continent, but yet sensed its different standards, its less obvious restraints, and perhaps responded to it with a new quickening of the blood.

The major's answer had come finally.

"It is n't a question of that, whether you do any good or not; it 's a question of what all this is going to do to *you*."

She had tried to answer that. She had her standards, American standards, which she might make count a little in the midst of all this. In her heart, however, she felt appalled at her own littleness. For the first time in her life she had an inkling of terrifying primitive forces of whose relentless strength she had hitherto scarcely dreamed.

She forced herself to think back over the major's words now. How little she had really understood then, or appreciated his rather scrupulous care of her! It had taken later experiences for that.

Had Kenneth, too, felt that, despite what she had undeniably gained, she had inevitably lost something she could never regain? And her point of view—had it become less one of service as time went on because she half acquiesced in the inevitableness of the conditions she found? And had she thus gradually come to think more of herself and less of what she was there to do? Did she now bear the selfish imprint of a girl who had merely had a good time?

Ah, no, it had n't come to that. There were the memories of too many wholesome days of hard work, too many services unconsciously rendered, too many real friends and grateful letters.

Yet, at the crest of her flare of vindication, Dorothy paused. Those things were the outward record, but it was not that that Kenneth had meant. It came to her forcibly that Kenneth was not the sort to be interested in mere credentials.

The letter she was looking for came when she had been home nearly ten days—ten days of trying to gather up the strange ends of once-familiar habits, of trying to react to the circumstances of her old life as she once had reacted. Dorothy expected at any minute to hint some new attitude that would terrify her mother, or perhaps merely to relax, under provocation, into that simple and forceful doughboy vernacular that for her repetition had long ago robbed of its offending strangeness.

New York in mid-August and the grip of a hot wave was very dead. Her father was held out West by some involved law-suits over unimportant property, but his letters looked forward to seeing his "little girl" after all her "great

experiences." Her mother had kept their cool and comfortable apartment open all summer, waiting eagerly for Dorothy's return. She was glad to have Dorothy back and proud of "all she had done." In the face of such belief, she could not let them know quite how things were with her, what a queer new crust this last year had formed over many old conceptions. It was n't as if she had failed over there; on the contrary, she had made good, and yet, and yet—

She looked down at the letter in her hand and slowly broke it open. A slight breeze moved the curtains at the windows. The apartment was very quiet. Dorothy's unbelievably young mother had started off directly after breakfast for a day of golf with some friends at a suburban club. The letter had come at breakfast, and Dorothy had made some excuse to avoid reading it then. She frowned when she remembered how she had evaded her mother's perfectly natural inquiries about it—evaded them with the same instinct, perhaps, which prompted her to bury the very large and conspicuous picture of an exceedingly interesting-looking captain in her bottom drawer, deep beneath her best French underwear.

Dorothy's hand trembled a little as she unfolded and spread out the first big, closely written sheet. It began without heading:

Well, you have gone, and for some reason you did n't tell me. I don't believe you knew how that would hurt. Why did n't you? Were you afraid I 'd fight it?

When you get this, you 'll be safe at home, with your old life beginning to close in around you. But sometimes you 'll think of me, and when you do, don't have any regrets. When you get near forty, as I am, instead of away on the sunny side of thirty, you 'll know how rare it is to find what I found in you and what I think you were beginning to find in me. I won't call it love. "Love" can mean too many things. And, besides, that would offend you. For you still think in your heart of hearts, little Puritan, that a married man can know no love but one. Good Lord! how tremendously it would simplify life if that were only true!

I miss you like the very devil. In fact, we all miss you. Corporal Williams complained to the sergeant the other morning that now there were n't even your visits to the telephone to cheer the dull monotony of the orderly-room.

Oh, Dorothy, there 's so much I want to say and so little I actually can! Sometimes life plays queer tricks. But, in any case, it 's better to have known you; and as for you, well, you 're young, and you 'll forget with a new springtime.

Very soon now it will be another moon, and I 'll ride over these German hills alone and dream of you and the last moon. Which is the way I must n't talk.

But, Dorothy, you were right to go; for you 're not all Puritan, you know. You 're a very human and lovable person. And I 'm pretty human, too, with, I 'm afraid, just the ordinary feet of clay.

I 'm not going to say good-by forever or anything like that. I expect to come to see you in New York before I go home. I want to meet your mother and tell her some of the things—oh, no, not all of them!—that I think of her daughter.

But neither shall I tell you again.

The last sentences were unimportant. Dorothy put the letter down. Neither would he tell her again!

A film passed before her eyes. Waves of memory beat insistently in upon her. So he thought she would forget by another springtime! She drew a long breath and shut her eyes. A panorama of pictures passed before her. The central one was always of a little German town, set in a valley, with its narrow streets, its primitive stone houses, its oxen drawing clumsy-looking carts, its peasant women plowing, sweeping the streets, old and misshapen before their time, and everywhere American soldiers, walking their posts on guard, sitting on fences discussing the latest rumors of their speedy return to "God's country," playing "catch" in the streets, or leaning out of the windows of their billets to exchange some pleasantry with her, or quite as likely with a *Fräulein*.

And from the town on every side rolled away hills—hills she would always remember flaming with June poppies. Her mind focused gradually on specific scenes: meal-times and the glassed-in dining-room where she generally ate with

"Dorothy's hand trembled a little as she unfolded and spread out the first big, closely written sheet"

the officers of her company, and the view of those poppy-covered hills from the windows. And the main figure in that dining-room, always from her very first day, when her interest in him was only potential, was Captain Rand Bellamy.

She had always realized that he stood somewhat between her and the rest, a rather rough, though well-meaning, group of men whose lack of refinement was apt to go beyond a systematic murdering of the king's English. Good line officers, good fighters, they had played their creditable part in a regiment whose own part in the making of history would always be a just source of pride. But they had forgotten, these officers, what it was to have women around. Dorothy soon realized that it was Captain Bellamy who never forgot or allowed the others to forget. But in the welter of emotions through which her own feeling for this man ran like a vividly colored thread came the grateful memory of the youngest second lieutenant, a mere boy, and his impulsive words after she had been there a few weeks.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed one day, "the morale of this outfit sure has jumped some since you struck this God-forsaken burg!"

Particularly Dorothy loved the times when, at the end of a hearty army supper, the men would push their chairs back from the table, tilt them against the wall, light their cigarettes, and, as they called it, "fight the war." She would sit there quietly, a perfectly contented listener.

By and by she would slip out and down to the big room over the familiar German *Wirtschaft*, or café, which she felt a real pride in making as attractive a club-room as she could. And all evening long she might sit at the piano and play, "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," "I 'm Sorry I Made You Cry," and other soldier favorites as an accompaniment for a score of sentimentally lusty voices.

And how disgusted they were because she always picked the days to eat with them when the principal item on the menu was either slum, the despised, or

the doubly despised "corn bill." They were wonderful boys, those enlisted friends of hers, and her heart would always warm at the thought of them.

But this other friend of hers, this lover —how, how had it all happened? He had little in common with those other officers except having faced death with them; and, after all, when there was no longer death to face, that did not furnish an inexhaustible topic of conversation.

But she and he, liking the same things, books, music, to look on people and on life, to reflect on all its vagaries, both sensitive to atmosphere, and both lonely in this new atmosphere so different from all they had ever known—she and he had grown to care, and finally one memorable night to confess it.

Somehow, when that time came, it did not matter that he was married. She felt all the rush of emotion toward him that she would have felt toward a man she could marry. At home the old inhibitions might have held; over there everything was different. The same things were not even right.

But she had gone away, so that there could be nothing to regret except the ache in her heart that wanted what it could not have. She was glad she was home once more, where her imagination would not again become aflame with thoughts she once would never have believed she could have known.

Afterward, when Dorothy looked back on her first month at home, it seemed to her she did nothing but answer questions. At first she did not mind such definite attacks as: "Was everybody always perfectly nice to you, or did you really have any horrid experiences?" or, "Were the soldiers really crazy about the French girls?" or, "How did they get along with the Germans? Did they fraternize much with the Dutch *Fräuleins?*"

But the women drove her nearly distracted who said easily: "Now tell me all about your great experiences, dear. What was it really like over there?"

"As if any one could *tell* what it was like!" she stormed one day to her mother when she had been particularly tongue-tied before a flood of such demands. "Don't you ask any more women in to have tea and then show me off. If you do, I 'll tell them the soldiers drank themselves drunk and swore with every breath and cursed me when the chocolate was n't hot or the doughnuts were leathery, and—and—oh, I don't know what I *won't* tell them!"

"Dorothy," Mrs. Painter said sharply, "you 're acting absurdly."

But Dorothy was following this idea with growing enthusiasm.

"Just imagine what a sensation it would create if I were to say when some one asked me, 'But did n't you find the soldiers very inclined to be sentimental?' 'Oh, mercy! yes. I had twenty-nine proposals the first two months I was over there,—eleven officers and eighteen enlisted men,—and after that I did n't keep track.' Would n't that give them their money's worth?"

Mrs. Painter was not smiling.

"Dorothy dear, what makes you act so queer? I don't mean just this, I mean—are you happy? What is it? Tell mother."

The light faded from Dorothy's face. She looked suddenly miserable.

"I—I can't. You would n't understand."

"Why would n't I?"

"You 've been too sheltered." She spoke with absurdly solemn conviction.

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Painter reached for her daughter with protecting arms.

Her mother's arms around her broke Dorothy's self-control. She began to cry, not quietly, but with great shaking sobs.

"Oh, I wish you 'd never, never gone!" The passionate agony of her mother's voice checked Dorothy's sobbing.

"Listen, mother dear. You must n't ever say that. I would n't have missed going across for anything in the world. I 've learned so much I never would have known, and everything I 've learned I 'll be better for when I get over being quite so near it as I am now."

Her mother looked down at the moist face against her shoulder.

"What have you learned, Dorothy?"

"Oh, so many things! I know what the truest kind of being a comrade to a man is; I know it does n't matter if they don't use good English; I know swearing may be nothing more than a habit.

Often they have n't the slightest curse in their hearts. And as for drinking and—things like that, well, you can't always judge them. You don't know how many times they *have n't* got drunk—or done other things." She sat up now and looked steadily at her mother. "A year ago I would have drawn my skirts around me and passed by on the other side. I 'll never do that again—in my judgments, I mean. Things are n't just black or white, are they?"

Mrs. Painter shook her head.

"Can we go back now to why you are n't happy?" she said. "Can't you tell me? I have n't misunderstood yet, have I?"

Dorothy got up and walked to the other side of the room and stopped in front of a picture of the cathedral at Rheims in the days of its splendor. But she saw neither that nor the devastated city Rheims now was. She turned and went into her room, and came back with a large picture. On it was written, "Dorothy from Rand." Mrs. Painter studied the picture in silence, with Dorothy looking over her shoulder.

"It 's the captain you wrote about. He has a fine face. And you 're in love with him?"

"Yes; he 's married."

"You wrote me."

Dorothy took the picture from her mother's hands and looked intently at it.

"What would you think if I told you that at the end I did n't care if he *was* married—that did n't make any difference?"

"Of course it always makes a difference eventually," Mrs. Painter answered carefully.

"It makes no difference *now*," was Dorothy's vehement reply.

"It makes this much difference—you can't marry him," her mother said practically. She hesitated. "Then you don't care for Kenneth at all any more?"

Dorothy put the picture down.

"Oh, yes; but not that way. He 's dear and all that, but—he does n't thrill me."

"And this other man does. Of course it is necessary to be thrilled?"

"Well, is n't it?" Dorothy flung back. "Thrill is n't the right word; I know that as well as you. It 's much too trivial. We 're off the subject, anyway; but at least you know what 's the matter with me. And I 'm not over it by a good deal—not even the maddest impulses."

"It 's a little soon to be over it, perhaps," Mrs. Painter suggested.

"Oh, you think it will all fade perfectly naturally and simply," Dorothy stormed. "You don't know what I felt. I tell you, some of us over there who were lonely and human, and in the midst of literally hundreds of attractive men who were lonely and human, too, know what it means to be—virtuous. So many conventions were gone, there was so little to save you from the things you felt! It 's easy enough to sit here and judge. I tell you, you don't know. No one knows who did n't go through it. Any one can be good safe at home, in her own family, when she 's not tempted, and no one knows what any one else's temptations are. Things are n't just black or white," she repeated again.

Her mother was silent, looking at her with a strange look. Dorothy laughed a little, though not with much mirth.

"Now I suppose you *are* sorry I went over there. But I 'm not; I 'm glad. I got through my cotton-batting wrappings to life. And yet, when it comes to a show-down, I can hold up my head and look any one in the eyes; yes, any one."

She picked up the picture, looked at it fiercely, then carried it back to her room.

In September Dorothy's division came home. In the crowds at the wharf she managed somehow to locate G Company. For one moment she saw Rand. He had gripped her hand hard. He was not going to be able to come to see her, after all, as the division was entraining immediately for Camp ———.

"I 'll write when we get there," he said. After the first long glance, he kept looking over and beyond her as he spoke, calling to a sergeant here and there, issuing directions, his mind obviously centered on the task ahead. Dorothy left him in a minute with another hand-clasp, and passed along the line to speak to all the others she knew. She had a strangely cheated sensation, of not having found what she expected.

"'Mercy,' she exclaimed, sitting up very straight, 'that 's an awfully long time to be gone' "

Camp ——— was a long way from New York, but it was worse than nothing to see any one like that.

Rand's letter came in less than a week. It was not a love-letter, yet it affected her more strongly than if it had been. It somehow effaced the memory of those unsatisfactory minutes at the wharf; for underneath what he actually said, she felt the current of the things he had kept himself from saying, and she went to her bureau-drawer, took out his picture, and looked at it a long time, with memories so vivid that they made her heart ache. Gradually, as she looked, she fancied his eyes began to change color and to look at her with that luminous intensity that moved her indescribably.

Winter slipped on into spring, and life became so normal again that Dorothy could sometimes visualize it going placidly on in that way forever. But when May came, two things happened to break this calm. Kenneth was offered a chance to go to the Orient for his firm, to be gone from six months to a year. He was to start the end of June.

Dorothy heard this in dismay—dismay that deepened the more she thought about it.

It was a mild Sunday afternoon, and they had gone down to Long Island to spend the day at Kenneth's tiny bungalow, cook their own dinner, go canoeing, or just lie in the sand and get sunburned. They were getting sunburned when Kenneth told her.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, sitting up very straight, "that 's an awfully long time to be gone!"

He began systematically to bury the hand of hers that was nearest him.

"Yes, it 's a long time," he answered. "In fact, it 's too long a time to go away and leave you."

Dorothy stiffened, at which Kenneth patted the sand reassuringly.

"I 'd ask you to go with me; only I don't think you 'd do it." Dorothy moved slightly. "I have n't said anything before because I 've been trying to get acquainted with you again. You 're a lot maturer person than you were two years ago, but you 're not quite so lovable. It 's kind of as if you 'd had to develop a protective shell once, and now, though you don't need it so much, it 's still there, and the rest of us keep bumping into it."

Dorothy meditated on this.

"I don't like not to be so lovable," she complained finally.

Kenneth laughed a little grimly.

"Don't worry about it any. You 're as lovable now as it 's lawful for any girl to be."

Dorothy unearthed her hand and turned her head away.

"Look at me, Dorothy. I know you don't love me. Do you know how I know it? Because you 're so deathly afraid all the time that I' m going to touch you. Once your eyes looked different. They said that if I had patience, your lips were going to be for me. I don't know whom you are keeping them for now; I only know it is n't I."

Dorothy's face had been turned away; now she turned it back.

"I do care about you, Ken," she said huskily; "only everything is so mixed for me. Less than a year ago I felt about a man as I never felt about any one in my life. He was married. I got so I did n't care. I just had sense enough to go away. But I had the most dreadful feelings—oh, I can't tell you!"

"You don't have to. I know all about them. I 've had them myself." He thought a minute, then said, "How much do you still feel that way?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't remember things as I did, and I don't really feel—lawless any more; but maybe if I saw him—I 'll never know unless I see him."

"I see. You think the volcano 's only smoldering." He got to his feet, then reached down his hands to her. "Let 's go back."

They walked along slowly, sinking in the sand with every step.

"I thought you 'd disapprove of me," Dorothy said and sighed.

"Of you? No, not of you."

Dorothy was quickly on the defensive.

"You mean you do disapprove of him?"

"I don't mean anything."

"Yes, you do. What do you mean? Tell me."

He frowned, then spoke doggedly.

"I don't know anything about things like that, Dorothy; but if you 're really crazy for my opinion, I can't quite see that kind of thing."

"I suppose you think you can choose whether you 'll fall in love or not."

"No; but I think a man can have the strength to stay away from a girl and keep his mouth shut if he finds he 's getting interested. Even if a man does n't love his wife, there is such a thing as playing the game. And, then, there 's the other girl he pretends to love—a married man that has n't a thing in the world to offer her. That 's not love; it 's damned self-indulgence."

There was a silence in which Kenneth did not dare to look at her. When they reached the bungalow, he pushed open the door, and as she passed him, he stole a look at her face. He expected to see deep anger. It was not there. Dorothy's face was stained high with color, and she averted her eyes.

For a week Dorothy lived in a chaos of emotion. Kenneth was going away, perhaps for a year, and she cared about him, though not as she had cared about Rand. But to let him go away for a year! Yet could she possibly marry him when she knew there were depths in her he had never stirred? Were there, after all, different kinds of love, and would it be safe to marry if one knew a feeling existed one did not have? If a man had stirred that other feeling in one once, might not some other man sometime again? There were a great many attractive men in the world.

She thought of Rand, the look in his eyes that drew and drew her, the thrilling tones of his voice, and the magnetism of his whole personality; yet she had come to look at their love from a different angle. It was not, perhaps, so big and inevitable as she had thought. And there was a flaw somewhere. When all was said, they had both been weak.

It was that Saturday he telephoned her. She did not recognize his voice for a second; then, with a tingling of her blood, she tried to ask him the usual questions.

"I 'm not here alone," he said immediately; "my wife is with me, and we both want you to come down to dinner with us to-night if you can."

Dorothy's heart was pounding uncomfortably.

"I 'd like to meet your wife—is she there now?"

There was a moment's pause, then he said:

"No; she 's back at the hotel." So he was n't telephoning from the hotel, but from a booth somewhere!

"May I come up and get you?" he then asked.

Dorothy heard the pleading note, so she answered very firmly that it was n't necessary; she would meet them at seven o'clock that night.

During the day she gave some thought to the manner of woman Rand would probably have married. Before, she had always taken his wife for granted. He had never in any way intimated that he did not love his wife. She rather thought he did, though she had never been quite able to understand it all. Neither had he talked to her about his married life, but occasionally a chance remark gave her a flash of vision. She remembered how he had said to her very gravely one night, "It would never for one instant occur to my wife that I could possibly be anything but faithful to her."

At the time she had imagined that to be because he was the kind of man any woman would believe in. Not until she met his wife did she realize it might also be because Mrs. Bellamy was the kind of woman who would believe.

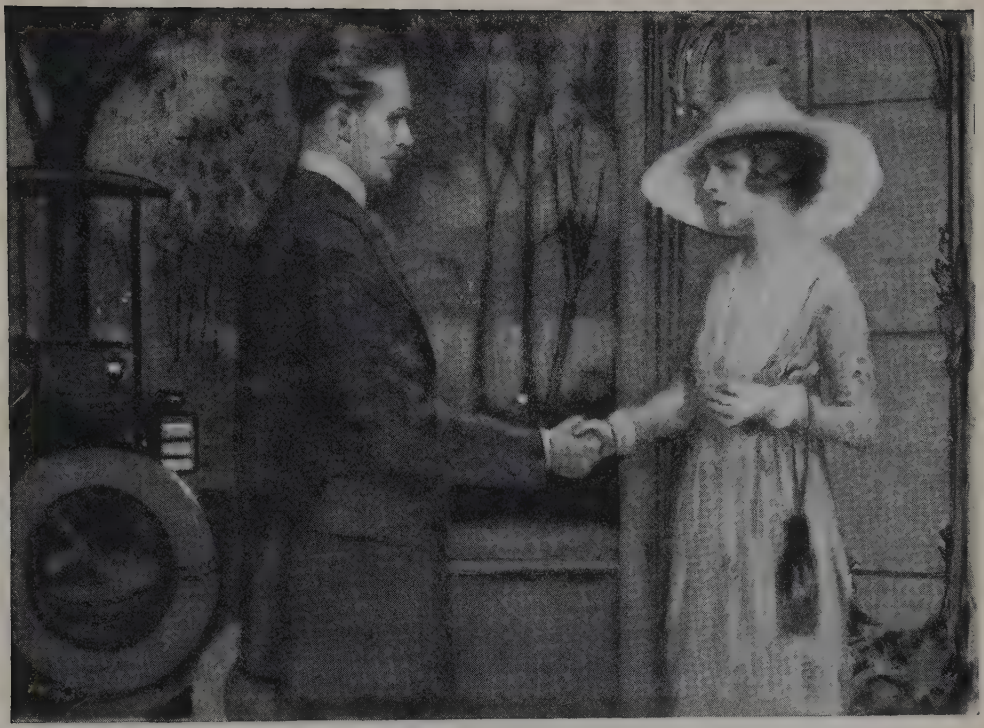
She could not at once collect her impressions of Mrs. Bellamy, but she strove to do so after the first meeting in the crowded corridor was over, and they were seated in the big, brilliantly lighted dining-room, going through conversational preliminaries. By centering her attention on Rand's wife, Dorothy had been better able to bear the actual shock of seeing Rand himself again.

"We 're on our way home from Atlantic City," Mrs. Bellamy was explaining in a pleasantly modulated voice. When she smiled, as she did now, it lighted up her dark eyes surprisingly. Her face was attractive, oval in shape, and her smooth skin had an olive tint. Dorothy liked her; she was the kind of woman other women would like.

"We 've been celebrating our fifteenth wedding anniversary. We always go back to Atlantic City when we can."

Fifteen years! Had they been married that long!

It was a strange dinner. Mrs. Bel-



"'All the luck in the world to you, Dorothy'"

lamy gave no evidence of noticing it. Rand was not at all himself, and Dorothy imagined that he was oppressed by a feeling of owing something to each of them, which resulted in his being natural with neither, for fear, perhaps, of offending the other. She felt it was a ridiculous situation, and one in which no man appeared to advantage.

One little incident stood out in her memory afterward. A very small thing may open up a new and surprising vista.

The steak was served very rare, and though Mrs. Bellamy had said nothing, Rand had immediately sent the waiter back for another better-done steak for his wife.

"You know you never ate a steak as rare as that in your life," he said.

Dorothy, in the act of buttering a piece of bread, had a startling revelation. This man and this woman had lived together when she was in grammar-school. They knew all each other's likes and dislikes, moods, hopes, and desires. The currents of their life together went deep, far deeper than she, in her ignorance, could conceive.

They had sat talking awhile after dinner, of France and the French, of Germany and the Germans, of the American Army as they had each known it. Mrs. Bellamy had been a fascinated listener.

When Dorothy had risen to go, Rand said to his wife:

"I 'll see that this young lady gets home safely," at which his wife had smiled and nodded.

Five minutes later they were alone in a taxi-cab.

"It was good of you to come, Dorothy," Rand said after a moment's silence. "Edith wanted to meet you."

"I was glad to come."

A new silence fell, which Rand finally broke.

"It 's a new springtime," he said quite irrelevantly, "and things are as I said: some other man has helped you to forget."

"I have n't forgotten; I only see things differently."

"That 's forgetting."

Dorothy turned her face toward him.

"Don't you want me to forget? Don't you want to forget, yourself?"

"No," said Rand in a low voice.

"Yet you love your wife."

He sighed in answer.

"Yes, of course I love Edith."

She watched him a minute.

"Rand," she said, "it struck me to-night how—presumptuous it all was. I mean, for me ever to think I could be the big love of your life. Why, our lives only touched for the littlest moment, and your life is woven through and through with another woman's. The years of common memories you two have, while you and I have—five minutes!"

The man beside her moved uneasily and gazed out of the window. They turned from Fifth Avenue into the park.

"Am I right?" Dorothy said gently.

He still looked out, but he spoke with a kind of quiet fierceness.

"You 're partly right, and partly wrong. I know, as you don't, that I could have been happier with you than with any woman I 've ever seen. I don't mean I don't love my wife. I do; but—well, we won't talk about it."

"Oh, I know," Dorothy assented. "There is n't just one man or woman for any one of us. There are ten or twelve, maybe, with whom we could be happy; not equally happy, but happy. And of course your life would be different with every one of them; they 'd each call out something different. One side of you would be developed more with one, another with another."

"But the person you 'd be happiest with would be the one who called out the most sides of you."

Dorothy nodded.

"Well, yes, of course. Only, when you stop to think about it, it 's a pretty big order for any one human being really to complete any other human being so there are n't any edges left over."

"There are always edges."

They shot out of the park at Seventy-second Street. Not until they reached Riverside did either of them speak again. Then Rand said:

"Are you going to marry this man?"

A vision of Kenneth's clean-cut face rose before Dorothy, his blue eyes half humorous, half she knew not what—eyes that had never moved her as had the eyes of this man beside her. Yet she knew very surely that she loved him, quietly, for his honesty, his thoughtfulness, his companionableness, his sense of humor. There was only one discordant note in this picture of quiet love—the queer tone of Kenneth's voice on the beach last Sunday when he had said:

"Once your eyes looked different. They said that if I had patience, your lips were going to be for me. I don't know whom you 're keeping them for now; I only know it is n't I."

Who, indeed, *was* she keeping them for? Instinctively she drew away farther to her side of the cab.

"Are you going to marry him, Dorothy?"

She looked across the Hudson at the lights twinkling on the Jersey shore. Homes, hundreds of them.

"Yes, I think so."

The taxi-cab swerved up to a curbing and stopped. Rand followed Dorothy into the entrance-hall of the tall apartment-house. They said good-by without much lingering.

"All the luck in the world to you, Dorothy!" He had her hand in his.

"And to you, Rand. There 'd have been 'edges' for us, too, you know."

"I know, but I 'll never forget."

"Neither will I. You 're too much of a person, and it was too vivid a five minutes."

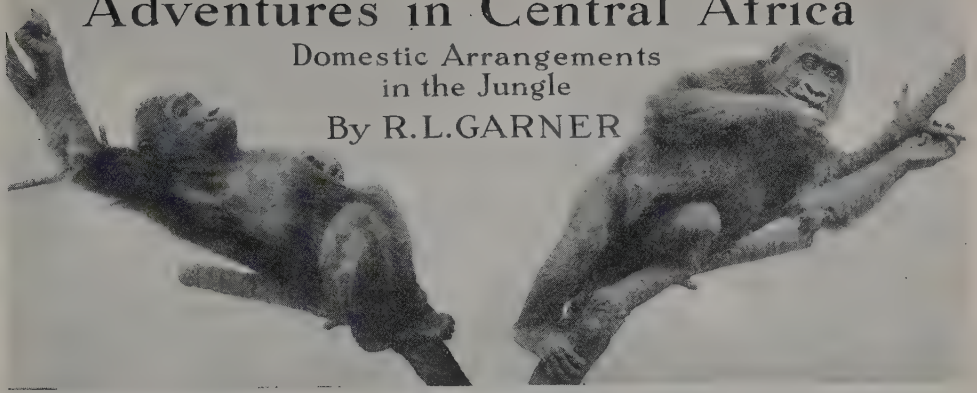
He pressed her hand without smiling, and with a last "Good luck!" turned away.

She went up-stairs with a feeling of sadness, yet of gladness. He was gone, gone, and still she was not suffering.

Adventures in Central Africa

Domestic Arrangements in the Jungle

By R. L. GARNER



Professor Garner's latest expedition to Africa was for the purpose of collecting natural history specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. The adventures, experiences, and humorous incidents of the trip are here set down in an interesting manner.

THE purpose of my recent expedition into Africa was to collect natural history specimens for the National Museum in Washington, and it was somewhat surprising to see what the effects of the Great War, then raging, had been in that remote part of the world embracing the French Congo.

The expedition was originally made up of four men. One of these was an expert hunter, Major A. M. Collins of Philadelphia, who partly financed the enterprise and was expected to do the principal shooting for the expedition. He has been a hunter of big game all over the world for the last twenty years, and to-day has one of the finest private collections of heads and horns in this country.

Another member was Professor Charles W. Furlong of Boston, who is also an expert with the rifle. He was to be in charge of the moving-picture outfit, and it was our intention to take all kinds of motion pictures of life in Africa, especially that of the jungles, and incidentally scenes of native industries, native costumes, architecture, dancers, and the activities of Africans generally.

The third member of the party was a young taxidermist supplied by the Smithsonian Institution, whose duty was to prepare the skins and skeletons for sending home. I was made director of the expedition because of my knowledge of the life, habits, and distribution of the fauna of central Africa, where I have spent most of my time for twenty-five years.

The program arranged was for me to take the taxidermist and go in advance, in order to prepare the way, and thus avoid delay in the field. The other two members were to follow us by a later steamer.

I left New York in December, 1916, and sailed by way of Bordeaux. This was at the time when German submarines were running rampant upon the seas, and travelers regarded the whole Atlantic as a danger zone. We made the entire voyage with port-holes closed and all lights extinguished at seven o'clock, and while we escaped being blown up, we had plenty of excitement aboard in talking about it, and were much gratified, if not thrilled, on reaching Bordeaux, to find that the French Navy had just destroyed a German submarine that had been lying in wait for us for twenty-six hours. We missed it by about two hours.

After a delay of a few weeks in France we resumed the journey from Bordeaux to Port Gentil, on the west coast of Africa. Again we sailed with port-holes closed and lights extin-

guished for twenty-one nights, constantly on the alert for torpedoes. Nobody was even allowed to light a match, or to smoke on deck or elsewhere. The route we took was circuitous, as we found that the ship headed almost due east for thirty hours before we reached Dakar, on the African coast. From this fact we assumed that we must have sailed outside the Canary Islands.

The second night out from Bordeaux, in the Bay of Biscay, our ship was struck by a tidal wave, which every one on board at once thought was a torpedo. It occurred shortly after midnight. The force of the wave smashed in the strong door on the port side, at the head of the corridor on the main deck, and we shipped many tons of water, which came rushing through the broken doorway and down the hall, filling the state-rooms on that side of the ship almost to the depth of one's knees.

Professor R. L. Garner and Major A. M. Collins, who financed the Collins-Garner Congo Expedition in 1916

My room was on the upper deck, and I was out of reach of the wave; but even there the spray dashed against the side of my state-room and some of it went on the boat-deck. Fortunately, the wave had struck us head on; otherwise it might have capsized the ship. As it was, the terrific crash frightened everybody aboard as much as a torpedo would have done, only the consequences were less exciting. The officers on the bridge were drenched by the crest of the wave, which the watch in the crow's-nest told us later was at least ten feet high before it crashed upon the ship.

Arrived at Port Gentil, formerly known as Cape Lopez, and still so referred to, our journey by sea was at an end. The other two members of the expedition were to follow us in March, but in February the submarine warfare was so intensified that it appeared evident that the United States would be compelled to take a hand in the war, and as they were of military age and true Americans, they declined to leave their country at such a crisis. Immediately upon the declaration of war, both offered their services to the Government. Mr. Collins was commissioned major of ordnance, and in that capacity went to France. Later he was put in command of a battalion on the western front and was in much of the hardest fighting during the last year of the war. Professor Furlong, who was already captain of a military company, was later promoted to major on the general staff and placed at the head of the topographical survey of France. He is still there. In consequence, I was left alone in Africa with the taxidermist, and not knowing that these two gentlemen would be unable to reach us at all, I had to keep up an establishment as great as if they had been present, because I did not know at what hour they would arrive. It was three or four months after they had entered the service before I had any news of the fact.

The authorities at Port Gentil demanded full payment of all duties and fees on everything we had, and refused to permit us to land our ammunition in any circumstances. After weeks of delay I wrote a long letter in detail to the governor-general, explaining to him the purpose of the expedition, and assuring him that we were not going to kill or destroy anything except in the interest of science. This letter I inclosed to Lieutenant-Governor Guyon, a particular friend of mine, whom I had known for several years.

M. Guyon forwarded my letter, with

a strong one from himself, reminding the governor-general that I had been in the colony for twenty-five years and had always been loyal, obeying its laws and regulations punctiliously every time that the right of scientific exploration had been granted to me. Upon receipt of these letters the governor-general promptly telegraphed to the chief of customs to refund to me all money that had been paid for duty and to allow me to bring in anything I had without examination. He gave me a permit to land all of our guns and 10,000 rounds of ammunition, beside telegraphing the administrator to give us a permit to reside in the colony, bear arms, kill anything we chose, protected or not, and obtain everything we wanted. He further gave instructions to all of the officials in the colony to give us all the aid, assistance, comfort, and protection they could possibly afford us wherever they were to be found.

The bush-pig

One must live in central Africa in order to know what toadies the petty officials are, and to be able to appreciate the value of these kind orders of the governor-general. No sooner did the small administrators of the colony realize that the governor was back of us than they were ready to do all they could to expedite matters. With this assistance we embarked on a little French steamer, which carried our goods about a hundred miles to Fernan Vaz. This is the name of a lake of considerable extent, and also of the surrounding region which constitutes its basin.

All the country from Port Gentil to Fernan Vaz is flat, a low delta formation of the Ongowe River, which has more than a score of mouths crisscrossed into a bewildering mesh of rivers, lagoons, and swamps that covers an area of several hundred square miles. At low tide the surface of black, sticky mud which is exposed seems alive with spider-crabs. The bush-pig alone regards these crustaceans as edible, and he, like the American hog, is not fastidious in the selection of his diet.

Not many parts of this delta are more than a few feet above sea-level, and most of it is covered with a dense growth of mangroves, trees with thousands of roots that are so interlocked that nothing can penetrate them. All the hippos and all the elephants in Africa could not break a road through this mangrove jungle.

Most of the land on which these trees grow is submerged at all times, though some of it is exposed at low tide. In consequence, when traveling by canoe in the rainy season between the coast and Lake Fernan Vaz, there is not a spot suitable for building a fire and cooking lunch where a canoe can land. On such journeys we have an uninterrupted pull of about thirty hours, since the natives would rather pull all night than cast anchor in the torment of mosquitos. I have made fifty trips through this water-logged part of Africa, and every time with the thought that it would be the last.

Nowhere, however, is nature niggardly with her largess of beauty. Even the Ongowe delta is not devoid of it. Here and there amid the morass and streams lie almost inaccessible plains frequented by many kinds of animals, but nowhere in the waste of water and vegetation is there a single evidence of human habitation. Instead, there glows an embroidery of the most beautiful flowers and foliage in the world, and often the far-flung arms of vines bear from water's-edge to forest roof a curtain of gorgeous bloom that hangs, a drapery of surpassing radiance, for thirty or forty feet, to catch upon its fringe of blossoms the jewels of receding waves.

Again, our canoe slipped beside walls of trailing vines so thickly intertwined that they appeared like walls of solid masonry enveloped with verdure, and the resemblance to ancient castles was further accentuated by intervals of open spaces, like doors and windows, and the occasional far thrust of a broken tree, twenty feet long, swathed in vines, like some ancient flagstaff fluttering green tendrils in the breeze, and again presenting the appearance of a spire fallen from some old church.

At every turn nature offers a lovely surprise. Trees glow with flowers of many colors; and one tree bears great clusters of pendulous violet-colored bloom in a profusion I have never witnessed elsewhere. Indeed, all along the banks of lakes and rivers scores of flowers grow in the greatest possible profusion of form and color.

I found an endless variety of new foliage which, when it first appears, is in various hues, and produces all the effect of autumn foliage. Many kinds of leaves are lustrous, like satin, on both sides, and, when pressed and dried quickly, retain their color indefinitely. No inconsiderable part of my house decorations consisted of these radiant dried leaves.

At the Fernan Vaz bar one strikes sand, and the vegetation changes beside this lake and along the Ogalola and Apolunia rivers. Ferns, rubber vines, and three varieties of bamboo palms are found. Our way had disclosed an abundance of rubber, but of a quality not equal to the rubber indigenous to more elevated lands. The three sorts of rubber produced in this country are the "ball," "flake," and "bastard," of which the ball rubber from the Esyria country is the best. This, I believe, is because the Esyria tribe furnishes honest rubber, unmixed with dirt and other adulterants.

These people of the plains are the handsomest tribe in central Africa. They are tall, slender, and of a brownish color. The women are particularly well modeled and graceful. To these Esyrian women belong, too, the prettiest manners of any native African women I have ever seen or heard of.

Through the Ogowe delta and the basins of Fernan Vaz and Ntyonga grew a radiant profusion of caladiums which displayed the most peculiar and useful bloom imaginable. The flower is from eight inches to a foot in length and shaped like a conk-shell. Natives, when in need of a drinking-vessel, simply pull the pod out of the center of the nearest blossom, and obtain a cup that holds a pint of water. Times without number my native boys have brought me a cool draft of water in this graceful goblet of nature's molding.

By one who has traversed the level delta of the Ogowe River a pleasant feeling of exhilaration is experienced at the sight of Kungo Hill, a name given to some low hills on the northeastern side of Lake Fernan Vaz and Ntyonga. Planters have cleared away the forest from most of these hills and planted the area in cocoa and coffee.

The native village of Kungo is situated on one side of the slope. People usually call it "Congo," though its name is the same as that of the hill. Old Chief Elago Vanji told me that both village and hill were named for the fish-eagle of that region, which in the native lingo is *kungo*. Two types of this bird frequent the shores of the lake in scores. They are wholly different from American fish-hawks; they are distinctly eagles, and travel singly or in pairs.

If on the route to what would be my home for a term of years my attention was diverted by nature's wonders of plant and animal and exquisite-winged life, never was I diverted from the hope

"At every turn nature offers a lovely surprise"

that I might discover an *ogumalanga*-tree on a dry bit of ground, beside which we might obtain rest and refreshment. This tree, greater than the *entawba*, which supplies fine wood for framework and posts, is the biggest and tallest in central Africa. Its fruit bears a kind of silk or cotton fiber of a dark écru color. This tree grows on high or low ground alike, but is not a marsh plant. One often sees at its base buttresses from eighteen to twenty feet long, eight to fifteen feet high, and only from six inches to a foot in thickness. From these radiating buttresses the roots continue above ground for a distance of from forty to fifty feet. It is a common custom in Africa to seek refuge in an angle of one of these buttresses and to build a fire in front of the encampment to lessen the danger from leopards. So high and solid are the walls that five or six men might camp around an *ogumalanga*-tree and not one of them know the others were there. My eager watchfulness for one of these growing in a dry spot was never rewarded, so we made what speed we might to our objective, Lake Fernan Vaz.

We were soon domiciled in a vacant trading house at the government post of Omboué, where were located the commandant for that district, the chief clerk, one white trader, and a post-office and telegraph-office kept by blacks. To these natives and their tropical ideas of efficiency I attribute my loss of mail. The mail-bag is not sacred to the native African's eyes. When mail did reach me, via canoe, in the Ntyonga country, it often arrived a mere pulp from lying in the water that covered the bottom of the canoe. Not infrequently natives stole the mail and threw away the mail-pouch.

Besides the three men at Omboué,—the government officials were not always in residence,—there were three other white men on plantations of coffee and cocoa thirty or forty miles beyond this trading post. There was also a Roman Catholic mission, consisting of three priests and a few sisters, on the side of Lake Ntyonga, opposite the shore where my camp, American Point, was established on a former sojourn. On this expedition we resided at Omboué for three or four months while a large canoe was being dug out of a tree for my exploration purposes. During this time we collected birds, mammals, two or three buffaloes, and a number of monkeys. The Fernan Vaz basin is occupied by a tribe called Nkomi, and we secured some valuable and rare animals in their domain.

The author in hunting attire

News of my arrival at Omboué spread quickly among them, and a perfect tornado of blacks, many of whom had worked for me before, swept down upon our establishment, desiring employment as "shoot-men," house-boys, chefs, guides, and what-not. Among them came some really expert hunters, or "shoot-men," as they are called, who had bagged game for me in former years. It has always been my custom to hire native helpers in the locality in which I work, but some of the men employed by me on this last expedition had come long distances to join me.

Let it not be supposed for a moment that the world-wide rise in the cost of living has left central Africa untouched. It has not. Their former allowance for food the natives now hold in contempt. We paid fifteen francs a month for services, and seven and a half francs for rations to each man. In addition we always gave our boys—and this is a term that includes all native servants in an exploring expedition—fish and meat when we had it. Formerly we allowed only two and a half francs a month for rations, but increase of prices due to war has made it necessary to add more for the support of a native, although wages remained the same.

I always kept seven boys about me, and while my house at Ntyonga was being built, I employed from sixteen to eighteen. These boys of my crew formed a little village of their own in nine small houses that I built for them a quarter of a mile away from my own.

Perhaps the only amusing feature in the increased prices of commodities in Africa lay in the African's lack of discrimination as to what articles should be greatly increased in value, and his astuteness in evading government regulations on certain necessities of life. For example, the *aguma*, made from the manioc plant, was formerly fourteen inches long by an inch and a half in diameter, and weighed five hundred grams. The *aguma* was sold at a cent apiece. Now it is about ten inches long, less than an inch in diameter, weighs about two hundred grams and is still sold for a cent.

The commandant fixes the price on this and on a number of other things, but does not regulate the size. As a rule, natives, instead of increasing the prices of their own commodities, have reduced the quantity. On the other hand, prices have been raised on some articles to prohibitive figures irrespective of whether those commodities had

increased in cost or not. Among these were matches, which sold at ten cents a package before the war and rose to fifty cents during it. Soap, once purchased at forty cents a kilo, brought one dollar and a half. Sugar, rated at ten cents a pound, sold for a dollar.

This might suggest the query, Why do not the natives utilize their sugar-cane for making sugar and molasses? The African raises cane, but merely eats it as negroes eat it in the Southern States. It never occurs to him to boil it into syrup or sugar.

While it cannot be said of the native of the Congo that he is lazy, it must be admitted that he loves to get the best of his white employer whenever he can. For instance, we always knew when Sunday came in the bush, because on that day our boys refused to work, having learned from the missionaries that Sunday was a holy day dedicated to idleness. Only our cook and house-boy were willing to perform such duties as would insure our customary meals and their own. And it may be mentioned that, aside from religious tradition, natives are aware that the French Government requires every employer to give his hirelings one day of rest in every seven.

A house-boy

The newly educated native lacks knowledge of how to utilize his limited book-learning. By some peculiar process of reasoning he gets the idea that the art of stealing from a white man indicates progress in the methods of civilization. An unlearned savage is honest and dependable; an educated Congo negro is more often than not the contrary.

I had a boy who was the son of a chief from whom we bought much manioc. That boy could obtain any quantity of it without effort and without cost; but one of the objects of his life was to steal it from me, and quick-witted is the master and vigilant the cook who can regulate the pilfering of house-boys to a minimum. I have sometimes even counted the potatoes placed in our pantry, and noted that half of them disappeared before the next meal; and no diligence in counting pieces of *aguma* ever cured my boys of their favorite habit of slipping two, three, or four pieces of this delectable tidbit off the plate and hiding them in transit between the kitchen and house. One little trick of the boys was to slide a potato or a fried egg to the floor and then confiscate it. Communication with the floor did not in the least affect the morsel in their eyes, but well they knew that no white master would partake of viands picked up from underfoot, as it were, and they were always ready with explanations of how the food had fallen upon the floor in the event that it was missed and inquired for.

One boy was such an inveterate thief that I was obliged to have my cook announce from the kitchen the number of pieces he was sending, and have the cook's mate bring the food and deliver it to the house-boy at my veranda. On such occasions, if the food was stolen, both boys would deny the theft, and if its disappearance was traced to them, one would blame the other.

I remember the time when ten pieces of *aguma* were given the cook's mate

to carry to my house-boy. This boy dexterously knocked three pieces to the ground; the mate instantly took them, and both hotly denied the theft. The cook's mate vowed he had delivered ten pieces of *aguma* and the boy declared he had received only seven. But my cook and I set a trap and knew how the trick had been accomplished.

Perhaps our chief annoyance with respect to natives who pilfered lay in collecting specimens of birds and small animals that we had trapped. Natives with no interest whatever in museum specimens beyond their food value were in the habit of slipping out at daybreak and making the round of traps, from which they would steal whatever was fit to eat, and they are not hypercritical in the matter of animal flesh. Then, too, an explorer not inured to the ways of natives is prone to send them to bring in game from traps set at a considerable distance away. On such occasions back will come the native with the foot of a porcupine or an *nquani*, and tell almost tearfully how the wild things had twisted off their own feet and escaped. Nor were they ever able to see how neatly the creature had cut off its limb by the twisting process. Three times our men solemnly brought in *nquani* feet, notwithstanding the fact that even to native intelligence it was patent that no such dainty species of grouse as the *nquani* could possibly twist off its own leg and escape from a trap beyond its power to move. After the third presentation of *nquani* feet, my assistant realized the hopelessness of sending unattended natives to secure game from traps.

Some twenty-five miles from the trading and government post of Omboué, in the Fernan Vaz basin, lay the region of Ntonga, where game was more plentiful and where exist a greater variety and abundance of birds than are known in any other locality of like extent in Africa. According to African usage, the plain and forest, or "bush," which skirted Iliwa (lake) Ntonga, bore the same name; the plain, "Irobe Ntonga" and the forest "Iga Ntonga." The African designation is sonorous and musical in sound, and one is unprepared for its translation into "nail," descriptive of the natives' idea of the shape of this locality.

There on the south bank of the lake, where the plain narrowed to three or four hundred yards between tropical African forests, I built my home in the "bush." Across the lake at this spot I could see the Roman Catholic mission and the low plantation-covered range called Kungo Hill. Southward the rolling plain widened out several miles as it swept in the direction of Fernan Vaz, and on its westward boundary forests extended for many miles, affording shelter to countless numbers of wild animals, such as elephants, buffaloes, antelope, bush-pigs, chimpanzees, gorillas, monkeys, and those innumerable small animals that inhabit the African brush hereabouts. Here and there in the plain glittered small streams, and the adjoining bush was watered by brooks and swamps, so that both the wild life of the *irobe* and of the *iga* never lacked cooling refreshment.

No fewer than seven varieties of antelope inhabit the Ntonga plains, which are covered with a rank growth of grass that resembles a variety known as "red top" in America, but which grows much taller. This herbage looks rather poor in quality, but must, in fact, be very rich in sustenance, as it keeps the animals that feed upon it as fat as butter the whole year through. Among other animals that are found in the forests of this region, are porcupines, pangolins, and giant lizards. Here the porcupine is of the short-quill variety. The pangolin is a distant cousin of the armadillo, but has more the form of a lizard. It is covered with a heavy armor of scale of horn-like consistency, has short legs, and the longest tail in proportion to its size of any known mammal. At a little distance, when moving, it looks very much like a lizard, and its actions are also lizard-like. The creature has a curious habit when alarmed or disturbed. It rolls itself up like a Red Cross bandage and no power on earth that I know of can unroll it. The natives always have to kill the beast to get it unrolled. The pangolin is not poisonous, and its chief food consists of ants. African natives eat it, and

Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

"The great royal python, which attains a length of twenty-six feet and is able to crush to death a grown buffalo"

some white people do so, too. I never ate its flesh, but if I had killed one when I was short of food, I should have given it a trial.

Viands in Africa must of themselves be appetizing, because natives do not excel as cooks and know only one way in which to prepare meat, fish, or vegetables, and that is by boiling them.

In the French Congo the wild sweet potato is the principal vegetable. The tubers are evidently not indigenous, but have probably been introduced by the Portuguese, and this wild yam, locally known as *nkabu*, is cultivated by the natives and very much relished by them. This yam has a coarse fiber, and to me not a palatable flavor. Another common vegetable in central Africa resembles an egg-plant, and is called *mbuma*, a name also given tomatoes. Of the latter fruit the only variety raised by natives is a small acid tomato about the size of a marble, and it varies in size, as marbles do, except that it never grows larger than an inch in diameter.

African sweet potatoes are at their best in the dry season, from May to September, but I have eaten them at almost every season of the year. In fact, on some of my former voyages I almost lived on them for weeks at a time.

Although most of the time on this expedition we had plenty of flour and rice, for a short period we lacked both and had to supplement our supplies with farinia, a product of the manioc plant, which looks like coarse corn-meal. In order to make farinia, the native manufactures a crude grater from a piece of kerosene can punctured with nail-holes and curved to resemble our large kitchen graters. On this object manioc root is grated by hand, and afterward dried in the sun on a mat. Some Europeans call the manioc "cassava"; the native name for it is *elotti*. The plant looks somewhat like the sumac, but the leaf is quite different, and only the root is used for food. This is not only grated into farinia, but is often mashed into a paste, wrapped in leaves, and cooked in a big pot. In this form the article is called *aguma*. It is about the consistency of very stiff paste and tastes somewhat like it. I found bread made from farinia mixed with palm-oil and fried in that oil a most palatable

dish, and fried *aguma*, eaten with butter, is a delectable morsel.

Not many white people like native food, but I do when those comestibles are cooked in European fashion. The only dish prepared in the native way that I am really fond of is *nyemba*. This is a rich and luscious concoction made by boiling the palm until the meat of it disintegrates into the oil, when the natives take out the nut fiber, cut up a chicken, and stew it in the boiling oil and palm-butter. To my taste this is one of the richest dishes ever tackled, and when one has a cook who improves upon the native chef by keeping a little of the dirt out, there is no more palatable dish in the world.

While belated stories drifted into the bush about scarcity of meat elsewhere in the world, most of the time we had an abundance of fresh meat of buffalo, antelope, bush-pig, and several kinds of gallinaceous birds, such as the pheasant, partridge, quail, grouse, and the like, some of which were very fine.

For those who like pork I know of nothing more delicious than the flesh of the bush-pig, found in these parts. In color this animal resembles our razor-back hogs of the Southern mountains, but, unlike the lean razor-back, the bush-pig waxes very fat. He travels with others of his own kind in herds, which are sometimes very large, and when wounded he is very dangerous. He is one of the few animals in Africa that the python seldom dares attack. His fate is always fixed in such a case, for the whole herd of bush-pigs immediately assault and devour him.

Unfortunately for domestic pursuits in this part of Africa, pythons abound in its swamps and marshes, and emerge at night to catch dogs, goats, chickens, or anything their appetites may fancy, and at times they fancy a human being and catch him. One of these noxious reptiles caught my guide by the left leg, just above the knee, and cut four terrible gashes with its long fangs, which it drove almost to the bone of its victim. This guide, Ali, was a Goreé man of the Senegals, in the coast guard service of the French Government, and had he not been a big, strong African of excellent courage, he would never have survived this attack.

At the time this happened I was stopping at the village of Mbéga, in the Orungo country, and Ali was living at a village called Asungi, about four or five hundred yards away. He came by at six o'clock in the morning for me to go hunting with him, but I had been down with fever for two or three days, so I let him go on alone. He was crossing the last stage of a wide swamp when within ten feet of the bank a python, concealed under the water, seized him just above the left knee and attempted to coil itself around him. Roots and brush in the water, however, prevented the serpent from accomplishing its purpose at once, and Ali struggled until he broke away from its coils and reached the shore. During the battle he dropped his gun, cooking-vessel, and bedding, which he was carrying on his head, into the water. His knife, also, which he had drawn for defense, was lost in the struggle. Upon gaining the bank he saw the snake swimming away toward the marsh, and, despite the fact that he was badly wounded, Ali went back into the water and secured his belongings. He was afraid, however, to return by the route that he had come, and by making a detour of three or four miles he crossed the swamp at another place. After walking eight or ten miles and almost bleeding to death, he reached his village and sent for me to come and dress his wounds. At this place I had no medicines except permanganate of potash and zinc ointment. The nearest doctor was two hundred miles away, and the next nearest three hundred and fifty; but they may as well have been in Berlin, since both were on German territory.

Even with all their watchfulness the best of bush-men will sometimes fall victim to a python. These huge snakes, some of which grow to be twenty-five feet long, lie under the water by the side of a trail, with their eyes just below the surface, and their nostrils just far enough above it to breathe. From this cover they seize their prey and immediately crush it by coiling around it; then they cover it with slime and swallow it whole.

(To be continued)

Hints to Pilgrims

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

"But there are pilgrims in these later days, also—strangers to our own fair city, script in wallet and staff in hand, who come to scatter their golden offerings at our shrine. And to them I offer these few suggestions."

WHEN a man's thoughts in older time were set on pilgrimage, his neighbors came forward with suggestions. One of them saw that his boots were freshly tapped. Another was careful that his hose were darned with honest wool; an oldish aunt, no doubt, with glasses forward on her nose. A third sly creature fetched in an embroidered wallet to hold his extra shift, and hinted in return for a true nail from the holy cross. If he was a bachelor, a tender garter was offered him. But the older folk, who had made the pilgrimage, took the settle and fell to argument on the merits of the inns. They scrawled maps for his guidance on the hearth, and told him the sights that must not be missed. Here he must veer off for a holy well. Here he must beware a bog. Here, again, he must ascend a steeple for the view. They talked of thieves, and warned him to lay a chair against his door. Then a sillibub was drunk, and they made a night of it.

Or perhaps our pilgrim belonged to a guild, which by an agreeable precedent voted that its members walk with him to the city's gate and present him with a half-penny from each to support him on the journey. We may fancy his mule plowing up the lazy dust at the turn of the road as he waves his last farewell. His thoughts already have leaped the valley to the misty country beyond the hills.

But there are pilgrims in these later days, also—strangers to our own fair city, script in wallet and staff in hand, who come to scatter their golden offerings at our shrine. And to them I offer these few suggestions.

The double stars of importance, as in Baedeker, mark our restaurants and theaters. Dear pilgrim, put money in thy purse! Persuade your guild to advance you to a penny. They also mark the bridges, the shipping, the sharp cañons of the lower city, the parks, limousines where silk and lace play nurse to lap-dogs, Bufo on an airing, the precious Spitz upon a cushion. They mark the parade of wealth, the shops and glitter of Fifth Avenue on an afternoon. "If this is Fifth Avenue," as I heard a dazzled stranger comment lately on a bus-top, "my God! what must First Avenue be like!"

And then there are the electric signs, glittering, appearing, disappearing, moving. Surely letters despatched home to Kalamazoo deal excitedly with these fiery portents. And of the railroad stations and the Woolworth tower, with its Gothic pinnacles questing into heaven, what pilgrim words are adequate? Here, certainly, Kalamazoo is baffled and must halt and bite its pen for lack of adjectives.

Nor can the hotels be described, toppling structures that run up to thirty stories, at night with a clatter in the basement and a clatter on the roof, where sons of Belial and dull folk from Akron spend the profits on a few thousand hot-water bottles and inner tubes. Pipes and timbrels, mad ecstasy! Do we set a noisy band upon our towers in the hope that our merriment will sound to Mars? Do we persuade them that jazz is the music of the spheres? But at morning in these hotels are thirty stories of snoring bipeds,—trousers across the bedpost,—tier on tier of bipeds, with sleepy curtains drawn against the light. Boniface, in the olden time sun-

ning himself beneath his bush and swinging dragon, watching the dust for travelers, would be amazed at the advancement of the inn. Dear pilgrim, put money in thy purse and wire ahead!

On these streets there is a roar of traffic that Babylon never heard. Nineveh in its golden age could have packed itself with all its splendid luggage in a single building. Athens could have mustered in a street. Our block parties —neighborhood affairs in fancy costumes, with a hot trombone, and banners stretched from house to house—produce as great an uproar as ever arose upon the Acropolis. And lately, when our troops returned from overseas and marched beneath our plaster arches, Rome itself could not have matched the largeness of our triumph. Here, also, men climbed up to walls and battlements, but to what far dizzier heights! To towers and windows and to chimney-tops.

And by what contrast shall we measure our tall buildings? The tower of Babel, if set opposite Wall Street, would squat as low as Trinity. For its top, when confusion broke off the work, could scarcely have advanced more than seven stories from the pavement. My own windows, dwarfed by my surroundings, look down from as great a height. Indeed, I fancy that if the famous tower were my neighbor to the rear, on Ninth Avenue, just off the El, its ancient masons on the upmost platform could have scraped acquaintance with our cook. They could have gossiped at the noon hour, from gutter to sink, and could have eaten the crullers that the kind creature tossed across. Our whistling groceryman would have found a rival. And yet the good folk of the older Testament were in amazement at the tower, and strangers came in from Gilead and Beersheba. Trippers, as it were, upon a holiday, staff in hand and pomegranates in a papyrus bag, with locusts and wild honey or manna to sustain them in the wilderness on their return—trippers, I repeat, cocked back their heads, counted the rows of windows to the top, and went off to their far land marveling.

The Bankers Trust Building culminates in a pyramid. Where this narrows to a point there issues a streamer of smoke. I am told that inside this pyramid, at a dizzy height above the street, there is a storage-room for gold. Is it too fanciful to think that inside, upon this unsunned heap of metal, there may be concealed an altar of Mammon, with priests to feed the fire, and that this smoke, rising in the lazy air, is sweet in the nostrils of the god?

There is what seems to be a chapel on the roof of the Bush Terminal. Gothic decoration marks our buildings, the pointed arch, mullions, and gargoyles. There are few nowadays to listen to the preaching of the church, but it is at least a pretty ornament on our commercial towers.

Nor in the general muster of our sights must I forget the magic view from across the river in the end of afternoon when the lower city is still lighted. It is for the eye of one who travels from Staten Island in the evening mist that towers of finest gossamer arise. They are built to furnish a fantastic dream. The architect of the summer clouds has tried here his finer hand.

It was only lately, when our boat came around the point of Governor's Island, that I noticed how sharply the chasm of Broadway cuts the city. It was the twilight of a winter day. A rack of sullen clouds lay across the sky as if they met for mischief, and the water was black with wind. In the threatening obscurity the whole island seemed a larger House of Usher, intricate with many buildings, cleft in its middle, and ready to fall prostrate into the dark waters of the tarn. But until the gathering tempest rises and an evil moon peers through the crevice, as in the story, we must judge the city to be safe.

Northward are nests of streets thick with children. One might think that the old woman who lived in a shoe dwelt hard by. Children scurry under foot, oblivious of contact. They shoot their marbles between our feet, and we are the moving hazard of their score. They chalk their games upon the pavement. Base-ball fits itself between the gutters, and is long and thin, like Alice after she drank out of the bottle with the pink label. Peddlers' carts line the curb,—carrots, shoes, and small hardware,—and there is shrill chaffering all the day.

Here are dim restaurants with smells for their advertisement. In one of these, where I was served unleavened bread, folk from Damascus would have felt at home. The loaf was rolled out thin, like a chair-pad that a monstrous fat man has sat on. Indeed, I looked sharply at my ample waiter, on the chance that it was he who had taken his ease upon my bread. If Kalamazoo would tire for a night of its electric signs and would walk these streets of foreign population, how amazing would be its letters home!

Our Greenwich Village, also, has its sights. Time was when we were really a village beyond the city. Even more remotely there were farms, and comfortable burghers jogged up from town to find the peace of country. There was a swamp where Washington Square now is, and quite lately masons demolishing a foundation struck into a conduit of running water, which still drains our pleasant park. When Broadway was a muddy post-road ducks quacked about us. And then a hundred years went by, and the breathless city jumped to the north and left us a village in its heart.

It really is a village. The grocer gives you credit without question. His cat rubs against your bundles on the counter. The shoemaker inquires how your tapped soles are wearing. The bootblack, without lifting his eyes, knows you by the knots in your shoe-laces. I fear he beats his wife, for he has a great red nose. Since the dry law passed I have been watching to see whether it begins to pale its ineffectual fire. The little woman at the corner offers you the right paper before you speak. The cigar man tosses you your cigarettes as you enter. Even the four corners beyond Berea, remote, quite off the general travel, could hardly be more familiar with the preference of its oldest citizen. We need only a common pump, and a pig and chickens in the street.

Our gossip is smaller than is found in cities. If we had yards, we would talk across the fences on Monday, with clothes-pins in our mouths, and pass our ailments down the street.

But we are crowded close, wall to wall. I see my neighbor cooking across the street. Each morning she jolts her dust-mop out of the window. I see shadows on the curtain as a family sits before the fire. A novelist is down below. By the frenzy of his fingers on the type-writer it must be a tale of great excitement. He never pauses or looks for plots on the ceiling. At night he reads his pages to his patient wife. In another window a girl lies abed every morning. Exactly at 7:45, after a few minutes of sleepy stretching, I see her slim legs come from the coverlet. Your stockings, my dear, hang across the radiator.

We have odd characters, too, known to everybody, just as small towns have. In other circumstance they would whittle on the bench outside the post-office. The father of a famous poet, but himself unknown except hereabouts, has his chair in the corner of a restaurant, and he offers wisdom and reminiscence to a coterie. He is our Johnson at the Mitre. Old M——, who lives in the alley in what was once a hay-loft, is known from Fourth to Twelfth streets for his curry and his knowledge of the older poets. It is his pleasant custom to drop in on his friends from time to time and cook their dinner. He tosses you an ancient sonnet as he stirs the pot, or he beats time with his spoon to a melody of the "Pathétique." Every morning, it is said, until the drought set in he issued from the alley for a toddy to sustain his seventy years. He was sometimes without tie or collar on these quick excursions, yet with the manners of the Empire and a sweeping bow if he met any lady of his acquaintance.

All of us know Tinck, who gives a yearly dinner at an Assyrian restaurant, sixty cents a plate, with 2.75 beer extra from a saloon across the way. By an agreeable informality any guest may bring a friend by giving warning, so that the table may be stretched. As many as eighty of us have crowded so close that we could n't wiggle our elbows.

The chief poet of our village wears a corduroy suit and goes without his hat. If a comedy of his happens to be playing at a little theater, he rings a bell in his favorite restaurant and makes the announcement in true Elizabethan fashion. His hair is always tousled, but as its confusion continues from March

into the quieter months, the disarrangement must proceed from the poetic storms inside.

Then we have a kind of battered Peter Pan grown to shiny middle life, who makes ukuleles for a living. On any night of special celebration he is prevailed upon to mount a table and sing one of his own songs to this accompaniment. These songs tell what a merry wicked crew we are. If any folk are down from the upper hotels, he consents to sell a ukulele between his encores. Here, my dear pilgrims, is an entertainment to be squeezed between cabarets.

You are welcome at all our restaurants. The food is good and it is cheap. Grope your way into a basement wherever one of our fantastic signs hangs out or climb broken stairs into a dusty garret, over a contractor's storage of old lumber and bath-tubs, over the litter of the roofs, and you will find artistic folk with flowing ties spreading their elbows at bare tables with unkempt, dripping candles. Here is youth that is blown hither from distant villages—youth that looks from its poor valley to the heights and follows a flame across the darkness, youth whose eyes are a window on the stars. Here also are slim white moths about a candle. And wrinkled children play at art and life.

Here are seething sonneteers, playwrights bulging with rejected manuscript, young women with bobbed hair, and with cigarettes lolling limply at their mouths. For a cigarette hanging loosely from the teeth shows an artistic temperament, as a cigar tilted upward until it warms the nose marks a sharp commercial nature.

But business counts for little with us. Recently, to make a purchase, I ventured of an evening into one of our many small shops of fancy wares. Judge my embarrassment to see that the salesman was entertaining a young lady on his knee. I was too far in for a retreat. Presently the salesman shifted the lady to his other knee and, brushing a lock of hair off his nose, asked me what I wanted. But I was unwilling to disturb his hospitality, so I begged him not to lay down his pleasant burden, but rather to neglect my presence. He thanked me for my courtesy and made his guest comfortable once more while I fumbled along the shelves. By good luck the price was marked upon my purchase. I laid down the exact change and tiptoed out.

The peddlers of our village, our street musicians, our apple-men, belong to us. They may wander now and then to the outside world, yet they smile at us on their return as at their truest friends. Ice creaks up the street in a little cart and trickles at the cracks. Rags and bottles go by with a jangling bell. Scissors-grinders have a bell, also, with a flat, tinny sound, like the sound of a cow-bell when the cow jerks its head from flies. But it was only the other day that two fellows went by selling brooms. They raised such a clamor that one would have thought the armistice had been signed again. The clatter was so unusual—our merchants generally are of quieter voice—that a dozen of us thrust our heads from our windows. The novelist put out his shaggy head. My pretty neighbor below, who is immaculate when I meet her on the stairs, was in a mob-cap.

My dear pilgrim from the West, with your ample house and yard and woodshed, you have no notion how we are crowded on the island. Laundry-tubs are concealed beneath kitchen tables. Boxes for clothes and linen are ambushed under our beds. Any burglar hiding there would snuggle among the moth balls. Sitting-room tables are swept of books for dinner. Bookcases are desks. Desks are beds. And beds are couches. Kitchen chairs turned upside down become step-ladders. If a piece of furniture does not serve two uses, it is a slacker. Beds tumble out of closets. Fire-escapes are nurseries. A patch of roof is a pleasant garden. A bath-room becomes a kitchen, with a lid upon the tub for groceries and the milk cooling below.

A room's use changes with the clock. It was only the other day that I read of a new invention by which a single room becomes four rooms simply by pressing a button. This is the manner of the magic. In a corner, let us say, of a rectangular room there is set into the floor a turn-table ten feet across. On these are built four compartments like

pieces of pie. In one of these is placed a bath-tub and stand, in another a folding-bed and wardrobe; in a third is a kitchen range and cupboard, and in the fourth a bookcase and piano. Must I explain the mystery? On rising you fold away your bed and spin the circle for your tub. And then your stove appears. At last, when you have whirled your dishes to retirement, the piano comes in sight. It is as easy as spinning the caster for the oil and vinegar. A whirling Susie on the supper-table is not more useful. With this device it is estimated that the population of our snug island can be quadruplicated and that the landlords can double their rents with untroubled conscience. Or, by swinging a fifth piece of pie out of the window, a sleeping porch could be added. When the alarm goes off, you have only to spin the disk, and dress in comfort beside the radiator. Or you could—but possibilities are countless.

Tom Paine died on Grove Street. O. Henry lived on Irving Place. The aquarium was once a fort on an island in the river. Later Lafayette was welcomed there. And Jenny Lind sang there. John Masefield swept out a saloon on Sixth Avenue, and they say his broom still stands behind the door. The Bowery was once a post-road up to Boston. In the stream that flowed down Maiden Lane Dutch girls did the family washing. In William Street not long ago they were tearing down the house in which Alexander Hamilton lived. Facts at random. I restrain myself.

But Captain Kidd lived at 119 Pearl Street. Dear me, I had thought he was a creature of a nursery book—one of the pirates that Sinbad fought. And here on Pearl Street he was arrested and taken to hang in chains in London. A restaurant stands now at 119. A bucket of oyster shells is at the door.

But the crowd thickens on these narrow streets. Work is done, and tired folk hurry home. Crowds flow into the subway entrances. The streets are flushed, as it were, with people, but the flood drains to the sewers. Now the lights go out one by one. The great buildings that flared with lights at every window are dark cliffs above us in the wintry mist.

It is time, dear pilgrim, to seek your hotel or favorite cabaret. Times Square flashes with entertainment. It stretches a glittering web across the night.

Dear pilgrim, a last important word! Put money in thy purse!

Your Soul in My Two Hands

By MARION PATTON WALDRON

I hold an exquisite thing
  Precious beyond all choosing,
Mine for the loving it,
  Mine for the losing.

Mine while I bid it fly free,
  But flown when I cherish;
Should I, through love, ever pinion it,
  Then it would perish.

Fairest Adonis

By ANNA CABOT BIDWELL

Illustrations by Rollin Crampton

A story of human nature manifested in the curious attitude of an Oxford don who at first lacks a real insight into men and things.

FOR three seasons of the year Oxford, veiled in soft colors, slumbers among her cloisters, lulled to sleep by her streams, watched over by her towers—grim, gray sentinels ever alert. But with the coming of autumn she shakes off her lethargy, discards her customary blue grays or silvery greens, and bursts forth into riotous reds and yellows. The same walls that shivered grayly in the winter, blaze with creepers that defy restraint. Creepers straggle across the pebbly walks in the college quads, poking investigating tendrils between the pink, glistening stones. They climb up the elms and the limes, scrambling out on to the farthermost, swaying tips of the branches till their greedy little fingers, always reaching forward, clutch only at the empty air. They scale the students' window-boxes, crowding out the scarlet geraniums and white alyssum, which earlier made a brave show, and peep in through the windows, where perhaps some student lolls at ease, pipe in mouth, himself a spot of color in orange and white, or green and white, blazer.

Heralded by this burst of color, surges in a rich new life. The first-year student, the "fresher," a red-cheeked, clear-eyed youth, as yet free from all taint of ennui, blows through the quiet old streets, glowing in his enthusiasms. He has much to learn, the poor fresher. Soon he will realize that it is young and bad form to be over-exuberant. But for a month or two life is n't "beastly futile," nor is he "bored to teahs." His diggings are "topping," situated, as he is, just at the point where the dear old High bends and is lost as it goes forward to meet the river. And his don is a "ripping good sort."

But real insight comes with time. It is a matter of pride with the second-year man that he sees through the surface veneer of everything. He would scorn not to know that his scout, who is a jolly good servant in many respects, looks after his room well, and serves delectable meals, is really a worthless egg, wears his waistcoats,—or would if he got the chance,—and feeds his family high on the food he poaches from his master. It "fags" him almost to death to see the women students drift into what he considers his own private halls of learning, albeit his eyes may find difficulty in disengaging themselves from the demurely challenging industry of some young girl among the group. The river meadows, bordered by willow stumps, bristling with stiff green arms, are lovely with their wide seas of rippling grass, above which the black-winged swallows rise and dip in gliding flight; even a second-year man could not perjure himself to say otherwise, but it is a horrid bore to find a beggar waiting for you at every gate along the tow-path, quavering out his blessings. His don may seem "a

ripping good sort," but probably there is some "out" about him, not yet discovered. "Fairest Adonis, foulest a don is" is the sentiment one sees carved on more than one of the square, wooden recitation-tables.

It was a soft, warm day, with big, white clouds hanging low on the horizon. The autumn term had begun. Hatless students swarmed through the winding streets, buzzing in groups on every corner. They drifted idly down the Cher in punts or, perhaps more idly still, reclined at ease on bright cushions, their boats moored under the lacy leafiness of the may. With amused tolerance, nonchalant second-year men looked at the eager freshers that hurried past.

J. Wyckham-Smith was a second-year man, perfectly turned out, of the most beautifully and fashionably bored type. A rather pallid complexion heightened the effect by giving him a slightly fatigued air. The eyelids drooped wearily, hiding the keen gray eyes except when the humor of some situation got such a strong hold on his naturally responsive nature that for a moment he fairly bubbled with merriment, as foolish and care-free as any school-boy.

But just now he was scornful rather than amused. He had linked arms with two of his fellow-students, and together they had wandered through the shady, emerald green of the parks to the bank of the river, deserted save for a severe, black-bonneted nurse, deep in a six-penny novel, while her charge slept in a carriage near by.

"It just made me ill," he was saying, "to see that dear, simple little lady puttering around her tuppenny shop, dusting her odds and ends of stationery, neckwear, and what-nots, with never a soul to help her, while her son lords it here at college in his immaculate gray tweeds, with his lavender socks and his lavender handkerchiefs, and his sprigs of heliotrope in the buttonhole, and his scented airs, his nose cocked a good inch higher than any real prince's at Magdalen. I tell you it made me ill." He emphasized his remarks by pumping the arms of his two companions, who were all agog at this scandal. "I shall let him know what I think of it. Bah! And I used to think him poetical. What poet would have such a callous old soul as not to see the crying shame of it? The idea of his playing the dainty aristocrat here while his mother breaks her old back in the shop!" At this young Wyckham-Smith opened his handsome black-lashed eyes very wide in anger. "And I *used* to think he could understand the beauties of life more than most! In fact,"—here Wyckham-Smith actually blushed, a slow, brick-red surge of color,—"in fact, I once compared him to Milton and said 'his soul was like a star and dwelt apart.' My word! one learns by experience. 'Fairest Adonis, foulest a don is,'" he quoted.

It was as if the cue for the next entrance had been given. There came a swishing and a dripping, a terror-stricken flight of little marsh flies, and round an abrupt bend in the river there drifted, with the easy, rolling motion characteristic of certain fat people, the squat, comfortable form of a punt, as gray and old as the city itself. In the bow a slight, elderly woman, in dark blue from the crown of her girlish mushroom hat to her clocked stockings, sat patiently. A buoyant young girl leaned over the pole, pushing at the oozy bottom of the river-bed. Her fair hair, parted and dressed in a low knot, clung to her forehead in damp curls, and her cheeks glowed redder than the rose in the girdle of her loose, green frock. Beside her, evidently instructing her in the art, sat a man, immaculate, pink and white as the may in early spring; no hat; his mouse-brown hair rippling smoothly back from his high, white forehead, except for one reactionary little lock that waved like a miniature plume in the breeze.

"Speak of the devil," whispered Wyckham-Smith to his companions; "it 's Graham Walton himself."

Walton turned, recognized his students by a slight wave of the hand, nothing more; but his glance lingered, and one noted the large, brown eyes at singular variance with the commonplaceness of the rest of his face—eyes young with enthusiasm, old with sympathy and understanding, yearning and wistful.

"He does n't look like such a rotter," muttered Jack Sanderson, rather uncomfortably. Jack maintained a scornful look, but beneath the cool stare on his round, ruddy face he felt vaguely apologetic for his attitude.

"No, dash it all, he does n't!" returned Wyckham-Smith. "It 's a trick he has with his eyes that gets one's sympathies. Still, he can't deceive *me*. He 's a cad! But, my word! when he 's interested, how that man can talk!"

And yet Walton seemed to be having difficulty with his conversation or with something else. It was hard to tell just where the trouble lay. The gray-haired lady in blue was certainly not to blame. A tactful chaperon, she seemed to slumber in a quiet lethargy, quite aloof from the other two. Walton slowly transferred his glance from the men back to the girl at his side, where it rested with a kind of troubled intentness.

But she seemed bent on not paying him the compliment of observing what he did. With minute interest she examined the time-splintered handle of her pole. Long lashes veiled the deep, dancing blue of her eyes. A dimple came and went in her left cheek, not from any amusement that she felt in the present situation, but simply because it was there and could not help itself. There were a few small freckles on the short, slightly retroussé nose, testifying to the fine delicacy of her white skin. Her very buoyancy and vitality made her a charming and invigorating sight.

Walton evidently found her so. His eyes seemed to devour her and to compel her attention. She shifted uneasily, looked up for a brief, bright second, and laughed a little, gurgling laugh.

"Sometimes I think," she said, "that the jolliest part of you is that absurd little lock of hair on the top of your head that will insist on standing up straight."

The fresh pink of Walton's cheeks deepened a little, and he tried to reduce the unruly member to submission.

"Oh, don't!" She laughed. "Is it nice, after I 'd said that it was the jolliest part of you? There is something so virile and independent about it."

"And not about the rest of me?" he questioned.

She glanced at the chaperon, who this time seemed actually to slumber, her head swaying ever so slightly on her slender neck.

"Well—you 're disappointing. There *was* a time when I did n't think you were small." The words were coldly and calculatingly brutal. For a moment her blue eyes blazed defiance at him. Then the lashes veiled them again, and she bit her lip, and her voice trembled slightly. "But you are—hopelessly."

It was like a blow in the face, for he had come at last to realize what it would mean to him if he could win her love. It was now three years since the Merton ball where he had first met Dorothy Pelham. At the time she was only seventeen, not much more than a hoidenish school-girl, but a match for any one in a battle of wits. He, at twenty-nine, had felt himself a staid and dignified person in comparison. He could remember how they had fought on the subject of Byron, her favorite poet. He had rather fancied that she would have been more subtle in her tastes, but there was a refreshing originality and pith in her arguments. And that same year with some maliciousness he sent to her by post a marked copy of one of the English examination papers in which this question was underscored, "Explain Byron's popularity with the ladies." That was three months after the ball, which in itself was a comment on the impression she had made.

He could remember now the tart little way in which she had defended her darling, philosophizing like a world-worn cynic. "The average Englishman," she had explained, "is a quiet, peaceloving creature. He likes his pipe and his big chair, and for variety he likes the excitements of the hunt. But above all things he does *not* like to have the even trend of his thoughts disturbed in any way. He is smugly satisfied, and does not want to be otherwise. Therefore, it is not surprising that he should have peculiarly resented Byron's rudely shaking him out of his usual flaccid calm, rousing in him hitherto unsuspected yearnings and aspirations, and filling him with vague unrest. Of course with a woman it is different."

"'Sometimes I think,' she said, 'that the jolliest part of you is that absurd lock of hair'"

The memory of the whole little contretemps flashed upon him with a momentary pleasure, and then left him cold. It was a minute before he spoke. When he did, there was a tired, flat note in his voice.

"Are you perhaps not destructive rather than constructive in your criticism? I 'm not sure that I know what you mean. But is n't it something fundamental in me that could n't be different?" His eyes looked so very wistful that she could not meet them squarely, but, despite the yearning, motherly look that flashed over her face for a moment, as if she longed to take him in her strong, young arms and comfort him, her attitude was unrelenting.

"Call it a riddle, if you like," she said. "It is one to me, and has been ever since last term. I used to think you would solve it, but you don't and you won't. It 's disappointing." Beneath her breath she muttered, "And I hate you for it."

But he did not catch the words, for at the moment she let her pole slip swiftly through her hard, firm palms, and with a vigorous push she had shoved the punt to the next bend, and with a dexterous twist had sent it wallowing indecorously around the corner. The water raced in wide, circling ripples to both banks, swaying the grasses, and catching in its flood the lowest leaves of the may.

The three young men, although too remote to catch any of the conversation, still stood as if spellbound by the scene. Gradually the surface of the river settled back into its usual shadowy, unruffled green. Wyckham-Smith shrugged his shoulders slightly. His eyelids drooped, and he heaved a weary sigh as he wheeled his companions about.

"Keep an eye on your college papers, old chaps," he remarked cryptically, "and you shall see what you shall see."

A FORTNIGHT passed. Walton had been very busy and very tired and had not seen Dorothy Pelham again. But her words were forever ringing in his ears: "There was a time when I did n't think you were small. But you are—hopelessly," and again, "You 're disappointing." It was partly hurt pride. It was partly that he felt it was an ambiguously unjust accusation, for it might mean anything or nothing. And, of course, it was partly, and largely, that it had been Dorothy who had hurt him.

He knew that he was over-fastidious about certain things, for instance, the

severe orderliness of his person and his possessions. But surely that ought not to be reckoned against him; for no man can be successful without the visible as well as the invisible marks of self-respect. And no man can be a good workman unless he keeps his shop in order and his tools handy. Walton did that. He gloried in the tidy, red boxes of neatly typed and indexed notes that stood in rows on his massive oak center-table. He gloried in the almost puritanic simplicity of his furnishings, the book-lined walls, his table with its green study-lamp, two stiff-backed chairs, a Morris chair, and three or four pictures on the musty, brown wall-paper, all portraits—Dante, Joan of Arc, Chatterton, and Keats. And tucked away in a dark corner, as if apologizing for its presence, a small, framed sketch of Byron, full-throated and defiant. And behind that, a big brown, round-bellied pipe, the only ribald note in the room.

Evening was setting in. Walton had thrown himself wearily into his Morris chair and, hands clasped behind his head, lay with closed eyes just under a pallid disk of light from his green lamp. Outside, the blue mists were silently and stealthily creeping up from the river meadows along the main streets, meandering through the worn old courts and weathered cloisters, where they lingered lovingly. All the towers of Oxford and Abingdon were tolling out the hour. "Spires as sharp as thrush's bills to pierce the sky with song." Now it was the bird-clear note of Magdalen, fresh and sweet in the languorous air. Now the deep, resonant peal of Wykeham, calling the world to take thought of the morrow. And last of all the merry bells of Christ Church took up the song.

Walton listened till the last wave of sound had died away, and then languidly put out his hand for his college paper. The beastly part of it was that he had rather flattered himself up to the day of the hunting party that Dorothy had cared for him. Certainly she had always seemed interested in his work and his affairs. Perhaps the fault lay there. He let her dwell too much on his affairs. Perhaps he was too self-centered.

He unfolded the sheet and smoothed it meticulously. He ran over the items one by one. There was nothing of special interest, the usual university notices, brief excerpts from a lecture by Andrew Lang, a short account of the previous career of the new professor of poetry, and some doggerel. As he folded up the paper, however, his attention was caught by the name James Wyckham-Smith appended to what he had so cursorily pronounced doggerel. Wyckham-Smith was a favorite with him. The lad, with all his affectations, had fire and talent. He had had many a jolly, spirited talk with him.

He turned back and read the verses, which in honor of his pupil he now dignified by the term, "poem." It was called "Fairest Adonis." As he read, the color mounted in his cheeks and his breath came unevenly, audibly. He clutched the paper unsteadily in his slender fingers. Then he read it again. The blood was hot in his head. He flung the sheet from him, careless of where it fell. His eyes blazed with fury.

"The cad!" he cried, "the unutterable cad! How dare he?" And then, "O God, how could he?" and then lower still, in the horror-stricken tones of a soul first recognizing itself, "Am I?" and stopped short.

He felt as if he were stifling. He got up and strode about the room. For a moment he stopped, and leaned against the cool, black marble of the mantelpiece, trying to think, to reason. Above him hung a sketch of Keats, just the head, slightly tilted back, throwing into greater prominence the delicately molded chin and sensitive mouth, a world of pain and suffering in the mobile face. At times Walton's face in its sensitiveness and the delicate regularity of the features was not unlike. To-night, as he raised his head, the world of pain was there, too. His face quivered with it. The anger had burned itself out, and his color had faded, leaving him preternaturally pale.

"Fairest Adonis," he said, and dropped into his chair again, covering his face with his hands. Bit by bit he reviewed the poem in his mind. It was no masterpiece, but there was a vivid picturesqueness about it that was arresting. Although it was not obvious to the casual

reader, from the first stanza he had no doubt of his identity with the dapper, dandified Adonis who lorded it over creation while not many miles distant, in a poorly lighted, insignificant little shop, his mother, a weary, bent little woman, toiled her life away, seemingly forgotten by her son. It was coolly insulting and, although not altogether inaccurate by word, was grossly unfair by implication —the implication that she was neglected.

But somehow he could not dismiss the accusation so lightly. He knew in his heart of hearts that there had been a grain of truth in it, and it was this knowledge that rankled beyond all endurance. He had never wilfully neglected his mother that he might pursue his own glorious course undisturbed, as the poem implied, but had n't he perhaps been ashamed of her cockney accent and the fact that she was in trade, and had n't he intentionally kept her in the background? Certainly his mother felt no shame in her calling. At the death of her husband she had quietly taken his place in the little shop, as a matter of course. Walton remembered asking her why she did it, arguing that they no longer needed the money, and she had said that she liked it. It gave her something to do while he was busy with his studies.

His mother was no concern of the world at large, he defended himself. Part of the slur cast had been that he of all people, sprung as he was from simple folk, should have had the audacity and impertinence to give himself airs. For the present that was not the main issue. What did he know of the parentage of most of his students? Nothing, and he cared less. It was irrelevant. They were what they were. But the comfort from this reasoning was speedily taken away by the thought of Dorothy. He had known her history from the beginning, how her mother had died when she was a child, and how she had been brought up by her father, a busy physician, and by her aunt, the lady in blue. But when on one or two occasions she had asked him about his home, he had answered evasively. He felt hot with shame at the memory of it. He had not shown right feeling, loyalty, or honor.

The memory of his mother on his last visit, four whole months ago,—that was too long a time to elapse,—suddenly flashed across his mind. There had been a pathetic eagerness in her greeting. Her eyes had filled with tears, and she had patted the rough homespun of his sleeve with her old veined hands as if she could never tire of the comforting feeling of it. "And O my son," she had said, "my Hoxford boy!" He remembered his slight irritation at the superfluous "h," but that memory was fast swallowed up in another thought, the realization of her pride in him, and her own great humility, a fact that had been brought out in the poem by a brave little refrain. The strange part of it was, he reflected, that she did actually seem to think of him as a superior being, and had even gone so far as to encourage him in that belief. "Your father 's gone," she had said, "and I 'm just a plain body, but you will make a name for yourself some day."

Yes, she had undeniably taught him to think of himself as superior, not that that excused him in any way. It merely emphasized her fineness and selflessness. The trouble had originated there. At first he thought of himself as superior on the point of education, and then had n't he thought of himself as on a higher plane, with nicer tastes and finer feelings? Dispassionately he questioned himself, and shuddered at the answer he needs must give. He had accepted himself at her valuation. And where he might have been big and independent, a son that one might well be proud of, he had failed miserably.

Again Dorothy's words rang in his ears. Now, indeed, there was a truth in them which she had little dreamed of. "Some day," he thought wearily, "I shall have to tell her this and my own despicableness, and then the end will really come."

Miserably his mind went back to his mother. There, things were not quite hopeless. To her, whatever he did was right. She might have missed him, but motherlike she would excuse him. He was tired. He was busy. Scholars could not forge ahead as he was doing if they were not willing to devote them-

"'It hurt, as it was no doubt meant to,' said Walton, slowly"

selves to their work. Mothers had to be pushed aside for the time being. Oh, yes, she would understand. That was the wonderful part of her. The wistful gray eyes would look adoringly at him as they always had. He was going to her. Perhaps she would come back with him, and the rest of the world could go to the devil. His mind was made up at last. He would go at once. He looked at his watch. There was still time to catch an evening train. It was Friday. He would cut his Saturday coachings, spend the week-end with her, persuade her to give up the shop, and bring her back with him.

He disappeared into his bedroom and hastily packed a few clothes in his bag. At the door he ran into Wyckham-Smith, who looked singularly distraught and miserable.

"Oh, I say," said Walton, "I have—" he choked on the words and began again. "Your poem, you know."

"Don't!" pleaded Wyckham-Smith. "I was a damned blackguard and I ought to be shot. I don't know how I could have done such a thing."

"It hurt, as it was no doubt meant to," said Walton, slowly, as if measuring off his words, "but don't retract now. There was something really heroic in your doing it. It did not come easy. I know you enough for that. And," he added, "there was no reason why you should have signed your name. The poem would have done its deadly work just the same. That was really brave and independent." He held out his hand.

But Wyckham-Smith turned away.

"I don't deserve it, sir." The generosity of the man overcame him. Perhaps his hero had fallen momentarily in his estimation, but only to rise higher than ever. Walton flushed slightly. This was a tribute he had not expected, and it helped to soothe the wound that had been inflicted.

"I was about to say, Wyckham-Smith, I shall have to cut your coaching to-morrow, as I am taking the evening train to London." It needed no great intuition to guess his errand. "But if you will come on Monday at three we will have the coaching here, and tea afterward."

"Thank you, sir." Wyckham-Smith's voice had lost its bored drawl and was a little hoarse and uncertain. For a moment the gray eyes met the brown, a dog-like devotion in the one, a sad understanding in the other.

It was the steepest hill in Highgate. The little yellow tram, blazing with light, was grinding out all its power, ready for the final pull, when the conductor clanged his bell. The car leaped forward, sprang back again, fairly vibrated with indecision. Then it rasped to a dead stop. Walton, bag in hand, dismounted. For a moment he stood looking down the hill. A few lights twinkled brightly on each side of the road as far as the eye could reach, while far below was a whitish blur like illuminated fog, where London shone for a still busy world. Off in the direction of Hampstead Heath the sky was tinged with rose-color and the air was full of the pungent smell of burning leaves.

A hundred scenes of his boyhood came back to him with a rush. He felt like a traveler returning to his home after many years. And in a sense he was, for in sympathies he had been growing far away from his home. He made his way toward a quaint stucco house with one gable. There was no light in the front of the building, but a street lamp caught the golden letters, F. G. Walton, on a sign-board above the door. Slowly he swung open the low, wooden gate, and skirted around to the side of the shop by a narrow path that hugged an old ivy-covered wall.

As he made the turn to the house, the soft light from a rose-colored lamp in the window, his own present to his mother, fell across his path. He paused and looked in. What he saw was not the small, simply furnished room, with the tables and chairs in their neat linen covers, and a few conventional pictures, but a faded little woman, dressed in black, with a sweet, patient face, a tiny cap covering her scanty gray locks. She was leaning back in one of the chairs, her hands lying in her lap. Her eyes had the far-away look of a dreamer, to whom time and space are nothing. She looked very fragile and alone. Walton felt a lump in his throat. Irresistibly

Wyckham-Smith's refrain forced itself upon him:

Her head ached, and her back ached. But her heart was full of pride.
"I 've a son in Oxford town,
He 's a man of great renown,
He 's a don in cap and gown."

Quickly he let himself in at the door and, almost before his mother had time to turn, was kneeling at her side.

"Mother! my own little Mother!"

"It 's Graham!" she said, and with the words her face lighted with eagerness and pleasure. She was all animation. "And 'ow you made my 'eart jump!" Her "h's" almost always went in moments of excitement. She drew his head to her breast, while her hands wandered lovingly over the mouse-brown hair to that one reactionary lock, which she smoothed with soft, caressing fingers, just as she had done ever since he was a small boy in an Eton jacket. She almost crooned over it.

For a moment neither spoke. Then Walton gently disengaged himself, and brought from a far corner of the room a plain oak footstool, which he placed by her side, and sat down. He looked up at her wistfully, even as she was looking down at him. The first words of greeting were over. Walton had said that he intended to stay two long, restful days at home. Then he added:

"Mother, when I was a little chap I always thought there was a magic about this footstool. I thought I had only to sit upon it and you would have to do anything I asked of you."

"My foolish lad," she murmured, "have n't I always done what you asked?"

"Poor old mother," said Walton, taking one of the soft old hands in his, "so you have, and it seems as if I had always been objecting to what you wanted to do." She was very still, listening intently. "And now I 've come to take you away from your beloved shop. Can you bear it?"

"But, Graham," she gasped, with a nervous intake of breath, "what do you mean?" Her gray eyes watched him anxiously. There was something almost akin to fear in them. "What do you mean, dear?" She plucked at a tiny strand of lavender in the gray homespun of his coat.

"I mean, Mother mine," Graham held her hand more tightly, "that I 'm beastly lonely up there in Oxford, and I want you to come and make a home for me." His eyes were very wistful now.

She looked at him, only half comprehending.

"Me?" she parried, and from pure gratification blushed swiftly and vividly, till the years slipped from her, and she looked, despite her gray hair and sixty years, like a flustered girl. But impossible though the idea was to her, she wanted to play with it. "Why, I almost died of fright the other day when the Lord Mayor stopped in to buy some pencils. And dear knows that he 's no scholar that a body should mind. Whatever should I do in Oxford, where they are all scholars?" She looked at him pleadingly, wanting reassurance and yet dreading it.

For a moment a flicker of amusement crossed Walton's face. He could visualize his timid little mother fluttering about the mayor.

"But the mayor won't come to my rooms," he said, "and as for any scholars, it would do them good to talk to you and discover that mind was n't created by books. I 'd travel far if I had your mind." (This from her brilliant Graham!) "And—I 'm lonely." Wisely he did n't argue that she was tired and that it would be good for her to give up the shop. He knew that her health and her own interests were arguments that she would not listen to. So deliberately he made the selfish appeal.

She was shaken and gratified to the point of tears. It seemed as if she had lived for this moment. All the years of loneliness and labor were being repaid a hundredfold. Her Graham, her own little boy, grown now to an Oxford scholar, had come to her and said he needed her.

"O Graham!" she said, and the tears rolled down her flushed cheeks and on the rough sleeve. He wanted her, and God knew that ought to be enough; but quite apart from her diffidence, which made her shrink almost with terror at the idea of being thrown with a crowd of strangers, all scholars, would it be

"She looked very fragile and alone"

the best thing for him and his chances in the world? What he needs, she thought, is a wife who can help him hold his position, rather than a mother who can give him little more than the comforts of home.

Even if she could believe there was some truth in what Graham said about her mind, she still shrank from committing herself, lest she should do what was not best for him. But he was lonely! He had said so twice. And the maternal watchfulness in her was on the qui vive. Then the memory of something that had happened last summer came to her, and with it a flash of intuition. But Graham was waiting to be answered.

"If it seems best," she said finally, "I 'll come. But wait, dear, till January. I 'd half planned to give up the shop then, anyhow, and go to live with old Mrs. Brown, who is all alone now, you know. But if you want me, of course I 'll come. I 'd want to come. But be sure, Graham dear! It may be only that you are lonely." She hesitated. "What you really need is a wife." Her eyes were wistful, but there was no trace in them of jealousy. "Are there no girls in Oxford good enough for my boy?" The question was asked with tender banter, but there was seriousness in it.

"Good enough, yes," said Walton,

"but none that have any use for me." Try as he would, he could not keep the bitterness out of his voice.

"Now I was thinking," said his mother, with the cunning air of a strategist about to pull off a master-stroke, "of a young lady that came here and bought some of my dressed dolls. She was from Oxford. I told her how I had a son there. She said she knew you." She did n't add, though it was on the tip of her tongue, "And she blushed crimson when she said it." Instead, after a moment's hesitation she said, "She was a sweet girl."

Walton had sprung involuntarily to his feet. His face was turned from his mother, but she had found out his secret. The trouble was a girl.

"Was it Dorothy Pelham?" he asked in a strained voice.

"She said I was n't to tell you she came," replied Mrs. Walton, without assent or denial. But Walton had had his answer. He understood. Dorothy had known for months. No wonder she despised him. He must think it all out now, at once. He turned.

"Mother," he said, stooping over her and kissing her, "I 'm dog-tired, and I 'm going to bed, and I want you to go, too."

Mrs. Walton yearned to ask more, to comfort, but her innate delicacy kept her silent. Walton caught the look, but it was not until he reached the door that he could answer it. Then with a slight tremor in his voice he said:

"Mother, I want you to know that Dorothy Pelham would not look at me if I were the last man on earth. Now, will you come?"

"Yes, my son," answered Mrs. Walton in a barely audible voice. If Graham wanted her like that, he should have her just as soon as she could dispose of her little shop, which for many years had been both husband and son to her.

Walton ran up the dark, narrow stairs to the large attic room he had always occupied as a boy. He lit the gas. It was coolly papered with apple-blossoms on a white background. His bed was just where it used to stand under the sloping eaves, and beside it was an old-fashioned chest of drawers. Opposite, by the window looking out upon a grape-trellis, where even in the uncertain light the grapes could be seen in dark, heavy clusters, was his work-table, over which Mrs. Walton had hung her favorite view of Oxford, the High, looking westward from St. Mary's. Oxford itself she had never seen. But Walton had taught her:

St. Mary's like a frozen flame
Leaps sunwards; while her studious train
Of spires and towers along the plain
Stand praying round her, like a court
In silent adoration.

Bed was far from his thoughts. He sat down by the table, and step by step reviewed the happenings of the last days. So Dorothy knew, and the end, as far as he and she were concerned, had come some time back. How she must have hated and despised him when she found him unwilling to talk about his home! Innumerable openings that she had no doubt intentionally introduced into the conversation came back to him, but he had refused to take any of them.

It was folly to try to end what was already ended, he reflected, but he felt as if he must at least say good-by. She could not grudge him that. He fumbled in the drawer for writing materials, and then, as if in a hideous nightmare, he wrote:

My dear Miss Pelham:

I am glad that you have met my mother. For having seen her, you must realize that the pettiness in me, the desire to make the outer show stand for inner greatness, are things quite alien to her. As you have reason to know, I could not have said that a short time ago. But perhaps if I enclose "Fairest Adonis," a poem written by one of my students, you will understand what has brought me to myself. You will realize the force of it more when I tell you that it was written not by a man who disliked me, but by one who thought me a rather decent sort. I have betrayed the trust and confidence of my friends, but my mother's sweet humility, or perhaps her fine simplicity, has made her blind to my failings. My chief wish now is to bring her back to Oxford and justify as far as possible her faith in me.

Of course I realize the impossibility of your ever caring for me as I had hoped you might some day. In the circumstances I

feel it is the wisest thing for me to say good-by, here and finally. It is not your fault if you have not been the making of me. I believe I shall always love you.

G. W.

He did not, could not, read it over. He folded the poem and slipped it into an envelop. He felt he could not rest until it was mailed. Lest he disturb his mother, he took off his shoes, and quietly stole down-stairs, let himself out the door, and hurried to the corner post. Then as quietly he stole back to his room, while behind her closed door his mother knelt by her bed, listening to the stealthy footsteps, and longing with all the intensity of her soul to find some way to comfort him.

The week-end passed. There was an idyllic Saturday at the zoo, and a Sunday in London, with a morning service in the abbey, and an afternoon when they wandered arm in arm like lovers along the embankment. Dorothy's name was not mentioned again.

Monday morning Walton packed his bag, and in the cold, gray drizzle of a windy day made his way back to Oxford. The usual high-priced cabby drove him back in the usual drafty hansom to his college rooms. He found Scroggs, his scout, lighting the fire in his grate. The kindly, wrinkled old servant cast one look at his master's white, exhausted face, and hobbled off for coffee.

Walton sat down by the fire, trying to prepare himself for that day and the days and days to come. The blaze had warmed him a little, and a suggestion of color had come back to his face when Scroggs returned with a large tray neatly set with white-and-gold dishes, with coffee, toast, and jam.

"'Ere, sir," he said, "that ought ta put 'eart into you. And 'ere 's the post, sir, 'as just came."

Walton took the tray indifferently.

Why, that was Dorothy's writing on the little, square, gray envelop. His mind failed to conjure up any probable explanation. With trembling fingers he tore open the letter. He almost wished she had not written. It would have been easier. He read:

My dear Mr. Walton:

I did not care for the poem you sent me, and am writing another I like better. Come around if you care to hear it. It is called "Dearest Adonis."

Always yours,

DOROTHY PELHAM.

FOR a second time Walton cut Wyckham-Smith's coaching.

Havana Thumbnail Sketches

By HARRY FRANCK

Photographs by the author

In this second instalment of the account of his travels in the West Indies Harry Franck covers the fascinating, old-new city of Havana. Its people, customs, sports, and buildings are discussed in the author's inimitable manner.

A CONSTANT procession of motors, their mufflers wide open, went hiccoughing out the Carlos III Boulevard toward the Havana ball-park. The entrance-gate, at which they brought up with a snort and a sudden, bronco-like halt that all but jerked their passengers to their feet, was a seething hubbub. Ticket-speculators, renters of cushions, venders of everything that can be consumed on a summer afternoon, were bellowing their wares into the ears of the *fanáticos* who scrimmaged about the ticket-window. Men a trifle seedy in appearance wandered back and forth holding up half a dozen tiny envelops, arranged in fan-shape, which they were evidently trying to sell or rent. The pink *entradas* I finally succeeded in snatching carried us as far as the grand stand, where another maelstrom was surging about the chicken-wire wicket behind which a hen-minded youth was dispensing permissions to sit down. He would have been more successful in the undertaking if he had not needed to thumb over a hundred or more seat-coupons reserved for special friends of the management or of himself every time he sought to serve a mere spectator.

We certainly could not complain, however, of the front-row places we obtained except that, in the free-for-all Spanish fashion, all the riffraff of venders crowded the foot-rests that were supposedly reserved for front-row occupants. Nine nimble Cubans were scattered about the flat expanse of Almendares Park, backed by Príncipe Hill, with its crown of university buildings. Royal palms waved their plumes languidly in the ocean breeze. A huge Cuban flag undulated beyond the outfielders. A score of vultures circled lazily overhead, as if awaiting a chance to pounce upon the "dead ones" which the wrathful "fans" announced every time a player failed to live up to their hopes. On a bench in the shade sat all but one of the invading team, our own "Pirates" from the Smoky City. The missing one was swinging his club alertly at the home plate, his eyes glued on the Cuban *zurdo*, or "southpaw," who had just begun his contortions in the middle of the diamond. The scene itself was familiar enough, yet it seemed out of place in this tropical setting. It was like coming upon a picture one had known since childhood, to find it inclosed in a strange new frame.

I reached for my kodak, then restrained the impulse. A camera is of

little use at a Cuban ball game. Only a recording phonograph could catch its chief novelties. An uproar as incessant as that of a rolling-mill drowned every individual sound. It was not merely the venders of "*El escor oficial*," of sandwiches, lottery-tickets, cigars, cigarettes, bottled beer by the basketful, who created the hubbub; the spectators themselves made most of it. The long, two-story grand stand behind us was packed with Cubans of every shade from ebony black to the pasty white of the tropics, and every man of them seemed to be shouting at the top of his well-trained lungs. I say "man" advisedly, for with the exception of Rachel there were just three women present, and they had the hangdog air of culprits. But scores of men were on their feet, screaming at their neighbors and waving their hands wildly in the air.

"Which do you like best, base-ball or bull-fights?" I shouted to my neighbor on the left. He was every inch a Cuban, by birth, environment, point of view, in his very gestures, and he spoke not a word of English. Generations of Spanish ancestry were plainly visible through his grayish features; I happened to know that he had applauded many a *torero* in the days before the rule of Spain and "the bulls" had been banished together. Yet he answered instantly:

"Base-ball by far; and so do all Cubans."

But base-ball, strictly speaking, is not what the Cuban enjoys most. It is rather the gambling that goes with it. Like every sport of the Spanish-speaking race, with the single exception of bull-fighting, base-ball to the great majority is merely a pretext for betting. The throng behind us was everywhere waving handfuls of money, real American money, for Cuba has none of her own larger than the silver dollar. Small wonder the bills are always ragged and worn and half obliterated, for they are constantly passing, like crumpled waste-paper, from one sweaty hand to another. The Platt Amendment showed incomplete knowledge of Cuban conditions when it decreed the use of American money on the island; it should have gone further and ordered the bills destined for Cuba to be made of linoleum. Bets passed at the speed of sleight-of-hand performances. The *fanáticos* bet on every swing of the batter's club, on every ball that rose into the air, on whether or not a runner would reach the next base, on how many fouls the inning would produce. Most of the wagers passed so quickly that there was no time for the actual exchange of money. A flip of the fingers or a nod of the head sufficed to arrange the deal. There were no dividing lines—either of color or distance. Full-fledged Africans exchanged wagers with men of pure Spanish blood. Cabalistic signs passed between the grand stand and the sort of royal box high above. Across the field the crowded *sol*, as the Cuban calls the unshaded bleachers, in the vocabulary of the bull-ring, was engaged in the same money-waving turmoil. The curb market of New York is slow, noiseless, and phlegmatic compared with a ball-game in Havana.

The game itself was little different from one at home. The Cuban players varied widely in color, from the jet-black third baseman to a short-stop of rice-powder complexion. Their playing was of high order, quite as "fast" as the average teams of our big leagues. Cubans hold several world championships in sports requiring a high degree of skill and swiftness. The umpire in his protective paraphernalia looked quite like his fellows of the North, but behind his mask he was a rich mahogany brown. His official speech was English, but when a dispute arose he changed quickly to voluble Spanish. The "*bucaneros*," as the present-day pirates who had descended upon the Cuban coast were best known locally, won the game on this occasion; but the day before they had not scored a run.

Base-ball—commonly pronounced "bahseh-bahl" throughout the island—has won a firm foothold in Cuba. Those familiar with Spanish can find constant amusement in Havana's sporting pages. "Fans" quite unfamiliar with the tongue would experience no great difficulty in catching the drift of the Cuban reporter, though it would be Greek to a Spaniard speaking no base-ball, as a brief example will demonstrate:

EL HABANA DEJO EN BLANCO A LOS PIRATAS

José del Carmen Rodríguez realizó varios doubleplays sensacionales

BRILLANTE PITCHING DE TUERO

El catcher rojo, Miguel Angel González, cerró con doble llave la segunda base a los corredores americanos

THE visitor whose picture of Havana is still that of the drowsy tropical city of our school-books is due for a shock. He will be most surprised, perhaps, to find the place swarming with automobiles, like an open honey-pot with flies. First of all there is the ubiquitous Ford. A local paragrapher asserts that "a Havanese would rather die than walk four blocks." There are several perfectly good reasons for this preference. The heat of Cuba is far less oppressive than that of our most Northern States in mid-summer. Indeed, it is seldom unpleasant; but the slightest physical exertion quickly bathes the body in perspiration, and nowhere is a wilted collar worse form than in Havana. Moreover, one must be exceedingly nimble-footed to trust to the prehistoric means of transportation. The custom of always riding has left no rights to the pedestrian in the Cuban capital. The chances of being run down are excellent, and the result is apt to be not merely broken ribs, but a bill for damages to the machine. Hence, the expression "cojemos un For' " is synonymous with going a journey, however short, anywhere within the city. Your Havanese friend never says, "Let 's stroll around and see Perez," but always, "Let 's catch a Ford," and by the time you have succeeded in slamming the door really shut, there you are at Perez's *zaguan*.

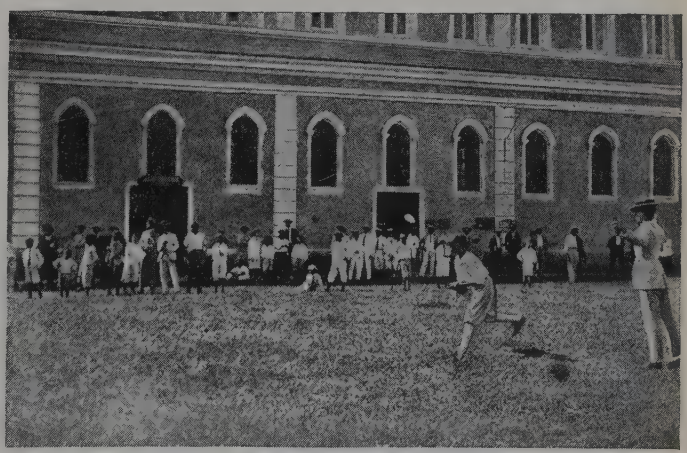
Officers of the Cuban army

Fords scurry by thousands through the streets of Havana day and night, ever ready to pick up a passenger or two and set them down again in any part of the business section for a mere twenty-cent piece—a *peseta* in Cuban parlance. More expensive cars are now and then seen for hire; by dint of sleuth-like observation I did at last discover one Ford that was confined to the labor of carrying its owner. But those are the exceptions that prove the rule, and the rule is that the instant you catch sight of the familiar plebeian features of a "flivver" you know, even without waiting to see the hospitable "Se Alquila" ("Rents Itself") on the wind-shield, that you need walk no farther, whatever your sex, complexion, or previous condition of pedestrianism. They are particularly suited to the narrow streets that the Spaniard, in his Arabic avoidance of the sun, bequeathed the Cuban capital. There is many a corner in the business section which larger cars can turn only by backing or by mounting one of the scanty sidewalks. The closed taxi of the North, too, would be as much out of place in Havana as overcoats at a Fourth of July celebration. A few of the horse carriages of olden days still offer their services; but as neither driver, carriage, nor horse seem to have been groomed or fed since the war of independence, even those in no haste are apt to think twice or thrice, and finally put their trust in gasolene. Hence the Ford has taken charge of Havana, like an army of occupation.

Unfortunately, a Ford and a Cuban chauffeur make a bad combination.

The native temperament is quick-witted, but it is scantily gifted with patience. In the hands of a seeker after pesetas a "flivver" becomes a prancing, dancing steed, a snorting charger that knows no fear and yields to no rival. Apparently some Cuban Burbank has succeeded in crossing the laggard of our Northern highways with the kangaroo. The whisper of your destination in the driver's ear is followed by a leap that leaves the adjoining façades a mere blur upon the retina.

The newspapers run a daily column for those who have been "Ford-ed" to hospitals or cemeteries. What are a few casualties a day in a city of nearly half a million, with prolific tendencies? There are voluminous traffic and speed rules, but he would be a friendless fellow who could not find a *compadre* with sufficient political power to "fix it up." Death corners—bill-boards or street-hugging house-walls, from behind which he may dart without warning—are the joy of the Cuban chauffeur. Courtesy in personal intercourse stands on a high plane in Havana, but automobile politeness has not yet reached the stage of consideration for others. Traffic policemen, soldierly fellows widely varied in complexion, looking like bandsmen in their blue denim uniforms, are efficient, and accustomed to be obeyed; but they cannot be everywhere at once, and the automobile is. They confine their efforts, therefore, to a few seething corners, and humanity trusts to its own lucky star in the no-man's-lands between.



Cuban boys engrossed in a game of base-ball outside the great Spanish-built *cárcel*, or prison, facing Havana harbor

The private machines alone would give Havana a busy appearance. All day long and far into the night the big central plaza is completely fenced in by splendid cars parked compactly ends to curb. Toward sunset, especially on the days when a military band plays the *retreta* in the kiosk facing Morro Castle and the harbor entrance, an endless procession of seven-passenger motors files up and down the wide Prado and along the sea-washed Malecón, two, or at most three, haughty beings, not infrequently with kinky hair, lolling in every capacious tonneau. Liveried chauffeurs are the almost universal rule. The *caballero* who drives his own car would arouse the wonder, possibly the scorn, of his fellow-citizens; once and once only did we see a woman at the wheel.

The cost of a car in Havana is from twenty to thirty per cent. higher than in the States, which supplies virtually all of them. A dollar pays for two gallons of gasolene instead of four. Licenses are a serious item, particularly to private owners in Havana, for the fee depends on the use to which the car is put. Fords for hire carry a white tag with black figures and pay $12.50 a year. Private cars bear a pink *chapa* at a cost of $62.50. Tags with blue figures announce the occupant a government official or a physician. Then, every driver must be supplied with a personal license, at a cost of $25. In theory that is all, except a day or two of waiting in line at the municipal license bureau. In practice there are many little political wheels to be oiled if one would see the car free to go its way the same year it is purchased.

Once the visitor has learned to dis-

tinguish the tag that announces government ownership, he will be astounded to note its extraordinary prevalence in Havana. Even Washington was never like this. Government property means public ownership indeed in Cuba. If one may believe the newspapers of the Liberal party,—the "outs" under the present administration,—the explanation is simple. "Every government employee," they shriek, "down to the last post-office clerk who is in personal favor, has his own private car, free of cost; not only that, but he may use it to give his babies an airing, to carry his cook to market, or to take the future *novio* of his daughter on a joy ride."

THE new-comer's impressions of Havana will depend largely upon his previous travels. If this is his first contact with the Iberian or the Latin-American civilization, he will find the Cuban capital of great interest. If he is familiar with the cities of old Spain, particularly if he has already seen her farthest-flung descendants, such as Bogotá, Quito, or La Paz, he will probably call Havana "tame." The most incorrigible traveler will certainly not consider a visit to this most accessible of foreign capitals as time wasted. But his chief amusement will be, in all likelihood, that of tracing the curious dovetailing of Spanish and American influences which make up its present-day aspect.

Both by situation and history the capital of Cuba is a natural place for this intermingling of two essentially different civilizations, but the mixture is more like that of oil and water than of two related elements. The ways of Spain and of America—by which, of course, I mean the United States—are recognizable in every block of Havana, yet there has been but slight blending together, however close the contact.

Immigrants from old Spain tramp the streets all day under their strings of garlic, or jingle the cymbals that mean sweetmeats for sale to all Spanish-speaking children. Venders of lottery-tickets sing their numbers in every public gathering-place. On Saturdays a long procession of beggars of both sexes file through the stores and offices demanding almost as a right the cent each which ancient Iberian custom allots them. The places where men gather are wide-open cafés without front walls, rather than the hidden dens of the North. Havana's cooking, her modes of greeting and parting, her patience with individual nuisances, her very table manners, are Spanish. Like all Spanish America, her sons and daughters are all highly proficient in the use of the toothpick; like them, they are exceedingly courteous in the forms of social intercourse, irrespective of class. As in Spain, life increases in its intensity with sunset: babies have no fixed hour of retirement; midnight is everywhere the "shank of the evening"; lovers are sternly separated by iron bars, or their soft nothings strictly censored by ever-vigilant duennas.

The very Government cannot shake off the habits of its forebears, despite the tutelage of a more practical race. Public office is more apt than not to be considered a legitimate source of personal gain. As in Spain, a general amnesty is ever smiling hopefully at imprisoned malefactors. The Spanish tendency to forgive crime, combined with the interrelationship of miscreants and the powers that be, have not merely abolished, in practice, all capital punishment; it tends to release evil-doers long before they have found time to repent and change their ways. Men who shoot down in cold blood—and this they do even in the heart of Havana—have only to prove that the deed was done "in the heat of the moment" to have their punishment reduced to a mere fraction of that for stealing a mule. The pardoning power is wielded with such Castilian generosity that the genial editor of Havana's American newspaper wrathfully suggests the "loosing of all our distinguished assassins," that the enormous *cárcel* facing the harbor entrance may be replaced by one of the hotels sadly needed to house Havana's "distinguished visitors."

Amid all this the island capital is deeply marked, too, with the influence of what Latin-America calls "the Colossus of the North." One sees it in the strenuous pace of business, in the manners and methods of commerce. The dignified lethargy of Spain has

The new presidential palace of Cuba, on the modified style of a French château, is a thing of beauty, which will be enhanced when the remnants of old Havana have been cleared out in front of it

largely given way to the business-first teachings of the Yankee gospel. Billboards are almost as constant eyesores in Havana and her suburbs as in New York; huge electric figures flash the alleged virtues of the wares they sponsor far into the soft summer nights. Blocks of office buildings, modern in every particular, shoulder their way upward into the tropical sky. With few exceptions the sons of proud old Cuban families scorn to dally away their lives, Castilian fashion, on the riches and reputations of their ancestors, but descend into the commercial fray.

One sees the American influence in many amusing little details. The Cuban mail-boxes are exact copies of our own, except that the lettering is Spanish. Postage-stamps may be had in booklet form, which can be said of no other foreign land. Street-car fares are five cents for any distance, with free transfers, rather than varying by zones, as in Europe. Barbers dally over their clients in the private-valet manner of their fellows to the North. Department stores operate as nearly as possible on the American plan, despite the Spanish tendency of their clerks to seek tips. Cuban advertisers struggle to imitate in their newspaper and poster announcements the aggressive, inviting American manner, often with ludicrous results, for they are rarely gifted with what might be called the advertising imagination. In a word, Havana is Spain with a modern American virility, tinged with a generous dash of the tropics.

I have said that the two opposing influences do not mix, and in the main that rule strictly holds. A glance at any detail of the city's life, its customs, appearance, or point of view, suffices to determine whether it is of Castilian or Yankee origin; but here and there a fusing of the two has produced a quaint mongrel of local color. Havana bakes its bread in the long loaves of Europe, but an American squeamishness has evolved a slender paper bag to cover them. The language of gestures makes a crossing of two fingers, a hiss at the conductor, and a nod to right or left sufficient request for a street-car transfer. The man who occupies the center of a base-ball diamond may be called either a pitcher or a *lanzador*, but the verb that expresses his activity is *pitchear*. Shoe-shining establishments in the shade of the long, pillared arcades are arranged in Spanish style, yet the methods and the prices of the polishers are American.

BARELY had we stepped ashore in Havana when I spied a man in the familiar uniform of the American Army, his upper sleeve decorated with three broad chevrons. I had a hazy notion that our intervention in Cuba had ceased some time before, yet it would have been nothing strange if some of our troops had been left on the island.

"Good morning, Sergeant," I greeted him. "Do you know this town? How do I get to—"

But he was staring at me with a

puzzled air, and before I could finish he had side-stepped and hurried on. I may have been unusually dense that morning, after a night of uproar on the steamer from Key West, for a score of his fellows had passed before I awoke to the fact that they were not American soldiers at all. Cuba has copied nothing more exactly than our army uniform. Cotton khaki survives in place of olive drab, of course, as befits the Cuban climate; frequent washings have turned most of the canvas leggings a creamy white. Otherwise there is little to distinguish the Cuban soldier from our own until he opens his mouth in a spurt of fluent Spanish. He wears the same cow-boy sombrero, with similar hat-cords for each branch of the service. He shoulders the same rifle, carries his cartridges in the old familiar web-belt, wears his revolver on the right, as distinct from the left-handed fashion of all the rest of Latin-America. He salutes, mounts guard, drills, stands at attention precisely in the American manner. His "I. D. R." differs from our own only in tongue. The same chevrons indicate non-commissioned rank, though they tend in their size to greater insistence upon it, and have not yet disappeared from the right sleeve. His officers are indistinguishable, at any distance, from our own; they are in many cases graduates of West Point. An angle in their shoulder-bars, with the Cuban seal in bronze above them, and the native coat of arms on their caps in place of the spread eagle, are the only differences that a close inspection of lieutenants or captains brings to light. From majors upward, however, the insignia becomes a series of stars, perhaps because the absence of generals in the Cuban Army leaves no other chance for such ostentation. Snow-white ducks, adorned with the same indications of rank, constitute the dress uniform of officers.

The question naturally suggests itself, "Why does Cuba need an army?" The native answer is apt to be the Spanish version of "Huh, we 're a free country, are n't we? Why should n't we have an army, like any other sovereign people? Poor Estrada Palma, our first president, had no army, with the result that the first bunch of hoodlums to start a revolution had him at their mercy."

These are the two reasons why one sees the streets of Havana, and all Cuba, for that matter, khaki-dotted with soldiers. She has no designs on a trembling world, but an army is to her what long trousers are to a youth of sixteen, proof of his manhood; and she has very real need of one to keep the internal peace within the country, particularly under a Government that was not legally elected and which enjoys little popularity. There were some fourteen thousand "regulars" in the Cuban Army before the European War. Cuba is proud to be numbered among the nations that declared war against Germany. It is seldom, however, that one finds any evidence of personal enmity toward the nation's far-off foes. Cuban soldiers were as eager, no doubt, as the average youths of other lands to have their taste of the European battlefields, and as keenly disappointed that an early armistice denied them the privilege. No small number of men enlisted in Allied armies before the island had thrown off its neutrality, and Cuban subscriptions to the American Liberty Loans were moderately numerous; but both personal observation and the testimony of those in a position to know suggest that the island's chief motives for joining the Allies were that it was the fashion, and that she felt impelled to follow the lead of her big brother to the North. Nor was it her fate to suffer from the recent world holocaust. Instead, she was one of its chief beneficiaries, thanks to several causes, of which the chief was the sky-rocketing price of sugar.

Havana has just celebrated her four-hundredth birthday. She confesses herself the oldest city of European origin in the Western hemisphere. Her name was familiar to ocean wayfarers before Cortes penetrated to the Vale of Anáhuac, before Pizarro had heard the first rumors of the mysterious land of the Incas. When the Pilgrim Fathers sighted Plymouth Rock, Havana had begun the second century of her existence. In view of all this, and of the harried career she led clear down to days within the memory of men who still consider them-

selves youthful, she is somewhat disappointing to the mere tourist for her lack of historical relics. This impression, however, gradually wears off. Her background is certainly not to be compared with that of Cuzco or of the City of Mexico, stretching away into the prehistoric days of legend; yet many reminders of the times that are gone peer through the mantle of modernity in which she has wrapped herself. From the age-worn stones of La Fuerza the bustle of the city of to-day seems a fantasy from dreamland. In the underground passages of old Morro, in the musty dungeons of massive Cabaña, the khaki-clad soldiers of Cuba's new army look as out of place as a motor-car in a Roman arena. The stroller who catches a sudden unexpected glimpse of the cathedral façade is carried back in a twinkling to the days of the Inquisition; Spain herself can show no closer link with the Middle Ages than the venerable stone face of San Francisco de Paula. The ghosts of monks gone to their reward centuries ago hover about the post-office where the modern visitor files his telegram or stamps his picture postals. The British occupied it as a barracks when they captured Havana in the middle of the last century, whereby the ancient monastery was considered desecrated, and has served in turn various government purposes; yet the shades of the past still linger in its flowery patio and flit about the corners of its capacious, leisurely old stairways.

The statue of Maceo, the negro general, popular hero of Cuba, killed just before the island won its independence from Spain

Old Havana may be likened in shape to the head of a bulldog, with the mark of the former city wall, which inclosed it like a muzzle, still visible. The portion thus protected in olden days contains most of Havana's antiquity. Beyond it the streets grow wider, the buildings more modern, as one advances to the newer residential suburbs. Amusing contrasts catch the eye at every turn within the muzzled portion. Calle Obispo, still the principal business street, is a scant eighteen feet wide, inclusive of its two pathetically narrow sidewalks. The Spanish builders did not foresee the day when it would be an impassable river of clamoring automobiles. They would be struck dumb with astonishment to see these strange devil-wagons housed in the tiled passageways behind the massive carved or brass-studded doors of the regal mansions of colonial days. Their fair ladies would be horrified to find the family chapels turned into bathrooms by desecrating barbarians from the North. Office buildings that seem to have been bodily transported from New York shoulder age-crumbled Spanish churches and convents; crowds as business-bent as those of Wall Street hurry through narrow *callejones* that seem still to be thinking of Columbus and the bucaneers of the Spanish main. Long rows of massive pillars upholding projecting second stories and half concealing the den-like shops behind them have a picturesque appearance and afford a needed protection from the Cuban sun, but they are little short of a nuisance under modern traffic conditions. Old Colon market is as dark and unsanitary as when mistresses sent a trusted slave to make the day's purchases. Its long lines of cackling fowls, of meat barely dead, of tropical fruits and strange Cuban vegetables, are still the center of the old bartering hubbub, but beside them are the very latest factory products. One

may buy a chicken and have it killed and dressed on the spot for a *real* by deep-eyed old women who seem to have been left behind by a receding generation, or one may carry home canned food which colonial Havana never tasted.

The city is as brilliantly lighted as any of our own, by dusky men who come at sunset, laboriously carrying long ladders, from the tops of which they touch

A Cuban milkman

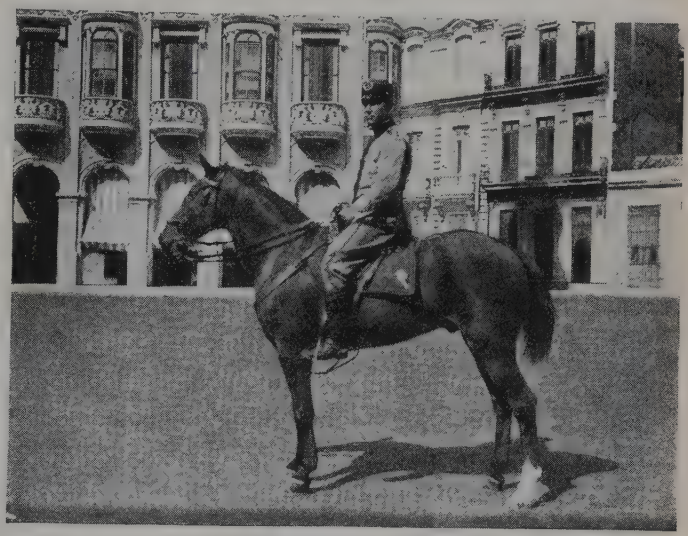
off each gas-jet as in the days of Tacon. Ferries as modern as those bridging the Hudson ply between the Muelle de Luz and the fortresses and towns across the harbor; but they still have as competitors the heavy old Havana rowboats, equipped, when the sun is high, with awnings at the rear, and manned by oarsmen as stout-armed and weather-tanned as the gondoliers of Venice. Automobiles of the latest model snort in continual procession around the Malecón on Sunday afternoons, yet here and there a quaint old family carriage, with its liveried footmen, jogs along between them. Many a street has changed its name since the days of independence, but still clings to its old Spanish title in popular parlance. A new system of house numbering, too, has been adopted, but this has not superceded the old; it has merely been superimposed upon it, until it is a wise door indeed that knows its own number. To make things worse for the puzzled stranger, the two sides of the street have nothing in common, so that it is nothing unusual to find house No. 7 opposite No. 114.

Havana is most beautiful at night. Its walls are light in color, yellow, orange, pink, pale-blue, and the like prevailing, and the witchery of moonlight, falling upon them, gives many a quaint corner or narrow street of the old city a resemblance to fairy-land. But when one hurries back to them with a kodak in the morning, it is only to find that the chief charm has fled before the grueling light of day.

The architecture of the city is overwhelmingly Spanish, with only here and there a detail brought from the North. The change from the wooden houses of Key West, with their steep shingled roofs, to the plaster-faced edifices of Havana, covered by the flat *azoteas* of Arab-Iberian origin, often the family sitting-room after sunset, is sharp and decided. Among them the visitor feels himself in a foreign land indeed, whatever suggestions of his own he may find in the life of the city. The tendency for low structures, the prevalence of sumptuous dwellings of a single story, the preference for the ground floor as a place of residence, show at a glance that this is no American city. Yet the single story is almost as lofty as two of our own; the Cuban insists on high ceilings, and the longest rooms of the average residence would be still longer if they were laid on their side. To our Northern eyes it is a heavy architecture, but it is a natural development in the Cuban climate. Coolness is the first and prime requisite. Massive outer walls, half their surfaces taken up by immense doors and windows, protected by grat-

ings in every manner of artistic scroll, defy the heat of perpetual summer, and at the same time give free play to the all but constant sea breezes. The openness of living which this style of dwelling brings with it would not appeal to the American sense of privacy in family life. Through the iron-barred *rejas*, flush with the sidewalk, the passer-by may look deep back into the tile-floored parlor, with its forest of chairs, and often into the living-rooms beyond. At midday they look particularly cool and inviting from the sun-drenched street; in the evening the stroller has a sense of sauntering unmolested through the very heart of a hundred family circles.

Old residents tell us that Havana is a far different city from the one from which the Spanish flag was banished twenty years ago. Its best streets, they say, were mere lanes of mud then, or their cobbled pavements so far down beneath the filth of generations that the uncovering of them resembled a mining operation. Along the sea, where a boulevard, second only to the peerless Beira Mar of Rio, runs to-day, the last century left a stenching city garbage-heap. The broad, laurel-shaded Prado leading from the beautiful central plaza to the headland facing Morro Castle was a labyrinthian cluster of unsavory hovels. All this, if one may be pardoned a suggestion of boasting, was accomplished by the first American governor. But the Cubans themselves have continued the good work. Once cleaned and paved, the streets have remained so. Buildings of which any city might be proud have been erected without foreign assistance. In their sudden spurt of ambition the Cubans have sometimes overreached themselves. A former administration began the erection of a presidential palace destined to rival the best of Europe. About the same time the provincial governor concluded to build himself a simple little marble cabin. Election day came, and the new president, after the spendthrift manner of Latin-American executives, repudiated the undertaking of his predecessor, which lies to-day the abandoned grave of several million *pesos*. The governor of the province was convinced by irrefutable arguments that his half-finished little cabin was out of proportion to his importance, and yielded it to his political superior. It is nearing completion now, a thing of beauty that should, for a time at least, satisfy the artistic longings even of great Cuba. For it has nothing of the inexpensive Jeffersonian simplicity of our own White House, fit only for such plebeian occupants as our Lincolns and Garfields, but is worthy a Cuban president—during the few months of the year when he is not occupying his suburban or his summer palace.



A mounted policeman of Havana

Havana has grown in breadth as well as character since it became the capital of a free country. While the population of the island has nearly doubled, that of the metropolis has trebled. Víbora, Cerro, and Jesús del Monte have changed from outlying country villages of thatched huts to thriving suburbs;

Vedado, the abode of a few scattered farmers when the treaty of Paris was signed, has become a great residential region where sugar-millionaires and successful politicians vie with one another in the erection of private palaces, not to mention the occasional perpetration of architectural monstrosities. Under the impulse of an ever-increasing and ever-wealthier population, abetted by energetic young Cubans who have copied American real-estate methods, Havana is already leaping like a prairie fire to the crests of new fields, which will soon be wholly embraced in the conflagration of prosperity.

One of the purposes of Cuba's revolt against Spain was the suppression of the lottery. For years the new republic sternly frowned down any tendency toward a return of this particular form of vice. To this day it is unlawful to bring the tickets of the Spanish lottery into the island. But blood will tell, and the mere winning of political freedom could not cure the Cuban of his love for gambling. Private games of chance increased in number and spread throughout the island. The Government saw itself losing millions of revenue yearly, while enterprising persons enriched themselves; for to all rulers of Iberian ancestry the exploitation of a people's gambling instinct seems a legitimate source of state income. New palaces and boulevards cost money, independence brings with it unexpected expenditures. By the end of the second intervention the free Cubans were looking with favor upon a system which they had professed to abhor as Spanish subjects. The law of July 7, 1909, decreed a public revenue under the name of "Loteria Nacional," and to-day the lottery is as firmly established a function of the Government as the postal service.

There are two advantages in a state lottery—to the Government. It is not only an unfailing source of revenue; it is a splendid means of rewarding political henchmen. *Colectorías*, the privilege of dispensing lottery-tickets within a given district, are to the Cuban congressman what postmasterships are to our own. The possession of one is a *botella* (bottle), Cuban slang for sinecure; the lucky possessor is called a *botellero*. He in turn distributes his patronage to the lesser fry and becomes a political power within his district. The whole makes a splendidly compact machine that can be turned to any purpose by the chauffeur at the political wheel.

Barely had we arrived in Havana when the rumor reached me that the *billeteros* could be compelled to sell their tickets at the legal price, if one "had the nerve" to insist. I abhor a financial dispute, but I have as little use for hearsay evidence. I concluded to test the great question personally. Having purchased two "pieces" at the customary price, to forestall any charge of miserliness, I set out to buy one at the lawful rate. A booth on a busy corner of Calle Obispo, a large choice of numbers fluttering from its ticket-racks, seemed the most promising scene for my nefarious project, because a traffic policeman stood close by. I chose a "piece" and, having tucked it away in a pocket, handed the vender a *peseta*.

"It is *thirty* cents," he announced politely, smiling at what he took to be my American innocence.

"Not at all," I answered, blushing at my own pettiness. "The price is twenty cents; it is printed on the ticket."

"*I* sell them only at thirty," he replied, with a gesture that invited me to return the ticket.

"The legal price is all I pay," I retorted. "If you don't like that, call the policeman," and I strolled slowly on. In an instant both the vender and the officer were hurrying after me. The latter demanded to know why I had not paid the amount asked.

"The law sets the price at twenty cents," I explained. "As a guardian of order, you surely do not mean to help this man collect an illegal sum."

The policeman gave me a look of scorn such as he might have turned upon a millionaire caught stealing chickens, and answered with a sneer:

"He is entitled to one cent profit."

"But not to ten cents," I added triumphantly.

The guardian of law and order grunted an unwilling affirmative, casting a pitying glance up and down my person, and turned away with another audible sneer only when I had produced a cent. The

vender snatched the coin with an expression of disgust, and retains to this day, I suppose, a much lowered opinion of Americans.

The silly ordeal, which I have never since had the courage to repeat, proved the assertion that the Cubans may buy their lottery-tickets at the legal price, but it demonstrated at the same time why few of them do so. Pride is the chief ally of the profiteer. The difference between twenty cents and thirty is not worth a dispute, but the failure of the individual Cuban to insist upon his rights, and of his Government in protecting them, constitutes a serious tax upon the nation and enriches many a worthless loafer. With some forty lottery drawings a year, this extra, illegal ten cents a "piece" costs the Cuban people the neat little sum of at least $12,000,000 a year, or four dollars per capita.

The drawings take place every ten days, besides a few *loterías extra-ordinarios*, with prizes several times larger, on the principal holidays. They are conducted in the old treasury building down near the end of Calle Obispo. We reached there soon after seven of the morning named on our tickets. A crowd of two hundred or more heavy-mouthed negroes, poorly clad meztizos, and ragged, emaciated old Chinamen for the most part, were huddled together in the shade at the edge of the porch-like room. A policeman—not the one whose scorn I had aroused—beckoned to us to step inside and take one of the seats of honor along the wall, not, evidently, because we were Americans, but because our clothing was not patched or our collars missing. At the back a long table stretched the entire length of the room. A dozen solemn officials, resembling a jury or an election board, lolled in their seats behind it, a huge ledger, a sheath of papers, an ink-well and several pens and pencils before each of them. At the edge of the room, just clear of the standing crowd of hopeful riffraff, was a similar table on which another group of solemn-faced men were busily scribbling in as many large blank-books, with the sophisticated air of court or congressional reporters. Between the tables were two globes of open-work brass, one perhaps six feet in diameter, the other several times smaller. The larger was filled with balls the size of marbles, each engraved with a number; the smaller one contained several thousand others, representing varying sums of money.

The winning tickets may be cashed at any official *colectoría* at any time within a year, but such delays are rare. Barely is the drawing ended when the venders, armed with the *billetes* of the next *sorteo*, hurry forth over their accustomed beats to pay the winners and establish a reputation not so much for promptitude as for the ability to offer lucky numbers. The capital prize, $100,000 in most cases, is perhaps won now and then by some favorite of fortune, instead of falling to the Government, collector of all unsold winners, though I have never personally known of such a stroke of luck during all my wanderings in lottery-infested lands. Smaller causes for momentary happiness are more frequent, for with 1741 prizes, divisible into a hundred "pieces" each, it would be strange if a persistent player did not now and then "make a killing." But even these must be rare in comparison to the optimistic multitude that pursues the goddess Chance, for on the morning following a drawing the streets of Havana are everywhere littered with worthless *billetes* cast off by wrathy purchasers. Wherefore an incorrigible moralist has deduced a motto that may be worth passing on to future travelers in Cuba:

"Buy a 'piece' or two that you may know the sneer of Fortune, but don't get the habit."

The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

THE SYRIAN BONE OF CONTENTION

THE war accustomed us to a world of dramatic magnitudes, and we are having some difficulty in scaling down our sense of proportion to the actual affairs of the post-war world. Situations in international politics that back in 1914 would have set the world agog with interest, captured headlines, and called the largest type into service, to-day are tucked away in ten-line despatches on inside pages save by a spare half-dozen metropolitan papers which pay particular attention to foreign news. The Anglo-French tension over Syria is a case in point. In 1910, let us say, this situation would doubtless have been played up in the press as a possible prelude to a war between France and England. Now it is calmly passed by as merely a bit of unfinished business left by the peace conference. It may be, of course, that this attitude represents a correction rather than a distortion of our sense of proportion. At any rate, Syria, at the moment of writing, is one of the interesting tension points in world politics.

Syria, a long strip of territory between the Arabian Desert and the Mediterranean Sea, has long been a significant spot in world politics, because it is a line of communication between Asia and Africa. It has long been a battle-ground of conflicting national interests. Here Turkish, English, French, Russian, and German interests have jockeyed for position. It is part of the medley of the Eastern question in which it has proved difficult to reconcile French and British interests. The present position of affairs is such that unless an amicable understanding on these matters can be reached the future relations of France and England may be deeply disturbed. Without going into detail respecting the more remote background of the question, what is the story of the present strained situation?

Back in 1916 an arrangement respecting Syria was entered into by France, England, and Russia. At that time French and British spheres of influence were marked out in Asia Minor. Under that agreement England assumed Palestine and Mesopotamia as her sphere to the south, while France took her sphere to the north—a sphere that included the Mediterranean coast at valuable points and a back country reaching as far as Persia. But that agreement was not destined to stand unquestioned. New factors entered into the situation. Russia and Russian interests went into eclipse. Mr. Wilson came into the picture with his doctrine of mandates. In the whole process of the war and the peace conference the 1916 agreement lost its definiteness, and it was accepted on all hands that subsequent events had to some extent made necessary a revision of the arrangement. In feeling their way toward a resettlement French and British interests have had no little difficulty in avoiding serious tension.

Lord Curzon, seeing Mesopotamia as an increasingly British concern, began to look about for its natural and adequate outlet to the Mediterranean. That outlet clearly was the port of Alexandretta. But the port of Alexandretta was in the French sphere of influence to the north, according to the 1916 arrangement. It was a ticklish matter to handle. But imperial "necessities" would not justify an undue yielding to the niceties of the situation. Alexandretta stands at the neck of the desert bottle through which the richly laden caravans from the hinterland must pass. Furthermore, Alexandretta lies advantageously on the continental route

to the Indies. Surely France should see the logic of the situation; so Lord Curzon proceeded to explain the naturalness, the inevitability, and the justice of the British desire for Alexandretta. The logic of the situation did not, however, seem to lie so clear in the mind of M. Pichon, speaking for the Quai d'Orsay, as it lay in the mind of Lord Curzon, speaking for Downing Street. M. Pichon agreed with Lord Curzon up to the point that subsequent events had made desirable a reconsideration of the 1916 arrangement, but any such reconsideration must, in French opinion, start with the fact that France, regardless of concessions she may have made in 1916, could not now listen to any proposal that meant the dismemberment of Syria's racial and geographical unity. British dominance in Palestine began to rankle in the French breast. To the French mind no logic could justify the separation of Palestine from the rest of the province. Nor does the case for English control of the port of Alexandretta seem clearer to French eyes. Alexandretta is the best and the only natural port of the territory. Beirut and Tripoli, with their costly artificial moles, cannot compare with Alexandretta, protected as it is by a wonderful bay. Syria's maximum value to its possessor hinges to a large degree upon possession of Alexandretta. There will doubtless be much shifting and counter-shifting of zones of occupation as between French and British troops before a real settlement is reached. Some sort of arrangement may indeed be reached by the time this comment reaches the reader, but the stubborn facts of the situation do not promise a final settlement soon.

French logic will hardly shake British interests in Palestine. It is well to remember that back in the quiet days of 1903, when international affairs were less upon the front page than now, British diplomacy took a paternal interest in Zionism. A hurried reading of the new map of that region will show that *Realpolitik* was lurking in the background even then. Palestine, it will be seen, stands strategically between the British possession of Egypt on the one hand and the British possessions of India, Persia, and Mesopotamia on the other. England will not lightly assent to the establishment of any other world power in this strategic position. With the stirrings of imperialistic dreams in certain French quarters, England will not look pleasantly upon French pretensions here, whatever be the basis of argument. French opinion has been nettled by British action throughout in the Persian, Syrian, and Turkish situations. Despite the customary gestures of brotherly love, an ugly mood is being generated.

It is a strangely involved situation. The dominant Mohammedan element prefers to see the Kingdom of the Hedjaz infringe upon and limit the French sphere rather than see any extension of French control. England's policy plays into the hands of the Hedjaz. While the Arabs do not like the idea of a Zionist state on what they claim is an Arab land, as between a possible Christian penetration and a Jewish occupation they will choose the Jewish. If British diplomacy plays a clever hand with the Moslem world, France may as well pack her belongings and surrender her Syrian dreams. This is just another indication that the quest of empire with its attendant rivalries did not die at Versailles.

NEW YORK'S TOWN HALL

In the midst of New York's vastness, complexity, and hectic hurry, the quiet and intimate parley of the New England town-meeting is to be institutionalized. If conscious and careful organization can do it, the lost art of community discussion is to be revived at the very heart and center of metropolitan distractions.

Under the guidance of the League for Political Education, there is being erected at 113–123 West 43d Street a town hall, dedicated to the orderly, but unhampered, discussion of the common interests of city, State, and nation. The building will serve as the home of the League for Political Education, the Civic Forum, and the Economic Club. A reading-room, maintained with special reference to political science, will ultimately house a political-science library of ten thousand volumes, not duplicating, but correlating and inter-

preting, the public and university libraries of the city. A bureau of information will constitute a central source of facts concerning the various educational, religious, philanthropic, and social organizations of the city, a valuable counter check to the tendency of a city to scatter as it increases in size. The building will foster a unique club for men and women of divers classes and interests, established to promote a finer public spirit and a better social order, as it phrases its purpose.

But the heart of the building is an idea,—the idea of common discussion of common interests,—and the home of this idea will be the civic auditorium around which the varied activities of the institution will cluster and from which they will draw their vitality. This auditorium promises to minister through its architecture and finish to that repose and attention upon which sane discussion depends. Semi-classic in conception, it gives a sense of space and quiet dignity of treatment, while soft colors harmonize with the design, a combination displaying consideration of the psychology of attention as well as the art of architecture.

But the justification of bringing a New York venture to the attention of a national audience does not lie in the beauty and utility of this building, but in the idea of which it is a crystallization. In THE CENTURY for July last a plea was made for the setting up of a "parliament of the people" in every American community. It was then pointed out that as a people we lack the machinery and have lost the habit of community discussion; that the soils of policy have been worn thin; that we read in head-lines and think in catch-words. Here is an attempt to dramatize in brick and mortar this idea of a parliament of the people. At no time in our national history has the need for such a meeting-place of minds been so essential. Public opinion is one of our national gods, but this particular god is just now suffering from pernicious anemia. We are far from having the well-informed and intelligent public opinion that our complicated time requires. Public opinion is zealously doctored by "bigots without a doubt" and "persecutors without a creed" in this post-war period. Freedom of speech is cowed, and facts are under a strangely effective embargo. Opinion was never so regimented, save in war-time. Freedom-loving as our traditions lead us to believe ourselves to be, we permit petty officials to become swash-bucklering czars of public thought and expression, and meekly suffer a paternalism of opinion that smacks suspiciously of Prussianism. The ever-present press agent has erected his toll-gate between us and the sources of news. Stirrings are heard in editorial circles demanding a return of the reporter to his place, which has been too much preëmpted by the press agent and propagandist. We must somehow contrive to have the clean and antiseptic air of free discussion blow through the processes of our national thought. A reaction against propagandized news is bound to come before long. Propagandized news is not essentially a sin of editors. We have simply drifted into a situation in which a thousand and one forces, appreciating the importance of public opinion, have organized to see to it that the sources of news tell the "right" story. But it is not enough to trust blindly to the salutary effects of such a reaction. We need to set up again the machinery for public discussion which has become increasingly difficult as we have grown big and complex and busy. The discussion that came about of its own accord in the New England town-meeting or around the stove in the village store must to-day be consciously planned for and intelligently stimulated. In this lies the significance of New York's town hall now in process of construction.

OUR FOREIGN LANGUAGE PRESS

MUCH has been said and written about the foreign language newspapers in the United States as an obstacle in the way of the ultimate Americanization of our foreign born population. It is to be regretted that much of this writing and discussion has been carried on in hysterical disregard of the facts. Certain professors and politicians have leaped into cheap prominence by their demand for the immediate and absolute prohi-

bition of every newspaper printed in the United States in any other language than English. If this group had its way, the moment an immigrant landed on our shores he would be cut off from the news of the world in general and of the United States in particular until he had learned the English language. It will be some time before we reach anything like efficiency in teaching the English language to our foreign born, and we shall hardly organize and finance a corps of interpreters to keep the immigrants informed in the interim. The time will probably never come when English will be the one language spoken and written in the United States. When immigration once again gets under way, we shall find constant need of a foreign language press, under stricter oversight it is true, in that period between the landing of the immigrant and the time he learns our language. The foreign language press presents a genuine problem for the forces of Americanization, but the solution of the problem does not lie in its wholesale prohibition.

Here, as in so many instances, agitation has fallen into absurdity because the facts in the case have been ignored. It was, therefore, a real service that the New York "Evening Post" rendered recently when, in a long and informative special article it presented a survey of the facts about foreign language newspapers in the United States. These facts deserve summarization for a more widely scattered circle of readers. The facts bear out the conclusion that "the foreign language press in the United States has been and still is vitally necessary; for every move it has made on the wrong side it has made ten on the right; it is an essential cog in the wheels of nationalization, and it must be neither disregarded nor suppressed. It has its work to do, and when that work is finished it will cease from being a necessity. Until then let us be sane." Here are the facts.

In 1914 there were five Ukrainian papers, all weeklies, published in this country. There are now ten Ukrainian papers published here. One is a daily and four are tri-weeklies. In the last five years there has been an increase of 470 per cent. in the volume and 700 per cent. in the circulation of the Ukrainian press in this country. Before the war these Ukrainian papers simply reprinted news from the home country, but now they carry an equal amount of copy on American affairs and world politics.

There was some difficulty with the Scandinavian press in the early part of 1918, but by the middle of the year things were straightened out, and the press as a whole, including some five foreign language groups, maintained a loyal attitude. This press, since the armistice, has probably carried less material on Americanization than have other sections of the foreign language press, but on the whole the Scandinavian press does not offer a serious problem.

In 1917 there were about 500 German newspapers and periodicals published here. The number has now fallen to about 344. Some ten papers formerly printed in German are now printed in English, and a few printed partly in German and partly in English. Twenty-nine of these 344 papers are dailies, the rest are weeklies, bi-weeklies, tri-weeklies, fortnightlies, or monthlies. The total circulation of German papers and periodicals has not fallen in proportion to the drop in the number of publications. With characteristic Teutonic tenacity, the remaining papers have striven to capture the circulation of the suspended publications, and have in a measure succeeded. There have been indications since the armistice of a revival of the German press. In the event of any fresh imperialistic stirrings in the German fatherland, this section of our foreign language press may well bear watching.

In 1915 there were about 100 Czecho-Slovak publications in this country. That number has been somewhat diminished, largely because of stringent measures against the foreign language press passed by certain middle-Western legislatures. Many of the Czecho-Slovak papers, thus suspended, were affording our Government its only authoritative medium of communication with those people here. The Czecho-Slovak press is now developing rapidly in the direction of part-English issues that will help materially in our Americanization.

The Jugo-Slav press in this country is represented by nine Serbian, eleven Croatian, and thirteen Slovene papers. Seven of these are dailies, twenty-two are weeklies, and four are monthlies. Six of these papers are in New York, fourteen in Chicago, three in Pittsburgh, three in Cleveland, three in San Francisco, two in Calumet, one in Joliet, and one in Milwaukee. Save for two Socialist papers, this press played a thoroughly patriotic rôle during the war, and is now a helpful factor in the assimilation of our Jugo-Slavs.

The Hungarian press in the United States has supported all American movements since the outbreak of the war. It has helped the work of assimilation, and has discouraged the emigration of Hungarians from the United States. Aside from its Socialist section, it is anti-Bolshevik. It is supporting Americanization work.

The Italian press in this country has some 150 daily, weekly, and monthly publications. It has been uniformly loyal. It served as a valuable medium of communication between our Government and our Italian citizens during the war.

The Lithuanian press began in this country before it began at home. Russian oppression had made a free Lithuanian press at home out of the question. Here it came into being as a sort of shout of victory. The Lithuanian papers are very narrowly Lithuanian in their interests, but they have been loyal to the United States.

These facts do not reveal the sinister situation that has been charged. Sympathy, sanity, and statesmanship in our Americanization work will go farther than hysterical suppression.

THE EUROPEAN BALLOT-BOX

ALTHOUGH a thousand and one forces besides reason and principle are registered in election returns, the ballot box is regarded as a measurably good index to the fundamental temper and conditions of a country. In the closing weeks of 1919 the European ballot-box was kept busy, with many complicated and significant results. The entire world watched these elections with keen interest, anxious to learn what the ballot-box would indicate regarding the scope and virility of radicalism. At this distance from the facts hasty generalization was fruitless and unwise. Time enough has now passed, however, to render perspective possible. Even at this date dogmatism is of doubtful value. The best interpretative service probably lies in a simple summary of the facts, with a listing of such causes as may be set down with practical certainty.

The world breathed a bit easier after the French elections. Broadly speaking, the French elections registered a national verdict against radicalism and set the feet of France in the path of orderly progress. This verdict was of peculiar significance in view of the fact that the elections were carried out under a new voting system, *scrutin de liste*, that is designed to afford minority views the fullest possible representation, the principle of proportional representation characterizing the new system. There is, of course, a possibility that "gerrymandering" entered into the scheme. Again, the verdict was of peculiar significance because there were virtually no clearly defined issues before the voters save the issue of approval or disapproval of revolutionary socialism. The French Chamber is composed of a medley of parties differing by almost-imperceptible shades of principle. The last Chamber was split up into no fewer than ten political groupings: Unified Socialists; Republican Socialists; Radicals; Radical Socialists; the Radical left; the Republican, Radical, and Socialist Union; the Republicans of the left; the Democratic left; the Republican Federation; Liberals with Royalist tendencies; out-and-out Royalists. Normally, this medley of slightly differing groups makes against clear-cut election issues. When, therefore, a national election gives a clear-cut result on one issue, as the present issue of revolutionary socialism, the election clearly voices a dominant national opinion. It is true that the various Republican groups took steps before the elections to get together in a *Bloc National Républicain* to present a solid front against all revolutionary forces and tendencies. But it did not practically work out as an effective com-

bination, so the fact remains that the national verdict was essentially a spontaneous expression of the major opinion of France.

In the French elections the Catholic electors threw their weight into the scales against radicalism and in the interest of order. Many prelates issued appeals to the Catholics of France to vote thus. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris is reported as urging all voters to avoid abstention from the ballot-box as an unpatriotic desertion of duty, and to vote for such candidates as gave promise of an orderly and useful policy, although they might not satisfy the voters in every respect, rather than vote for candidates whose theoretical program might be more desirable, but who would probably fail, and in their failure open the gates to the enemies of religion and the social order.

The Italian elections tell a different story. In France the election rendered a typical middle-class verdict for law and order. In Italy the middle-class seemed virtually inarticulate in the elections. In Italy, as in France, the *scrutin de liste* system was used in the elections. The new system apparently left the rank and file of Italian voters wool-gathered. The mass of Italian voters have never been a politically minded folk. That is to say, they have never been enthusiastic followers of the intricacies of parliamentary political machinery, despite the fact that they are essentially a democratic people. Never an enthusiastic voter, even under the simpler voting system, the Italian was more apathetic than ever in the last elections, when the new voting system robbed politics of its personal element to no slight degree. Barely fifty per cent. of the 11,115,441 Italian voters appeared at the ballot-box. Only twenty-nine per cent. of the voters of Rome cast a ballot, and only thirty-five per cent. in Naples. In Orlando's constituency only fifteen per cent. voted. The abstention from the ballot-box in Italy was dramatically large. And it is interesting to note that abstention was least in the country districts and most in those centers of culture and education where political thought and interest would be most expected.

Two groups alone won dramatic success at the ballot-box, the Socialists and the Catholics. In the new Italian Chamber the Socialists increased their seats from forty to one hundred and fifty-six; the Catholics increased their seats from thirty to one hundred and one. The Nationalist element, the party of imperialism, received a black eye. This latter fact is interesting, coming as it did just at the time when Italian world politics seemed tarred with imperialism's blackest stick. So we have, at first glance, an Italian Chamber semi-papal, semi-Bolshevik, and anti-imperialistic. How did it come about?

The answer springs from the widespread abstention from the polls. But why this abstention? Some Italians say it was because the Italian masses lack education and have little political consciousness; others say parliamentary government in Italy has gone to pieces; others say that the Italians have been driven into a sulking mood by the manner in which the Allies have denied and blocked their ambitions. The ablest students of the situation seem to think that the Italian politicians have overplayed their hand, and by subtle jugglings of issues and parties have brought Italian politics to a condition of confusion worse confounded, so that the average Italian voter has been brought to a pass where he could not tell which was which among parties and party questions. In short, the Italian voters had become disgusted with party politics and passed the whole affair by. There were doubtless thousands upon thousands of intelligent Italian voters who were as much for law and order and as much anti-revolutionary as were the mass of French voters, but these voters had no clear-cut leadership that they could trust; they faced only a party confusion. So they did not vote. This conclusion is strengthened by the fact that abstention from voting was greatest in the most intelligent quarters.

But while all this confusion was on, two groups appeared with definite programs and effective party organizations. These were the Catholic Popular party and the Socialist party. By assiduous work and sedulous advertising they won their victory while the vast middle classes

slept, as above noted. These facts indicate that the new Italian Chamber may not at all represent the major opinion of Italy. It may be doubted whether the masses of Italians in the country districts are any more revolutionary than the farmers of the United States. If a verbal inelegance may be pardoned, the Socialists won on a fluke. The middle classes may have learned their lesson from this election and may effect a political house-cleaning and general clarification of parties and party issues that will give the Italian masses clearer leadership in the future. It may well be that parliamentary responsibility will sober the Socialists, a thing that has often happened in parliamentary history when the agitator has become administrator. The Catholic Popular party will certainly not play into radical hands. This party stands in a good trading position in the new Chamber. So it appears that in domestic policy the outlook is not as dark and revolutionary as first reports seemed to indicate. Conservative *blocs* may be formed in the Chamber. If the Catholics collaborate astutely with the scattered forces of the Chamber, aside from the Socialists, the Catholics may well nigh dominate Italian policy.

In foreign policy the grounds for hope are not so clear. It is not at all impossible that the Catholic leanings toward Austria and away from France may unite with the Radical dislike of bourgeois England and France in the formation of a foreign policy that will ultimately prove anti-French and anti-Entente. But prediction is a difficult task in view of the fact that these Italian elections probably fell far short of expressing the real Italy. We may discover that these elections gave no clear verdict upon either Italy's radicalism or Italy's imperialism.

AN AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL PROGRAM

Our time is marked by the awakening of every class and group of our national life to a greater consciousness of its function and importance. That awakening is producing no end of unsettlement, but it will ultimately mean a more intelligent direction of our common life. A more coherent organization of the farmers of the United States is bound to come. Farm labor has never been organized in the sense that other labor has been organized. Such organizations as the National Grange are, after all, organizations of employers more than laborers, although the line that divides employers from laborer on the farm is not a sharp line. Farmers have yet to create a National Chamber of Agriculture, as the business men have created the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Here is a genuine need that challenges the agricultural leadership of the country. When such an organization shall function at maximum efficiency, we shall be obliged to revise this famous paragraph from Ecclesiasticus:

> How shall he become wise that holdeth the plow . . . that giveth oxen . . . and whose discourse is of the stock of bulls? He will set his heart upon turning his furrows; and his wakefulness is to give his heifers their fodder. . . . All these put their trust in their hands; and each becometh wise in his own work. Without these shall not a city be inhabited, and men shall not sojourn nor walk up and down therein. But they shall not be sought for in the council of the people, and in the assembly they shall not mount high; they shall not sit in the seat of the judge, and they shall not understand the covenant of judgment; neither shall they declare instruction and judgment, and where parables are they shall not be found. But they will maintain the fabric of the world; and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer.

As agricultural leadership broadens its vision, and agricultural organization proceeds apace, the farmers will not only maintain the fabric of the world, but will have more and more to say about its pattern.

Mr. Roosevelt well said that "our civilization rests at bottom on the wholesomeness, the attractiveness, and the completeness, as well as the prosperity, of life in the country." The outstanding need to-day is increasing initiative among the leaders of agriculture rather than increasing dependence upon government initiative. There is now an opportunity for a great American to achieve greatness of action in the statesmanship of rural affairs.

But while we are waiting for states-

manlike initiative in the unofficial circles of agriculture, it is refreshing to note the vision and scope of the recommendations made by the secretary of agriculture in his annual report, the more notable of which were:

The continuance and extension of scientific investigation in the interest of control of plant diseases and insect pests.

Increased support by States for rural schools in the carrying on of courses in the issues of rural life, good roads, sanitation, medical service, and hospital facilities in rural communities.

A far-reaching program for increasing crop yields to meet the intense competition that will come when the world returns to normal. This proposal visualizes a program for increasing the productivity of land already under cultivation, as well as the bringing of unused land, public and private, under cultivation. Extensive surveys are suggested as preliminary to this.

The development of bureaus to aid farm-seekers and promote settlement plans.

A fundamental examination of the problem of tenancy. The conditions of leasing, it is suggested, may need changes that will make for better methods of agriculture, increase the length of tenancy, insure an equitable division of returns, and safeguard the tenant when he has unexhausted improvements on a farm when he terminates his tenancy. Measures to decrease absentee landlordism are suggested as necessary. Farm ownership must be increased if *Latifundia perdidere Roman* is not to be repeated in the United States.

The protection and perpetuation of forests, with an enlarged program of publicly owned forest, and a continuous and detailed inventory of forest resources.

A carefully worked-out program of assistance in marketing, looking toward the elimination of wastes and abuses, and the promotion of orderly distribution.

Federal aid in the building of good roads, to the extent of $100,000,000 annually for at least four years, beginning with the fiscal year 1922, if the financial situation in which the Government then finds itself will permit.

The building up of personal-credit unions for the benefit of farmers whose financial standing and scope of activity render accommodations through the ordinary credit channels difficult.

Regulation and control of stock yards and packing-houses, and the protection of rural consumers against misbranded, adulterated, and worthless feeds and fertilizers.

A fresh and comprehensive survey of American rural life and the possible creation of a rural life commission, probably with a permanent status.

As the democratic movement spreads, it will find itself obliged to reckon fundamentally with an agricultural world. After all, there are few nations that can be classified as urban. Nine tenths of the Russian people are agricultural. The Balkans, Poland, Asia Minor, and much of Austria are strongly rural. When democracy ultimately strikes China and India, it must play its part in an agricultural stage-setting. It behooves the world to look to a statesmanlike treatment of rural life, if the increasing democratizing of life is to mean safety and progress instead of confusion.

BARGAINING IN THE BALTIC

FROM the autumn of 1915 the Baltic Provinces have presented an increasingly tangled puzzle. At the moment of writing certain despatches make interesting the tracing out of the conflicting national interests that center there. The particular point of interest is the possibility of a fundamental clash of French and British policy in the Baltic and the larger Russian problem. Writing in 1914, one would have treated the problem of national interests in the Baltic Provinces as a contest between Russian and German interests. A combination of factors in the general Russian situation may, however, make these provinces a theater of conflict between French and English interests. Let us see how this may come about.

The first fact to bear in mind is that Russia proper will always have a vital interest in the Baltic Provinces. The Bolshevik leaders of Russia have, of course, renounced all nationalistic and

imperialistic claims; but the fact remains that when the Russian situation is composed, whether under Bolshevik or counter-revolutionary forces, the elementary necessities of access to the sea and legitimate bases for sea-power as well as frontier defensibility will remain. And *any* Russian government will contrive to secure these necessities when the situation is normalized. The Baltic Provinces are in truth Russia's "window on the Baltic," through which alone she is most likely to be able to maintain free sea communication with the outside world. Russian sea-power depends finally upon the ports of these provinces, unless the Black-Sea-outlet problem is solved. Russia will not always remain an area of confused and hemmed-in idealism; she must sooner or later deal in *Realpolitik*, because the anticipated international millennium has not arrived. As long as the Baltic Provinces are in unfriendly hands or in a state of unstable independence, all northwest Russia lies open to attack. It is true, of course, that the number of Russians in the Baltic Provinces is small and that the culture of the Baltic Provinces is German rather than Russian, but until we get a league of nations that really works, nations must themselves keep close watch on the problems of access to the sea, naval bases, and defensible frontiers. Here, then, is the fact of first importance in the Baltic situation.

The interests of a recuperated Germany in the Baltic Provinces lie clear. German control of the Baltic Provinces would mean a strong hold on Russia, naval mastery of the Baltic when Germany once more has a fleet, and would open up to German emigration and exploitation an area one sixth as large as the entire pre-war German Empire. Petrograd would invite easy attack from Germany in a future war.

These would seem to be the logical interests that would clash in the Baltic Provinces. What suggests that France and England may come into the picture? At this writing there are no definitely announced government policies of either France or England that admit of definite analysis and valuation, but certain rumors and tendencies afford food for reflection. It may help us to read the news of the next few weeks with greater insight if we have these tendencies in mind.

First of all, it is to the interest of France to see Russia restored as an integrated nation, with such defensible frontiers as may give a sense of security and enable Russia to buckle down unafraid to the task of economic rehabilitation, and with such assured access to the sea as will minister to the maximum revival of her economic life and trade. All this, because France is holding the bag on the Russian debt. French fingers itch for unpaid interest and principal. The French have seen no hope of the desired Russian restoration under the Bolshevik régime, so they have left no stone unturned to bring support to the anti-Bolshevik leaders. The French leaders have played a clever hand in keeping England at the job of waging war on Bolshevik Russia despite protests from certain English quarters. France has made little sacrifice in the matter of Russian intervention. There will be Anglo-French harmony as long as England continues to spend blood and treasure in fighting France's battle for a restored, integrated Russia that may be expected to repay the debt to France. But how long will Winston Churchill and the Northcliffe press be able to gull England into this costly, futile, and unstatesmanlike intervention? Certain straws indicate that a strong wind is gathering against this policy. Before this comment reaches the reader a good gale may have set in the opposite direction—a gale that the interventionists may not be able to weather.

Two rumors, reported as from "unimpeachable" sources, whatever that has come to mean in despatches, indicate a negative policy respecting Russia and a positive policy respecting the Baltic Provinces on the part of England that may prove bitter to the French palate, despite "agreements" that may assert hearty coöperation of French and English policy in these matters. The first rumor is to the effect that Italian and English statesmen have arrived at an agreement on two important principles, the first of which is *Hands off in Russia.* The despatch, it is true, carries assurance that Downing Street breathes

easier because "there is now a real disposition shown by the Italians and *also by the French* to coöperate." But the next sentence in this London despatch to "The Sun" betrays concern over French sensibilities in the matter. The sentence asserts that "great care was taken to avoid creating an impression that the Italians and British were going to confront the French as a *bloc*." The argument upon which this non-intervention policy was discussed was reported to be somewhat as follows:

> The Bolshevik argument has been that the antis were counter-revolutionists and this prevailed to obtain the support of the peasants, who do not want the old regime of the Czar. If the Bolsheviki now attain undisputed power in Russia, as is likely, they must abandon terrorism, as there will be nobody to terrorize, and if they wish to retain the support of the mass of the people they must abandon their own oppressive measures, which no longer will be justified by a state of civil war. Therefore, as happened after the fall of Robespierre, *any Russian Government left alone must become moderate.*

In short, there seems to be a tendency toward the belief that if communism is a patently impossible scheme, the thing to do is to leave it alone in the sunlight to wither from its own lack of intrinsic vitality, and not to persist in giving Lenine and Trotzky a chance "to save their faces" in the martyrdom of military defeat. It is doubtful that French concern over the Russian debt will permit French policy to take such a philosophical attitude toward this long-time and roundabout way of getting at the real Russia. France knows that she must long defer hope of payments under such an experiment. Will she cling to the hope that military force can erect more quickly a stable government in Russia that will discharge the debt? If she does, then we may expect English adherence to any "hands-off" policy to produce Anglo-French tension. So much for the negative Russian policy.

In the next column to the despatch just discussed, another London despatch asserted that in the first week of January the British Government considered plans looking toward a positive policy in the Baltic Provinces. Keeping in mind the vital relation that the Baltic Provinces must assume to a restored, integrated Russia, it would be interesting to know how France will feel regarding the plans indicated. Briefly the plans fall along these lines:

It is suggested that negotiations between a London group and the governments of Esthonia, Letvia, and Lithuania, negotiations extending over several months, have resulted in a plan about to be concluded under which a private group or groups of English capitalists will enter into a business partnership with these governments. Here are some of the details of the partnership proposed:

The London banking group agrees to establish in each of these Baltic countries, in partnership with the governments, a bank modeled after the Bank of England. Each bank, it is suggested, will have both an issue and a banking branch. Reserves are to be built up, debased currencies to be restored, and a full program of currency reform carried out. In all this, assurance is given that there will be a "full share of control by representatives of the nations concerned."

The London banking group and the Baltic governments, it is suggested, will effect a "timber agreement" for the laudable purpose of "bringing about a flow of exports." For fifteen years the state forests, under this agreement, will be administered by this "partnership" and then turned back to the Baltic governments.

The London group, under this agreement, will get a monopoly of the flax exports of these Baltic countries. Assurance is given that "the group in this will act only as agents, however, taking only a small commission on the sale of the flax and handing over to the Governments all the other proceeds"

The London "Globe" article that outlines the plan describes it as a plan "of practical reconstruction" and as a "real alternative to Bolshevism" and asserts that it will get business back into its normal channels "so that these new states can maintain their independence." Then, too, it is suggested that it "should also be a great help to the British interests in general, not only in relieving the shortage of flax and timber, but in pro-

viding an excellent means of entry into Russia." The latter quotations are the despatched paraphrases of the article.

Will France, already a bit exasperated by the Persian and Syrian tangles, see in this a plan of "practical reconstruction" or will she prefer to see this whole Baltic situation left open to fit into the program of a restored Russia? These despatches are discussed here not as though they were accomplished facts of government policy, but simply as valuable bits of information to keep in mind while reading the future news of Anglo-French relations.

It is really too bad that these generous assumptions of "the white man's burden" must invariably bring international complications in their trail!

GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS

When General Tasker H. Bliss returned some weeks ago to the United States after his distinguished service abroad, there was no fanfare of trumpets to welcome him. The press did not seize upon the occasion to record and approve the intellectual strength, broad vision, and great action which marked his service throughout the war and the deliberations of peace. Much has been said and written to the effect that Mr. Wilson surrounds himself with men of indifferent abilities. There are stubborn exceptions to this. The case of General Bliss certainly stands as a brilliant repudiation of this criticism. The long list of the general's activities that lay behind his appointment as chief of staff of the Army of the United States in 1917, in succession to General Scott, was marked by a painstaking and creative intelligence. His services in Cuba and in the Philippines were of high quality and in his steady rise in the army to his present eminent position he has always been the scholar, the statesman, the man of action, in highly effective combination. When all the facts are disclosed, we shall probably discover that of all the Americans at the peace conference General Bliss, for his grasp of military and political affairs and for his genuine statesmanship, won the highest respect and admiration from the distinguished statesmen of the Allied countries. It was General Bliss who formulated an argument for the unified command which Lloyd George is reputed to have described as the ablest bit of argument for policy produced during the war. He enjoys the fullest admiration of Lloyd George, Sir Douglas Haig, Clemenceau, and others. It bespeaks a fundamental soundness in the American Army and the American character that a career that had been relatively a peace-time career in the army could have produced a man with such singular military effectiveness, to say nothing of the broader grasp of world politics. The mind of General Bliss was at no time during the peace conference deluded by the prevalent political casuistry that dragged the Peace of Versailles so far below the laudable war aims of the Allied *bloc*. His voice was raised in protest when the Shan-tung negation of democracy was perpetrated. While scanning the horizon for abilities worthy of Presidential responsibilities, it might be well to look into the case of General Tasker H. Bliss, a soldier whose rare breadth of mind and vision would lift him out of the class of soldier Presidents.

THE RAID ON RADICALISM

The raid on radicalism with its attendant deportations is in full swing at the moment of writing. The whole process has brought to light afresh the two fundamental attitudes toward the problem of dealing with unrest and radical agitation. These two attitudes are equally clear-cut. One attitude is based upon the belief that nothing save a policy of severe and uncompromising repression will tide us over this dangerously unsettled time. The partizans of this policy affect to locate the cause of all of our unrest at the door of alien and misguided agitators. By a severely logical process they reason that, if agitators are the sole cause of unrest, the wholesale deportation of the agitators will usher in a healing era of content. A very large party holding this view seem to go no further in their political thinking than the negative act of deportation or jailing. That is to say, they invest all of their energy in denunciation, leaving neither time nor inclination for

the construction of positive political and economic programs. This party is composed of two distinct groups, men whose selfish interests are at stake in the resisting of all political and social change, and certain arid-minded politicians who have quickly seized the chance to ride into popular favor by waving the flag and shouting "Americanism." It is probably true that seventy-five per cent. of the politicians who are attempting to capitalize the legitimate revulsion against un-American alien agitators could not, if cross-examined, give a clear and constructive definition of the "Americanism" of which they pose as apostles. Many men are to-day using the cry of "Americanism" as a smoke-screen to cover a bankrupt political intelligence.

These comments have nothing whatever to do with the justice of deportations. The writer, along with the vast majority of Americans, feels that the present deportations represent a fine example of social and political sanitation, a much needed house-cleaning; but we are obliged to analyze critically such social and political phenomena for attendant developments that strike deeply at the roots of our whole system of political thought and action. The final safety of democracy depends upon our keeping up a constant flow of criticism over the policies and methods employed in dealing with unrest. There is a line over which a nation cannot pass without destroying that freedom of thought and speech which is the very soil of social and political progress. The danger is not that we will go too far in the deportation of alien agitators. The gods are witness to the fact that we have been dangerously tolerant of this breed in the past. The danger lies in the fact that we may become so proficient in the censorship of thought and speech, while dealing with alien agitators, that we will bring a finished art of repression to bear upon a legitimate divergence of opinion among our own people. It is an unhealthy thing in a democracy to develop a facility for bringing the big stick into play whenever vigorous protest arises against a prevailing policy. The very soil of our liberty has been fertilized by the blood of rebels. But as Secretary Lane well said, "We have had our revolution," and by it we set up a government in which the ballot is to be the one legitimate method for effecting change. We are not recreant to our traditions of freedom when we demand that no appeal be made from that tribunal. We are justified in repressing and deporting not only those who appeal directly to violence to overthrow our form of government, but even those who advocate effectively although peaceably a change in that fundamental fact of our government.

The other fundamental attitude toward agitation is a "hands-off" attitude. It is said that any and every proposal should be let alone to stand or fall by the test of the survival of the truest. That every proposal should be given a chance to compete in the intellectual market. That the most effective measure against any agitator is to hire a hall for him and give him a chance to betray the insanity of his creed, or if his creed prove sane, give him a chance to serve us by proving it. There is little doubt of the theoretical attractiveness of this attitude. It seems to show a brave belief in the invulnerability of our own ideas. But in practical operation this attitude is open to even greater abuse and danger than a marked degree of censorship, if sanity is used in censorship. Free speech can be made a fetish instead of a healthy policy.

If we are to get to a normal basis for political progress we must contrive to find and follow the difficult line of action that lies somewhere between the "shoot-'em or ship-'em" policy and the "hands-off" policy. We must display a healthy intolerance to agitation that strikes at the roots of a democracy committed to political action, without letting that intolerance besmirch our traditions of tolerance to any sincere agitation that is willing to trust its case to the suffrage of the American people. This middle policy can be abused; it lacks the theoretical clearness of a more dogmatic attitude, it calls for constant watchfulness of our liberties in its operation, but it is the practical path to follow. Force in the hands of statesmen is salutary, although force in the hands of demagogues, Bourbon or Bolshevik, usually spells tyranny.

GABARDINE AND KILT

THE Sphinx riddle of journalism is the eternal question about what it is in an incident or statement that makes it news or not news. Affairs and developments of far-reaching importance will achieve only meager local mention, while a trivial incident will set the wires quivering with despatches and stimulate a thousand editorial pens to comment. No press scientist has been able to isolate the germ that produces the indefinable something that gives the news quality to an incident.

Some weeks ago, when the whole world was saturated with drama, tragedy, intrigue, adventure, Mark Sullivan casually mentioned to a Chicago editor that he had not bought a suit of clothes for many moons; that instead he had been having his old suits turned by a certain New York tailor. The editor saw in this a news quality that justified his printing it as a story in his paper and sending it out over the wires. The story went round the world, and later Mr. Sullivan turned aside from his political and economic reporting and interpretation to write a long article about the strange quality of news that the trivial incident carried.

A similar incident has just occurred. One more of a long series of similar protests was entered against the teaching of "The Merchant of Venice" in our schools, on the ground that the character of *Shylock* was a libel on the Jewish race and made for race discrimination. This protest was immediately countered by a resolution of a group of Scottish war veterans to the effect that the suggested expurgation of curricula should not stop until "Macbeth" had likewise been shelved. It was held that "Macbeth" as a play was unfair to the Scotch race, and that if the gabardine was to be cleaned, so must the kilt be cleared of stains.

Some one has suggested that the resolution was merely a display of Caledonian humor, but whether serious or humorous in intent, the Scottish resolution proved to hold the indefinable news quality. The resolution was carried in newspapers throughout the United States, and editors everywhere turned aside from peace treaties, imperialistic intrigues, Presidential aspirants, and the high cost of living to editorialize upon the incident. The incident is still filtering down to the editorial columns of smaller papers throughout the country. Editors are having no end of diversion imagining the length to which such expurgation of the curriculum might go under similar protests.

May we expect the ministerial associations of New England to protest against Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" as a reflection against the high standards of their profession? Will the bankers of America protest against the teaching of "Silas Marner" as dangerous to the thrift campaign in its suggestion that golden hair is more valuable than golden dollars? Will the packers protest against Mother Goose in the nursery because the "cow jumped over the moon" line is an unfair burlesque of the high price of meats? Will the Chamber of Commerce of Tarrytown demand the deletion of Irving's suggestion of the thriving city as a slow place? Will Reno demand the revision of "Home, Sweet Home" as dangerous doctrine striking at the heart of a local industry? And so on *ad infinitum*.

One editorial remarks that a quality of which once we proudly boasted has gone out of American life if "skins are so thin that even a feather touch of caricature gives acute pain" and if we have lost "capacity to grin when colored pictures of ourselves are thrown on the screen." But we have not lost that sense of humor. The deluge of whimsical editorials on this incident proves that.

THE INTER-CHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT

THE production of the dramatic spectacle "The Wayfarer," with Walter Hampden as the star, under the sponsorship and direction of The Inter-Church World movement, brought vividly to the attention of New York a significant undertaking. The thousands who attended the run of this production at Madison Square Garden were led to an interest in this venture in religious statesmanship which no amount of ordinary propaganda could have awakened.

American Protestantism has long been

under the charge of "warring sects" and "divided counsels" and "mutual cancelation of effort." The Inter-Church World Movement is a national and international attempt to remove the possibility of such criticisms. Its program is varied, and has a thousand ramifications that cannot be listed here. The program has been described by intelligent critics as "the most sweeping, far-reaching, unified program ever brought forward in the history of the Christian religion." It is a gigantic task of correlation, with the most scientific principles of survey and allotment of duty brought to bear upon the charting of the tasks of organized religion and the execution of the program the tasks demand.

A world-wide survey is being made to learn "what the world needs at the hands of the church." This survey is as broad as human interests and covers the globe. With the facts in hand from this survey, responsibility for carrying out a program of activity will be allocated upon a basis of scientific efficiency to the several denominations or denominational agencies. An attempt will be made the world over to eliminate duplication of effort as between denominations. A widespread recruiting campaign will be launched to secure the services of men and women who will measure up to the challenge of the tasks revealed by the survey as necessary. A human budget will be made, listing the leadership needed. Then a drive to meet that budget will be undertaken. A simultaneous financial canvass will be made. Throughout the program of the Inter-Church World Movement religion is conceived as touching every human concern, not as a mystical something insulated from contact with the stuff of everyday existence. The program is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

BELGIUM REFUSES NEUTRALITY

At the moment of writing it seems that there is no possibility that the Belgian Government will consent to the reëstablishment of Belgian neutrality as it existed before the war. Thus Belgium moves from the position of ward to coequal in the family of nations. It is understood that an Anglo-French proposal was made that England and France guarantee the integrity of Belgium for a period of five years on the condition that Belgium agree to preserve absolute neutrality during that period. It is understood that Belgium considers herself to be in little or no danger from a German menace for the next five years. Further reasons against a neutralized and guaranteed status have not to date appeared in the despatches. Perhaps Belgium reckons that if she is to be treated as a roadway rather than a nation in the event of war she may as well accept the responsibility of self-protected nationhood at the outset. She doubtless appreciates the fact that in future wars she will have generous support, as in the late war, when chivalry coincides with the highest self-interest of her protectors, and that such support will come whether treaties exist or not. With possibility of no end of realinement during the next fifty years Belgium may be just as well off with a minimum of treaty entanglements. There is really no telling what new strains of imperialism may crop out in Europe in the next few generations. Belgium is in a peculiarly ticklish position. No one can now tell what turns either German or French policy will take in the future, and Belgium's relations with Holland are by no means settled for all time.

Belgium, so long the battle-ground of competing powers, has reason for careful procedure in determining her future international relations. It is well to remember the very material interests that France, Germany, Holland, and England each have in Belgium. If Germany could ever gain control of Belgium she would be well on her way toward holding the balance of power in western Europe. France would be at her mercy, and Holland easy of access. The economic resources of Belgium and the fine port of Antwerp would figure well in the structure of any future German Empire. Possession of Belgium would make possible a German invasion of England, a dangerous possibility once Germany acquired a foothold on the English Channel. On the other hand, France depends upon a friendly or allied Belgium to give her a defensible frontier,

unless the ultimate settlement makes feasible other defense. In the event of a future renaissance of French imperialism, the Walloon section of Belgium might prove alluring. There is always the possibility that with the political changes of a few generations the "Great Netherland" idea might take on new life, and Dutch aspiration for annexation of the Flemish part of Belgium cause trouble. Belgium is, of course, a bulwark for England.

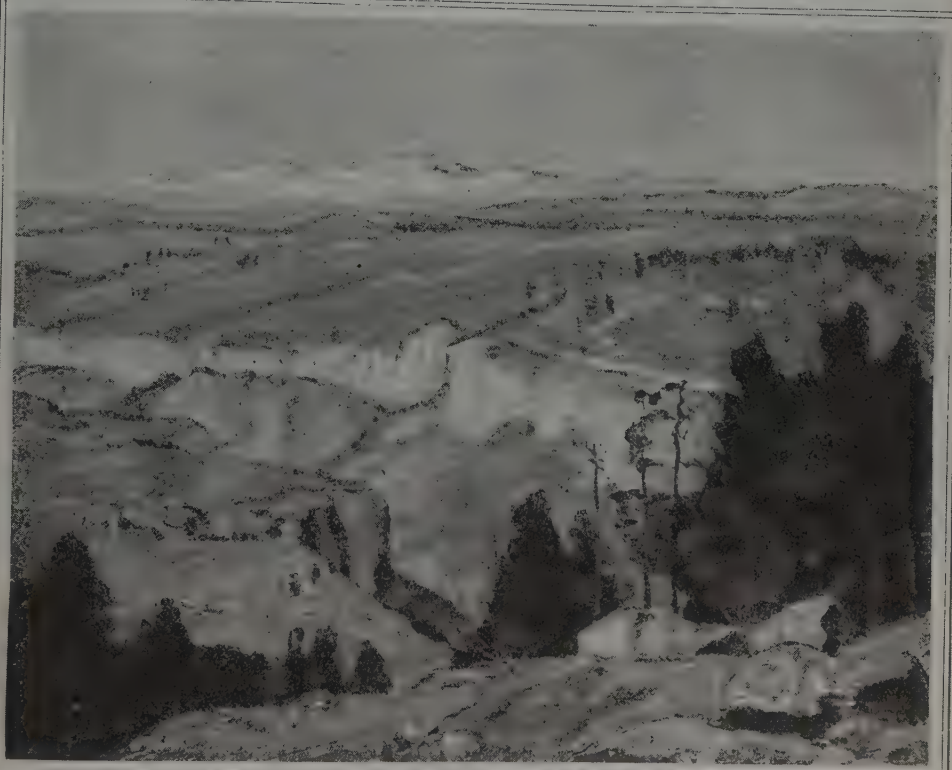
This complex of factors naturally makes Belgium cautious in her international relations. Then, her self-respect is being daily stiffened by the fact of her rapid economic recuperation. From the moment the armistice was signed Belgium has, speaking broadly, buckled down to the job of her restoration. Her industries are getting under way rapidly. Her steel output is again rising. She is exporting steel products to France. Belgian factories are turning out rolling-stock for the French railways. Belgian coal-mines are rapidly getting back to normal production. The glass industry of Belgium is having a surprisingly rapid restoration to normal. Belgium is already exporting in considerable quantities to England and the United States. Belgium has a long and hard road to travel before she gets fully back to her pre-war production and prosperity, but she is making gratifying progress.

Belgium is obliged to import foodstuffs heavily, a fact that has a bad effect on foreign exchange. She is looking, therefore, to every possibility of increasing her crop yields. A commission is making an extensive study of the organization and extension of her export trade, which, compared with other European countries, is in a relatively good condition already. A despatch to "The Christian Science Monitor" gives this suggestive picture of the situation.

One can form an idea of one of the chief reasons of the present prosperity of Belgium if one considers for a moment all that she exports annually to France alone. Each month Belgium sends over to France some 350,000 tons of coal, which are paid for immediately. She also exports large quantities of sugar and potatoes, as well as glassware. The French Ministry of Reconstruction recently passed an order to one single Belgian firm for 2,000,000 square meters of window panes, to be exclusively used in the devastated regions. Belgium also furnishes huge quantities of steel beams to the coal mines of northern France, and all the French railway systems are ordering large quantities of engines and carriages from the Belgian factories. Before the war Belgium never exported cotton to France, but to-day she is doing so in large quantities. Needless to say all these products are paid for cash down. . . . But Belgium does not limit her export trade to France alone. She is also beginning to carry out large contracts with England and America. The United States has recently forwarded an order for more than 300,000,000 francs worth of glassware. England in her turn has ordered bars of steel and iron as well as large quantities of tissues from Belgium. . . . All the large industries and banking concerns of Belgium have considerably increased their capital, and there is, at the present moment, deposited at the Bank of Belgium 1,700,000,000 francs, which bring no interest. . . . Another reason for the rapid improvement of the economic situation of Belgium is, without doubt, the fact that Socialist and Syndicalist leaders are far more moderate in Belgium than in France.

It is worth while to quote this rather long and detailed report, because the picture of a thriving spot on this disordered planet is welcome at a time when all statistics seem to reek with tragedy, and every nation seems to be extending palms for credit or alms. This despatch was written in December, so that now the picture is even brighter.

THROUGH VALLEY AND HILLS



Eight Paintings

by

Gardner Symons, N.A.

The Deerfield River

Iridescent moonlight

Hilltop pines

Evening in the woods

Spring's advent

"Swiftly flowing through snowy banks"

Early snow-fall

The Creation of Greater Rumania

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

"The importance and significance of the events in Rumania transcend all other events in southeastern Europe. In them we find lessons and signs helpful in clarifying the European situation as a whole and in interpreting world-wide political and economic tendencies."

THE story of Rumania during the transitional period that has followed the collapse of the Central empires and Russia is of intense interest. The importance and significance of the events in Rumania transcend all other events in southeastern Europe. In them we find lessons and signs helpful in clarifying the European situation as a whole and in interpreting world-wide political and economic tendencies.

We have three groups of minor nations in central and eastern Europe, those whose extension of frontiers or emancipation is at the expense of the Central empires; those whose extension of frontiers or emancipation is at the expense of Russia; and the Balkan States, completing their emancipation from Turkey and establishing new frontiers at the expense of one another. Czecho-Slovakia belongs to the first category; Poland and Lithuania to the first and second categories; Finland and the Baltic States to the second category; the Ukraine to the second category, although her claim to eastern Galicia, denied by the Supreme Council, would put her in the first category as well; Jugo-Slavia to the first and third categories; Greece and Bulgaria and Albania to the third category; Rumania has the unique distinction of being in all three groups. The factors and conditions in the creation of Greater Rumania are different from those that attend the resurrection or enlargement of the other minor states. Our small allies (and Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria) face the general problems of the groups to which they belong. Rumania faces all the problems of all the groups.

Like Greece and Serbia, Rumania is confronted with a complete and radical remolding of the old political organism and a transformation of her social and economic life by the incorporation of "unredeemed" elements too large and too different culturally to assimilate; her agrarian and electoral problems are similar to those of Hungary; like Poland, she must face Bolshevism or make concessions to the irredentism of Russian subject races or find herself later forced to choose between Russia and Germany; she has frontier aspirations in common with Bulgaria and Italy against Serbia: and, as her only outlet is through the Dardanelles, she cannot remain indifferent to the disposition of Constantinople.

In common with all the races of southeastern Europe, the independence of the Rumanians and their political unity was destroyed by the Turks centuries before the awakening of what we call "national consciousness." When they tried to take advantage of the decay of the Ottoman Empire to reconstitute a state in the modern sense of that word, that is, by bringing together into one political organism the regions where the majority of the people spoke the same language and felt the ties of blood and common interests, they faced implacable enemies in the empires of Austria and Russia. The policy of the Hapsburgs and Romanoffs was to extend their own frontiers at the expense of the Ottoman Empire. The resurrection of the Christian races subject to Turkey into political units was opposed by both empires because each believed that the other would control the new states. Great Britain and France, and later Germany and Italy, adopted the

same policy for the same reason. Up to 1880 the Occidental powers feared Russian control of the Balkans. They did not want the Slavs to have an outlet on the Mediterranean. During the generation preceding the World War, France, and later Great Britain, shifted their opposition from Russia to Austria. Where they had worried about the Romanoffs they now feared the Hohenzollerns. Unified Germany was gaining control of the Hapsburg Empire to further her *Drang nach Osten.*

But the motives actuating Balkan policy did not change. All the Balkan States, and Rumania especially, were potential factors in upsetting the European balance of power. Hence, they must be kept as small and powerless as possible, for fear of disturbing the peace of Europe. Irredentism, whether the agitation for extending frontiers was directed against Mohammedan Turkey or Christian Russia and Austria-Hungary, was frowned upon. To prevent the Balkan States from forming an alliance to secure their national unity, the great powers arranged frontiers at Paris in 1856 and at Berlin in 1878 in such a way as to kindle the animosity of one Balkan race against another. The Balkan races were not consulted in the drawing up of frontiers; they were not brought together and asked to settle their own differences by mutual compromises, with the great powers abstaining from interference. The same policy was followed at Paris in 1919. And it bids fair to have the same results.

There is this difference, however, between the Congress of Berlin and the Conference of Paris: in 1919 small nations protested more effectively against their exclusion from debates and their non-participation in decisions affecting their interests. They had taken advantage of the collapse of Austria-Hungary and Russia to occupy "unredeemed" territories. Rumania led the others in defying the big four. Refusing to abide by the decrees of a conference in which she had no voice, Rumania went ahead and formed her enlarged state as she wanted it. Only in a portion of the Banat of Temesvár and at the mouth of the Maros River are the Rumanians not in military control of Greater Rumania.

At the peace conference Premier Bratianu claimed as the component parts of Greater Rumania: the Kingdom of Rumania as it was in 1914; the Province of Bessarabia, formerly belonging to Russia; the Austrian Province of Bukowina and the portions of Hungary known as Transylvania, the Maramouresh and Crishana regions, and the Banat of Temesvár. The greater part of the new frontiers claimed is clearly marked by great waterways, the Dniester, the Danube, and the Theiss. The Rumanians admit that these frontiers give them 250,000 Serbians in the angle between the Theiss and the Danube, a partly Hungarian population in the lower valley of the Maros, and many Bulgarians and Turks in the Dobrudja region taken from Bulgaria in 1913; but they argue that 100,000 Rumanians in Bulgarian territory and 300,000 Rumanians in Serbian territory on the right bank of the Danube offset Bulgarians and Serbians incorporated into Rumania. They point out, also, that more than 100,000 Rumanians will remain to Russia between the Dniester and the Bug. As for the Hungarians, if the frontier is drawn on strictly ethnographical lines, an impossible economic situation would be created, owing to the loss of the means of exit by natural waterways and of the control of canals and railways.

Taken as a whole, there can be no doubt about the legitimacy of the Rumanian claims. The National Council of Bessarabia declared its reunion with Rumania on April 9, 1918; the General Congress of Bukowina (including the Poles and Germans) adopted a similar resolution on November 28, 1918; and on December 1, 1918, the General Assembly of elected representatives at Alba-Julia declared the union of Transylvania and the Banat of Temesvár "and the Rumanian territories of Hungary" with the Kingdom of Rumania. This act of union was ratified on January 8, 1919, by the General Assembly of the "Saxons of Transylvania." By two royal decrees King Ferdinand accepted the administrative control of these territories and admitted to the Rumanian cabinet ministers without portfolio to represent them.

Thus the peace conference was confronted with a *fait accompli*.

The big four and the Supreme Council that followed them did not contest Rumania's right to Transylvania and to the larger portions of Bukowina and the Banat of Temesvár. Since the principle of the conference was strictly *væ victis*, the question of a revision of the boundary of Bulgaria of 1913 did not come up; but the powers were afraid to say anything about Bessarabia. That its inclusion in Rumania was in accordance with the principles for which they had fought did not bother them. For a whole year our peacemakers played a disgusting game of duplicity with Rumania in the Bessarabian question, the proofs of which were in the hands of Premier Bratianu as early as April. While they did not discourage by a flat refusal the aspirations of Rumania, whose aid they were asking against the Bolsheviki, the big four assured Kolchak and Denikin that a future All-Russian Constituent Assembly would be allowed to pass on all questions affecting the territories of the Russian Empire. On November 1, 1919, Rumania finally lost the last vestige of confidence in the good faith of her big allies. She formally notified the Supreme Council of the annexation of Bessarabia. God helps those who help themselves. Since Cavour, statesmen of all small countries have learned in their dealings with the great powers that as long as one looks upon them as Dives, crumbs and crumbs alone fall from the table.

Where the Supreme Council has a semblance of reason on its side in dealing with the territorial claims of Rumania is in the frontiers with Hungary and Serbia. As regards Hungary, the Rumanians themselves admit that a fair frontier is exceedingly difficult to establish. I have talked this question over with many Rumanians, including former Premier Bratianu and Premier Vaida, and have found them most reasonable. In the eastern part of Transylvania the Hungarian "islands" already give them a larger Magyar population than they want. No Rumanian is anxious to take in purely Hungarian border districts. From the junction of the Theiss and the Maros to the frontier of Bukowina the Rumanians are willing to accept definitely the decisions of a frontier commission. It is not true that Rumania cherishes hatred against Hungary and a desire to keep alive old quarrels. The expedition to Budapest was for the double purpose of breaking up the Bolshevik menace and anticipating the big powers in laying hands on railway rolling-stock and other booty. A Rumanian officer said to me lately: "We 've never had any reason to trust our allies more than our enemies. If we had not hurried into Budapest, the engines and rolling-stock would simply have gone westward instead of eastward. Anyway, what we got did not compensate for what the Central empires stole from us." Rumania insists upon controlling the banat side of the Maros River up to the junction with the Theiss. Upon every other point in which the Supreme Council favors Hungary they are willing to yield.

The frontier dispute with Serbia is quite another matter. One has to look at a map to realize the Rumanian point of view. The Banat of Temesvár is a little country lying north of the Danube from opposite Belgrade to the Iron Gates. The Theiss River, running due south into the Danube, separates it from Croatia. In the angle between the Theiss and the Danube the Serbian-speaking population overflows the rivers and penetrates for many miles into the banat. Farther east there is a similar phenomenon, this time in favor of the Rumanians. The Rumanian population has overflowed south of the Danube for fifty miles to the Timok valley and in the extreme northwestern corner of Bulgaria. When the Serbians advance their claim to a portion of the banat, disregarding the natural river boundaries, the Rumanians counter with the statement that there are more Rumanians in Serbia, in territory contiguous to Rumania, than there will be Serbians in Rumania, if the entire banat is awarded to Rumania.

To an impartial observer the Rumanians have the better of the argument. The Theiss and the Danube are natural frontiers. In the territorial readjustment it is true that a quarter of a million

Serbians are put under Rumania. But the Rumanians, on their side, promise not to claim their "brothers of blood" in Serbia. Either the Danube is a boundary or it is not. If it is not, the ethnographical argument cuts both ways. One cannot say that the motive of the Conference of Paris is to settle the question with strict regard to ethnography. If so, how explain the decision that placed three million border Germans in Czecho-Slovakia, three million Ukrainians to exchange the Austrian for the Polish yoke, and nearly a million Jugo-Slavs and Austrian-Germans to become Italian subjects against their will? There the strategical or natural frontier was the argument that prevailed. The Danube is certainly one of the best frontiers that God has made in this part of the world, especially advantageous for the Serbians, as the bank opposite the Banat of Temesvár is high.

The river from which the banat takes its name and the canals and railway reach the Danube and the Theiss through the territory the peace conference proposes to award to Serbia. In the hinterland of the banat are some of the richest iron and coal regions of the old Kingdom of Hungary. The Rumanians "see red" on the banat question. The Supreme Council is not acting as a real friend to Serbia or with regard for the peace of the Balkans. The short-sighted diplomacy of the big four has applied to Rumania exactly the opposite principle it applies to Italy in settling frontier questions with Serbia. Heaven knows that the problem is difficult. The Rumanians are not unreasonable and do not look for a perfect settlement of frontier questions; but they, as well as Italy, have their secret treaty with the Entente powers as the price of intervention against the Central empires. All they ask is equally fair treatment.

The most serious quarrel between Rumania and the Supreme Council has been over the method in which the Treaty of St.-Germain was drawn up and certain of its stipulations regarding protection of minorities and economic privileges. Writers who have taken their cue from the statesmen of the great powers, including those of our own country, have presented to the public a persistently unfair and denatured explanation of Rumania's attitude on these questions. President Wilson's speech at the meeting of the council on May 31, which has now been made public by the Rumanian Government, proves that Mr. Wilson was laying down the law to Premier Bratianu concerning matters of which he knew absolutely nothing. This is the most charitable thing we can say concerning our chief delegate.

President Wilson was on the wrong track. He had not studied the Congress of Berlin, its relations with Rumanians, and its aftermath in Rumania. But Premier Bratianu, in common with all intelligent Rumanians, knew all about dictated treaties, minorities, economic clauses, and what Rumania owed to her benefactors and protectors. In 1878 Bismarck had mounted the box to sing the same siren song to the naughty little Rumanians, who simply would not rejoice over the loss of Bessarabia and accept with good grace treaty provisions that would enable the great powers to interfere in the internal affairs of their country. After 1878 the German Government made itself the champion of enforcing the clause to give Jews citizenship, until the Rumanian Government, tired of blackmail, bought in at a big price the German-owned railways. Then the Germans lost all interest in the unfortunate Jews.

President Wilson and his successors in the Supreme Council never realized that a bitter background of experience made the Rumanians remain obdurate in the determination not to accept the renewal of the Berlin clauses and the signing of any annex to the Treaty of St.-Germain pledging themselves to account to "the Principal Allied and Associated Powers" for their treatment of minorities. Instead of recognizing a well-founded suspicion of a sinister motive behind the Jewish and other minority clauses, our delegates took the word of British and French diplomats that the Rumanians were stubborn and ungrateful. Premier Bratianu told me that he never was given the opportunity of explaining the Rumanian point of view to President Wilson. The Rumanians were put down

for Jew-baiters and oppressors of other nationalities, for imperialists in foreign policy and oligarchs in domestic policy. Their heroism in the war, their sacrifices, and their essential contribution to Allied success counted for nothing.

The Rumanian attitude regarding the Jews was simply this: at Berlin they had offered to grant full citizenship to Jews *if Russia would take a similar obligation.* It would be sheer madness automatically to give citizenship to immigrants and children of immigrants so long as Russia continued to oppress the Jews. In a few years Rumania would have been swamped. In 1917, when the old régime disappeared in Russia, citizenship was voted to native Jews of Rumania. They were already enfranchised; a renewal of the Berlin stipulations and making a new compact with the powers were unnecessary. Rumania did not intend to give the powers a weapon for interfering in her internal affairs. As for the minorities in the new territories, they were amply protected already by the provisions in the acts of union that had been presented to the peace conference. What further pledges were necessary, and why should Rumania put her head into the noose of signing an annex with the big powers which would enable them to find a pretext at any time to blackmail Rumania for economic concessions by stirring up trouble? We must remember that experience had taught the Rumanians that the diplomacy of all the big powers was the same; no distinctions in behavior and honorable dealing could be made in favor of any great power.

As I do not want my readers to take my statement for gospel in a matter so important as this, I refer them to Article 60 of the Treaty of St.-Germain. The first half of this article *requires* Rumania to consent beforehand to whatever stipulations the "Principal Allied and Associated Powers" may see fit to make for the protection of minorities. It is signing a blank check, and reminds one of the phraseology of the Treaty of Versailles. Is this the language to adopt when ally speaks to ally? The second half of the article virtually puts the waterways and railways of Rumania under the control of the big powers. We remember how the council of Versailles denounced the infamy of Germany in endeavoring to tie Rumania hand and foot in the Treaty of Bukharest. The second part of Article 60 in the Allies' own treaty imposes identical servitude upon Rumania, with the exception of the control of banks of rivers. Go to the sources. Compare the two treaties. Premier Bratianu, in a voice trembling with indignation, told the plotters what he thought of them. Did they forget they were talking to an ally and an equal?

To call the Anglo-French bluff and to prove that there was an ulterior motive not connected with anxiety for the fate of minorities in the diplomacy that framed the objectionable clauses in the Treaty of St.-Germain and its annex, Rumania offered to accept pledges in regard to both Jews and Christian minorities, *if the contract was between Rumania and the League of Nations, and if all the members of the League of Nations, including the great powers, were willing to make similar contracts with the League of Nations.* This proposal was putting into concrete form, to test it, the war aim of Great Britain, as phrased by Sir Edward Grey, that all nations should be treated equally, irrespective of size, and given identical opportunities to work out their own salvation in their own way.

When the Supreme Council received from its agents the analysis of the Pan-Rumanian general election, they saw they were up against the unalterable and universal determination of the people of Greater Rumania. They did not dare to use force against Rumania to compel her to sign the treaties "without reservations." They were unwilling to tell Rumania she could stay out of the alliance and the League of Nations for fear Rumania would answer, "All right; we shall stay out." This was the answer the people gave the new Government the mandate to make. The Supreme Council ingloriously gave in. The lines in the preamble referring to the engagements imposed upon Rumania by the Treaty of Berlin were struck out of the Treaty of Neuilly. Article 60 of the Treaty of St.-Germain was emasculated. The annex to the

Treaty of St.-Germain concerning minorities vindicates the claim of Rumania to national self-determination and the undictated exercise of her own sovereignty. Paragraphs were inserted to change the meaning and tenor of the engagement, which now becomes a free-will undertaking to respect minorities in accordance with the acts of union of the new provinces, and entails an obligation of the Rumanian Government only to her own races and not to the "Principal Allied and Associated Powers." As for the Jews, the annex recognizes that the amendments of 1917 to the Rumanian constitution cover their protection and that nothing additional is necessary.

General Coanda signed the amended treaties in Paris on December 10, 1919. Thus ended in complete victory the rebellion Rumania began, in common with other minor states, at the second plenary session of the peace conference a year ago, when the big four were informed that they could not hope to use the lesser states as tools and puppets. This triumph of Rumania was the answer to President Wilson's speech of excoriation and chiding of May 31. Rumania has avoided remaining a satellite. She intends to dance longer to no great power's piping. This is the beginning of the end of the hope of the big victors in the World War to use the small allies for their own political ends and commercial profit. The others will follow Rumania's example and benefit by her victory.

The two great principles for which Rumania stands in her foreign policy are, to sum up briefly the conflict between Rumania and the Supreme Council, setting new boundary-lines by natural barriers, with a reasonable give and take in border population, and the application of the same measure to all in deciding debatable points; and the equal right of all the Allies to complete sovereignty and independence and to the same treatment, irrespective of the size of their armies. The big four and the Supreme Council did not succeed in cajoling or bullying Rumania. To the courage of Bratianu, backed by the solidarity of the different elements of the Rumanian race, the world owes a debt of gratitude. The capitulation of the Supreme Council on December 10 is a distinct step forward toward a new conception of international relations and the hope of a durable world peace.

What has happened inside Greater Rumania since the armistice is of great importance in estimating the trend and strength of post-bellum political and economic currents in all the new and enlarged minor states.

Before the World War the Kingdom of Rumania was the wealthiest and most populous of the minor states of eastern Europe, though it was the most backward in democratic evolution. Political and economic conditions were more like those in Russia than were similar conditions in the rest of Europe. Sixty per cent. of the population over seven years of age could neither read nor write. Suffrage was exercised through an elaborate system of three electoral colleges, which kept the power in the hands of large landowners and the small educated element. The common people had no voice in the government. Conservatives and Liberals, with scarcely any distinction in their policies, controlled Parliament in the interest of a very small class. About half of the cultivable land was in the hands of fewer than forty-five thousand proprietors. Forests and pasturage were even more monopolized.

The crushing defeat of Rumania by the Central powers and the Russian Revolution, calamities as they seemed to be at the time, were really blessings in disguise. There was no hope for the Kingdom of Rumania, much less of realizing the dream of Greater Rumania, unless radical changes were made in the political and economic organization of the kingdom. The people had to be given a big inducement to stand by the dynasty and the Government. The Rumanians of Hungary would never cast in their lot with the mother country that had failed to free them unless the land and suffrage questions were settled. Bessarabia was called by Petrograd to share in the land redistribution of new Russia. The Rumanian Parliament at Jassy voted the three reforms essential to the rehabilitation of Rumania. To keep the support of their own people

and of the "unredeemed" Rumanians, constitutional changes were made establishing universal and equal suffrage and breaking up estates of over five hundred hectares. To conciliate public opinion outside of Rumania, citizenship was extended to native-born Jews.

In the acts of union, Transylvania, the Banat of Temesvár, Bukowina, and Bessarabia entered Greater Rumania on the basis of universal suffrage, land distribution, and citizenship to Jews and racial minorities; but they put the limit of estates at one hundred hectares, and stipulated that they should keep their local autonomy.

The population of the new state is nearly doubled. From about nine millions, Rumania finds herself with over sixteen millions. The addition of Bessarabia has brought two million new citizens whose preponderant Rumanian element had never enjoyed political and economic conditions very different from those that prevailed in the old kingdom. But the five million Rumanians of Hungary have had a radically different background. Taken as a whole, they are far more advanced than the Rumanians of the kingdom. Having had to struggle for centuries against Magyarization, they have fought for a hold on the land and for control of industries. Their language, primary education, and the church have been weapons essential to their separate existence and the growth of national feeling. Hence it is that with universal suffrage, which they alone know how to use, the Rumanians of Hungary become immediately the dominant element in Greater Rumania. Their leaders do not belong to the aristocracy, but come directly from the soil. From the moment of their entry into the Parliament at Bukharest they dispossessed the old politicians, servants of the landed aristocracy. Before long they will remove the capital from the kingdom to Transylvania, probably to Kronstadt (Brasso).

The first Parliament of Greater Rumania, elected in November, 1919, returned approximately: Conservatives, 80; Liberals, 110; Nationalist Democrats, 20; Peasant Party, 60; Transylvanian Nationalists, 170, including 8 Hungarians; 8 Germans or Saxons, and 2 Ukrainians; Transylvanian Socialists, 8. I do not have the figures for Bukowina and Bessarabia, but as the political leaders of these two provinces declared before the election that they would stand on the Transylvanian program, their 125 deputies give the radicals control of the destinies of Greater Rumania.

In the Kingdom of Rumania the Conservative party is still active. It stands against the distribution of land, on the ground that large estates are an economical necessity for the country. If the land must be distributed, the Conservatives advocate big indemnities. Because of a split, they are really stronger than the figures indicate. Jonescu formed a Conservative Democrat party before the war, which crossed the floor between Conservatives and Liberals. The Conservative Democrats refused to enter the recent election. The record of Jonescu meant overwhelming defeat for them. Jonescu, besides standing pat on the land question, urged territorial concessions to Serbia in the banat and economic concessions to the Allies. As he was the hope of the Anglo-French policy, his inability even to enter the elections was a final warning to the Supreme Council, which was heeded, that Rumania intended to stand out uncompromisingly for the preservation of her political and economic independence. The Liberal party, reading the signs of the times, stands by the agrarian reform of Jassy, and hopes to prevent the maximum of estates from being reduced below the five-hundred hectare figure. The Nationalist Democrat party, grouped around Professor Jorga, and the Peasant party, grouped around Dr. Lupu, believe in the necessity of agreeing to the Transylvanian demands for fixing one hundred hectares as the maximum land-holding and making easier terms of payment for the new peasant proprietors. These parties differ widely, however, in other matters. The Nationalist Democrats agree to the radical agrarian policy on the ground of expediency. They are extreme nationalists and anti-Semites, while the followers of Dr. Lupu tend toward socialism, which means a conciliatory

attitude in the Jewish and other minority problems.

When the first Parliament of Greater Rumania assembled, the old politicians of the kingdom tried to get King Ferdinand to appoint a premier and approve the formation of a cabinet without regard to the parliamentary majority. Jonescu and Averescu signified their willingness to "save Rumania." Their plea was that the actual constitutional union had not yet taken place, that Rumania was in a transitional stage, without definite frontiers and without international recognition. Until the treaties with the defeated coalition were ratified by the Allies, and until some general policy was adopted by the victorious coalition in regard to Russia, the Ottoman Empire, and common financial questions, they argued that the new Parliament was not in a position to function constitutionally as the law-making body of the new Rumanian political organism. In the acts of union did not the Rumanians of Hungary and Austria and Russia expressly stipulate their local autonomy? The basis of the new Rumanian state and the authority of its united Parliament had yet to be worked out. The thesis was plausible, and would have won the day for the time being, had it not been for differences of opinion between the political leaders of the old kingdom. There was also the fear shared by all that the Rumanians could not hold out against the Supreme Council in the matter of the treaties unless the new Parliament was regarded as constitutional and authoritative, not transitional.

Considerations of foreign policy prevailed. Premier Bratianu resigned. He was succeeded by M. Vaida, a Transylvanian Nationalist, who could claim the support of the parliamentary majority. Premier Vaida was a deputy in the Hungarian Parliament at the beginning of the war. His whole life had been spent in fighting against government by a small clique. To emancipate his fellow-Transylvanians from exploitation at the hands of the Magyar aristocracy, he made himself the advocate of universal suffrage, equal and secret; ownership of land by those who work it; exclusion of foreign capital and foreign management in industrial and mining enterprises and in transportation; communal ownership of forests and mines; local autonomy; and universal compulsory education. One readily sees how leaders of subject races, in the fight against a dominant nation, must be radical and appeal to the common people against vested interests. Where there is a racial question, the nationalism of the oppressed race is inevitably radicalism. Alas for the hopes of the politicians who espoused irredentism and believed that they would be simply extending their field of action! Alas for the hopes of the statesmen of the great powers who saw in irredentism the means of destroying enemies and creating new fields for commercial and industrial exploitation in small states dependent upon them! The easily controlled parliament of the former is gone forever. The pliant Jonescus of the latter are no longer in a position to "represent" them.

Premier Vaida is committed to the program of the National Assembly of Alba-Julia. The war he waged against the Magyar magnates at Budapest he will continue against the Rumanian oligarchs at Bukharest.

During the peace conference I had the privilege of talking over the problems of European reconstruction with M. Vaida at his table and mine. Since he is now the head of the state, it would be indiscreet for me to give here the opinion of the new Premier of Rumania concerning the methods of Allied statesmen at Paris, but I can report his condemnation of the spirit of the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain. M. Vaida believes in a peace of justice and impartiality and not in a peace of force. He sees no hope for the immediate future of Europe unless we discard the decisions of the Conference of Paris and work for reconciliation between peoples. Like several other delegates who had no say (General Smuts, for instance), M. Vaida thought the extremists and radicals were those whose ideas prevailed. He felt that he was taking a common-sense point of view in refusing to fly in the face of facts. Despite his own grievances against the

Hungarians, he believed that it was as essential for the emancipated Rumanians as for their former masters that the two races should make without delay the effort to establish friendly relations. He was sure that the Clemenceau-Lloyd George-Orlando-Wilson attitude toward enemies and neutrals and small allies was as impracticable as that of the wildest idealists; for they did not command the armed forces sufficient to keep Germany down and crush the Russian Bolshevists. Premier Vaida will not entertain the proposal of the Supreme Council that Rumania aid against the Bolshevists unless they contribute forces in proportion and at the same time recognize the union of Bessarabia with Rumania.

Once the peasants are emancipated from practical serfdom to great landowners, Premier Vaida is sure that universal suffrage will bring about a complete change in the political, economic, and social life of Rumania. The state must assume the indebtedness of the peasants to the landowners. The purchase instalments will be paid to the state, and the indemnities by the state. Thus the hold of the proprietors on the farmers will be broken immediately. Since the people of the Kingdom of Rumania are not so far advanced as those of Transylvania, much attention must be given to education.

The Transylvanian Nationalists cherish great hope of the rapid industrial development of their country. Looking to the future, they ask for the immediate enactment of industrial legislation giving miners and foresters, factory-hands and railwaymen, "the same rights and advantages that are given them by law in the most advanced Occidental industrial states" (see the resolution of the National Assembly of Alba-Julia, Article III, 6). This legislation, of course, they want to have uniform with that of the Kingdom of Rumania, which will mean a revolution in the lives of workers in the oil-fields.

Every nationalist movement has as its corollary the effort to oust foreigners from concessions and economic privileges secured in the days of absolutism and weakness. The Rumanians are not waiting to begin this fight. We have seen above how, from bitter experience, they refused to agree to Article 60 of the Treaty of St.-Germain and its annex concerning the protection of minorities. M. Vaida and his associates realize that the moment is favorable to rid their country of economic servitude to great powers. Germany has lost all her treaty privileges, and German and Austro-Hungarian subjects have had their concessions and contracts canceled.

There is no desire to exclude foreign capital or to do harm to foreign concerns established in Rumania. MM. Bratianu and Vaida have both assured me that they welcome American capitalists as well as French and British capitalists to aid in the development of Greater Rumania. But Rumania is determined to put a stop to the old practice of foreign enterprises protected by diplomatic treaties. In the future, Rumania intends to assert her right to be on a footing of equality in international relations. When Rumanians go to Great Britain or France to do business, they establish their companies in accordance with the laws of the country and enjoy no diplomatic protection and backing. Why should not Englishmen and Frenchmen carry on their business in Rumania under the Rumanian laws, without looking for their investments to be a matter of international politics?

These are the problems and tendencies of Greater Rumania at the moment of her birth. During the troubled year of 1919 the Rumanians made great progress. In 1920 they expect to secure recognition of their unity and of their right to be treated as an independent and sovereign nation, on a footing of equality with their neighbors and their large allies.

Stop Six

By HELEN R. ABBOTT

Illustrations by Edward Ryan

A mystery story with more than its share of thrills and bafflements, and a solution as startling as it is satisfactory.

A LOW sun still touched the western slopes of the Berkshires with color, but darkness was creeping into one of the deepest valleys among the foot-hills, where crouched a ramshackle cabin. This dilapidated house half hidden in the trees at the farther end of a ravine was the place that Dennis Throop called home, and it was here that Agnes, his wife, was standing, her thin figure just discernible in its open doorway. She was watching with brilliant, anxious eyes for Dennis's trolley-car to shoulder its way across the face of the opposite hill. There would then be but half an hour to wait. Already a chill was creeping into the air, and Agnes Throop shivered beneath the thin shawl that she had drawn around her shoulders and over her head.

As she stood gazing across the valley a man appeared, coming up the path from the trolley road. She was evidently startled at his approach, for no one but Dennis came that way now that Dr. Larabee's lodge up the mountain was closed. That it was the doctor himself she failed to see until he emerged from the shadowy path and halted almost before her door. Then she cried out, and the cry was a mixture of surprise and relief.

"Is it yourself, Dr. Larabee? Oh, but I 'm glad to see you back, though the lodge is in no shape at all, I 'm thinking."

He took her thin hand within a genial clasp.

"I walked from the junction. Well, Agnes, I 'm glad to be back. Who cares about the lodge? I 've never found fault with Dennis or his father before him in all the time they have cared for the old place. To tell the truth, I wanted to surprise everybody. My discharge just came this week."

He did not add that he had refrained from putting any additional burden upon the shoulders of Dennis Throop and his wife. From all accounts they had had things pretty hard for the last year. Even now his professional gaze was scanning Agnes's white face in the encircling shawl. He had not liked the look of those scared and staring eyes, and he had not liked, either, the touch of her feverish hand. Her eyes were wandering now, away from his face, and turning toward the hill.

"Is Dennis still running on this line?" he asked cheerfully.

She dragged her eyes back to the doctor's kind, friendly face. Suddenly warmed by his friendliness, she became eager and appealing. She appeared about to speak impulsively when in the distance a thin, high car whistle sounded across the valley, and as the doctor turned his head a light wriggled swiftly into view and slid along between the trees like a fiery serpent. Agnes drew in her breath audibly. When he looked back at her she was wan, but her eyes had lost temporarily that eager stare that had looked out of them before.

"That was his car," she said quite naturally. "He has had his hours changed from morning to afternoon and evening. He gets in about nine."

"What 's the trouble, Agnes?" The doctor's tone was gentle. "Is anything wrong with Dennis?"

Her answer to the question was evasive. "Things could be better with him." And then in a moment, "I wish I could have sent him up to the lodge yesterday for a mite of cleaning up around. And it 's true this house here does n't look like me any more, at all."

"Don't worry, Agnes. I told you last year before I went away that you were to take life easy."

"I have been doing just that, Doctor, for sure somebody must, and Dennis is flyin' around both day and night. I think your fires are all ready but the lighting, and there 's a good stock of canned goods on hand."

"There will be more than enough. I 'm only back for a few days."

"Is that to be all? Only a few days?" She looked unaccountably disappointed.

"I only stopped for the key," he went on, seeming not to be looking at her too intently.

"The lodge key, to be sure, Doctor. Will you just step inside while I 'm gettin' it? The nights are cold, and this valley gets the chill first of all."

He followed her into the dark, warm kitchen, which smelled of pine boughs and pitch, and faintly, too, of the warm supper that she had placed for her husband on the back of the stove. The room, even in the faint yellow glimmer of the kerosene lamp that she lighted, was immaculate. A scrubbed floor shone underfoot, and the kitchen chairs, ranged stiffly against the wall, were bright with fresh paint. All that Agnes herself could do had been done to make the tiny place habitable. Dr. Larabee followed the slight figure into the sitting-room, which was equally neat, from a quilt-covered bed in one corner, to the home-made reading-table on which she set her lamp. The hand that showed for a moment under the cheap yellow shade was so emaciated that it gave the doctor a start. Dr. Larabee always noticed hands. Sick hands, he now thought fleetingly, should have a well-cared-for, protected look, as if their owner forgave and indulged their weakness, but Agnes's hands were pitifully work-worn and unlovely. He noticed, too, her flushed cheeks, the long eyelashes that lay like penciled shadows when she dropped her eyes, and the strange, almost shining smoothness of her skin.

She did not stand still for him to look at her, however. She took off the little shawl and folded it neatly, laying it across the foot of the bed. Then she made a shy, yet hospitable, move toward the two chairs that stood by the table.

"Are you feeling any better, Agnes?" he asked, sitting down in the big square arm-chair that he himself had sent down from the lodge for Dennis Throop's wife. She had pulled her chair back toward the corner away from the light. He thought he heard her catch her breath, and then he noticed that her deep eyes were not on him any longer, but turned toward two pictures that stood leaning against the wall on the wooden mantel.

"Yes, I 'm well, Doctor, as well as can be expected," she said after a pause.

Dr. Larabee hesitated. He hardly knew how to refer to the death of the two little children at whose pictures Agnes was looking so hungrily, but she made the first reference to it herself.

"It 's maybe a little thing to you, takin' those pictures when you came the time before, but, oh, the comfort they have been to Dennis and me, Doctor!" Then her words came faster. It was as if she had waited over-long to unburden her mind.

"Dr. Larabee, Dennis is n't well at all. You saw the house? It 's not one bit of painting nor fixing that he is willing to do. It was never any too good, but when we took it Dennis used to say that, if we kept at it, the house would be a fine one by the time I was well."

She spoke the last words bravely, but the doctor did not meet her eyes. He remembered Dennis's first attempts at gaiety when he was told that he must live away from his beloved city for the sake of the woman he had married. Illness had never come into Dennis's life before, and Dr. Larabee had been heartlessly frank in his insistence upon mountain air for Agnes. Dennis had been too obvious in his optimism, too easily sacrificial. With an Irishman's love of the dramatic, he had bowed and scraped before the first dim shadow of Death, but its constant presence had unnerved him. Then had come the

unexpected blow during the winter, when, instead of the frail mother, the children had been taken. Dr. Larabee had caught himself wondering many a time what effect this would have upon Dennis. His silence now proved the very stimulus that Agnes needed to encourage her to further confidences.

"He just comes home and sits and sits, and never a word does he read, and he does n't whistle, either, the old way he used. By the lamp—there where you are now—he sits and thinks and he hardly moves the evening long. It 's terrible."

Dr. Larabee knew that Agnes was visualizing her husband's presence as she had described it, for her hollow eyes took on the expression they had worn when he had first encountered her watching for Dennis's car. He knew that he must make light of this change in her husband at least until it could be explained. Agnes must not be allowed to go on in such a fashion. Her peace of mind was of too much importance.

"Don't let Dennis's thinking disturb you," he said lightly. "He was never a reader, as you were. And perhaps he 's too tired to work. You 've both had a hard time this winter." His voice softened on these last words.

"It was that made him worse," she said, her eyes dry and very bright, while her thin hands groped at the buttons on the front of her dress, "but he was started long before that, Doctor."

A gust of wind swept suddenly through the room, and the yellow light of the kerosene lamp flared and flickered wildly. Agnes did not appear to notice it.

"Could you tell me a little more clearly what you mean?" The doctor's voice was calm and even. The light gasped once and then readjusted itself, but the soft, fragrant breeze still lifted and sucked the curtains at the window. The vibrant, palpitating mountain darkness looked in upon them curiously from under the lifted curtains. The pine-trees drew one long sighing breath all together, and seemed to bend toward the house, and then the wind came, and the light, without warning, went out.

The doctor half rose to his feet, but Agnes's voice stayed him like an outstretched hand.

"We can wait a minute. The chimney 's too hot to touch, and I have n't another." She paused, but not long enough for him to answer her. "It 's a strange kind of night, and I 'm thinking Dennis will be all upset with this weather. He has a terrible fear of the wind, and it 's queer, but you don't know how the wind blew that night the children—left us. Both of them the same night, Doctor."

"I know," he said gently. Her face was wan in the dimness, and he could faintly distinguish her white, clutching hands, busy with her dress.

"That night Dennis was the worst. He almost forgot that we both had the right to take it hard, and one of the things he said was, 'I 'll never travel that cursed road again.' He never did. He made them give him another run, and now I can see his car each night as he comes around the hill. He always seems to know if I 'm watching him."

"You mean he never made his old run after that night last winter when you lost the children?"

"Never again. And he will not tell me why. That 's the worst of it, Doctor. I 'm out of it all. He won't talk, and he 's that restless in the night that I can't sleep for thinking of him, and always when his eyes are open, there 's the awful waitin' look in them." She rose suddenly to her feet. "The chimney 's cold," she said in a different voice. "I should not be telling you this. I hope you 'll find the lodge to suit you, Doctor, although it 's little care the place has had of late."

He took his cue from her and rose, too. She struck a match, and the light came sullenly up, breathing out obnoxious fumes, which pushed their way through the fragrance of the pines and filled the little room.

"I 'll come down again to-morrow. Tell Dennis for me to be of good cheer. I can fix him up."

She leaned her head against the wall, without moving from where she stood.

"Thank you, Doctor," she said.

Feeling pitifully helpless and inadequate, he stepped out on the soft, pine-strewn path. There was a line between his eyes and a tightening of his lips as he strode off toward the lodge. Agnes

"Agnes's voice stayed him like an outstretched hand. 'We can wait a minute. The chimney 's too hot to touch, and I have n't another.'"

Throop was dying. There was no doubt of that, and all the medical skill in the world could not save her. He found himself wondering if the village doctor had carefully followed all his directions even while he acknowledged that nothing could have been done.

The fact that all was not well with Dennis troubled the doctor, too. Old Dennis, Throop's father, had been caretaker for the lodge since Jack Larabee could remember, and the two boys had played together long before the city called them both. Dennis, true to his class, had been the first to marry, bringing his frail, city-bred wife to the hills for their honeymoon. After that Larabee had gone to the war and lost track of both of them. A year before Jack had come back, and had looked in on the little city flat where Dennis and his wife were established. It was then that he had sent them up into the pines in Dennis's own boyhood hills, with a warning to Throop to watch over his wife with special care. She had been too proud to take the lodge, for which they could not pay, she had claimed, and they had settled in the little house in the valley. Agnes had been quite content, saying fondly that Dennis would fix it all up till it was like a story-book cottage, and they would n't be there long, anyhow. The valley was conveniently near the car-barn where Dennis must go each day, for he had taken a position as motorman on the "Twenty Mile Circuit" Berkshire trolley road. The house was also near enough to the pine-grove on the side hill, so that it was no task for Agnes, having sent the children off to school, to climb the gentle slope to Castle Mountain, where she rested and read through the long balmy days.

Larabee shook his head as he reflected that Agnes could not climb Castle Mountain now or any of the other hills that marched boldly down to the glen where she and Dennis lived. Something must be done.

He reproached himself that he had not watched her lately, but his travels had taken him far from New England,

and Dennis had never been a hand to write letters. The care of the lodge, given over to the Throops at Dennis's earnest request, when his father had died the year before, had probably proved more of a burden than a help, for even liberal pay for slight work in the house and grounds could not compensate Agnes for the pain that any exertion would bring her. And then, seeking out victims even in the hills, had come the dread pneumonia, which had taken from the Throops their two children. No wonder Dennis was unlike himself.

Larabee walked thoughtfully in at the lodge gate and up the avenue under the bending pines. The stars were thick in the stretch of blue above his head, and a late full moon was rising over Sky Hill, struggling through white wind clouds, which appeared racing to aid one another in dimming all the eastern stars.

Jack Larabee walked more slowly, breathing in the soft, fresh air laden with the scent of the pines, and listening intently when a strange far-off gust swept through the tree-tops above him, and then descended angrily, as if to push him from his own door and force him back down the avenue again. Almost breathless after one of these encounters, he reached the outer door of the lodge; but he heard footsteps behind him, and turned to see a large, loose-jointed form swinging up the walk, shoulders stooped a little, head bent slightly forward and a trifle to one side, that surest symptom of taut, consciously governed nerves not yet entirely beyond the control of their owner.

Larabee waited, and then walked back a few steps.

"Well, hello, old Dennis," he said cordially, slapping the tall fellow on the back, and gripping his hand. "You 're a brick to look me up at this time of night. Come into the lodge with me and have a smoke."

To Larabee's surprise, Dennis answered quite naturally:

"I don't care if I do. Agnes knows where I am and she won't worry for a while. She seemed real glad I was comin'." The naturalness of his voice became slightly overdone at this last statement, but Larabee was busy with his key and did not look up.

"Just like old times when we used to snoop around here, trying to think up something to worry our fathers with." Jack laughed as he flung open the big door, and the two stepped rather cautiously into the inky blackness of the hall.

Dennis showed no nervousness as he went about finding matches and lighting lamps and fires. He had not the air of a man for whom dark corridors or long-closed rooms hold any terrors. Larabee felt relieved as he saw the familiar form disappear up the big staircase to get his rooms ready. At least the trouble with Dennis was not ordinary nerves, Jack told himself as he lit a cigarette, and drew up two arm-chairs to the cheery blaze of the living-room fire.

But when Dennis reappeared and Larabee had a chance to get a good look at his face, he saw that it was lined with new marks. Dennis sat rather lumpily in his chair, neither erect, nor leaning back, but rather huddled, as if he had no desire for comfort. His blue motorman's uniform wrinkled grotesquely as he lounged, and the brass buttons gleamed in the firelight. Dennis's eyes, fixed nowhere in particular, had the look that Agnes had described, and instantly her words came back to Larabee, for she had described it well. "An awful waitin' look," she had said, and it was there beyond doubt. The gaiety in the frank Irish eyes was gone, and the quick smile that Larabee remembered had become slow and forced.

"How long are you stayin' here, Doctor?" He fixed his eyes on the corner above Jack's head as he spoke.

"Just a day or two. Why?" For Dennis Throop had suddenly brought his eyes down to meet the doctor's, and they were dark with baffled desire.

"Oh, nothin'. That is, it 's nothin' that matters."

"Oh, go on, Dennis," urged Larabee, as he used to tease when they were boys.

"I was just thinkin' of askin' your help, that 's all."

"Ask it," Larabee replied promptly, throwing his cigarette into the fire and turning frankly around till he faced Throop.

"No; two days is n't enough," the man mused to himself. "Enough to let you see if you see it, though," he went on, his voice sinking to a whisper, "or if I 'm crazy. I have n't told Agnes. She 's had enough, poor girl, without worrying about me, too."

"What do you think you see?" Larabee's voice was reassuring. "We often have patients that are troubled by illusions. That 's nothing to go to pieces over, man."

"It 's not, eh? My God, Doctor, not with the man standin' there lookin' at me from under that dirty blue cap and me never knowin' when the crazy fool will take it off and wave it at me?"

"Oh," said the doctor, speaking easily and reaching for another cigarette. "Go ahead with the rest of it, Dennis. Out with it. Where is the man? How often does he appear?"

The blood slowly receded from Throop's face, leaving it gray white. His eyes, as they gazed straight ahead, became fixed, and his mouth loosened and sagged with fear. By an effort he raised himself from his chair, knocked the ashes from his pipe, against the andirons, and stood in front of the fire, an awkward figure, his hands crossed behind his back.

As he stood his gaze was fixed on the door leading into the hall, just in back of the doctor's chair. There was a sudden dropping of Throop's lower jaw, an audible catching of the breath, his hands unclasped from behind his back and clenched at each side, and finally he blinked and then closed his eyes for a minute as if to shut out the vision.

Larabee felt a little prickling of his spine as he sat watching the fear on Dennis's face. The room, warm and light, seemed as usual, but the wind was wailing as it tugged at shutters and blinds, and the trees creaked as if they were being tortured. Larabee spoke with an effort.

"Dennis, talking about a thing does n't make it any worse. Can't you get ahead and tell us about it?" The speech made action easier, and he was able to cross his leg with unconcern and blow a cloud of smoke from his cigarette. All the while Dennis was slowly getting control of himself.

"That 's the first time," he muttered, as if he were alone,—"that 's the first time he ever came when I was n't on the car." He stood more erectly. His pipe was empty, and the hand that held it trembled visibly. He looked down at Larabee and then moved toward his own chair, pulling it around a bit so that he partly faced the door.

"You did n't see the rays from a bit of a red light, did you now?" he asked almost apologetically as he let himself down into the chair.

"Not a glimmer," answered Larabee, cheerfully. "How long have you been this way, old man?"

Dennis made a ghastly attempt to smile.

"I 'm all right now," he said almost in a whisper, "but that was an unexpected one. I could n't get my bearin's for a minute."

"You mean that you saw a man or something right here now?" Larabee gestured with obvious unconcern.

"Yes, Doctor. I guess I 'm clean daft. Unless it means—" he started up again. His face twisted, and he looked as if he were about to whimper. "He came that way the night the children died, wavin' a red light, he was, as real as if I could touch him. And I went home, and they were gone, both gone." He looked around a little wildly. "I guess I 'll have to go, Doctor. You see he don't always mean somethin', but he did then, and he 's never been in a house, like just now, before to-night. Always on the track, three times since he 's been on the track, and maybe—maybe—" His voice broke, and a tear rolled down his thin, brown cheek. "You don't mind my goin' like this, do you, Doctor?"

"I certainly do. You are my patient for the next few minutes. You 've got to pull yourself together before you go home, and I 've got to know more about it. You are going to drink what I give you and do as I tell you."

Dr. Larabee no longer held his cigarette. He was on his feet, opening the door into a wall closet, where he busied himsel with a glass and some bottles. When he turned to Dennis Throop he found the man watching him with a curiously humbled expression, as

if against his will he was obeying some one whose authority he dared not contradict.

Under the influence of his drink, he leaned back more easily in his chair, and then the doctor, pulling his own up close, began in a serious, matter-of-fact voice.

"This is very grave, Dennis. Your condition needs attention, and you need n't be ashamed to ask for it. I want to know as soon as you can tell me before you go back to Agnes what it is that you are seeing. It 's a man with a red light. Is that so?"

Dennis nodded. He passed his hand over his forehead, and it came away wet. But with his blue bandana he mopped his head courageously and began to speak. He tried this time to keep his eyes on the doctor.

"A year ago in September," he began, "I ran over a man." He paused, but Larabee made no sound.

The fire crackled pleasantly, and the doctor leaned to one side, and turned down the wick of the lamp a trifle.

Then he said:

"All right. Go on, Throop."

"I ran over a man," repeated Throop. "It was the first run I made after Agnes got better of a bad attack, and I was a fool for lack of sleep. I was just runnin' down South Bear Slope, past one of those little platform stops. They call it 'Stop Six,' and there was no one at the station, so I did n't let up any on speed. There 's a steep bank comes down there on either side just before you get to the stop, and yet there 's enough of a curve so you can see the platform before you get out of the cutting. Just as we were comin' through—"

Throop's voice became very even and unemotional; he was evidently trying to impress the doctor with his poise—"Just as we were comin' through, a man in a blue workman's blouse and a pair of blue overalls came up over the top of the bankin' a little way ahead, and waved his cap at me. Then he began to come down. You never saw such speed in your life, Doctor. He took a sideways path right in front of the car, and the thing was over in a second. I put on the brakes, and we came to a stop. There was a kind of jolt when the front wheels went over his body. We only had two passengers, and they were strangers from the village inn. Watters was on as conductor, and he never came forward at all, just stared at me through the door and then rang his damned bell. I had got out of the car by this time and motioned for him to come around outside; so he did, still lookin' blank and puzzled. I thought he 'd help me lift the car off the man, but as I stooped down by the side of the fender—I—there was n't anything there."

Larabee did not answer for a minute, then he said evenly:

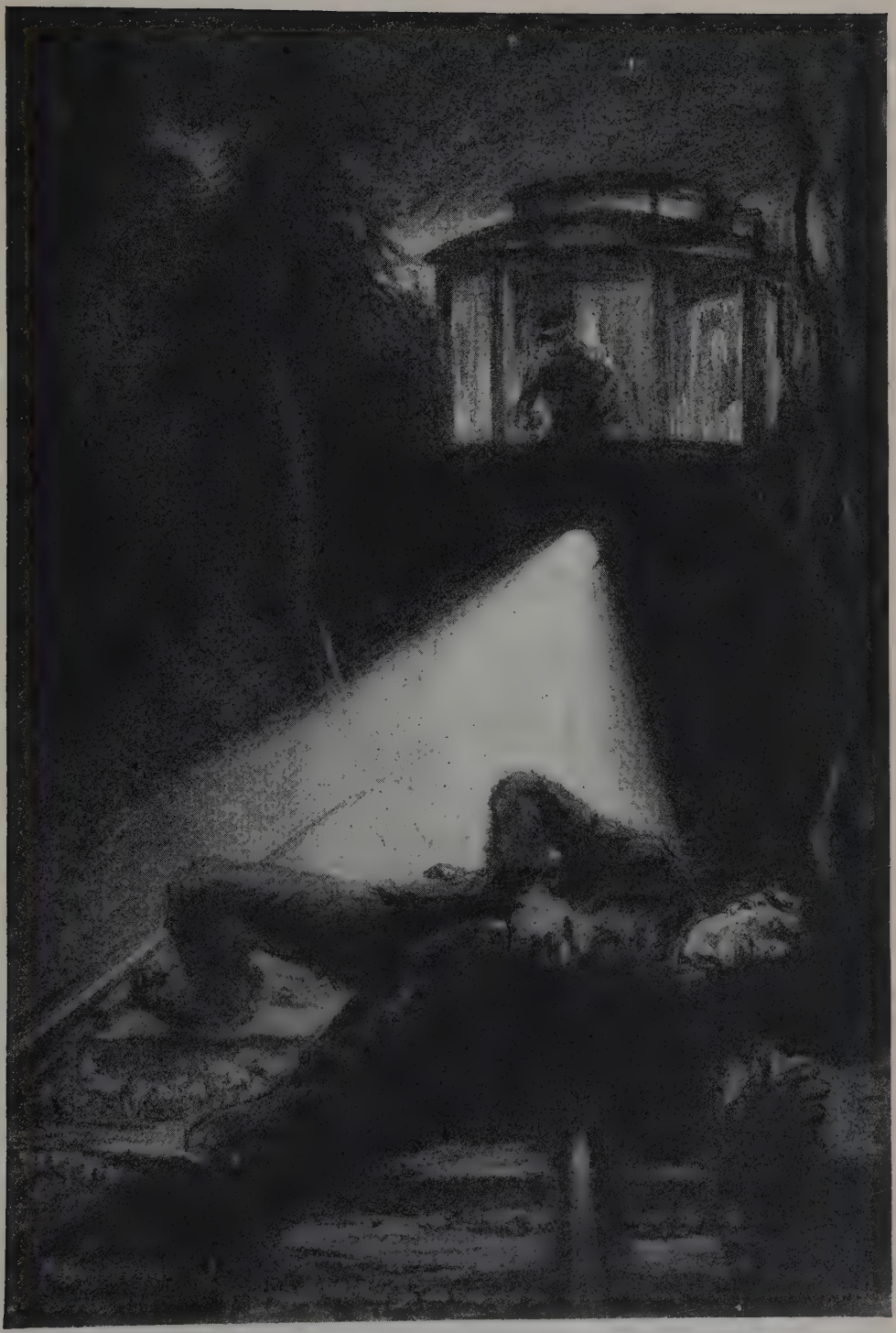
"That was jolly lucky for you, old chap. I should think you 'd rather keep Watters guessing than get into court for manslaughter."

"I don't know, Doctor. There 's worse things than court, I guess. Watters looked at me as if he thought I was somebody else, and I said, 'He did n't roll under the car at all. He must have gone up the other bankin'.' 'Who?' said Watters, and he still looked at me. 'Why, the man in the blue overalls that was wavin' his cap from the top of the cuttin'.' And then Watters said: 'There was n't any man in blue overalls. You must be drunk or crazy.' And I was n't drunk, Jack."

The old boyhood name slipped out with unconscious familiarity as Dennis leaned toward his friend.

"Go ahead," said Larabee.

"I saw the man afterward, and that sort of convinced me that I was n't such a fool, after all. Not a month later he was waiting at Stop Six to get on, just like any other passenger. It was the five o'clock run, and the car was full. I did n't look back, but when Watters rang the bell after I stopped, I went ahead as usual. Afterward I joked him about it. We were comin' out of the car barn together that night. 'Well, now will you believe that there 's such a man as my friend in the blue overalls?' I asked him. And he gave me one of those looks again. 'What are you gettin' at?' he asked me back. 'I 'm gettin' at the fact that I took on my workman friend at Stop Six to-night.' 'So that 's what you held us up there



"'He took a sideways path right in front of the car, and the thing was over in a second'"

for!' I could have struck him for his tone, Doctor. 'What do you mean, held you up?' I tried to be as civil-spoken as I could. 'Why, stopped the whole car while your bloomin' ghost got on.' And it seems that again he was showin' me that there was n't any man."

There was a pause. Larabee nodded after a while.

"I see," he said. "Well, don't mind Watters. You 're over-tired, Dennis."

"I do mind Watters and I won't work with him," Throop said roughly. "I had my hours changed, anyway, this winter, because I could do more for Agnes if I worked late at night and stayed at home in the mornings. Besides,"—he tried to speak lightly, — "I thought perhaps there would be less chance of takin' on passengers at Stop Six in the night."

"Does Agnes know this?" Larabee looked steadily at Throop.

The man twisted a little uncomfortably and then met the doctor's eyes.

"I 've been thinkin' she knows there 's somethin' wrong," he said. Then his face began to change. It took on the old look of haunted terror. "There is somethin' wrong," he repeated. "Look how the man came the night we lost the children and now again to-night. I thank you for listenin' Doctor, but I 've got to be goin'."

"Go ahead," said Larabee as he rose with Throop and slapped him on the shoulder. "Go home and tell her about it," he counseled. "She would rather know the worst thing you could tell her than sit and worry over some secret that she thinks you are covering up. Go home and tell her, and that I say it 's a case of nerves."

"I 'll do it if you say so, but I was tryin' to save her," Dennis said humbly. Then he turned to grasp the doctor's hand, and his voice became husky. "I 'll not be savin' her long any more, I 'm thinkin', Doctor."

Dr. Larabee shook his head and wrung Dennis's hand.

"I 'll be down in the morning to see you both. There 's nothing you need as much as sleep, Dennis. Tell Agnes not to get out of bed until I 've given her an examination. And good night."

Dennis walked rather heavily down the hall. His shoulders, with their pathetic stoop, and his head with its watchful, bent alertness, were full of tragedy.

At the door he turned in a kind of shamefaced fashion toward the doctor.

"I 'm likely to go walkin' down home with my friend I 'm thinkin' since he 's left the track and got in the habit of comin' into houses. He 's gettin' awful' fond of me."

Larabee laughed, and liked Dennis the better for his brave attempt at flippancy; but under the words was a poignant fear of the lonely walk home, and before Throop could stop him, the doctor had swung the door shut and was locking it.

"I 'll come along a way," he said. "It 's a great night, now the wind is dying down. I think it 's clearing."

Throop looked at his friend with dumb devotion in his eyes, but he said nothing to indicate that he knew the reason for his coming. After they had swung along in silence for a while the spell of the great quiet spaces fell upon them and they each found it easier to shake off the depression that the evening had brought. Dennis talked a little, with the easy disjointedness of a man who knows his friend well enough to think aloud, speaking of his ambition to have a city run sometime, of what he would have done for the children if they might have been spared, and then, quietly, of the things that Agnes wanted in the city the next time the doctor went down.

"You could send them back if you would," he said.

"I 'll take you with me, instead. I want to take you down, anyway. It seems to me that it would n't do any harm for you to have your eyes examined, and your teeth counted, and so forth. I have quite a little program ahead for you, Dennis."

"Is that so, now? Well, it 's not Dennis you 'll get in your medical clutches if he knows it first."

"We 'll see, we 'll see," declared the doctor. "There 's the light in your little house. Jump ahead, man, and I 'll climb back over the hill while you 're going down the glen."

Nothing warned the doctor to go the whole distance with Dennis and look in on Agnes once more that day. He did decide to call on the village doctor in the morning and go over the case with him, perhaps planning for her future care. The condition of Dennis himself was on his mind strangely when he tried to sleep. Were Throop a drinking man the appearance of his visitor might be attributed to whisky, but this and drugs Larabee could absolutely rule out of his calculations. Dementia præcox seemed quite possible, specially of the paranoiac type, as might be suggested by the grudge he bore Watters, and by the feeling that Watters was persecuting him, and yet in the short interview he had had, he could find no deterioration or splitting of personality. It was a difficult diagnosis, and he decided, as he turned his hot pillow, that he would take the case to his friend, Lowery Lawson, the psychiatrist, before pinning such a hopeless condition to Dennis. Perhaps it was only a case of nerves. Poor Dennis needed sleep and rest from worry and a change of scene, for the country that Agnes loved had never appealed to mountain-bred Dennis as much as the hurrying, noisy, prosperous city. It was possible that the lonely beauty of the hills through which Dennis had taken each day his tortuous run had made his nerves more jumpy than would a clangorous city route. Perhaps if anything happened to Agnes,—for so lamely do we speculate in regard to the inevitable,—perhaps, the doctor thought, a position in the city could be found. Clangorous city streets, not so much rushing wind—the wind began to sound like rain; lucky Dennis left for home when he did.

The next morning he slept deeply, and waked struggling to put together the memory of a dream that his subconscious self had concocted when the whistle of the seven o'clock Mirro Lake trolley shrilled across the glen. It was not many hours later that Larabee came down to the valley to leave the key of the lodge for the day. He was thinking of the possibility of planning a trip to the city for Dennis for the next day. At the entrance to the ravine he met the village doctor and another man going away, and the doctor told him that Agnes had died very suddenly from a hemorrhage the night before. There had been only time to call Father O'Neal, but no one could go up to the lodge.

Dennis was sitting quietly outside the door of the ramshackle little house. The valley was unusually beautiful that day. The stream, filled by the recent rain, was shouting as it leaped down the side of Castle Mountain, and the little spring by which Agnes had liked to sit was full of life and sunshine. Pouring over the rocky shelf below a tiny waterfall, sprang a pale green mass of bladder fern darkened with flying spray. At Dennis's very feet brave clusters of Agnes's glowing may-pinks held up their faces to the sun, and overhead a yellow goldfinch gave its plaintive call. From the deepest pines came the thin, tremulous whistle of the linnet, and the tamaracks were like lace against the sky.

Dennis put his hand out to his friend, but he seemed to shrink from him at the same time. Larabee sat down beside him on the low stone step.

"I should have let you come home as you wanted to," he said simply, for he knew what was in the man's mind.

"I got here in time," Dennis said slowly after a pause, which the goldfinch had filled with song. "I know she was glad I went up there to see you. I told her the whole thing before—she died."

"I 'm glad of that, Dennis." For the life of him Jack Larabee could not shake off the strange baffled sense of contending against something beyond his comprehension. The beauty of the valley and the presence of death were both almost unreal beside this power that was slowly, but inexorably, getting its hold upon Dennis. Of course it was only a coincidence that the blue workman should have been seen at the lodge the night that Agnes died, but Larabee knew that it was no coincidence in Throop's mind that he sat there trying to make believe that the only real things were the things which other people saw and heard.

"You can go back with me now for good, Dennis," Larabee said at last.

Dennis laughed shortly.

"Lord, if I could have gone clangin' down Third Street in old Sixty-Four, maybe this would n't have happened. I wish we 'd never seen this cursed place."

"Steady, there, Throop. You know you made Agnes very happy by bringing her here, and she probably stayed with you longer than you could have kept her in the city."

Dennis did not answer. A scarlet tanager flashed through the pine boughs and was gone.

"Did you see that?" cried Jack. "What a place for birds this valley is!"

"We have lots of those red birds here," the man answered indifferently. Then he softened a little. "Agnes would have liked it out here this morning," he said. His chest heaved once, convulsively, but after that he was very quiet.

"She told me to tell you somethin'," he began a little later, when a song sparrow had stopped to take breath. "Don't it seem queer that an ordinary bird should sing like that?" he asked suddenly.

"Perhaps it 's the best thing we could listen to this morning, Dennis."

"I don't know. I can't seem to think how Agnes's voice sounds when that bird keeps up such a racket. I keep tryin' to think of what she told me last, and told me to tell you, Doctor, but I can't seem to put my mind on it long enough to get it straight."

The valley was still for a moment, except for the continual rushing of the stream down Castle Mountain, and the never-ending swish of the wind through the trees. Then when Dennis began to speak a veritable chorus of melody seemed to burst from the throats of the birds that were hidden in the shrubbery by the spring.

"Confounded little yellin' things!" the man said irritably. "I can't think for listenin' to 'em."

"What did Agnes say?" asked the doctor.

"She said—" Dennis raised his voice a little just as every bird stopped singing except one plaintive, calling thrush. The tender little song went on steadily as a kind of accompaniment to Dennis's message. "She said she thought I saw—what I saw—because my mind was all worked up, and that there would n't be any truth in it, no matter when it came nor what happened right afterward. She said I was to go back to the city and do the things I wanted to do and that she could promise me—" Dennis looked at the doctor slantwise, but went on defiantly—"she said she could promise me that if I tried to be happy and like other folks and got away from this place I hate, that the man would n't come. She said if he did come, I was to remember that he was n't there, because she said so. I 'm always to remember that he is n't there; Agnes said he would n't be there. I am to take her word for it. I 'm goin' to do it, too, Doctor. She said she felt happier at knowing what was troubling me, and I feel a heap better now—after what she 's said."

"That 's the talk." Jack Larabee stood up and drew a deep breath. "You 'll come out all right, Dennis," he said.

So, after all, the doctor did not leave his lodge key that morning, but he stayed with Dennis until a third grave was made by the stream among the ferns, and then the two men left the valley.

"I 'm all right now," Dennis said triumphantly when they were once more in the rush and roar of the train shed into which their train had just rumbled. "I 'm myself again. No more troubles at Stop Six." He was almost offensively sure of himself.

It was some six months later that Larabee stood with Bridges, a friend who had summoned him, and looked down an embankment into the river, in which lay a trolley-car, inverted and twisted beyond recognition.

"He went into the river full speed. That can be explained, though," one of the officers of the road was remarking to Bridges.

"Why should he?" Bridges put the question with an eye upon the speaker. "This gentleman is a friend of mine," he said meaningly. "He recommended him for the place."

"Go ahead with your explanation,"

Larabee said almost rudely. "I have nothing to say except that poor Throop was as good a motorman as I ever knew."

As the men looked at Throop's champion a trifle curiously and then drifted into solemn groups of two and three, Larabee followed Bridges away from the embankment. He was recalling sadly the fact that it was over five months since Dennis had started his run on this line, and the previous week he had been pleased and encouraged to hear of Throop's satisfactory record. Two weeks of rest in the city, and assurance by more than one professional friend of Larabee's had set him up again. He had also dwelt continually on Agnes's last speech to him. He had referred to it in speaking to Larabee.

"I may think I see the old feller, but he won't be there." His manner had been triumphant; he had regained his former resiliency, and the past was like a bad dream to him.

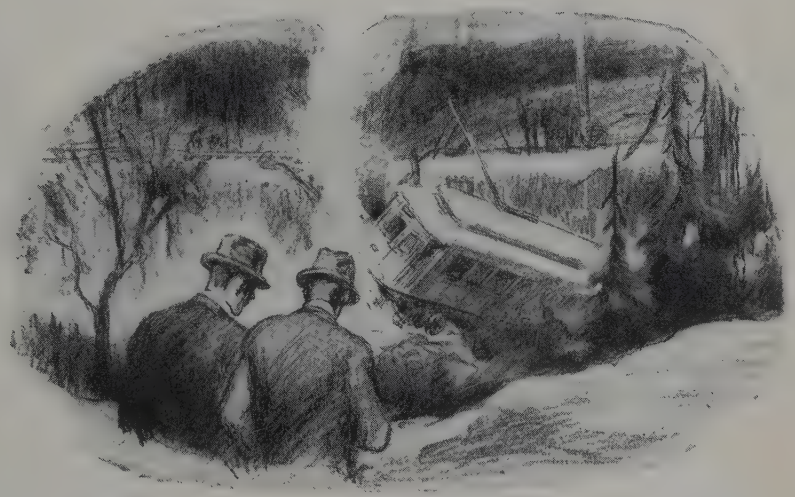
"Fortunately, the car was empty, and the conductor had time to jump," Bridges was saying. "Everybody knew about these repairs; the cars have n't been farther than that signal for three days, but Throop put on full speed ahead and went straight into the river."

"How do you account for that?" Larabee asked mechanically.

"Oh, he preferred suicide to a charge of manslaughter." Bridges's tone was grim as he stooped and lifted one corner of a canvas that covered an object on the ground. "This workman," he continued, pointing to the body of a man under the canvas, "ran out of the alley over there and was crossing the track when Throop deliberately ran him down. Witnesses say it was sheer murder."

"Blue overalls, blue blouse, cap pulled over his forehead," Larabee muttered to himself as Bridges dropped the canvas.

"The doctor looks as if he had seen a ghost," the foreman remarked. Larabee looked at him oddly for a second and walked away.



Three Songs by the Sea

By Sara Teasdale

The Unchanging

Sun-swept beaches with a light wind blowing
From the immense blue circle of the sea,
And the soft thunder where long waves whiten—
These were the same for Sappho as for me.

Two thousand years—much has gone by forever,
Change takes the gods and ships and speech of men;
But here on the beaches that time passes over
The heart aches now as then.

If Death is Kind

Perhaps if Death is kind, and there can be returning,
We shall come back to earth some fragrant night,
And take these lanes to find the sea, and, bending,
Breathe the same honeysuckle, low and white.

We shall come down at night to these resounding beaches
And the long, gentle thunder of the sea;
Here for a single hour in the wide starlight
We shall be happy, for the dead are free.

"Like Barley Bending"

Like barley bending
In low fields by the sea,
Singing in hard wind
Ceaselessly;

Like barley bending
And rising again,
So would I, unbroken,
Rise from pain;

So would I softly,
Day long, night long,
Change my sorrow
Into song.

Robert Lawson

Bolshevik Realities and American Fancies

By MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY

"The Russian people have always known the real revolutionist from the man who plays with revolution. Their discernment has for a time been dulled by an overwhelming catastrophe; but they will throw off their stupor and will triumph over inequity."

AMERICANS whose interest in Russia antedates the year 1914 must be aware of a notable change in our attitude to and our utterances concerning that unhappy nation. Before the World War we were, in a measure, compelled to seek a special terminology when writing on Russia. Scarcely anything appeared in print that was lacking in abundant use of such terms as idealism, basic humanity, self-sacrifice, remorseless passion for truth, etc. The Russian masses were extolled for their inherent qualities and their heroic struggle for freedom quite as much as the Russian martyrs and leaders were. George Kennan and others who had the privilege of meeting the champions of Russian liberty confessed to having been uplifted by their simplicity, courage, and boundless faith in the people. To the subjects of Nicholas II these masters in self-abnegation brought a faith in human values and a spiritual sustenance that helped them bear their too dreary existence. For many years the effort of the revolutionists to secure for the people a better and freer life was the only gleam of hope that penetrated to the unhappy millions. And the outside world thought and spoke of that struggle in terms of idealism, of eternal principles of righteousness, of truth. Quite a different conception of Russia and her problems grew up with Lenine. Apparently the changes in the Slav empire, so swift and overwhelming that a short three years, when measured in blood and suffering, can be likened to a century, have forced a change of attitude and vocabulary. Russia of the Soviets became a subject for "practical" discussion. Why revert to idealism when we might discuss industrial nationalization? One was antiquated beyond all hope who would not prefer to seek information relative to the organization of the Soviets and the various trying duties of the *commissars*, rather than bother about a time-worn "ideology" like truth. The receptive foreign public was deluged, on the one hand, with information concerning the practical activities of Soviet Russia, and, on the other, with assurances that the Soviet Republic was not at all the creation of dangerous dreamers and idealists, but was really a very harmless and conventional form of government, with Lenine and Trotzky making concessions to the bourgeois, offering protection to foreign commerce, and standing ready to abandon their international policy or propaganda. In fact, Lenine and Trotzky would concede anything if only permitted to keep the Soviet. In the Soviet itself there was no danger; why quarrel over a word? The defenders of Bolshevism in America might even have gone on to explain that Soviet, after all, only means council and that under the autocracy, the *Gosudarstvenye Soviet* (the Council of the Empire) was as omnipotent a body as the Central Soviet. The former was as far removed from the people and had just as little confidence in its ability to act and think for itself. One might quote Mr. Lincoln Steffens to the effect that "the present Russian Government is the most autocratic government I have ever seen. Lenine, the head of the Soviet Government, is farther removed from the people than the czar was, or any other ruler in Europe." And again, "No student of government likes the Soviet as it has

developed. Lenine himself does n't." That being so, what objection could there be to a government in Russia which Lenine himself did not like and the people detested?

This may appear to be practical reasoning with a vengeance. But it need not disturb any one who is more or less acquainted with the frequent changes in Bolshevik logic under the pressure of necessity. There was a time when we were asked to think what we liked about Bolshevism, but to admire the Soviets.

I am aware that idealism is not a popular topic just now. It will be argued that five years of intensive living in the sphere of ideals have used up the nerves of the man in the street. The public is tired of over-exalted claims. Nevertheless, in what concerns Russia, this is more than an after-war reaction from an over-fervent phraseology. Even if we tried, it would be impossible to speak of Bolshevik Russia in the old terms of idealism. The Soviet dictatorship long ago gave up ideals and bent itself upon organization. Decrees are written and proclaimed daily. Owing to the fact that only a very small minority participates in their creation, the majority does not heed them. This does not slacken the speed in the manufacture of new decrees; for the Bolsheviki have discovered their efficacy, if not as laws, then as propaganda, and not the least in America. Mr. Steffens is justified in declaring Lenine a master propagandist. Not only does the dictator of the proletariat use "the State monopoly and control of the press and the old army of revolutionary propagandists to shift the blame for suffering in Russia from the revolutionary government to the war, the blockade and lack of transportation"; Lenine utilizes the legislative machinery for the same purpose.

Because of an insufficient knowledge of Russia very few Americans will grasp the significance of Mr. Steffens's statement concerning the Bolshevik monopoly of the press. Not even those who have felt the weight of Mr. Burleson's zeal for democracy can appreciate the effectiveness of this Bolshevik weapon. Lenine and Trotzky are not the first masters of Russia to use the press against the people. The czars, in this respect, like Lenine, considered democracy a bourgeois invention. But under the czar the old revolutionists never tired of bringing home to the masses the peculiar evil of this method of autocratic self-preservation. They carried on a relentless war against the censorship. In 1906, Gregory Gershuni, the leader of the terrorist wing of the Socialist Revolutionists, while in this country declared that his party would abandon the use of terror in exchange for the freedom of the press. Gershuni, when under sentence of death, refused the request of Makaroff, the emissary of Minister of the Interior Von Plehve, to submit a protest—not an appeal—in order to give the Government an excuse to commute his sentence from hanging to life imprisonment. But this fearless champion of the people's rights was ready to relinquish the revolutionary weapon for the use of which he was prepared to go to the gallows in return for the liberty of the press. A free press was vastly more important to him than his life; and in that he expressed the conviction of all democratic Russia. But under Bolshevism we see the very people who once condemned the czar's government for this infamy making the best use of it. What wonder that the Russian people have for the time lost their courage and fallen into a stupor? How were they to tell the tyrant from the democrat, the revolutionist from the monarchist, when both made use of the same methods?

But let us return to the use of the law-making machinery for propaganda. It apparently mattered little that the splendid decree socializing the land was ignored by the peasants so long as it was recognized by the mass of Soviet officials and by the Bolshevik sympathizers in America. The Soviet dictators knew that seventy-five per cent. of all the railroads in the Slav empire were government property before the World War; but they were also aware that the fact might not be common knowledge in America, where public opinion would be impressed by Soviet decrees dealing with "nationalized" railroads. Soviet Russia learned to

speak one language for foreign consumption and quite another for the people at home. Lunacharsky, minister of public instruction, publishes tracts on education that are reprinted by the Bolshevik press the world over, while Trotzky, as Mr. Arthur Ransome tells us, makes requisition upon the very meager number of schools for barracks for his "darlings," the Red Guard. But I shall discuss later the social and industrial activities of the Soviet Republic.

It is impossible to see Bolshevism in its true light without at least an elementary understanding of the Russian people. Why have the Russian masses fallen from grace? Do they deserve the rebukes for laziness and insubordination that Lenine hurls upon them? Have they really been found wanting? Or was the task set before them superhuman? In order to understand present-day Russia, it is necessary to return for a brief space to the past.

From the very inception of the revolutionary movement in Russia the leaders saw clearly that unless the people secured the land all political reforms, no matter how drastic, would be meaningless. To the peasants who toiled and scarcely earned enough to pay their burdensome taxes this was self-evident. The champions of the people's rights reasoned that the first necessity was to eradicate poverty among eighty per cent. of the Slav masses. Socialize the land, give the people an opportunity to realize themselves, and they will be found worthy of their responsibility. With that as an objective they went to the masses to teach them how to join land and liberty. Generation after generation of the best men and women dedicated their lives to what seemed a hopeless task, and fell in the struggle. To the superficial-minded these sacrifices seemed fruitless at the time. But those who were accustomed to see deeply were of another mind. They understood how, though the Hertzens and the Chermishevskys and later the group of young idealists of the "people's movement" of the seventies failed to accomplish epoch-making changes, they succeeded in keeping the people from falling into the spiritual despair that their political oppression and material misery invited. Their never-ending task was to teach the people that they must have political and economic freedom, but that both these gains would be worthless unless used fraternally, democratically. It was through the efforts of these idealists that the Slav masses acquired a great vision. It would have been strange if it had been otherwise. Has not humanity been uplifted by the ideals of one Man? And Russia is the country of ten thousand crucifixions and hundreds of thousands of resurrections; for the spirit of the dead took fire among the living. Year after year men and women went to the gallows smiling because of their hope in the people. Because of poverty, physical slavery, and the relentless oppression of the autocracy the people were able to respond but slowly. But they did respond, and they did repay the faith their liberators placed in them.

The Russians are a trusting and kindly people; they do not readily believe ill of others. It took time to convince them of the wickedness of their ruler. But once they did understand, as in 1905, for example, they acted quickly, and did not hesitate to intrust their fate to those who suffered with them and for them.

The revolution of 1905 was lost largely through dissensions among the leaders and not because of the ignorance of the masses. The Bolsheviki were among the most unruly. Then, as to-day, the Bolsheviki refused to ally themselves with the other socialist groups. Their wilfulness was responsible for the reactionary victory in the Duma and the defeat of the bill socializing the land. It must be remembered that in 1905 Lenine and his disciples were still of the opinion that the revolution in Russia must be only political. The Bolsheviki were concerned with the wage-earning proletariat only. The peasant, no matter how poor, was branded by them as "bourgeois," and therefore a drag upon the revolution. They fought relentlessly the agrarian program of the Socialist Revolutionists, which called for the abolition of all private property of land. According to Lenine, the land in Russia had to

pass through all the ills of capitalism before it could become sufficiently fertile for socialism. That is, the Bolsheviki stood for the division of land into large estates owned and operated by wealthy landowners. This evolution, they argued, would compel the peasants to become wage-earners and convert them into real proletarians. But let us return to the people.

After a brief reaction following the collapse of their revolution of 1905 the desire for political and economic freedom burst forth among the Slav masses with volcanic force. In a few years the country was ready for another eruption. It was, in a measure, to divert the attention of his subjects from internal affairs that Nicholas II consented to declare war against his life-long friend, the King of Prussia. The manner in which the Russian masses acquitted themselves in the first three years of the struggle against German militarism is well known. They rallied to the czar because of his democratic allies. Democracy being their own objective, they fought with a passion worthy of their overwhelming longing for freedom. When the autocracy threatened a separate peace, they eradicated the autocracy.

Americans who were in Russia shortly after the March revolution, no matter whether they be now Bolshevik or anti in sympathies, praise the spirit of the masses of that happy time when peace and good-will reigned everywhere. However, that was not to last long. Soon the German propaganda began its work, and was welcomed by the reactionaries. This was to be expected. And had there not appeared a more formidable opponent to liberty, disguised as a form of socialism, the reaction would have gained nothing. But the Bolsheviki, too, set to work. The seriousness of the Bolshevik opposition did not arise from their program. In the very beginning of their agitation their program did not differ much from that of the other socialist groups. It was their campaign of slander that was pernicious. They opened a fusillade against socialist leaders who had given their all for freedom and whom the people trusted. The minds of the heretofore confiding Russian people were rained upon by all manner of abuse. Daily they were told that Catharine Breshkovsky and others martyred for love of the people were traitors. The leaders whom the peasants loved and trusted were branded as their enemies. Had this slander emanated from the avowed sources of reaction, it would have had no effect. Against the peril of open reaction the people knew how to defend themselves. This fact was demonstrated by the failure of Kornilov's attempt to establish a dictatorship. But those who now set themselves the task of demoralizing the minds of the masses were themselves socialists, had themselves participated in the struggle for freedom, and therefore were in a position to inflict severe injury.

For a time people did not heed them. They had confidence in Kerensky and the Provisional Government of which he was the head. Again and again their representatives, workers, soldiers, peasants, voted their support. But fate was on the side of the evil-doers. Kornilov's march on Petrograd stirred the masses to a frantic fear for their newly acquired liberty. And when the Bolsheviki, who stopped at nothing, assured the people that the Kornilov uprising was aided by Kerensky, the people removed Kerensky. It is unnecessary to discuss at this late date the premier's relation to the Kornilov affair. Those who desire a thorough acquaintance with the facts can find it in the official report of the investigation into the Kornilov affair. One thing is quite clear: the Bolsheviki knew then, as the world knows now, that Kerensky was entirely innocent. The fact is important because it exemplifies the methods by which the Bolsheviki brought about the November *coup d'état*. They knew the psychology of the masses and played upon it with Machiavellian skill. A brief examination of their original program will show how it was fashioned to that end.

In his famous "Catechism" on the political parties in Russia, written before the overthrow of Kerensky, Lenine informs his readers that there are two socialist parties, the Social-Democrats, Socialist-Revolutionists, etc., on the one hand, and the Bolsheviki or Com-

munist party. Upon the vital issues Lenine is very definite. The Communist party is for "the abolition of the standing army and the police, substituting for them the armed people; the officials to be not only elected, but subject to recall, their pay not to exceed that of a good laborer."

This was directed against the army and its discipline under the Provisional Government. The fact that disorganization in the army might menace the Revolution did not trouble Lenine at the time. But later, when the Bolshevik régime needs an army, that army is conscripted, and the discipline is as rigid as under Nicholas II. As Mr. Ransome informs us, nothing is too good for Trotzky's "darlings." They receive the best of the food and the highest wages. The Bolsheviki have never openly claimed that their Red Guard is made up of revolutionists, and if they did, it would not be true. Revolutionists do not have to be conscripted. Nor do they demand better food or higher wages than the people.

With regard to the Constituent Assembly, Lenine of the "Catechism" differed from the other socialist groups on the question of time. The socialists who supported Kerensky conceded that time was needed to organize the machinery for the elections. But the Bolsheviki demanded immediate elections to be held under the complete supervision of the Councils of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Delegates. They likewise demanded the immediate convocation of the Constituent Assembly. They understood very well that a new elective machinery cannot be established in a day, specially after a revolution and with the country at war, but it was an effective way of embarrassing the Kerensky government.

Lenine and Trotzky had no illusions with regard to the Constituent Assembly. They knew that the only possibility of their retaining power lay in the Councils of Workers and Soldiers. Yet they kept assuring the people that their principal plank was the convocation of the assembly. The brief and painful history of the Constituent Assembly is well known. The elections took place three weeks after the Bolsheviki acquired power, and under their supervision. For all that, the Constituent Assembly was dispersed. This was not done to safeguard socialism. The overwhelming majority of the delegates were socialists and could have enacted any constitution they desired. The elected chairman was V. M. Chernov, a veteran Socialist Revolutionist belonging to the left wing of his party. Chernov had always been a pacifist and was therefore in favor of immediate peace.

Russia was declared a federated republic by the Constituent. As much of the land bill as the assembly had time to adopt provided for the socialization of all the land and waterways and all mineral resources. The bill further prohibited any discrimination against religion or race so far as the use of the land, waterways, and other wealth of soil is concerned. Briefly, had the Bolsheviki restrained their violent ambition for power, the Russian people through the Constituent Assembly would have eradicated private ownership in the land and in the most important industries in the country.

But the Bolsheviki wanted a dictatorship. And when their candidate for chairman, Maria Spiridonova, the Socialist Revolutionist whom they had nominated in order to secure her peasant constituency to swell their own slender numbers in the assembly, was defeated, they had no more use for the Constituent Assembly. Were the results of the elections to the assembly so extraordinary as to take Lenine unawares? Not in the least. The peasantry comprised eighty per cent. of the population, and the program of the Socialist Revolutionists was largely concerned with the land question. They were and are the peasant's party not because they take no interest in the wage-earning population, but because after years of serious study they had come to the conclusion that the socialization of the land and of the great public utilities would relieve dire poverty among the great mass of the Russian people and at the same time offer the best and quickest way to socialism. (For that they were branded as petty bourgeois by the Bolsheviki.) It would have been very singular indeed had not

the Socialist Revolutionists secured a great majority in the assembly. The Bolsheviki expected nothing else. But as long as an outcry for the immediate convocation of the assembly was an embarrassment to Kerensky, they cried out for the Constituent. Later they would find a way of dealing with its Constituent. They did.

The Bolsheviki aim was power, and they had no scruples as to how it was acquired. Their declarations on the question of peace demonstrate this fact even more concretely than their treatment of the Constituent. Taking advantage of the exhausted state of the army, the disorganization of the country, and the longing among the masses for internal reconstruction and peace, they began to clamor for peace. It was a subject to which the people willingly gave ear. The Bolsheviki assured the people that they could no longer carry on the war without endangering the Revolution, and promised them not a separate peace, but the cessation of the war the world over. They blamed the Provisional Government for the continuation of the slaughter in Europe. And it must be admitted that many well-meaning people in America and elsewhere believed in the sincerity of the Bolsheviki's pacifism. To such good people the revelations of Mr. Raymond Robins must have come as a terrible shock. For from Mr. Robins we learn that the same Bolsheviki who assured the people that Russia must be ready to sacrifice everything for immediate peace because the preservation of the Revolution and the necessity for reconstruction demanded it, were not much later promising Mr. Robins that in the event of their being recognized by the Allies they would throw the Russian armies into the struggle against Germany! What of the Revolution? How about reconstruction? The only inference possible is that Lenine and Trotzky cared for neither. They were occupied with the security of their own personal power.

However, Bolshevik interest is primarily in the proletariat. It is in that sphere that we must look for justification of Bolshevik policies and for results. How does the record stand there? In 1914 the entire wage-earning population, workers and their families, in the Slav empire, did not exceed twenty per cent. Four years later, with the loss of the Ukraine and Lódz and other industrial centers in the hands of Poland, the actual number of wage-earners in Soviet Russia does not comprise more than five per cent. Not all of these sympathize with the Soviet dictatorship. The railroad employees, as Lenine informs us in "The Soviets at Work," are opposing the decree establishing "individual dictators" over the workers. In this struggle they are being aided by the Socialist Revolutionists of the Left, otherwise loyal to the Bolsheviki, who carry on a "demagogic agitation" against this dictatorship. Under the pressure of this opposition Lenine makes the discovery that the workers who question the humanity of his innovations are bourgeois and that strikes are a crime against the Revolution. In his opinion the prerequisite to socialism becomes "strict unity of will," and that can be attained only by "subjecting the will of thousands to the will of one." So the one terrorizes the thousands among Russian workmen. The individual dictator replaces the shop committees. Lenine's confidence in and good-will toward the worker are expressed in decrees placing the proletariat in the Soviet Republic under the heel of the *commissar*. And Bolshevism tramples upon the democratic and humane principles that Russia learned through much human blood and suffering.

International policy was another item in the Bolshevik program in 1917. How changed only two years later! Immediately after the Bolsheviki acquired power they let it be known that the success of the socialist republic rested upon their ability to effect a revolution among the proletariat of the warring nations. It is now unnecessary to discuss the possibility of such a revolution; to ask whether by making a separate peace with an aggressive militarism, with Germany, Lenine hoped to secure the brotherly love and aid of the proletariat of the Allied nations who were engaged in a deadly struggle against that militarism and

its horrors. But the Bolshevik policy of revolution abroad is pertinent in so far as it illustrates the clarity of Bolshevik reasoning. Assuming that Lenine had accomplished a revolution in Europe, what then? Had he any reason to suppose that the European proletariat would be more radical than the Social-Democrats and Socialist Revolutionists in Russia, whom he rubricated as "reactionaries" and "enemies of the Revolution"? That being so, what affinity could there be between the European proletariat and his autocracy? Again, if Lenine was really of the opinion that a socialist state in Russia was impossible without the coöperation of the proletariat of Europe, how did he expect to establish it without the participation of the majority Socialist party in Russia itself? Was it toward socialism or personal power that he aspired?

Until very recently few people ventured to doubt the sincerity of Lenine's internationalism. It was maintained that mistakes were unavoidable despite a man's sincerity. Hence the true Bolshevik attitude on this most important principle of socialist philosophy is best elucidated by Lenine himself. Mr. Arthur Ransome has told us how in February, 1919, at Moscow, he went to see the Bolshevik dictator the day after the holiday in honor of the Third International. The first thing Lenine said to his interviewer was:

> I am afraid that the jingoes in England and France will make use of yesterday's doings as an excuse for further action against us. They will say, "How can we leave them in peace when they set about setting the world on fire?" To that I would answer, "We are at war, *messieurs!*" And just as during your war you tried to make revolution in Germany, and Germany did her best to make trouble in Ireland and India, so we, while we are at war with you, adopt the measures that are open to us. We have told you we are willing to make peace.

Thus Lenine makes out of the International a temporary war issue. And this is the man for whom the Bern Congress was not sufficiently socialistic, in fact, reactionary and bourgeois. Yet the Bern Congress, which had among its numbers men like Kurt Eisner and Karl Kautsky, did set to work to eradicate discord and hatred among the nations, and proclaimed the rebirth of international fraternity. The socialists at Bern, comprising delegates from most of the warring nations, did not apologize for the new International, and no sincere socialist would stoop so low as to describe it as a temporary war issue.

These, then, are the men whose shower of daily decrees the world was asked to take at their face-value; whose practical statesmanship we are asked to admire; whose "conciliatory" attitude we must welcome.

Before the appearance of Bolshevism in Russia no one had the excuse to doubt the integrity of the champions of socialism. For them prevarications were unnecessary. Truth was the most powerful element in socialist philosophy. In the sphere of truth and sincerity revolutionary Russia towered over bureaucratic Russia. And it is only in the light of truth and of revolutionary socialist aspirations that we must judge Bolshevism. Nothing else really matters. Granting that the Bolsheviki succeeded in socializing every industry in Russia, it would not recompense the people for the loss of the Revolution, for the defeat of all democratic principles, and for the new tyranny inflicted upon them. Nothing that the Bolsheviki might accomplish would pay for the ideals they crushed and the great hopes they killed. One may say with Mekrasov that the oaks, which had grown sky high, are either in prison, the workhouse, or exile, while the stumps are ruling Russia. Bolshevik declarations as compared with actual accomplishments show conclusively that the honest, truth-loving Slav people, both wage-workers and peasants, were shamefully misled and deceived. Like the maid in Robert Browning's "Confessional," who was persuaded by the cunning priest to reveal the secrets of her revolutionist lover in order to save his soul, the Russian masses were beguiled into relinquishing their hopes of peace and fraternity in order to save their freedom. The Bolsheviki slew their hopes even

as the priest gave the young revolutionist to the hangman, and the Slav masses might cry with the frantic maid, "Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie!"

WHEN this has been said, I fear the reader will not find the Russian situation, as it affects American opinion, any the less confusing. He sees the Bolshevik Government as the most autocratic government in Europe. He sees the Slav people still dazzled by light of freedom when it is extinguished for them by the dictatorship of Lenine; he sees the Bolsheviki fail to realize a single one of their original principles; particularly through the failure of their land laws they give the peasantry an opportunity to develop a sense of private ownership and so postpone indefinitely the realization of the very ideal, socialism, toward which they are supposed to be striving.

How, then, explain the outspoken sympathy for the Bolshevik régime among so many well-meaning democratic Americans? What impels an American democrat to defend the most autocratic government in Europe? It cannot be considerations of self-interest, such as confront us in, let us say, the pro-Bolshevik "Manchester Guardian," which drives home its argument for Russia's right to freedom thus: "Nor can we desire to re-create the sort of Imperialist Russia which, pressing towards the border of our Asiatic Empire, was for long years the dread of our Indian government and Foreign Office and the source of great anxiety and expenditure." There are, to be sure, some among our American Bolsheviks who prefer a strong Germany to a united Russia. But on the whole it is safe to assume that the majority of the Soviet sympathizers in this country know quite well that Russia cannot again become a monarchy and that the Russian people are not imperialistic. Quite the contrary; given freedom and an opportunity to think and act for themselves, they would form the most liberal and unaggressive element in Europe. What, then, is the magic by which Lenine captured the hearts of these Americans?

To find the answer we must turn to the psychology and traditions of the American defenders of Bolshevism. The majority of them are *not socialists*. Most of them are still affected by the traditions of their class—a class with high liberal and philanthropic ideals, but, nevertheless, a class. The philanthropic and paternal instinct to do "the right thing" by the people is in continual conflict with the revolutionary demand that the people be permitted to do everything for themselves. This is the primary source of difference between the true Russian revolutionists and the American defenders of the Soviet Republic. The pioneer Russian revolutionists were compelled by the illegality of their position to cut themselves off from their families, break with their past, and live among the masses, either in prison or at large. Most of them, indeed, emphasized at the very beginning the "superficiality" and "futility" of the life of the upper classes as compared with the usefulness and sincerity of the masses. Those who did not were taught by bitter experience. Their faith in the people was not a matter of pretty phrases or sentiment; it was the result of many years of intimate association. They lived and suffered with the masses and they climbed the scaffold for them. We need no other testimony to their love for and faith in the people.

Whereas our American Bolsheviki believe in class rule; Lenine and his class dictatorship might be counted upon to do "the right thing" for the people. In the people as such they have no faith. Class rule does not disturb them, provided it is paternal, philanthropic. That is how one can reconcile himself to the picture of Lenine strangling Russia in order that she may find happiness. Another link drawing these good people toward Lenine is their love for efficiency, for success, and for "sportsmanship," as Mr. Arthur Ransome puts it, admiration for a man who has kept himself in power for two years and has evolved a highly complicated state machinery which should delight any bureaucrat. Their class traditions will explain their enthusiasm for Lenine's "departments,"

their lack of concern for the rights of the majority, their assumption that Lenine will do "the right thing" for the masses. Their democracy and radicalism are largely bureaucratic. Their admiration for Lenine's internationalism is seasoned with a very strong national consciousness. The very innovations that they admire in the Soviet state they would consider a menace and an evil if introduced into America. In this country they are for the primaries and the referendum in order to assure more democratic results from popular elections. The politician must not be given an opportunity to deprive the masses of their rights. But in Russia it is quite possible to admire a government machinery which Mr. Lincoln Steffens describes as follows:

> The people in a shop or industry are a soviet. These little informal soviets elect a local soviet; which elects delegates to the city or country (community) soviet, which elects delegates to the government (State) soviet. The government soviets together elect delegates to the All-Russian Soviet, which elects commissars (who correspond to our Cabinet or to a European ministry) and these commissars finally elect Lenine. He is thus five or six removed from the people. To form an idea of his stability, independence and power, think of the process that would have to be gone through with by the people to remove him and elect a successor.

Thus, what would rightly appear to the man in the street as autocracy is described by our radicals as "stability and independence." Would they welcome this sort of millennium in America? Not likely. With their avowed adoration of the Soviet form of government is coupled the assertion that what is good for Russia would be suicidal for us. Mr. Raymond Robins says of the Soviets: "I can't go against a baby I have sat up with for six months. But if there were a Bolshevik movement in America, I 'd be out with my rifle to fight it every time." When this remark of Mr. Robins's was quoted to Lenine by Mr. Ransome, the Soviet dictator laughed heartily and said, "Now that is an honest man and more far-seeing than most." How hearty was that laugh and how sincere this approval of Mr. Robins's far-sightedness? How could Lenine, the internationalist, the man who believed that Bolshevism in Russia could succeed only if Bolshevism came everywhere else, approve of Mr. Robins and his rifle out against the Bolsheviki? Or was it because Lenine was speaking to a foreign correspondent and for foreign consumption, and it was necessary to create the impression in America that Lenine was not a fanatic, but a man of broad, practical vision, even a man of humor? What the incident reported by Mr. Ransome reveals is not at all that; it only reveals in Lenine a master Machiavellian.

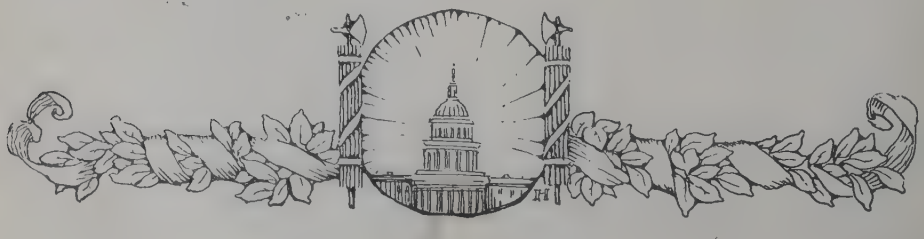
Why should Colonel Robins want to shoot people in America for the very things he worships in Russia? He is not alone in his position. Regularly we hear that the Soviets have justified themselves, but that "conditions in Russia are different." But what are the conditions that make us less fit for socialism? According to the A. B. C. of socialist theory, the prerequisites for the socialist state are an intense and concentrated industrial development, a high mechanical efficiency, and a majority of the entire population to consist of class-conscious wage-earners. Therefore, industrially undeveloped Russia, with her lack of mechanical skill and her five per cent. of wage-earners, is ripe for socialism. But in the United States, with its forty per cent. of wage-earners, its marvelous industrial efficiency, and its unrivaled genius for invention, "conditions are different."

Well, in one way conditions *are* different here. Our credulity, our impatience in sifting evidence will explain much. We will take a hazardous trip to Russia, talk to Lenine and his *commissars* through an interpreter, return with a phonographic reproduction of their utterances. But we will not study the utterances of the Bolsheviki when they are not talking propaganda for America. We will not bring critical analysis to bear on their claims. We will not try to ascertain whether in the nature of things their statements are possible or whether they coincide with socialist doctrine. Ignorance of the Russian language and a consequent inability to follow up the Russian press

is another obstacle to a more accurate understanding. And it is not merely the Russian language. The Continental press apparently does not exist for us. Otherwise, instead of demanding pathetically the "truth about Russia," we might try to find out the truth. We might turn to a publication like "L'Europe Nouvelle" and read how Lenine, as late as June, 1919, told the Soviet congress in Moscow that "we" still encounter obstinate opposition among the peasants and so are compelled to abolish the committees of the poor in the villages, the policy of forced requisition of food, etc. In other words, "we" must confess that the peasants are against us and we just yield. This at a time when Bolshevik sympathizers here are never tired of expatiating on the love and confidence of the Russian people for Lenine. We simply will not look at evidence that is to be had. We prefer our information hand-picked.

Thus it came about that Americans who have at bottom little faith in the masses, who in fact know little about them, embraced Bolshevism for Russia. They are democrats, but now, considering the "backwardness" of the masses, what is one to do, really? Sometimes I wonder how often these good democrats think of themselves as *commissars* uplifting the masses. Their aversion to such things as a Constituent Assembly and majority rule is comprehensible; it is the fascination of the newest thing out. But it is a pity that they do not inquire whether real majority rule in this country would not be as much of an innovation as the Soviet. For here in America, with the suffrage amendment still pending and the restrictions operating against our colored population, we are far from majority rule. In Russia, as thirty-six million votes cast in the elections to the Constituent Assembly demonstrated, majority rule was really tried, and the masses declared themselves true democrats.

There is nothing new or extraordinary about the American defenders of Bolshevism. History is full of the type. There were men and women who raved over Voltaire and Rousseau, but when the realization dawned upon them that the spirit of the French Revolution might penetrate their own homes, they, like Catharine the Great, tore into fragments the portraits of these great men, and were ready to kill and repress. In Russia, Turgenieff introduced this type to the people as far back as 1876, in his great revolutionary novel, "Virgin Soil," in the person of *Prince Sipyagin*. Turgenieff has shown us how to distinguish the real revolutionist from the dilettante. The former sacrifices everything that the people may have freedom and happiness. The latter is a "pagan," very much concerned with his own reactions, indulges his vanity by playing as far as it is safe, with all sorts of "revolutionary" movements, and not at all concerned about principles, consistency, truth. He would inject his kind of "democracy" into the people even if he had to handcuff the victim. The Russian people have always known the real revolutionist from the man who plays with revolution. Their discernment has for a time been dulled by an overwhelming catastrophe; but they will throw off their stupor and will triumph over inequity.



The A. E. F. School of Fine Arts

Painting and Illustrating

By SOLON H. BORGLUM

"Every citizen of America has the right to ask that this work be brought forward and exhibited."

THE department of painting and illustrating of the art-training center for the soldier-students, organized after the armistice in order to enable the men to occupy their time profitably and to focus their thoughts and energies upon their civilian careers until they were demobilized, included landscape and portrait-painting, etching, wood-engraving, and what may be generally termed "commercial art," such as posters, advertisements, etc.

These classes were very popular, and were attended with keen enthusiasm from the beginning to the end of the all-too-short three months' term. Under the plan instituted to meet the special circumstances, the results obtained were in every way remarkable, and it is important that a record should be given for those interested in seeing to it that the benefits derived from the course be continued at home and abroad for the good of American art.

In the first article on the school work at the Bellevue art-training center, "Sculpture and Architecture," it was shown that while every student had the opportunity to join in the study trips all over France, the painters, like the sculptors, had to spend most of their time in studio work. It would have involved too great a loss of time for them often to go far away from the school. Consequently, their trips were directed mostly to a few public museums and to various private collections where very rare works of art were to be found, but especially to many studios of French painters.

In order that the students should get the maximum of individual benefit from these visits to the museums and studios, they were divided into groups of thirty, each group under the guidance of an instructor.

Those who were in charge of these study trips were also directing the work of the students in the classrooms and ateliers of the school, and thus the students' own work, in theory and in practice, was closely correlated to the examples viewed and explained to them

during their visits outside the school. They were able to compare their own methods and results with those of masters in the arts, and thus to apply in a practical way in the school what they gathered outside.

For instance, the class in landscape-painting, having been set to work upon some difficult problem in their special field, would be given the opportunity to visit the atelier of some great French landscape-painter, see him at work, have explained to them his methods of composition, drawing, and handling of color.

The portrait-painting class at work in their atelier

The portrait-painting class might be working on a difficult problem in their atelier. Those students would be given a chance to see a portrait-painter at work in his studio. The master would have the soldiers gather in front of a freshly painted canvas, still on the easel. He would then explain to them in detail his manner of work and his treatment of the many problems that arise in the art of portrait-painting. Without trying to deflect them from their own way of working, he would give a clear explanation of how he had traveled along the hard, grinding road of the study of practical construction of form, and had become thoroughly familiar with the medium in which he wished to express his ideals; and how his work did not show the confidence of simple handling until he understood form and his medium.

From such invaluable opportunities as these the students learned more clearly and rapidly than would be possible in the ordinary curriculum of an art school. They came to see for themselves, and unforgetably, that the artist who does not understand form and his medium is plowing the sand; he cannot possibly be master of the ensemble in his particular field. Until he has acquired this basic equipment, the artist is losing time to attempt to proceed further; for not only will his presentation of the subject be weak and faulty, but the very ideal he wishes to interpret will remain hidden and unexpressed.

The vitalizing effect of this phase of the school's organization upon the student's work cannot be sufficiently emphasized; these visits to the masters' studios became, in fact, study-periods of inestimable value. The men would hurry back to their own canvases and work upon them with a zeal and determination that was evidence of its energizing influence.

Such in particular was the effect of the visit of a class to the atelier of a great academician of the old school. When the students visited his studio, they were astonished to find that the drawing and color were as free and fresh as that of the so-called Impressionists of the new school; but they could not fail to see that a master hand had controlled the building up of the picture not only in the subject, but also in the handling. Then, again, there was the painter of the country life of Brittany, who held the students spell-bound, taking up his whole afternoon in showing canvas after canvas. They could follow his struggle through the study of art almost from his first painting as a young student until now, when, in his old age, he continues his work, though partly paralyzed.

Then there were, of course, visits to the Louvre. It had been closed during

An etching made by one of the students from a sketch he brought back from a study trip

the war, and the pictures had been removed to safe places; but largely to meet the needs of the school and of the soldiers of the other armies who were spending their well-earned leaves in sight-seeing in Paris, the French Government put the Louvre into order as rapidly as possible, room by room. As soon as a room was "hung," it was opened. Here, then, was displayed to the soldier-students of painting a collection of the masterpieces representing centuries of progress in the pictoral arts by all nations. The building itself, the construction of which has taken centuries to complete, presents, as it were, a beautiful old frame in which are exhibited the countless treasures of the history of art.

A short distance from it is the Palais des Beaux Arts, where the spring Salon of the work of living artists is held—a modern building, gay with ornamentation, and with groups of plunging horses at its four corners, typifying the spirit of the forward-looking painters of the advanced schools who exhibit there.

What more eloquent appeal could be made to the young painter than the study and intelligent comparison of the contents of the Louvre with that of the Palais? That "Art is long, and time is fleeting," took on thus a new significance for the men, and rallied them to the serious purpose and mission of their careers. The lectures given to them every afternoon on the various

phases of the subject became to them vital and important, instead of dull and academic, for their mood was receptive, and their minds were alert to the meaning of the whole.

There is no doubt that the lectures delivered to the students in the school made up one of the most valued courses of the curriculum.

It was here that many of the students of painting understood for the first time that as a national art painting had been established in France only a comparatively short time, and that in its effort to exist and develop as a national art it has had to fight continuously against foreign schools and schools that had become stagnant. From the thirteenth century until the nineteenth it was a continuous struggle to succeed in making the French people recognize the importance of their own artists' work.

France is a country which has always offered advantages to its earnest workers, but not until recent times has the Government itself extended real recognition to the arts as an important national influence. The lecturer showed, however, that, coupled with this appreciation, the French Government expects her students to be continual producers. This has resulted in different schools of painting being developed, with a healthy emulation to excel in workmanship, or to discover some new thing that would advance the expression of form or color in the fine arts.

It was in the lecture-hall, also, that the specialists who lectured on the history of the lives of artists told the students that artists should be more than students of the fine arts; that the masters became great in their work only because they kept continually in touch with all the vital movements of their country, its government and religion, and the ideals of its people.

This historical aspect of the subject, shown as specifically significant to the establishment of French painting as a national art, struck into the minds and hearts of the American soldier-students, who were not slow to seek parallels in the field of American painting, and to draw from these lectures the particular meaning of it for themselves.

Our men were reminded that America is a new country, and that to be a student on virgin soil is a rare opportunity. It is a privilege for which all great men have craved. The student of Europe grows up among wonderful works of art, which surround and influence him. As objects of art, they represent the ideals of human development on successive planes of religion, government, and home life. Through appreciation and trade, these objects become standardized, thus causing a desire for imitation. In order to be creative, the artist must break away from this great mass of imitative work and commune with nature, the real master builder, thus coming in touch with the same constructive foundation used by all masters in the fine arts. By this attitude of mind only will the student place himself on the higher plane of development that the masters always endeavor to reach, so that he may become the real interpreter of the ideals of his own people and of his own day.

A lecture on color, a subject which has received the closest attention of colorists for many years, showed that color is constructed, and should be studied by the student as thoroughly as he should study the construction of form. Not until he understands the subject will he be able to express himself by means of color. It was shown why there are such vast differences in the handling of color by painters; that canvases painted by old masters still retain purity of color and luminosity because the artists studied and knew the construction of color. A charming effect in color should not be an accident; it can always be produced through a real understanding of that medium.

Let us now see how the separate departments operated, giving every student an opportunity to specialize in his particular line, whether landscape- or portrait-painting, etching, wood-carving, or illustrating.

The students of landscape-painting had to do much of their work outside, and in order not to miss any of the

Even in the photograph can be seen the real construction work necessary in color

study periods in the school-room, they became the early risers of the school. This class could be seen walking across the school-grounds every morning at five, with their easels, paint-boxes, and canvases. As soon as they arrived at the gate, they would go in groups along the Seine, some back in the woods of St.-Cloud or Meudon, and wander around till they found a place that would please them.

There were a few who walked many miles, even in France, before they could find a bit of nature that would interest them enough to stop and study it. Then there was the student who in his anxiety to work would stop almost at once, anywhere, perhaps right in front of the school, and make a serious study of an uninteresting building or street scene.

The work accomplished in the landscape-class was remarkable. It was under an instructor who believed that simple construction exists in landscape-work as well as in figure-painting. The soldiers were kept in the mood to study all the time, because the clearness with which the criticism was given to them produced steady progress. They could see the results. They were instructed in the simple lines of perspective, and what value these lines have in a picture; in the big, simple, flat planes which exist in the foliage of nature, as well as in a building; also in the value of one object in relation to another, treated as simple masses, which

"Labor," a study in composition in black and white

could be demonstrated while watching nature build up a beautiful picture of a landscape by its light and shadow, color and distance.

Even the student who had never before taken a lesson in art found that he was being started on a foundation which was not purely theoretical, but one of clear common sense.

Careful attention was given to the portrait-class despite its small numbers. The many different character-models who posed for this class brought out talent of a very rare quality. On the opening day, when the "brigand," in his large slouch-hat, came to pose, all the painting students became eager, and wanted to paint, but found that they were "brought up short." The enthusiastic desire to work was in them, but when they started to paint this model, they found that their months of fighting had made them strangers to brush and pencil. They felt that they must begin all over again. The result was that most of them left this small studio and went back to the big drawing-class, where they devoted their time to careful charcoal drawing from the nude figure.

This brings us into the general classroom, where the excitement of schoolwork was always at its highest pitch. The room was large and spacious. One hundred students could easily work here, and there was plenty of wall-space to put up the work of each day for criticism. This atelier of the students of painting was used by them as a place to study and analyze the construction of form and the handling of all the materials necessary to the production of their work. It was also used as a place to assemble and apply what they had studied.

An American visitor who stepped into the classroom any afternoon between two and seven could have seen fifty or sixty art students in military uniform, officers and men, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, silently studying out their different problems. It would have been difficult to imagine that a few months before, these students were standing behind cannon, or wading in muddy trenches with gun on shoulder, ready to kill.

Every afternoon this large hall was used for the careful study of the construction of the human figure. Here

"The Edge of the Village," a study in landscape-painting

at any time could be found a model posing. Special care was given to the study of form, chiefly made with lead-pencil and charcoal. In this life-class students from the other departments joined, for it concerned the landscape-painter, etcher, and illustrator as closely as the portrait-painter. No matter how proficient they might have been before the war, they were set to draw with the greatest care from the model, trying to learn the meaning of the swing of the figure, its construction, the placing of light and shade, and the character of each individual model.

The contrast of the spirit of the students in the various phases of their work was very evident here. In the morning the hall was a mass of busy, noisy workers examining and discussing the exhibits. In the afternoon it was filled with an atmosphere of concentrated study, and so silent that one could have heard a pin drop.

In the early part of the day it was the concourse for students from all departments, particularly in composition and illustration, a kind of clearing-house, in fact. If a man wanted to find out just where his work stood, he brought it in here and compared notes with his fellow-students. It was these meetings that brought out real talent and produced the greatest encouragement. The opportunity to compare one piece of work with another was practical criticism of the most effective kind. A specific subject was given out every week. On criticism day every student had to present his study of this subject, complete, at the appointed time, thus giving him a chance to show his full hand, his strength in the treatment of the subject, as well as in composition, drawing, and color.

On one red-letter day a subject was so well treated by a student that the French master from the École des Beaux Arts signed his own name on

the canvas over the student's name, a compliment which created a furor of enthusiasm and delight among the assembled students.

The subject of "Boating" was so provocative of the study of color, gaiety, and action, that there was evident the real spirit in which the soldier-students must have created their pictures. The subject of labor was so well treated by many that the individual tastes and trend of character of the students were often writ large upon their canvases. "Dancing" was a subject which brought out many varying personal moods. One student in particular showed by his canvas that he had to go back to the musty ages of Egypt for his inspiration, while other boys showed the dance up to date. One study was of the passing skirt-dancer, in a dingily lighted street of Paris, charmingly expressed in color and tone.

In this room, also, the etching-class met once a week, composed of those who were most advanced in drawing. They found that this beautiful art could express their ideals eloquently with its sensitive lines of black and white. Notre Dame, the cathedral that has been interpreted in all manners of arts, still proves a beautiful subject for etchers to work from. A little old church behind a château was etched by a soldier-student who had been employed during the war as an entertainer in the army. He had difficulty in getting his transfer papers ordering him to the school, so that he did not arrive until after the school had officially closed. This did not discourage him or the instructor in etching. He was at once given the opportunity to work, and had time to complete a few very charming examples.

Wood-engraving was not forgotten in the organization of the many departments, and those who worked in this class proved that this beautiful old art is very much alive, and capable of strong expression of modern thought and feeling.

Finally, a few words must be given to describe the work of one of the most interesting and progressive of the departments—that of illustrating and so-called "commercial art." There is a tendency among the more academic painters and teachers to belittle this field and to stigmatize it as basically and artistically separate and distinct from the other fields. There is a certain snobbishness inherent in this attitude of superiority much to be deplored and deprecated. Do not the material and purely utilitarian things of life lend themselves to artistic treatment, to the interpretation or rendition which an artist's hand and brain and spirit can supply? May not posters and advertisements, for whatever prime purpose they may be designed, be given effective and harmonious form, to their increased efficiency as well as to the gratification of the taste of those who see them?

In the class for this work at the school it was taught that a work used for practical purposes may yet stand alone as a thing of beauty, even though it be designed to be sold to a business man for advertising purposes; that as a picture it may express fine quality in harmony of color, composition, and drawing.

This class was taken to the studio of a great French painter. Almost before he welcomed the students the master apologized because the students saw on his easel a black-and-white drawing of a war poster. All artists seem to think they must apologize to one another for this kind of work.

The students were, in fact, astonished to see in this master's studio drawings for posters. However, nothing daunted this aged artist, a master of line drawing. It did not matter to him how his works were sold, so long as they could be sent out broadcast with credit to their creator.

For two hours he placed on his easel drawing after drawing, and without a word convinced every student in the room that great art can be expressed in a poster. The posters showed that this master not only understood the subject, but that in every line, as in the manner of handling, he expressed the brutality of this horrible war. When the students thought they had seen all he had to show, what was their surprise when he placed many exquisite pastels on the same easel on which he had ex-

An etching of Notre Dame. One of the beautiful monumental buildings which always presents a subject for artists to work from

hibited the posters, handled with that exquisite touch and delicacy of line that is necessary in pastel portraiture of children.

But did these pastels express more of what is truly great art than some of those wonderful posters, which rested in the category of commercial art? Thus the students returned to their work with broader views of their careers, as well as of the significance of art in human life. They understood that as long as their ideals were expressed in a truthful and clean way, their esthetic ideal would not suffer, and that they would find many channels in the commercial world where they could make a living, and at the same time direct the mind of the public to higher appreciation of the fine arts.

Some of these students were very agreeably surprised before leaving France. One soldier received a position at the head of one of the largest "commercial" art firms in Paris. Five other illustrators were given work by French publishing companies. This

practical appreciation of the work of these men and of the school was highly gratifying; but it makes us ask, now that the school is closed, is it not time that we in America weigh our duty toward our art students, now returned home to an apparently unresponsive country? When will the American Government and American business men realize, as in France, that the artist is essential to the national life, whether in the industrial, commercial, educational, or religious field?

Our soldier art-students worked hard, early and late, and to good effect. As servants of the American Government their output is the property of the nation; their landscapes and portraits, architectural drawings, sculptures, etchings, and wood-engravings have been packed up and sent over to America. Will this material and these studies be stored away and forgotten, thus ending a great work well started?

It is true that a more fitting reward than the opportunity to study could not have been offered to the soldier-student who had been to the front, the man who had staked his life for what he thought was right, and left his profession as an artist for a soldier's life; it is also true that he has been brought back to his country, and his Government expects him to take up his former profession, as a good citizen should. But not only these students, but every citizen of America, has a right to this work, and to ask that it be brought forward and exhibited, so that it may encourage the continuation of a much-needed step toward a national American art, thus joining with the other great nations, who recognize art as a necessary branch of good government.

Free Prose

By ROBERT RAY LORANT

"Good prose is rhythmical because thought is; and thought is rhythmical because it is always going somewhere, sometimes strolling, sometimes marching, sometimes dancing."

AT bottom, the objection of the vers-librist to metrical verse is like the animosity aroused in most people by the organ-grinder who essays to subdue the emotions of the passing throng on a snowy Christmas eve with "Home, Sweet Home." It is a beautiful melody, but what right has the organ-grinder to appropriate it to his personal advantage? The vers-librist insists upon every poet's originating his own tune, instead of borrowing one that has been effective on other occasions.

It seems to have been overlooked that prose, too, is in danger of lapsing as frequently as verse into hurdy-gurdy-ism. If free verse, why not free prose? One may say, in general, that when a man is caught intentionally writing or speaking prose rhythmically, it behooves the gentle reader to beware. He has ulterior motives.

Primitive people believe that both gods and ghosts can be appeased by song. This faith has remained with men of all classes through all ages. Horace and Vergil spoke of the power of song to bring down the moon and stars from heaven. Joshua declaimed a charm to make the sun stand still. Illiterate rustics seriously believe in the medicinal virtue of such lines as:

Tremble and go!
First day shiver and burn,
Tremble and quake!
Second day shiver and learn,
Tremble and die!
Third day never return.

The tribal medicine-man recites his charm in so low a voice that the words are inaudible to his hearers. The meaning does not matter. The rhythm is the thing.

Vers-librists are ready enough to

raise iconoclastic hands against meter. Rhythm is different. There you approach holy ground. If free verse is not metrical, it is more abundantly rhythmical than conventional verse. What, in fact, distinguishes it from its more respectable cousin is its freedom from the shackles that limit rhythmical complexity, rhyme, and meter. But one would err grossly if one were to assume that prose, the limit, as mathematicians would say, toward which free verse approaches, is rhythmless. On the contrary, the most recent investigations have demonstrated that this is the most rhythmical—that is, the most variously rhythmical—of all the forms of writing.

The inquiry into the part rhythm plays in prose style was started by Aristotle, and followed up rather gropingly by a few other classical rhetoricians. Cicero, who knew a thing or two about the subtle art of persuasion, paid considerable attention to the subject and laid down a few arbitrary rules for the guidance of his successors. Since those days the matter has been glanced at casually now and then, as by Bishop Hurd in his comments upon Addison's style, though only in recent days has there been a really determined effort to clear up the whole subject in a scientific manner. There is, we may now say with assurance, no doubt that rhythm is omnipresent in prose; or, as the verslibrist would say, the opportunities for camouflaging with the aid of rhythm are more numerous in prose than in verse.

Great honor is due Professor Saintsbury, one of the late investigators, for his Columbus-like daring in launching out upon the ocean of English prose in quest of "feet" with Greek names, which he conceives to be the essence of rhythm. We remember how elusive a task the Latin professor set us in our college days when he ordered us to find "sapphics," "alcaics," "choriambs," and the rest, which he affirmed the poet had certainly placed in his poem. Professor Saintsbury had no such assurance, yet he sought, and found, feet in all the masters of English prose from Alfred to Stevenson, employing the crude, but handy, instrument of the college student, scansion. A wonderful assortment of feet it is that Professor Saintsbury displays as the result of his thrilling voyage—"iambs," "trochees," "anapæsts," "molossi," "pæons," and everything else that has a Greek name. It is a highly entertaining concert he treats us to, marred only by the suspicion that it would be impossible to find any prose that would not by the scanning test prove to be crowded with feet. For, obviously, one cannot read on forever without accenting something and stopping here and there. Feet are inevitable, and as there is no aristocracy of feet, one being just as good as another in Professor Saintsbury's view, all distinction between more and less rhythmical prose disappears. He might have taken any dusty old legal document or any succession of sounds; he might have listened to the dripping rain, and have heard the same "dactyls," "spondees," "iambs," and all the other feet; for the faculty of rhythmization is in the ear, and will shape the most monotonous material into rhythmical systems.

Professor Patterson has attacked the problem in more scientific fashion. He has employed a dozen other witnesses besides himself, has made use of time-registering and voice-photographing apparatus, statistical analysis and a seemingly professional musical personal equipment. While Professor Saintsbury left everything to the decision of his own ear, Professor Patterson leaves it to the chronoscope, the phonograph, the camera, and the drum. That is, he says he does. Actually, he might as well have thrown away that part of his book that describes his experiments, instead of putting it in a confused appendix, where nobody will ever look at it until the next PH.D. candidate in this field turns up. The admirable discussion in the body of his book would have stood, as it does, independently. Syncopation, acceleration, sense of swing, are undoubtedly psychological factors that condition the phenomenon of prose rhythm. It remains true, nevertheless, that rhythmical effects which require an ear laboriously drilled in Greek prosody or the excessive refinements of laboratory machinery to detect are not those that are felt by readers of prose.

The rhythm of prose is inseparable from its sense. This sense-rhythm is abetted and supported by the mechanical rhythm of syllables, but its larger outlines are staked out by tones of interrogation, by outcries, expostulations, threats, entreaties, resolves, by the tones of a multitude of emotions. These are heard as interior voices, and have their accompaniment of peculiar bodily motions, such as gritting of teeth, holding of breath, clenching of fists, tensions, and relaxations of numberless obscure muscles. All the organs of the body compose the orchestra that plays the rhythm of prose, which is not only a rhythm, but a tune. In short, the really important sort of rhythm in prose is that of phrase, clause, and sentence, and this rhythm is marked not merely by stresses, but by tones, which are of as great variety as the modes of putting a proposition, dogmatic, hypothetical, imperative, persuasive; or as the emotional tone of thought, solemn, jubilant, placid, mysterious.

Good prose is rhythmical because thought is; and thought is rhythmical because it is always going somewhere, sometimes strolling, sometimes marching, sometimes dancing. Types of thought have their characteristic rhythms, and a resemblance is discernible between these and types of dancing. Note, for example, the Oriental undulation of De Quincey, the sprightly two-stepping of Stevenson, the placid glide of Howells, the march of Gibbon. A man who wishes to put the accent of moral authority into his style writes in a sententious, staccato rhythm. One who would appear profound adopts the voluminous, long-winded German period. The apocalyptic spirit manifests itself in a buoyant, shouting, leaping rhythm. Meditative calmness adopts the gliding movement that suggests the waltz.

Now, why do we become uneasy the moment we suspect a writer of aiming at musical effects? It is because we know instinctively that every thought creates its own rhythm, and that when a writer's attention is upon his rhythm, he is bent upon something else than his thought processes. The only way of giving the impression of thought that is not original or spontaneous is by imitating the rhythm of that thought. For real meanings cannot be borrowed. They are always new. Real thought is an action, an original adventure. It pulsates, and the body pulsates with it. No writer can produce this sense of original adventure in us unless he has it himself.

The various classes of writers and talkers whose business it is to sway the minds of others understand as well as the medicine-man in the primitive tribe the part that rhythm plays in their work. The rhythm of each is characteristic. The swelling, pompous senatorial style that suggests the weight of nations behind the speaker is familiar.

> I admit that there is an ultimate violent remedy, above the Constitution and in defiance of the Constitution, which may be resorted to when a revolution is to be justified. But I do not admit that, under the Constitution and in conformity with it, there is any mode in which a state government, as a member of the Union can interfere and stop the progress of the general Government by force of her own laws under any circumstances whatever.

Rhythm of this sort is not a matter of accented and unaccented syllables, but of length of phrase and suspension of voice as it gathers volume and momentum to break finally in an overwhelming roar.

Then there is the suave, insinuating clerical style that lulls opposition and penetrates the conscience of the listener with its smooth, unhalting naïveté.

> How many of us feel that those who have committed grave outward transgressions into which we have not fallen because the motives to them were not present with us, or because God's grace kept us hedged round by influences which resisted them—may nevertheless have had hearts which answered more to God's heart, which entered far more into the grief and joy of His spirit, than ours ever did.

Or, if the preacher is of the apocalyptic variety, we get the explosive shocks, the hammer-blows, and the thunderous reverberations.

> Ah, no, this deep-hearted son of the wilderness with his burning black eyes

and open, social, deep soul had other thoughts in him than ambition. . . . The great mystery of existence, as I said, glared in upon him, with its terrors, with its splendors; no hear-says could hide that unspeakable fact, "Here am I."

Editorial omniscience clothes itself in a martial array of unwavering units. There is no quickening or slackening in their irresistible advance. There is no weakening in their ranks, nor are they subject to sudden accessions of strength. All is as it was in the beginning, perfect wisdom without flaw.

All this is in prose what conventional meter is in verse. The writer sets himself a tune, which he follows. The political orator, the preacher, the editorial writer, the philosopher, the rhapsodist, knows that his writing acquires prestige from the class wisdom whose rhythm he chants. The reader who does not examine the thought too critically, but who recognizes the rhythm, is satisfied with the writer's credentials and bolts the whole piece. The reverence the average man has for print is largely due to the hypnotizing effect of its rhythm.

But what does free prose do? It does not follow a set tune. It makes its rhythm as it goes along, and this accurately, or as nearly as may be, represents the rhythm of the writer's thinking. The prose-librist demands that music shall inhere in speech as part of the structural quality of the thought it is there to utter. Something like the following:

A capable advocate, when he is convinced of the soundness of his own case, always takes his opponent's case at its best, even if he has to state it for him better than he can state it himself, and he will take especial care when going into court to decry all claims that cannot be sustained, so as to avoid refutations that would prejudice those that can.

The writer of this could, however, give us on the same page a sentence like the following:

That is why all masks must come off, all hypocrisies be dropped, and all hidden cards be shaken from the diplomatic sleeves and thrown face up on the table.

This is an easily recognizable bit of rhythm which the author had a good right to use if he happened to feel that way. What we find intolerable is the setting of the tune at the start and the grinding it out to the end. In revenge the reading world consigns the much-vaunted Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial," De Quincey's "Levana," and Pater's famous purple patch about Mona Lisa to the rhetorical museums; but it never ceases to read "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Gulliver's Travels," and it devours G. B. Shaw with delight.

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

In this chapter Professor Skelton covers one of the most important situations in Canadian history, the planning, financing, and development of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Like an exciting story reads this account of the personalities and schemes connected with the exploitation of this great railway system.

VIII. RAILWAYS AND POLITICS

"CONSULT the annals of Canada for the past fifty years at random, and whatever party may be in power, what is it you find?" asked a brilliant Canadian whose premature death was a calamity to his country. "The government is building a railway, buying a railway, selling a railway, or blocking a railway."[1]

Railways have counted greatly in the making of Canada and in the party struggles which have reflected the clashing interests at stake. In every new country the railway is indispensable in opening lands to settlement and markets to settlers, and nowhere more so than in Canada, with its vast distances, and the seal set by winter on its waterways. But in Canada it has been not merely tonnage and homestead entries that have been at stake, but the very existence of the nation. The dominion is not a natural unity. For thousands of miles with only a fringe of settlement a hundred or fewer miles deep along the American border, cut in four by the jutting northward of Maine, the thrust of the Laurentian plateau southward to the lakes, and the barriers of the Selkirks and the Rockies, it could never have been made one or kept one except by the railway. So it was that when in the fifties the Grand Trunk bound the two Canadas, for all their incompatibility of temperament, together, beyond possibility of divorce; and when in the seventies the Intercolonial united East and Center, and justified its builders by making ends meet politically if it could not make ends meet financially; and when in the eighties the Canadian Pacific bound East and West and gave reality to the map's pictured unity, the building of railways not only made and unmade governments, but had a share in the making of a people—and in some ways their unmaking.

A way from the Atlantic to the Pacific and beyond had been the dream of many a daring explorer and fur-trader in Canada's beginnings. The search for the Northwest Passage had lured brave English seamen to shipwreck and death on the islands of the North. It was in the search for "la Chine" that La Salle traced the Mississippi to the sea. La-Verendrye pushed westward almost within sight of the Rockies, and Mackenzie to the shores of the Pacific; but the paths they blazed took months to follow, in canoe and on foot, with pack-horse and Red River cart. The coming of the railway gave a new turn to men's visions, and the pamphleteer and the promoter built many a transcontinental road on paper. It was not until the prospect of bringing all British North America within the Canadian federation emphasized the need, and the achievement of the United States in building the Union Pacific in the sixties pointed the way, that the question entered practical politics.

Within six years after confederation the dominion had staked out the lands from sea to sea for its own and multiplied its original area tenfold. First the central territories had been acquired from the Hudson Bay Company, and then, in 1871, the Pacific coast colony entered the union. Canadian statesmen were eager to have an outlet to the Western ocean, and apprehensive of a movement which found backing both inside and outside British Columbia to bring the whole coast from Alaska to

[1] Paul Lamarche, Conférence à la Bibliothèque Saint Sulpice, Montreal, 1917.

California under the Stars and Stripes. The ten thousand white settlers in the new province therefore set their terms high, urging first and foremost the immediate building of a transcontinental railway.

It was an audacious demand. The engineering difficulties were great; for hundreds of miles the road would have to run through territory where no white man had ever passed. Canada had not yet four million people; the United States had not built across the continent until it had over thirty millions. Yet Macdonald accepted the terms, agreeing to begin in two years and complete in ten a road connecting the Pacific Ocean with the railway systems of Ontario and Quebec. He felt strongly the national issues at stake, and the confidence that "something would turn up," which gave him his sobriquet of "Old To-morrow," enabled him to discount the difficulties ahead.

When in March, 1871, the resolutions embodying the terms on which British Columbia was to enter confederation were submitted to Parliament, the Pacific Railway entered federal politics and never left it for a score of years. The Liberal opposition strongly opposed the promise to build a transcontinental railway in ten years as impossible and as more than British Columbia would have been content to accept. Many of the Government's supporters took the same ground. The resolutions were adopted, and the contract was sealed. Yet so general was the criticism of the terms that the Government itself introduced a resolution later in the session providing that the public aid to be given should consist of grants of land and such money subsidy as should not press unduly on the resources of the dominion. This qualification was not part of the formal terms, and therefore had no binding force.

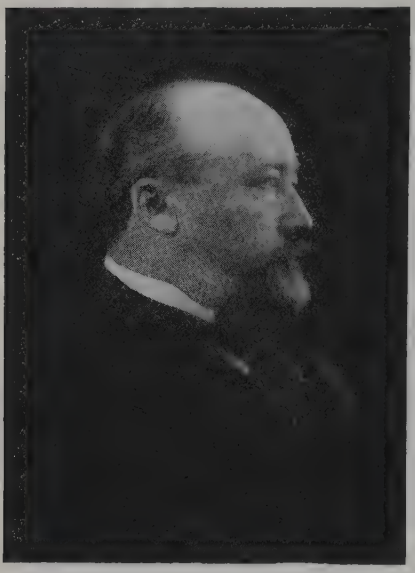
It was determined that the new road should be built, as the Union and Central Pacific had been built, by private companies, aided by land and, if need be, by money grants or guaranties. The Government undertook the preliminary task of finding a feasible route. Year after year, under Sandford Fleming, bands of surveyors, who were often explorers as well, sought a way through the wilderness of rock and muskeg north of Lake Superior, through the plains and prairies of the middle West, and through the four hundred miles of mountains that barred the coast.

Meanwhile capitalists and would-be capitalists were lobbying vigorously to secure the contract for the building of the road. American experience had shown what vast fortunes could be reaped from lavish land subsidies and dummy construction companies. Some American promoters sought the aid of Sir Hugh Allan of Montreal, head of the Allan Steamship Line and the foremost business man in Canada. Though hard pressed by Toronto rivals, who attacked his American affiliations and his Montreal interest, and by the Grand Trunk, which feared a competitor in the Eastern field and had a powerful backer in the cabinet in its salaried solicitor, Cartier, Allan made good a dominant place among the charter-seekers. He had not done so wholly by moral suasion. "The plans I propose," he wrote to his American associates, "are in themselves the best for the interests of the Dominion and in urging them on the public I am really doing a most patriotic action. But even in that view, means must be used to influence the public." He was not squeamish about the means, spending money lavishly to buy newspapers and the lesser politicians, particularly in Quebec, with a view to bringing Cartier to terms.

Immediately a charter was given to a company of which Allan was president, though Macdonald insisted on the inclusion of other Canadian interests and the exclusion of the American colleagues, who, it was feared, would play into the hands of the Northern Pacific. A subsidy of fifty million acres and thirty million dollars was promised.

Before the new company could get under way, a quarrel between Allan and his American colleagues and the theft of papers from the office of Allan's solicitor, J. J. C. Abbott, revealed the sordid intrigue. Huntington brought the charges before the House in April, 1872, and though obstacles were thrown in the way of inquiry, the evidence made public in the course of the summer left no

doubt that the transaction was beyond defense. The Government was swept from power, and Allan, finding it impossible to raise capital in the face of



Sir William C. Van Horne, general manager and later president of the Canadian Pacific

political discredit and financial depression, gave up the charter.

The Mackenzie government found itself committed by the policy of its predecessors, but made important changes where it could. Mackenzie determined to concentrate on the sections easiest to construct and most essential to further settlement: a road from Lake Superior to the Red River; a branch from near Winnipeg to the United States border, connecting with the St. Paul and Pacific; colonization lines in the prairie country; a wagon-road through the Rockies and sufficient railway construction on Vancouver Island or in the Fraser Valley to satisfy British Columbia.

The Macdonald government, after some hesitation, accepted the route through the Yellowhead Pass and down the Fraser River which its predecessors had selected, and continued the policy of state construction. Efforts to secure aid or a guaranty from the British Government on the strength of the imperial interests involved, and to raise funds from the sale of a hundred million acres of land along the projected railway, came to nothing. Tupper, as minister of railways, was turning toward a compromise whereby, instead of constructing the difficult section north of Lake Superior, use would be made of United States roads to the south. Then suddenly, in 1880, the situation changed. State construction was proving disappointingly slow and costly. The revival of trade and speculative activity throughout the continent once more stirred interest in railway charters. Above all, the astounding success of a group of Canadians in railway building and promoting south of the Manitoba border provided the men and the money for a new attempt at private construction.

Two Canadians by birth, James J. Hill and Norman W. Kittson, two by adoption, Donald A. Smith and George Stephen, joined later by a fifth, Richard B. Angus, discovered an opportunity in a bankrupt Minnesota railroad. The St. Paul and Pacific had secured lavish land grants from the state legislature, and sold tens of millions of bonds to Dutch investors; the grasshoppers pillaged the land, and New York financiers looted the treasury. The road was in the hands of a receiver and about to forfeit its grants when Hill and Kittson, who were on the spot, Smith, who used to pass through on his journeys from the Hudson Bay Company's Red River posts to Montreal, Stephen, brought by chance to survey the Western country, and John S. Kennedy, New York agent for the bondholders, seized the opportunity. An option was secured on the Dutchmen's bonds at a price something like the interest due; money, largely borrowed from the Bank of Montreal, was advanced to the receiver for completing the construction necessary to earn the land grants; and a new company, the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, organized to take over the assets. Scarcely had this group assumed control when the grasshoppers departed, settlers poured in, land values soared, and the bankrupt road became a source of untold wealth to its fortunate owners. Probably no railway in the United States ever proved so rich a mine for the

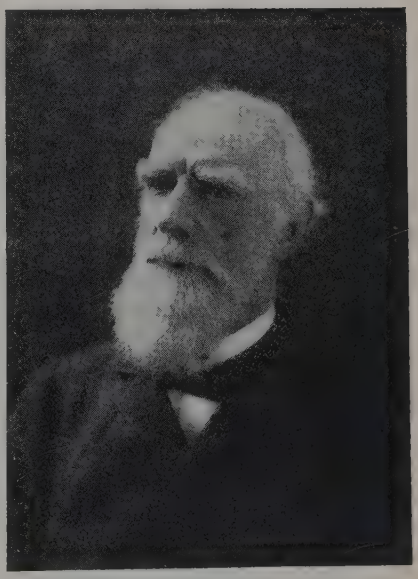
stock-holders as the St. P., M. and M., and the Great Northern system into which it expanded under Hill's direction.

In October, 1880, a formal agreement was reached between the Government and a syndicate consisting of George Stephen, Duncan McIntyre, John S. Kennedy, Richard B. Angus, James J. Hill, Morton, Rose and Company, and Kohn, Reinach and Company. In December the contract was submitted to Parliament and its terms given to the public. In return for the building and operating of a road running through Canadian territory from Lake Nipissing to the Pacific, involving nineteen hundred miles of new construction, the syndicate was to receive a subsidy of $25,000,000 in cash, 25,000,000 acres of selected lands in the fertile belt, mainly in alternate sections within twenty-four miles of the railway, and the seven hundred miles of road then under construction by the Government. They were promised exemption from import duties on construction materials, from taxes on land for twenty years after the patents were issued, and on stock and other property forever, and from regulation of rates until ten per cent. was earned on the capital. They were guaranteed also against competition from United States roads in the West; for twenty years the dominion was to charter "no line of railway south of the Canadian Pacific, except such line as shall run southwest or to the westward of southwest, nor to be within fifteen miles of latitude 49°." The road was to be completed by 1891.

No sooner were the terms of the contract announced than Blake and the opposition launched an attack upon it in full force. That opportunity should have been given for competitive offers from other sources under the new conditions; that the Government was virtually building the road and presenting it free to the syndicate; that the financial expenditure involved would ruin the country; that there was no certainty that the syndicate could or would supply the capital required for immediate expenditure and ultimate operation; that the blanket choice of land and the exemption from taxation, and particularly the monopoly of construction for twenty years, would hamper and discourage settlement—all these were the main counts in their indictment.

A vigorous press and platform campaign was carried on during the Christmas recess. A rival company was organized by prominent capitalists of Liberal leanings, including Sir William Howland, William Hendrie, A. R. McMaster, A. T. Wood, Allan Gilmour, George A. Cox, P. Larkin, James McLaren, John Walker, John Carruthers, and Alexander Gibson. It submitted an offer to build the road for a smaller subsidy, to waive the exemption and monopoly clauses, and to give the Government the "privilege" of postponing the Lake Superior and mountain sections. When Parliament met in January, Blake moved a six-page omnibus amendment and exposed every weakness of the contract to galling fire, while his followers in turn offered twenty-four specific amendments.

The Government's new policy had many strong features which the passing



Sir Donald Smith, later Lord Strathcona, director of the Canadian Pacific

of time has only emphasized. Both parties and the country as a whole favored private construction and operation. No government department of that day or this could have shown the

energy and fertility of resource, made the necessary extensions and connections not only in eastern Canada, but in the United States, undertaken the many subsidiary enterprises and assumed the initiative in seeking and building traffic which marked the operations of the Canadian Pacific. Probably the Government was right, again, in deciding to give the contract to the Stephen rather than to the Howland syndicate. The offer of the latter group was far from being the sham the government forces charged, and its members were hard-headed and energetic men who had made a success of large enterprises. Yet they were not first in the field, and it is difficult to imagine that they would have shown more courage or persistence or carried out their obligations more honorably than the men to whom the task was given. The public aid granted was large, but large aid was needed to induce investors to face the risks not only of building through unknown wildernesses, but of operating a road for which little assured traffic was in sight. The country assumed a heavy burden, but the national issues at stake, the necessity of unifying the far-flung dominion, justified no small sacrifices.

Unfortunately, but inevitably, the Canadian Pacific project became a party question. It is the function of an opposition to oppose, a course which often leads to factious quibbling, but usually insures responsible and guarded action. Smarting under electoral defeat, mindful of the earlier overthrow of the Government on a railway issue, honestly convinced of the danger and extravagance of the new proposals, the Liberals launched a strong attack on the whole policy. Not content with assailing the weak points of the contract, they were led into taking a position of hostility to the whole project. The government forces, convinced of the essential soundness of the policy, with equal lack of discrimination felt called upon to defend every line and comma of the bargain. The action of the Canadian Pacific in entering territory in eastern Canada which the Grand Trunk had long considered its private preserve, and the bitter quarrels between the two roads that followed, would in any event have been reflected in politics. The result was that for three general elections railway issues were always prominent and more than once decisive.

Once the contract was ratified by Parliament, no time was lost in organizing for the task ahead. George Stephen was chosen president. To his indomitable persistence and unfailing faith the ultimate success was largely due. The financial experience and shrewd judgment of R. B. Angus stood the company in good stead in many a tight corner. Duncan McIntyre gave effective service until his retirement in 1884. James J. Hill ceased to be a director and sold his stock in 1882, as a result of growing divergence of interests between the St. P., M. and M. and the C. P. R., and the refusal of the other directors to postpone indefinitely the Lake Superior section as he advised; Kennedy retired with him. To some extent their place was taken by Donald A. Smith. Though financially interested from the beginning, his name had not appeared in the original list of directors. It had been only two years before the formation of the syndicate that Macdonald, who never forgave Smith for casting what proved the deciding vote in turning him out of office on the Pacific scandal, and Tupper, who vigorously backed his chief, had exchanged with Smith hot and bitter words in the closing hours of the session, in a fugue of "coward," "liar," "traitor," which fills six staccato pages of Hansard, and ends with Macdonald's shout, "That fellow Smith is the biggest liar I ever met."

Naturally, time was needed to permit the wrath of the two Highlanders to cool to a point where it could be veneered over with formal politeness. In 1883 Smith became a director and member of the executive board, and more than once pledged his St. Paul securities to aid the road. Yet he took little part in the management, rarely attending meetings; it was not until the road was a success that he took any interest in it, half persuaded by the chance that he drove the last spike into believing, as the public believed, that he had driven most of the earlier spikes.

W. L. Scott and R. V. Martinsen

represented New York banking interests throughout the construction period, and Baron Reinach, P. du P. Grenfell, H. S. Northcote, and C. D. Rose the London and Paris members of the syndicate. The detailed management was first entrusted to two United States railway executives, A. B. Stickney as general superintendent and General Rosser as chief engineer; but slow progress led to a change in 1882, when another American, William C. Van Horne, was made general manager with wide powers. Van Horne's tireless driving force, his sleepless energy, his versatility, and freshness of resource made him not only an invaluable support to Stephen and Angus, but one of the greatest railway men of his day.

The building of the prairie section was accompanied by the usual wave of speculation and seeming prosperity. The railway itself called for men, tools, and supplies in endless procession. Into the West tens of thousands of settlers and speculators poured, first by St. Paul and later through Fort William, staking out homesteads, filing preëmption sections, or buying Winnipeg or Brandon town lots to unload on the tenderfoot following.

It was in this atmosphere that the general election of 1882 was fought. The Liberal leaders found it difficult to get a hearing. It was useless to question the financial strength of a company which was setting new world records for rapidity of construction. It was wasted breath to attack the Government's lavish terms before men who were pocketing real or paper profits from the activities those grants had caused or primed. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company itself was not, so far as was known, a participant in the campaign, but its seemingly assured success was an overwhelming argument in support of the administration. The Liberals had attacked both the N. P. and the C. P. R., and at this stage the success of both appeared to vindicate Macdonald's policy. It was not surprising that the Government was once more returned to power with a majority of almost two to one.

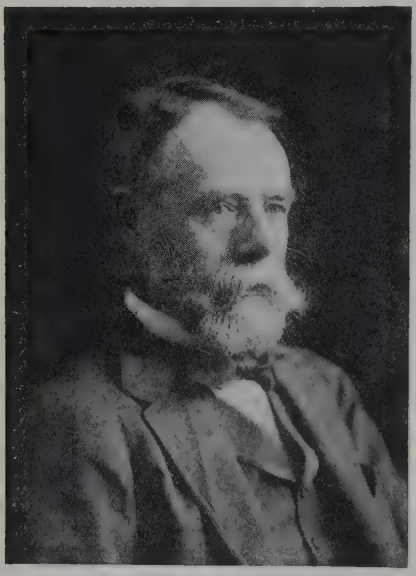
At the same time the promise of rapid settlement and development of the West faded away. Frost and drought fell on the land, and settlers who had not yet learned the ways of the country reaped little for their pains. The Manitoba boom collapsed, homesteaders abandoned their holdings, mushroom cities fell away again into prairie, colonization companies were wound up, and Eastern speculators saw their profits shrivel to nothing. Later, the Northwest Rebellion, the discontent produced by monopoly railway rates and the high price of farm implements, the counter attractions of Minnesota and Dakota, and the adverse propaganda of rival railways deterred settlement. Not for a score of years was the West to come into its own and justify the faith of those who had urged and those who had shared in its development. With construction tasks ahead which would call for tremendous outlay, and with the West and Western lands condemned by the sudden slackening of settlement, the Canadian Pacific in 1883 faced a series of financial crises which all but brought it to bankruptcy.

The financing of the Canadian Pacific presented several unique features. The country contributed the major part of the funds required for construction. It presented the company with a clear gift of seven hundred miles of road, which cost the Government over $35,000,000 to survey and build, but undoubtedly was worth much less to the company. It granted a cash subsidy of $25,000,000, paid as earned, a larger proportion being assigned per mile to the mountain and Lake Superior sections than to the plains. It granted a land subsidy of 25,000,000 acres of selected land. The land was not immediately available; the competition of the free homestead land alongside, and the campaign of depreciation carried on by the Grand Trunk, offset the energetic endeavors of the company to find settlers and market for its holdings. Bonds issued on the security of the land grant met little greater response. By 1885, $11,000,000 had been secured from this source.

The amount of private capital invested during construction was less than the promoters expected and less than the interests of both the company and the country required. The millions of

English, French, and German capitalists proved a mirage, and the original nucleus of the syndicate, the St. Paul group, found themselves compelled to shoulder a greater part of the burden than they had foreseen. In seeking capital to an extent unprecedented in railway history they relied upon the sale of shares and avoided the issuing of bonds. This policy was adopted deliberately as a result of close study of the fate of many United States roads which had found themselves hopelessly waterlogged by excessive bond issues, and had been forced by foreclosure out of the original shareholders' hands. If it succeeded, fixed charges would be kept low until earning power was well developed. Whether it could succeed was more doubtful.

Toward the close of 1883 the company seemed to have reached the end of its tether. Funds were badly needed, and investors were coy. To meet this situation, the executive, fortified by the advice of New York and London financiers,



George Stephen, later Lord Mount-Stephen, first president of the Canadian Pacific

adopted the precarious policy of using current funds to secure future dividends and thus render the stock more attractive to prudent purchasers. They undertook to purchase from the Dominion Government a guaranty of a three per cent. dividend for ten years on the stock already issued, by depositing $16,000,000, the cost of such a terminable annuity calculated at four per cent. Over half of this sum was deposited in cash, and security given for the early payment of the balance. A similar provision was to be made on the sale of any part of the remaining $35,000,000 of unissued stock. This dividend might be supplemented from any current surplus available, but for ten years shareholders would be at least assured of their three per cent.

The policy was of doubtful expediency at the best. It meant locking up for dividends funds that were urgently needed for construction. It was not likely to reassure investors as to the earnings of the road once the ten-year guaranty expired. It was open to serious criticism from the point of view of the people who were advancing the main share of the funds. What would have been the outcome of the guaranty policy, had it been persistently followed, is matter for conjecture. Scarcely had the arrangement been made when the smash of the Northern Pacific sent all Western railway stocks down in sympathy, and Canadian Pacific sold lower than before the guaranty. Clearly rescue would not come from the general investing public.

In this emergency the Canadian members of the syndicate gave of their cash and credit to the utmost. Stephen and Smith pledged their St. Paul and other stocks in Montreal and New York to make advances to the road, but to no lasting purpose. There seemed only one recourse left—the silent partner who had sunk so much in the road that perchance he could not refuse to advance the remainder. They determined to ask the Government for a loan of $22,500,000. That sum, it must be remembered, meant far more in the frugal eighties than it meant in later years when heady prosperity and particularly unsettling war and rash inflation had changed all standards. In the eighties it meant nearly a whole year's revenue of the Federal Government.

Late in the winter of 1883 Stephen, Angus, McIntyre, Van Horne, and the

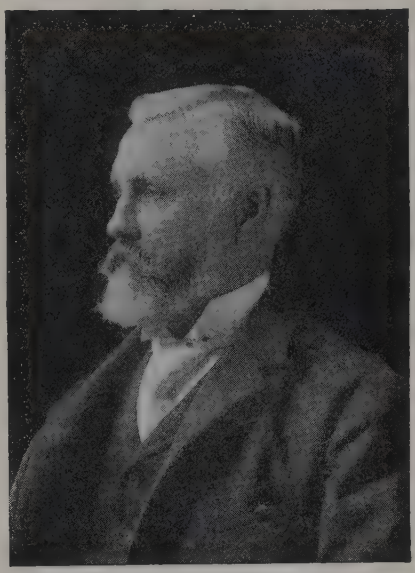
C. P. R. solicitor, J. J. C. Abbott, went down to Ottawa to seek to convince Sir John of their and the country's necessity. They drove out at night to Earnscliffe, and put their case before him, making it plain that every other resource had been exhausted and that the sum they asked was the least required to see them through. Macdonald heard them patiently, but gave no comfort. He said:

"Gentlemen, I need not detain you long. You might as well ask for the planet Jupiter. I would not give you the millions you ask; and if I did, the cabinet would not agree; and if they did, it would smash the party. Now, gentlemen, I did not have much sleep last night, and I should like to get to bed. I am sorry, but there is no use discussing the question further."

They tried to argue the matter, but he would not listen. Somewhat apprehensive from the beginning of the greatness of the country's risk, sharing in the reaction that had come with the slackening of settlement and the bankruptcy of Western roads, not convinced that this application would be the last, fully aware of the opening a further loan would give an eager opposition, Macdonald felt the time had come to call a halt. He bowed the petitioners out and went to bed.

Blue and dejected and silent, Stephen and his associates drove back to town to wait for the four o'clock morning train to Montreal. They decided to spend the hours that intervened at the old Bank of Montreal cottage. Here John Henry Pope, who was acting minister of railways during Tupper's absence in England, had rooms. They found him lying on a couch, reading, with a strong habitant cigar in his mouth and a glass of whisky at his side. He turned over, offered cigars, put his feet up on a chair, and asked, "Well, what 's up?"

Stephen told him briefly, while McIntyre danced about excitedly. Pope listened, got up slowly, lighted another cigar, put on his old otter cap and shaggy coat, called a carriage,—it was then after one,—and departed, saying only, "Wait till I get back." An hour and a half later he returned, entered without a word, kicked off his rubbers, hung up cap and coat, poured out another glass of whisky, and lighted a cigar, all with deliberation and an impassive face, while his visitors waited with their hearts in their mouths for the fateful word.



R. B. Angus, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific

"Well, boys," he broke the silence at last, "he 'll do it. Stay over till tomorrow." Pope had roused Macdonald out of bed and put the case before him with the intimacy of an old friend and the effectiveness of a shrewd party counselor. "The day the Canadian Pacific busts," he summed it up, "the Conservative party busts the day after."

The petitioners saw Sir John and his colleagues the next morning. Macdonald was grouchy; Alexander Campbell opposed any further aid; Tilley, the minister of finance, wanted to take the road over. Pope fought it through in council, and the agreement was made.

When the resolution granting the province of Quebec $2,394,000, "in consideration of their having constructed the railway from Quebec to Ottawa . . . a work of national and not merely provincial utility," was before the House, Blake moved and Laurier seconded an amendment deprecating singling out Quebec for such aid when other provinces had equally devoted large sums to building roads of national

utility. Laurier particularly warned the members from Quebec against the danger of coercive action:

> It is always a fault on the part of a minority in any legislative assembly to throw obstacles in the way of a government in order to force them to act against their will. . . . All questions coming before this House should be decided according to justice, equity and fairness. If the Pacific resolutions were just and reasonable, it was their duty to adopt them; if they were unjust and unreasonable, it was their duty to object to them. There is in the Dominion no body of men who should always be so careful to adhere to principles of justice as the Quebec contingent in this House, which must always be in a minority.

For this stand Laurier was warmly attacked in the province of Quebec, but he held a great open air meeting in the Champ de Mars, in Quebec city, and was triumphantly indorsed by his constituents.

The railway crisis was passed for the moment, but soon it reappeared. The loan was exhausted in rapid and costly construction. The Government, as security for the advance, had taken a mortgage not only on the main line, but on all the company's interest in the Eastern branch lines, their unsold stock, and their land grant. When further funds were needed, it was found impossible to borrow or to sell stock with a blanket mortgage covering every asset of the road. Once more, in the winter of 1884–85, the directors approached the Government. They had been forced at last to abandon their policy of relying on stock rather than on bond issues. They requested that the unissued $35,000,000 stock in the Government's hands be canceled, that an equal amount of five per cent. first mortgage bonds be issued, and that the Government should accept a portion of this issue as its security, leaving the balance free for disposal in open market. The Government declined any further aid or variation. Early in January Van Horne met Pope and said: "Why not put us out of our misery? Let us go off into a corner and bust."

Pope replied that the Government was too much afraid of what Louis Riel and his half-breed followers in the Northwest might do to undertake any further entanglements. They feared a dangerous outbreak in the spring. Riel's emissaries were out stirring up the Indian tribes. When the grass grew, the Indians would move. Three thousand men could cope with them at the start; later it might take two years and fifty thousand men. "I wish your C. P. R. was through."

Van Horne had had experience in military transportation during the Civil War and he asked:

"When could your regiments be ready?"

"The first or second week in March."

Van Horne told Pope and later the council that he could get regiments through from Kingston or Quebec to Qu'Appelle on the Saskatchewan in ten days. The members of council did not credit him.

"Has any one a better plan?" asked Macdonald. None had, and Van Horne was told to prepare. There was a stretch of two hundred and fifty miles between Dog Lake and Nipigon which did not seem passable; in half of it no tracks were laid, and where rails were, rolling-stock was lacking. Yet six days after the first troops, the batteries from Kingston and Quebec had left Ottawa, on March 28, they were in Winnipeg, and could have been in Qu'Appelle in seven. When the troops reached the first gap of forty miles they were bundled into sleighs and driven along the tote-roads through the woods. Then came a stretch of ninety miles with rails laid, but only three locomotives and forty flat-cars. The sleighs and teams were loaded on the cars, and the whole outfit carried through the bitterly cold Lake Superior snows. Then a trackless gap, then a flat-car stretch, and so on to the end. In more than one place rails had been laid down over the snow and ice. Camps and provisions had been supplied along the way. It was a triumph of energy and organization. In 1870 it had taken Wolseley and his men more than two months to reach Fort Garry; had the same delay occurred in 1885, and assuming also that the Government had persisted in its supine neglect of the

grievances which gave Riel his opportunity, the half-breed rebellion and the Indian rising would have proved vastly more dangerous and destructive. Why, knowing the danger, the Government took no effective steps to check it in advance, is another question.

The national service thus conspicuously rendered by the Canadian Pacific made the Government more amenable to its requests and the opposition less vigorous in its resistance; in fact, Van Horne suggested that the Canadian Pacific ought to build a monument to Louis Riel. The Government agreed to cancel the $35,000,000 stock and authorize the issue of a similar amount of bonds.

The company was not yet out of the woods. The opposition must register its criticisms and point to the confirmation of its earlier prophecies, while the Government was not prepared to carry through the necessary legislation until the success of other measures was assured.

It was, however, not the opposition's arguments, but the Government's delays that worried the company. Though the Government had a majority of nearly two to one in the Commons, it was not finding it easy to jam through the long and contentious program of legislation it had prepared. The session was the longest in Canadian annals, lasting from January 29 to July 20.

The middle of July came, and the railway was in hard straits. Its credit and the credit of its backers had again been stretched to the breaking-point. A payment of four hundred thousand dollars had to be made before three o'clock on July 11 to a creditor who declined to accept any renewal. The Canadian Pacific, which in later days could borrow at will by the hundred million, could not meet this claim. Its directors faced a receivership and loss of control. At twelve o'clock the bill passed, and the road was saved. Stephen went to London, and without difficulty floated the $15,000,000 bonds through the Barings. The $5,000,000 borrowed from the Government was returned without being used, the company incidentally finding almost as much difficulty in giving it back as in securing it, since Mackenzie Bowell, who was acting premier during Sir John's absence in England, could not understand a railway paying back a loan ahead of time, and suspected a trap.

On November 7, 1885, the last spike in the main line was driven. A train carrying Smith, Van Horne, and Sandford Fleming had come through from Montreal to Craigellachie, in Eagle Pass in the Gold Range, where eastward and westward track-layers were to meet. Van Horne had determined there would be no ceremonious speeches or driving of golden spikes. Less than two years before, the Northern Pacific had celebrated its completion by organizing an excursion, at a cost of a third of a million, to take part in driving a last golden spike, and as the train laden with investors and brokers and champagne passed through what seemed to the watchers from the car-windows the hopelessly arid deserts of Montana, on a scorching summer day, the guests had slipped out at passing stations to use their free telegram-blanks to unload their stock; and scarcely had the golden spike been driven when the road was bankrupt. But Smith would drive a spike, if an iron one, and Van Horne gave him his way. The train passed on to Port Moody, crossing the continent in exactly five days.

To the general public the great task was over. To the men in control it was only beginning. Ballast had to be laid, wooden trestles filled with earth or replaced with stone or steel, curves straightened, grades lessened, rolling-stock increased, and terminals built or extended. What was more difficult, traffic had to be built up. For a thousand miles the road ran through mountain range and rocky waste. Even on plains and prairie settlement had gone little way. When the Canadian Pacific began construction, the white settlers in the belt of twenty miles on each side of the line between Portage la Prairie and Kamloops, some twelve hundred miles, could be counted on the fingers of one hand. To find business, the company capitalized its scenery, carried buffalo bones while waiting for wheat, pushed its Ontario and Quebec extensions, developed traffic at both United States ends of the line, sought settlers in Eng-

land, aided industries at strategic points, organized a loyal and efficient staff, and by unremitting effort met operating expenses, paid a dividend, and accumulated a surplus every year from the beginning. The company's obligations to the Government were promptly met. In March, 1886, the cash advanced upon the security of the $20,000,000 bonds was repaid, and for the balance of the indebtedness the Government agreed to take back six million acres of the land grant at $1.50 per acre. By the following year the company was in uncontrolled possession of its property, and the prophecies of repudiation were confounded.

In the West the Canadian Pacific reaped not gratitude, but steadily rising denunciation. It had given vast territories the communication with the outer world that had been passionately desired, but the settlers in the West, as is the way with men, would persist in comparing their lot not with what it had been before the railway came, but with the conditions of more fortunate neighbors. The through rate on wheat from Winnipeg to Montreal was ten cents a bushel higher than from St. Paul to New York, and local rates on coal and lumber and merchandise several times as great as for equal distances in the East. When the Westerner was told that high rates were normal and necessary in a new country with little traffic, he replied that so long as the Canadian Pacific held a monopoly of through traffic there was no means of ascertaining what was normal and necessary. When the West demanded competition, freedom to seek an outlet through American roads to the southward, the company stood on its bond. The contract with the syndicate provided that for twenty years the dominion would not charter any competing road between the company's main line and the United States border, running south or southeast or within fifteen miles of the border, and, further, that in the event of the formation of any new province out of the western territories a similar restriction would be imposed. Not only did company and Government alike insist rigidly on the observance of this agreement, but they went beyond and sought to prevent Manitoba from chartering any competing road, though it had been explicitly acknowledged in 1881 that the dominion had no power to control Manitoba's policy in advance, though it could control the territories farther west.

The company resisted stoutly any relaxation of its monopoly position. Stephen contended that the guaranty against competition had been an essential factor in inducing the shareholders to undertake so precarious an enterprise. The monopoly privilege was indispensable to induce investment by English shareholders, who had seen so many promising railway enterprises ruined by unnecessary competition. The costly link around Lake Superior would not have been built had the company anticipated that the traffic, slender at best, would be in part diverted to the south. The whole national purpose of the undertaking, it was further urged, would be sacrificed unless Canadian goods were carried from sea to sea, through Canadian territory, and Canadian terminals built up by Canadian traffic.

The arguments were forceful, but not wholly convincing. Few English shareholders had, as a matter of fact, been attracted. If the Lake Superior link could only be built by maintaining high rates for decades, that was an argument for postponing its construction. Nor was national unity likely to be promoted by a policy of federal disallowance and railway stubbornness. At last Macdonald was compelled to give way. In 1888 the Canadian Pacific agreed to surrender its monopoly privilege in return for a government fifty-year guaranty of a $15,000,000 issue of 3½ per cent. bonds, secured on the 15,000,000 acres of the land grants then unsold. Shortly afterward the Northern Pacific entered Manitoba, and though rates did not fall as far as had been hoped, at least the settler knew henceforth that his ills were due to nature and geography and not to Stephen or Macdonald.

The Canadian Pacific was not yet out of politics. In the general election which followed it was deeply concerned, and took a more direct and decisive part than at any time during the years when the main line was under construction.

The Canadian Pacific, though carry-

ing through the All-Canadian road north of Lake Superior, had not overlooked the advantages of a line south of the lake through American territory. During the construction of the main road it had built a branch from Sudbury to Sault Sainte Marie (Ontario), which faces the peninsula jutting northeast between Superior and Michigan. Once the main enterprise was consolidated, the management prepared to enter this new territory, with its forest and mining wealth and with the fertile fields of Minnesota, in which their old friend Hill reigned supreme, beckoning them from beyond. In 1891 they acquired a controlling interest in the stock of two United States roads, each a consolidation of many small lines, extending westward from Sault Sainte Marie (Michigan). The Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic, as afterwards completed, traversed the whole shore of the lake from the Sault to Superior. The Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Sainte Marie connected the Sault with Minneapolis and eventually, through extensions and purchase of other roads or controlling interests, gave the Canadian Pacific entry into Chicago and a connection between Minneapolis and the Canadian border.

To complete the transaction it was necessary to float nearly $47,000,000 of securities in London. While the roads in question were not in Canada, and while the relations between the Canadian Pacific and the Government had ended, the directors realized that an election in which the Government would be defeated would be fatal to their plans, particularly with an unsettled money market. Years of political conflict had identified the railway and the Conservative party in the public mind, so that although as a matter of fact a Liberal victory would not have altered public policy toward the road in the slightest, it might have jeopardized the success of the new financing. Accordingly in November, 1890, Stephen and Van Horne asked Macdonald whether there was an election in sight. He answered, no; not within ten or eleven months; he would go to the country now, but no campaign funds were in sight.

In February, 1891, Mr. Laurier and Attorney-General Longley of Nova Scotia were traveling from Montreal to New York, where they were to speak at a dinner of the Canadian Society. Learning that Van Horne was on the same train, Laurier went into his car, where they chatted pleasantly till nearly midnight on matters far from railways or politics. Just as he was about to leave, Laurier turned to Van Horne.

"I suppose, since you are in the secrets of the Government, you can tell when the elections will be held," he said.

"I am not in the secrets of the Government," Van Horne returned. "Ask Sir John."

"Well, then," Laurier replied, "I may give you some news: Parliament will be dissolved before we return from New York."

Laurier went on to New York, and spoke as he had planned, emphasizing the need of closer trade relations between Canada and the United States; it was at this banquet that Secretary of State Windom was taken ill and died. Van Horne, though finding a melancholy satisfaction in the reflection that Windom's stroke had fallen on him immediately after a speech in which he had denounced the Canadian Pacific, had meanwhile had other matters to think of. He had been thunderstruck by Laurier's news. That night he had not been able to sleep; in the morning he cabled Stephen in London. Stephen replied that the news was incredible; that Laurier was not in the secrets of the Government, and that Macdonald's word was given. Before the day was over, they learned that the report was correct, and that Canada was soon to be in the throes of a general election.

It has usually been understood that the Government hastened the bringing on of the elections because of the evident growth in popularity of the Liberal demand for unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. Doubtless this was a factor in the decision, but the determining factor was the Canadian Pacific's necessity. Macdonald had spoken to Pope of his promise to Stephen and Van Horne. Whereupon Pope replied:

"That makes this just the time to bring on the election."

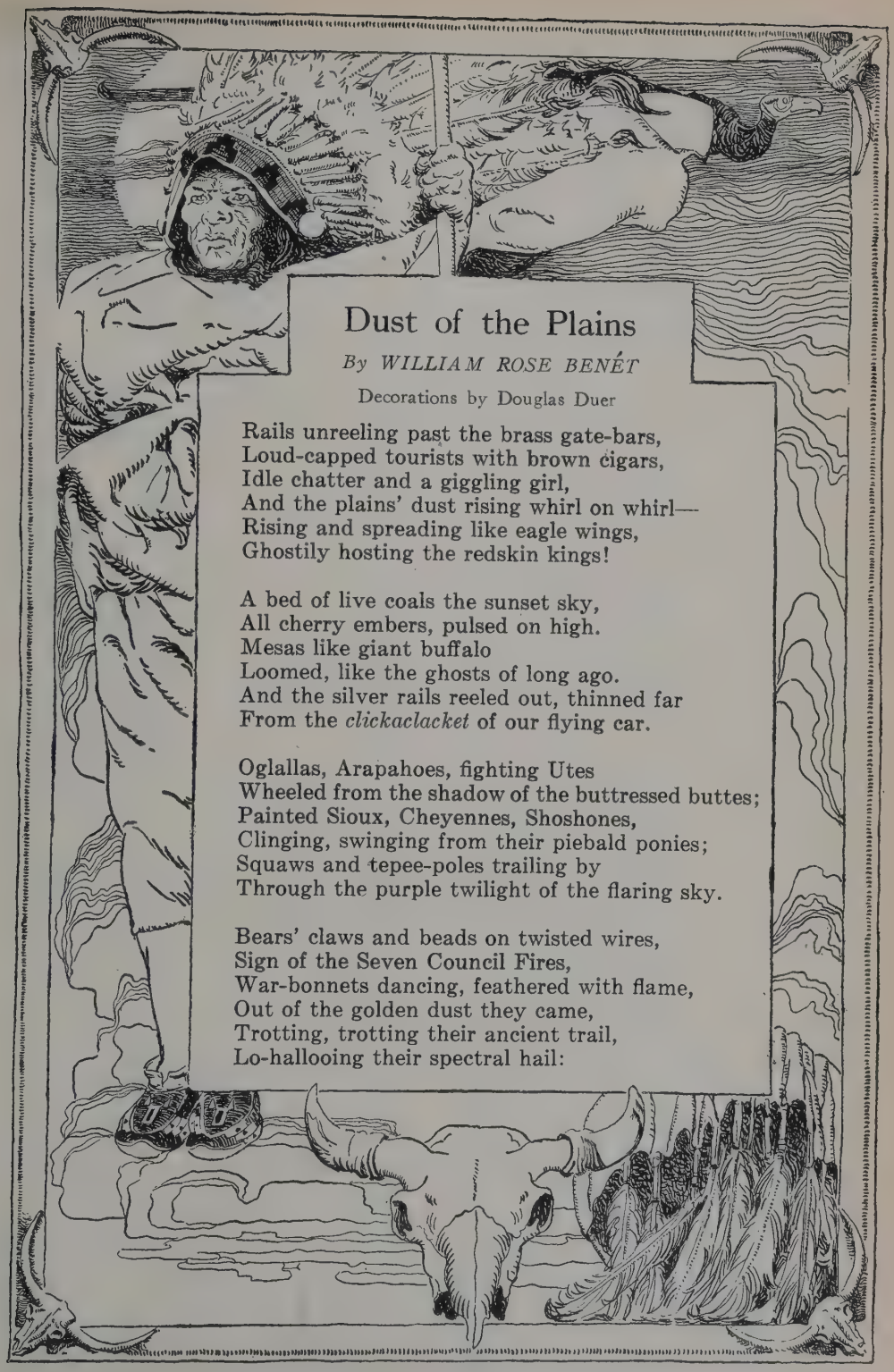
"Why?"

"The C. P. R. crowd simply can't let you lose, with all they have at stake: they will have to shell out as never before." The reasoning was irresistible, and the elections followed.

In the contest which followed, the most hard-fought in Canadian history to that day, the Canadian Pacific fought for the Government in public and private. The public opposition was based on the harm that would be done to Canada if the tariff bars were lowered and Canadian trade deflected to American railways and American cities. That danger must be averted, if not by legal monopoly, at least by tariff walls. In a forceful and telling letter to the Montreal "Witness" Van Horne put the case against unrestricted reciprocity more effectively than any other critic had done. But the company's action was not confined to argument in the public press. The "C. P. R. crowd" did "shell out," as Pope had prophesied, and shell out liberally, or rather Conservatively. All the influence of a great organization which ramified into every corner of the dominion, the votes of its employees, the prestige of its directors, were exerted without stint. When the votes were counted, the Government, though fought to a standstill in Ontario and Quebec, had triumphed by a narrow majority, secured, in Cartwright's phrase, from "the shreds and patches of the dominion." What was more to the point, it was secured largely from the domains of the Canadian Pacific. There are few more astounding instances of the relation between politics and business than the fact that in every constituency but one through which the Canadian Pacific ran a Conservative was returned. The exception was Marquette, Manitoba, where Robert Watson's victory by six majority was attributed to certain oversights and to the wrong assumption on the Government's part that in this seat the Liberal candidate could not be beaten.

The election was over. The flag had been waved as never before. Macdonald's cry, "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die," had been the keynote of the campaign. Thousands of Canadians had imagined the country's national existence and national honor were at stake, and voted to avert the dangers of too intimate trade connections with the United States and the risk of diversion of Canadian traffic to American railways. Now the country was safe, and those who had directed the puppets from behind the scenes were free to pour millions of British pounds into projects for the extension of Canadian roads into the United States.

(To be continued)



Dust of the Plains

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

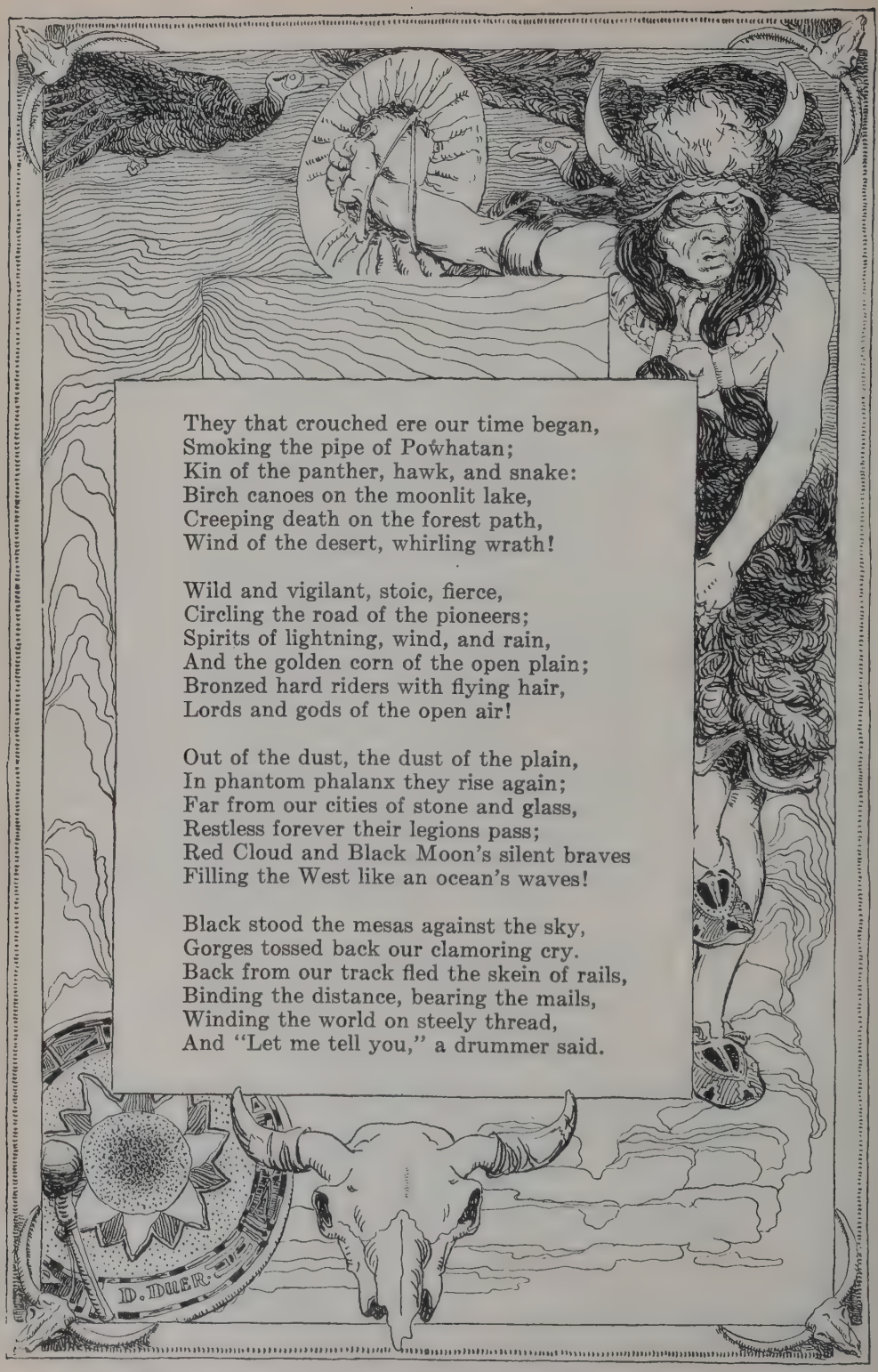
Decorations by Douglas Duer

Rails unreeling past the brass gate-bars,
Loud-capped tourists with brown cigars,
Idle chatter and a giggling girl,
And the plains' dust rising whirl on whirl—
Rising and spreading like eagle wings,
Ghostily hosting the redskin kings!

A bed of live coals the sunset sky,
All cherry embers, pulsed on high.
Mesas like giant buffalo
Loomed, like the ghosts of long ago.
And the silver rails reeled out, thinned far
From the *clickaclacket* of our flying car.

Oglallas, Arapahoes, fighting Utes
Wheeled from the shadow of the buttressed buttes;
Painted Sioux, Cheyennes, Shoshones,
Clinging, swinging from their piebald ponies;
Squaws and tepee-poles trailing by
Through the purple twilight of the flaring sky.

Bears' claws and beads on twisted wires,
Sign of the Seven Council Fires,
War-bonnets dancing, feathered with flame,
Out of the golden dust they came,
Trotting, trotting their ancient trail,
Lo-hallooing their spectral hail:



They that crouched ere our time began,
Smoking the pipe of Powhatan;
Kin of the panther, hawk, and snake:
Birch canoes on the moonlit lake,
Creeping death on the forest path,
Wind of the desert, whirling wrath!

Wild and vigilant, stoic, fierce,
Circling the road of the pioneers;
Spirits of lightning, wind, and rain,
And the golden corn of the open plain;
Bronzed hard riders with flying hair,
Lords and gods of the open air!

Out of the dust, the dust of the plain,
In phantom phalanx they rise again;
Far from our cities of stone and glass,
Restless forever their legions pass;
Red Cloud and Black Moon's silent braves
Filling the West like an ocean's waves!

Black stood the mesas against the sky,
Gorges tossed back our clamoring cry.
Back from our track fled the skein of rails,
Binding the distance, bearing the mails,
Winding the world on steely thread,
And "Let me tell you," a drummer said.

The Curse of Outworn Ideals

By GEORGE Y. BIDDLE

George Y. Biddle boasts his seventy years, but despite the snow-cap on his mountainous head, those ruddy cheeks, that glint in the blue eyes, and the fierce irony of his thought proclaim him a warrior in his prime. He has fought his way to a high place among the priests of Mammon, "getters and hoarders of gold." His life has been a struggle with men, to help them, to defeat them, to construct industrial America with them. If he did not forbid it, his name would stand over these opinions of his; but he declares that for the moment he is merely George Y. Biddle, as he will not risk ostracism from the society of amiable plutocrats by permitting his identity to be divulged, and adds, "When all is said, I prefer the companionship of cultivated liars to that of the studious bourgeoisie." Any one who wishes may find him through his alias.—THE EDITORS.

TO the employers of America; to the owners of lands, warehouses, factories, and railroads; to the propertied class, who are thieves according to Proudhon, but whose wits and whose masterfulness have wrought this nation—to them, and in defense of them, much might be said. I am of their brotherhood. I am not the least among them. But I cannot praise them, for they have put themselves in the wrong. They, the chieftains of our people, for four generations have permitted their children, and even the children of the poor, to be taught that all men are born free and equal. It is a doctrine borrowed from the French encyclopedists and the madman Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose teachings formed the basis for that Declaration of the Rights of Man which ushered in a period of bloody communism in France. Yet almost before the alphabet is memorized our children learn to believe in it, and so the ideal of human equality has become embedded in the national skull, whence perhaps it can be excised only by the surgery of disaster, as happened in France, as is happening in Russia.

Proudhon said that the man who exclusively possesses anything steals from mankind. Viewed from his angle, the statement is virtually tautological. However, biology and history unite to show that private ownership is the basic variations which has lifted man above his hairy brother, the ape; and a world without private ownership is a world in which blunderers like Lenine will always strive to equalize humanity by obliterating the schism between man and his monkey kin.

But if Proudhon's doctrine hangs fetid on the breath of our people after their prolonged debauchery of idealistic dreams, be it remembered that their intoxication was contrived by leading citizens of the land. The masters of America have put themselves in the wrong. This is no easy admission for an elderly millionaire to make, but even a millionaire has reckless moments, and this is one of mine. Desiring to spur our work-people to greater efforts in the guerrilla warfare of industrial competition, we have hinted, intimated, stated, and finally preached, that since all men are born free and equal, every man is as good a man as his neighbor, and should strive to rise in the world; for cannot the son of the merest laborer become the President of the United States? During four generations we have affirmed that ambition is the most necessary virtue of man, and that contentment, or lack of ambition, as we have accounted it, is spinelessness and beneath contempt. We have iterated and reiterated that no man need be poor, that wealth awaits the taker; and we have repeated these and a hundred kindred sayings until the ferment has begun to work, and millions of the discontented howl for the realization of rainbows. We sowed ambition; we reap an attempt to

take command in industry. We sowed discontent; we reap a lust for luxuries and ever higher wages. We are to blame.

This is not the first reconstruction America has outlived, or the worst. After the Civil War there was a time when strong men, mighty statesmen and bankers, almost despaired. In those days the untamed western half of North America lured away the ambitious and the malcontents to freedom. With drink and firearms they killed themselves or their equals, or created imperial fortunes, if they chose, as settlers, prospectors, and gamblers. But to-day these United States are settled, and the ambitious and the malcontents have grown more numerous and have learned to organize into unions, brotherhoods, and protective orders. What shall we do with them? The wild places of the earth beckon to them. Siberia, northern China, Western Australia, are beckoning to them. Will they go? Will they go, and leave us in industrial peace?

Let it be said once more: this nation possesses outworn ideals of human equality, of advancement for every man, of individual ambition—ideals suitable only for the jungle, the desert, or the frozen tundra, and it is cursed by those ideals. We adopted them in 1776 very naturally, we canonized the Rights of Man very innocently, when they were appropriate for us, when we lived as trappers in the forest, or as isolated farmers in little clearings, wolf-beset, surrounded by hostile savages. We were a primitive people, passing from the hunting to the husbandry stage of cultural growth. Life was very simple, very dangerous. Trade was mainly by barter, maize and wheat for plowshares and shoes, pelts of beaver for casks of rum. We were virtually barbarians.

Our ideals were adapted to our barbarous circumstances, but can any man say they are fitting in this land to-day? Society one hundred and fifty years ago was cellular, was composed of units almost entirely independent of one another. Society to-day is an organic whole, more closely integrated every year by the knitting of new ties, new interdependencies. We have transformed a wilderness into the dwelling-place of myriads whose very existence continues only if the functioning of every portion of the community harmonizes with that of every other portion. We were once a scattering of solitary soldiers of fortune; we are now an army on the industrial march.

Hence it is alarming that to-day the soldiers in our industrial armies seem to be threatening to organize Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils such as shattered the Russian armies in the field just before the Revolution of 1917—councils which will overthrow the general staff, will replace the trained officers with privates unaccustomed to command, abolish the salute of respect to authority and government, and substitute for military wage discipline and the healthy hunger stimulus, appeals in windy language to the freed and irresponsible laborer to "serve his fellow-proletarians unselfishly without compulsion or compensation." Later, perhaps after a holocaust of volcanic upheaval, will come realization and repentance for such infatuate idealism, and the discarding of false gods. All men are neither free nor equal in a civilized and humane society.

Four generations ago, when the Declaration of the Rights of Man was the latest news from France, American farmers were accustomed to drive their sons from home when the latter married. They helped them clear new lands for the plow, or started them off in canvas-covered wagons across the plains. Even after the Civil War the air resounded with urgent, strident individualism, and echoes of the cry, "Go West, young man," are heard to-day. There were always many sons; some of the family remained to work the ancestral holding to the limit of its productivity. That unregenerate exceptional farmer's son who was not fired by ambition for a great farm of his own clearing was a disgrace to his parentage. Had he not been trained to independence? Had he not been exhorted to love freedom better than death, to fight to prove his equality with the best in the world, as well as to establish his supremacy over the wilderness and the

savages in the wilderness? Had he not been a crack shot, a horseman, a hunter, a marvelous woodsman, and a skilful husbandman before he was ten years of age? No wonder he believed with all his might that men are born free and equal, that the goal of life is self-aggrandizement.

Contrast agrarian France, where the cultural development has had centuries to progress beyond the stage of savagery. France is comically patched with little fields thirty feet on a side, and fenced with high stone walls. Since there is no place for the sons of peasants to go, their parents must keep them at home, and the Napoleonic law of inheritance, still in force, which demands that every son shall have his share, has compelled the parceling out of the holdings until even the most intensive agriculture will not support the population, and the peasant has been forced to restrict his offspring and to reduce his well-beloved children to the status of unpaid farm-laborers, dependent upon him even for permission to marry. It is only natural that French peasants teach their children the passionate love of home, the abject respect for parental authority. The cultivation of the supreme virtue of contentment is inculcated, until to the young Frenchman contentment seems of more worth than jewels or adventures or fine gold.

As for this country, Americans still are being urged to yearn with undivided minds for wealth, never to be content without great riches. Industrial relations are poisoned with the fruit of this teaching, and commerce is half distraught with the strikes of pupils who have taken their lessons to heart. Can they ever be satisfied? For years Americans have had the spotlight of publicity focused upon the newly rich, who like colossi rise from the mud by the sweat of brow and brain to bestride whole domains of human effort. For years we, the self-appointed, self-deluded instructors of the wage-earners, have insisted upon their emulation of these shirt-sleeved giants; and the wage-earners, grasping the superficial fact that men can be enriched only by controlling the market, have banded together in unions to control the labor market. So the teaching is turned against the teacher. To-morrow, unless we give them better gods to replace these lying *lares* and *penates*, we shall witness another communist experiment, another temporary atavism, another sanguinary reversal to the ways of the simian grandparents we have in common with modern monkeydom. Do we want a recrudescence of ancestral beastliness to hurl our complex culture into the sea?

Spiritually America has attained its sixteenth year,—no more,—and its young head is as full of fantastic notions as a lobster's claw with meat. It is charming, it is pathetic, it is damnable, by turns. Aged Europe, succored by our youthful strength, found us adorably naïve, then pitifully impractical, and finally detestable in our insistence upon nonsensical ideals. Spiritually, like any sixteen-year-old, we must have time to wax romantic, to fall in love, to suffer and sigh, to reach military age, to have our warlike phase of imperialism, and to grow and mellow with the decades before we can become adult.

We must have time, but the world cannot wait. The other day an English statesman lamented, "The worst of the war is that it leaves England in financial leading-strings to a nation politically in its nonage." No, the world cannot wait. France, her blood still flowing from a thousand wounds, is endeavoring to marry both the senior and the junior members of the Anglo-Saxon house, and if virginal and bachelor America is rather coy about accepting France's leap-year proposal, it is only because we still regard marital alliances as sacraments, not to be lightly dissolved, and we recall that France is only just divorced from Russia after a disgraceful trial. While polygamous England, very much the man of the world, accepts this new alliance as an incident, America hangs back because of youthfulness; but that will offend no Frenchman who comprehends how childish is the intelligence of America.

Our national adolescence, despite its gawky moral fantasies, is but the pass-

ing idiosyncrasy of a sound and sane population. We shall outgrow it. Most of our people, down in the bottoms of their hearts, are not ambitious, are not greedy for gold, are not frenziedly strenuous in the quest for wealth. Rather they strive for security, for surcease from toil and anxiety, for a serene life. More and more they study how peacefully to accumulate happiness.

If the captains of industry of America can contrive to guarantee their daily bread, the humble masses will yet learn to be content, will labor loyally, and spurn the agitator and the union-organizer. This is no supposition, but the experience of directors in many sagacious institutions. It is an experiment whose effects have been demonstrated and verified. Men are glad to be directed by genuinely superior intelligence. They defer with piteous humility to real authority. They revere the laws of the land so long as these govern all men equally, and they consider the wishes of their fellow-men even to the detriment of their own interests. The humble masses have character, personal integrity, and an unspoiled straightforwardness. Labor unrest arises primarily from the laborer's insecurity of tenure, and it is worthy of note that this unrest causes an annual labor turnover, a shifting from job to job, the cost of which to the entire commonwealth is fabulous. Colonel Arthur Woods, after an exhaustive investigation, estimated the other day that it costs the United States $2,500,000,000 in wasted time every year to hire and fire the workers who must shift from job to job precariously to gain a livelihood.

Then, having contrived to guarantee security, the leading citizens of America must preach a new gospel. They must preach that ambition is folly; that greedy, pushing, discontented people are ill-bred; that those who can become rich do so; and that those who cannot become rich do not do so by taking thought. Thinking will not make you the equal of your betters, but it may make you wretched. In the days when Adam and Eve wore fig-leaves there were no gentle-folk, unless Lucifer be counted in some sort a cultivated person; but the days of Adam and Eve are past, and now the world holds many grades of humankind. We all arrive in the world equally naked, and we all depart equally dead, but in the interim we reveal the most sundering differentiation. Each man in his rank fulfils his part in the whole of nature, but no man can rise from his class except by growth, and even growth is limited. The pigmy cannot stretch his stature by wishing. This is a truth to be welcomed, not railed at.

We must point out the comfort and the joy of knowing one's place. We must condemn the bounder who struts on borrowed stilts above his plane. Shall the turtle long to be a tortoise? Shall the Guernsey be encouraged to become a Hereford? Shall the feeble-minded be urged to claim the sage's sapience? In our preaching of the new-old gospel, we must point out how envy was the sin of Satan, and for it he was flung from paradise. Let no man envy another. Let no poor man envy the rich their automobiles, which jounce and cramp the kidneys and induce Bright's disease; nor their expensive diet, which destroys the liver and brings gout to the feet; nor their cellars of costly vintages whose alcohol poisons the blood and makes the offspring anemic and mentally deficient. There was once a command of God, "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's," and has not the Man of Galilee said, "Blessed are the meek"?

A rich man is harassed by his possessions in this life, and, according to Holy Writ, is shut out from heaven by them. What peace of mind can he enjoy? What reward has he? He is the trustee of the people's goods, the people's food, the people's fate. He is responsible. There is no escape from his responsibilities, and proudly be it said, he rarely wishes to shirk, to heave the crushing weight from his back. He is lordly in the wilderness of human life, and imperturbably he faces the eternal fire. But I promised not to praise him.

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Vol. 99 APRIL, 1920 No. 6

Roosevelt and Our Coin Designs

Letters between Theodore Roosevelt and Augustus Saint-Gaudens

Collected by Homer Saint-Gaudens
Photographs by DeW. C. Ward

The versatility of Theodore Roosevelt is once more manifested in the following correspondence between the late ex-President and Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the famous sculptor and the designer of a series of American coins. Americans will be interested to learn that their President was personally conducting the campaign for a more artistic series of coinage designs.

IN the winter of 1905 Theodore Roosevelt met Augustus Saint-Gaudens at a dinner in Washington, during which the conversation drifted to the subject of the old high-relief Greek coins. Saint-Gaudens had come to Washington primarily to serve, under the auspices of the park commission, with the architects Charles F. McKim and D. H. Burnham and the landscape-architect Frederick Law Olmsted on a committee gathered by the President to give criticism and advice toward maintaining the beauty of the National Capitol according to the plans of the original architect, L'Enfant. In the course of their service, whenever President and sculptor met, the latter's opinion was sought by Mr. Roosevelt concerning the obvious subject on which Saint-Gaudens could give counsel of a high order—sculpture.

One of the most direct ways in which art may bear upon public welfare is through the coinage. Saint-Gaudens spoke with deep admiration of the Greek coins. To him they were almost the only coins worthy of consideration. Why could not the United States have coins like the Greeks, the President wished to know. If Saint-Gaudens would model them, he, the President, would cause them to be minted, since, as he expressed it, with his customary vehemence, "This is my pet crime."

The notion of producing worthy coins might never have been carried out; the discussion and desire for them could have lapsed with the end of that dinner had either the President or the artist been a less sincere character. Each proved willing, however, in a peculiar way, to contribute something to the nation, the sculptor his genius, the statesman the energy of his position. It is an extraordinary thing that, in the midst of all his other duties and perplexities, a

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"THE INCOMING TIDE"
From a painting by Cullen Yates

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President had the enthusiasm to find time to discuss with Americans so unusual a topic as coinage. It is equally to the sculptor's credit that as an artist he was willing to accept suggestions from the President.

If the letters which follow do not disclose anything else, they are remarkable for exhibiting this agreement of two great, yet dissimilar, minds upon a task that meant a service to the public—a service unique in that its aim was to produce a beautiful result and at the same time a result typically national.

Mr. Roosevelt speaks in his autobiography of his efforts toward this reform during his administration:

> In addition certain things were done of which the economic bearing was more remote, but which bore directly upon our welfare, because they add to the beauty of living and therefore to the joy of life. Securing a great artist, Saint-Gaudens, to give us the most beautiful coinage since the decay of Hellenistic Greece was one such act. In this case I had power myself to direct the mint to employ Saint-Gaudens. The first and most beautiful of his coins were issued in thousands before Congress assembled or could intervene; and a great and permanent improvement was made in the beauty of the coinage.

For two years President and sculptor gave time and energy to this task. In a certain measure their work was robbed of results by red-tape and bureaucratic idiosyncrasies. Yet the impetus of their attempt continued through succeeding administrations. As a result, while our coins cannot compare with such masterpieces as the French gold twenty-five-franc piece by Chaplin, or the silver one- and two-franc pieces by Roty, nevertheless we are free from the slough of ready-made numismatics which long tarnished the output of our mint.

From the date of the striking of the twenty-dollar and ten-dollar gold pieces designed by Saint-Gaudens, at Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion, the change has been obvious. Beginning with the "Buffalo" nickel by James Fraser and coming down to the ten-cent piece by Adolph Weinman, the coins form a representation of sincere medal-work in this land.

From the first letter found in the Roosevelt-Saint-Gaudens correspondence, one written in 1903, Mr. Roosevelt establishes his understanding of art as an influence in our national life and voices his appreciation of the sculptor's work. Compare his statement that, "I have no claim to be listened to about these matters, save such claim as a man of ordinary cultivation has," with his remarks about allegory. Surely "ordinary cultivation" cannot be expected to observe and express itself so acutely in matters of art.

Mr. Roosevelt wrote:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.
Personal August 3, 1903.

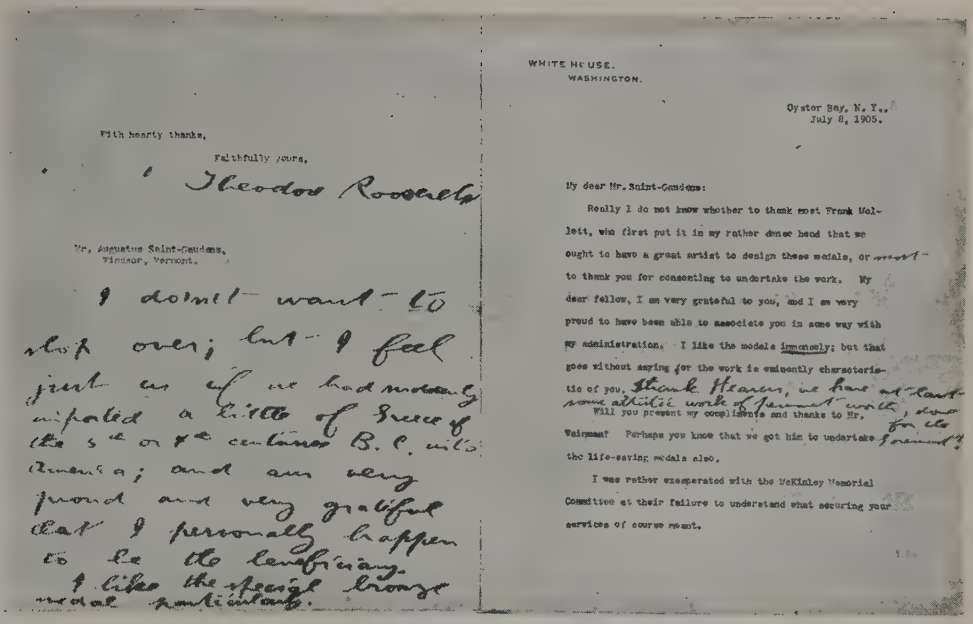
My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

Your letter was a great relief and pleasure to me. I had been told that it was you personally who had opposed ———. I have no claim to be listened to about these matters, save such claim as a man of ordinary cultivation has. But I do think that ———, like Proctor, has done excellent work in his wild-beast figures.

By the way, I was very glad that the Grant decision in Washington went the way it did. The rejected figure, it seemed to me, fell between two schools. It suggested allegory; and yet it did not show that high quality of imagination which must be had when allegory is suggested. The figure that was taken is the figure of the great general, the great leader of men. It is not the greatest type of statue for the very reason that there is nothing of the allegorical, nothing of the highest type of the imaginative in it. But it is a good statue. Now to my mind your Sherman is the greatest statue of a commander in existence. But I can say with all sincerity that I know of no man—of course of no one living—who could have done it. To take grim, homely, old Sherman, the type and ideal of a democratic general, and put with him an allegorical figure such as you did, could result in but one of two ways—a ludicrous failure or striking the very highest note of the sculptor's art. Thrice over for the good fortune of our countrymen, it was given to you to strike this highest note.

Always faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Aspet, Windsor, Vermont.



With hearty thanks,

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

I don't want to
stop over; but I feel
just as if we had modeled
in plated a little of Grace of
the st or the cutlass B. C. into
America; and am very
proud and very grateful
that I personally happen
to be the beneficiary.
I like the Weigl bronze
medal particularly.

WHITE HOUSE.
WASHINGTON.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.,
July 8, 1905.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

Really I do not know whether to thank most Frank Wollett, who first put it in my rather dense head that we ought to have a great artist to design these medals, or ~~must~~ to thank you for consenting to undertake the work. My dear fellow, I am very grateful to you, and I am very proud to have been able to associate you in some way with my administration. I like the medals immensely; but that goes without saying for the work is eminently characteristic of you. Thank Heaven, we have at last some athletic work of permanent worth, done for the Fairmount? Perhaps you know that we got him to undertake Will you present my compliments and thanks to Mr. the life-saving medals also.

I was rather exasperated with the McKinley Memorial Committee at their failure to understand what securing your services of course meant.

Letter to Augustus Saint-Gaudens from Theodore Roosevelt

To this the sculptor replied:

ASPET, WINDSOR, VERMONT,
August 15, 1903.

. . . I don't know how to thank you for your more than kind words about the "Sherman" and my other work. When I realize that you have taken the time to say this to me amid the multitude of other things on your mind, it is a fact that touches me deeply and your letter will be set aside and treasured for those who come after me. . . .

Two years later the appreciative understanding between President and sculptor grew even warmer, when the question arose regarding the inaugural medal to be struck in commemoration of Mr. Roosevelt's taking office for the second time. Saint-Gaudens was asked to design the relief himself. He could not do so, but, with the cordial assistance of a fellow-sculptor, Mr. Adolph Weinman, for once, at least, he succeeded in producing a decent inaugural medal. In response to Mr. Roosevelt's urgent request for Saint-Gaudens's services, the sculptor wrote:

THE PLAYERS, 16 Gramercy Park,
Jan. 20, 1905.

Dear Mr. President:

If the inauguration medal is to be ready for March the first there is not a moment to lose. I cannot do it, but I have arranged with the man best fit to execute it in this country, Mr. Adolph Weinman. He is a most artistic nature, extremely diffident. He would do an admirable thing. He is also supple and takes suggestion intelligently. He has made one of the great Indian groups at St. Louis that would have interested you if brought to your attention. He is so interested that he begged me to fix a price.

And again:

Dear Mr. President:

General Wilson showed me the McKinley Inauguration Medal, which is so deadly that I had Weinman go down to Philadelphia. The man there who has charge of the bulk of the ordinary medals already contracted for cannot possibly do an artistic work. He is a commercial medalist with neither the means nor the power to rise above such an average. Mr. Weinman writes to General Wilson tonight that our reliefs must be put into other hands and this is to beg you to insist that the work be entrusted to Messrs. Tiffany or Gorham. Otherwise I would not answer for its not being botched.

I made studies on the train on my way up from Washington and I have struck a composition which I hope will come out well. Mr.

Weinman is enthusiastic about it, and I am certain should execute it admirably. You know that the disposition of the design on the medal is nine tenths of the battle.

In other matters my composition calls for the simplest form of inscription, and here also I wish your support, of course, provided you think well of the idea. On the side of your portrait I propose placing nothing more than the words:

"Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States."

and on the reverse, under the emblematic design, the words:

"Washington, D. C., March 4, 1905."

The simplicity of inscription greatly aids the dignity of the arrangement, but if you believe that more is needed, I will add it with pleasure. . . .

Soon after this, at the request of the President, Saint-Gaudens agreed to consider modeling a statue of President McKinley for a committee headed by Mr. Franklin Murphy of Newark, New Jersey. Regarding the sculptor's desire to be of service, Mr. Roosevelt wrote:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 13, 1905.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

Personally, and because of my official connection with President McKinley and individual regard for him, and moreover because of my position as in a sense the representative of the American people, I thank you from my heart for your decision.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

On looking into the matter, however, Saint-Gaudens found that the funds the committee felt they could spend were inadequate, so he gave up the commission.

Then followed this letter of thanks from Mr. Roosevelt for Saint-Gaudens's efforts on the inaugural medal:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.
July 8, 1905.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

Really I do not know whether to thank most Frank Millet, who first put it in my rather dense head that we ought to have a great artist to design these medals, or most to thank you for consenting to undertake the work. My dear fellow, I am very grateful to you, and I am very proud to have been able to associate you in some way with my administration. I like the medals *immensely;* but that goes without saying; for the work is eminently characteristic of you. Thank Heaven, we have at last some artistic work of permanent worth done for the government!

Will you present my compliments and thanks to Mr. Weinman? Perhaps you know that we got him to undertake the life-saving medals also.

I was rather exasperated with the McKinley Memorial Committee at their failure to understand what securing your services of course meant.

With hearty thanks,

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

[Hand-written postscript.]

I don't want to slop over; but I feel just as if we had suddenly imported a little of Greece of the 5th or 4th centuries B.C. into America; and am very proud and very grateful that I personally happen to be the beneficiary.

I like the special bronze medal particularly.

In the meantime, as the result of the intimacy growing out of their coöperation in the matter of the inaugural medal, arose the scheme for the betterment of the coinage: the cent, which was later abandoned, the ten-dollar gold piece and the twenty-dollar gold piece, originated at the dinner mentioned at the outset of this article.

Considerable correspondence must have passed in short order between President and sculptor, but a letter written in 1905 by Mr. Roosevelt is the first in my possession dealing directly with the coinage. In view of the ultimate discussion raised by the desire for "high relief" and the objections made to it by the mint, it is interesting to see that the desire to depart from modern monetary requirements into more artistic fields was first shown by the President himself. The raising of the rim to permit the stacking of the coins, which he speaks of, was an obvious necessity,

one always observed in the succeeding models, despite reports to the contrary. The President wrote:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Nov. 6, 1905.

My dear Saint-Gaudens:

How is that old gold coinage design getting along? I want to make a suggestion. It seems to me worth while to try for a really good coinage; though I suppose there will be a revolt about it! I was looking at some gold coins of Alexander the Great today, and I was struck by their high relief. Would it not be well to have our coins in high relief, and also to have the rims raised? The point of having the rims raised would be, of course, to protect the figure on the coin; and if we have the figures in high relief, like the figures on the old Greek coins, they will surely last longer. What do you think of this?

With warm regards.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

In Saint-Gaudens's reply, which follows, he referred to the antagonistic attitude of the mint. The sculptor had already had one excessively disagreeable and stultifying encounter with that organization. It came about through his reluctantly accepting a commission to design the medal for the World's Columbian Exposition in 1892. At that time he first created on the reverse of the medal a nude boy holding a shield. At once the forces for morality, for which our nation is famous, took the warpath. A second model was submitted, "draped." This design was refused. Then Mr. Preston, at that time director of the mint, made a formal request for a third design. His letter stated that:

"As soon as the reverse is received, preparation will be made to have it engraved immediately and to make a faithful representation of the same."

Saint-Gaudens's third design substituted an eagle for the boy; but scarcely had this reached the mint when it was again refused, with the announcement that a reverse, an invention from the hands of Mr. Charles E. Barber, the commercial medalist of the mint, had been combined with Saint-Gaudens's obverse.

In the face of such an experience it is scant wonder that the sculptor dreaded further encounters. Unfortunately, his fears were fully justified. The mint's jealousies of their old-time prerogatives proved so violent that the work failed to come through unscathed, despite the fact that the President accorded his support with all his joy of battle, as shown by his letters of January 6, 1906, May 26, 1906, and June 22, 1906.

By November 11, 1905, President and sculptor were fairly started on the task of producing the new coins. Here begins the correspondence covering their departure. Saint-Gaudens wrote the President:

WINDSOR, VERMONT, Nov. 11, 1905.

Dear Mr. President:

You have hit the nail on the head with regard to the coinage. Of course the great coins (and you might almost say the only coins) are the Greek ones you speak of, just as the great medals are those of the fifteenth century by Pisanello and Sperandio. Nothing would please me more than to make the attempt in the direction of the heads of Alexander, but the authorities on modern monetary requirements would, I fear, "throw fits," to speak emphatically, if the thing was done now. It would be great if it could be accomplished and I do not see what the objection would be if the edges were high enough to prevent rubbing. Perhaps an inquiry from you would not receive the antagonistic reply from those who have the say in such matters that would certainly be made to me.

Up to the present I have done no work on the actual models for the coins, but have made sketches, and the matter is constantly in my mind. I have about determined on the composition of one side, which would contain an eagle very much like the one I placed on your medal with a modification that would be advantageous. On the other side I would place a (possibly winged) figure of liberty striding energetically forward as if on a mountain top holding aloft on one arm a shield bearing the Stars and Stripes with the words Liberty marked across the field, in the other hand, perhaps, a flaming torch. The drapery would be flowing in the breeze. My idea is to make it a *living* thing and typical of progress.

Obverse of the ten-dollar gold piece, in high relief, and before the addition of the head-dress, on President Roosevelt's suggestion

Obverse of the ten-dollar gold piece, with the Roosevelt feather head-dress. Before the relief was radically lowered for minting

Tell me frankly what you think of this and what your ideas may be. I remember you spoke of the head of an Indian. Of course that is always a superb thing to do, but would it be a sufficiently clear emblem of Liberty as required by law?

I send you an old book on coins which I am certain you will find of interest while waiting for a copy that I have ordered from Europe.

Faithfully yours,

AUGUST SAINT-GAUDENS.

To which the President replied:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Nov. 14, 1905.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

I have your letter of the 11th instant and return herewith the book on coins, which I think you should have until you get the other one. I have summoned all the mint people, and I am going to see if I cannot persuade them that coins of the Grecian type but with the raised rim will meet the commercial needs of the day. Of course I want to avoid too heavy an outbreak of the mercantile classes, because after all it is they who do use the gold. If we can have an eagle like that on the Inauguration Medal, only raised, I should feel that we would be awfully fortunate. Don't you think that we might accomplish something by raising the figures more than at present but not as much as in the Greek coins? Probably the Greek coins would be so thick that modern banking houses, where they have to pile up gold, would simply be unable to do so. How would it do to have a design struck off in a tentative fashion—that is, to have a model made? I think your Liberty idea is all right. Is it possible to make a Liberty with that Indian feather head-dress? Would people refuse to regard it as a Liberty? The figure of Liberty as you suggest would be beautiful. If we get down to bed-rock facts would the feather head-dress be any more out of keeping with the rest of Liberty than the canonical Phrygian cap which never is worn and never has been worn by any free people in the world?

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

Saint-Gaudens answered this letter as follows:

WINDSOR, VERMONT, Nov. 22, 1905.

Dear Mr. President:

Thank you for your letter of the 14th and the return of the book on coins.

I can perfectly well use the Indian head-dress on the figure of Liberty. It should be very handsome. I have been at work for the last two days on the coins and feel quite enthusiastic about it.

I enclose a copy of a letter to Secretary

The high relief form of the flying eagle for the twenty-dollar gold piece by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The flying eagle was ultimately used on this coin, but in much lower relief. Reverse of coin

The standing eagle design for the twenty-dollar gold piece designed by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, but ultimately used only for the ten-dollar gold piece and in much lower relief

Shaw which explains itself. If you are of my opinion and will help, I shall be greatly obliged.

Faithfully yours,
AUGUST SAINT-GAUDENS.

[Hand-written postscript.]

I think something between the high relief of the Greek coins and the extreme low relief of the modern work is possible, and as you suggest, I will make a model with that in view.

This is Saint-Gaudens's letter to Secretary Shaw:

WINDSOR, VERMONT, Nov. 22, 1905.

HON. L. M. SHAW,
Secretary of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I am now engaged on the models for the coinage. The law calls for, viz., "On one side there shall be an impression emblematic of liberty, with an inscription of the word 'liberty' and the year of the coinage." It occurs to me that the addition on this side of the coins of the word "Justice" (or "Law," preferably the former) would add force as well as elevation to the meaning of the composition. At one time the words "In God we trust" were placed on the coins. I am not aware that there was authorization for that, but I may be mistaken.

Will you kindly inform me whether what I suggest is possible.

Yours very truly,
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

The President agreed with the sculptor, writing:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Nov. 24, 1905.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

This is first class. I have no doubt we can get permission to put on the word "Justice," and I firmly believe that you can evolve something that will not only be beautiful from the artistic standpoint, but that, between the very high relief of the Greek and the very low relief of the modern coins, will be adapted both to the mechanical necessities of our mint production and the needs of modern commerce, and yet will be worthy of a civilized people—which is not true of our present coins.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

This problem of the inscriptions proved a difficult one. Be it remembered that in the sculptor's letter to the President regarding the inaugural medal he wrote, "The simplicity of inscription greatly aids the dignity of the arrangement."

Such judgment was sound, and happily accomplished in the matter of this inaugural medal; but when it came to the coin, the sculptor found himself

trammeled by antecedent and traditional elements and legal requirements, such as, the date on each coin, the word "Liberty," the phrase "E. Pluribus Unum," the legend "In God we trust," thirteen stars for the original States of the Union, forty-six stars for the States then in the Union, "United States of America," and the denomination of the coin.

The suggestion of the word "Justice" was given up. In the case of the twenty-dollar gold piece the thirteen stars and the "E. Pluribus Unum," and in the case of the ten-dollar gold piece the forty-six stars, were placed upon the previously milled edges of the coin. The "In God we trust" was discarded as an inartistic intrusion not required by law. The President gave his sanction to placing the date of the coinage in Roman instead of Arabic figures. The word "Liberty," the denomination of the coin, and the "United States of America" alone remained to be dealt with. The situation seemed clarified.

Unfortunately, however, the removal of the "In God we trust" drew down the lightning of public disapproval. The burden of the complaint was that the dropping of the legend was irreligious, although in this connection it was amusing to discover that Salmon P. Chase, who was Lincoln's secretary of the treasury, sustained quite as stern a censure for placing these words upon the coins as was aroused by their removal. The President, with his usual delight in a fight, took the onus of this charge upon himself and stood the tempest remarkably well; but at a later date, the sculptor being dead, and Mr. Roosevelt no longer in a position to prevent it, the authorities in the mint reverted to their own sweet way, with the result that "In God we trust" and the Arabic numerals reappeared on the Saint-Gaudens's coins, to the increased impairment of whatever of worth in the original design had been allowed to remain.

This is anticipating, however. To return to the present difficulties of Mr. Roosevelt and Saint-Gaudens, the next letter from the President shows how fully he shared the artist's ideas regarding the atmosphere of the mint. The Shaw mentioned was L. M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Jan. 6, 1906.

My dear Saint-Gaudens:

I have seen Shaw about that coinage and told him that it was my pet baby. We will try it anyway, so you go ahead. Shaw was really very nice about it. Of course he thinks I am a mere crack-brained lunatic on the subject, but he said with great kindness that there was always a certain number of gold coins that had to be stored up in vaults, and that there was no earthly objection to having those coins as artistic as the Greeks could desire. (I am paraphrasing his words, of course.) I think it will seriously increase the mortality among the employes of the mint at seeing such a desecration, but they will perish in a good cause!

Always yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

The President's philosophic attitude on any incidental mortality among the persons at the mint gave joy to the sculptor, who, no doubt, might well feel that he "owed them one." So Saint-Gaudens's next letter contains a forgivable chortle at the prospect of casualties among them, mixed, nevertheless, with a tincture of skepticism about the complete character of the destruction.

WINDSOR, VERMONT, Jan. 9, 1906.

Dear Mr. President:

Your letter of January 6th is at hand. All right, I shall proceed on the lines we have agreed on. The models are both well in hand, but I assure you I feel mighty cheeky so to speak, in attempting to line up with the Greek things. Well! Whatever I produce cannot be worse than the inanities now displayed on our coins and we will at least have made an attempt in the right direction, and serve the country by increasing the mortality at the mint. There is one gentleman there, however, who, when he sees what is coming, may have "the nervous prostitution" as termed by a native here, but killed, no. He has been in that institution since the foundation of the government and will be found standing in its ruins.

Yours faithfully,
AUGUST SAINT-GAUDENS.

Some of the hurdles set up by the folk at the mint having been taken by artist and President, work progressed on the coins, and correspondence lapsed until late in May. On the twenty-sixth of that month Mr. Roosevelt wrote Saint-Gaudens, indicating that the President, still keen on the subject, had striven to ease the way of the sculptor in another direction. The President's letters to Saint-Gaudens and to Secretary Shaw follow:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 26, 1906.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

I enclose a copy of a letter I have just sent to Secretary Shaw. I am delighted that you are getting along so well with the coin. It is one of the things in which I have taken the most genuine interest. I am so pleased that it is nearly concluded.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vt.

[Hand-written postscript]

Use Latin or Arabic numerals as you think best, and could you show me the design when you get it ready.

This is the inclosure to Secretary Shaw:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 26, 1906.

My dear Mr. Secretary:

Referring to the Saint-Gaudens' correspondence there does not seem to be any reason for not putting the date on the coin in numerals. Those numerals are Latin and our figures are Arabic. If Mr. Saint-Gaudens is clear that the effect would be better if numerals should be used, I should give him his head about it. In such a case a "V" would have to be used and not a "U," because of the simple reason that it would actually be a "V" and not a "U" that he was trying to put on. "V" means five; "U" is not a numeral at all.

I suppose you have sent Mr. Saint-Gaudens the permission to make a plaster cast of the present twenty-dollar gold piece.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. L. M. Shaw,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Saint-Gaudens could believe that the President might have his way with a mere secretary of the treasury, but he was not sure that even so redoubtable a President as Mr. Roosevelt could demolish the culture of the mint personnel. The next letter shows that the sculptor was fully alive to the herculean character of any triumphs over them.

WINDSOR, VERMONT, May 29, 1906.

Dear Mr. President:

I have your letter of May 26th enclosing a copy of your letter to Secretary Shaw of the same date.

The reverse is done. But before showing it to you I wish you had the reductions made at the different reliefs. They will take some time. The obverse I am hard at work on. Its completion will not be delayed long and your "pet crime" as you call it will be perpetrated as far as I am concerned.

I have sent a practical man to Philadelphia to obtain all the details necessary for the carrying out of our scheme, but if you succeed in getting the best of the polite Mr. Barber down there, or the others in charge, you will have done a greater work than putting through the Panama Canal. Nevertheless, I shall stick at it, even unto death.

Faithfully yours,
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

The lapse of time between the last letter of Saint-Gaudens and the next from the President might have indicated that Mr. Roosevelt hesitated about the combat. But, quite to the contrary, the fact that he was still game obviously follows from its context:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 22, 1906.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

Don't forget to tell me when you want me to take up our brethren of the mint and grapple with them on the subject of the coins.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

The problem of the eagle, which is mentioned in the ensuing letter, proved much more serious than Saint-Gaudens anticipated. The flying eagle, inspired by the design on the 1857 white cent, he ultimately abandoned in favor of a

standing eagle. This latter conception he drew from designs he had used on such work as the Shaw Memorial in Boston, the medal struck to commemorate the inauguration of President Roosevelt, and the shield of the monument to President Garfield in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. In all, for the coins, he created seventy models of this bird, and often stood twenty-five of them in a row in his studio at Cornish for visitors to number according to preference. He writes on the subject:

NEW YORK, June 28, 1906.

Dear Mr. President:

I thank you for your letter of June 22d. I will certainly inform you when your help will be needed with our friends in Philadelphia.

I am here on the sick list, where I have to remain in the hands of the doctors until the first of August, but my mind is on the coins, which are in good hands at Windsor.

The making of these designs is a great pleasure, but the job is even more serious than I anticipated. You may not recall that I told you I was "scared blue" at the thought of doing them; now that I have the opportunity, the responsibility looms up like a spectre.

The eagle side of the gold piece is finished, and is undergoing the interminable experiments with reductions before I send it to you. The other side is well advanced.

Now I am attacking the cent. It may interest you to know that on the "Liberty" side of the cent I am using a flying eagle, a modification of the device which was used on the cent of 1857. I had not seen that coin for many years, and was so impressed by it, that I thought if carried out with some modifications, nothing better could be done. It is by all odds the best design on any American coin.

Yours sincerely,
AUGUST SAINT-GAUDENS.

The President,
White House,
Washington, D. C.

Saint-Gaudens was a very sick man during the whole of the period of the development of the coin designs. Hence his work did not progress with the customary energy, and hence the ensuing letters from the President. The "co-ordinate branch" referred to was, of course, Congress. Mr. Roosevelt mentions this body even more whimsically in his letters of October 1, 1906, and December 20, 1906, and in his autobiography, when he speaks of issuing the coins "before Congress assembled or could intervene."

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.
July 30, 1906.

Personal

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

I do not want to bother you, but how is that coinage business getting on? This summer is the best time to settle it, because I would like to do it free from all supervision by the co-ordinate branch!

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

As the sculptor was too ill to reply, I wrote for him to the President, explaining the cause of the delay. This letter Mr. Roosevelt answered with his customary generosity, despite the fact that this situation was obviously putting him to inconvenience. He wrote:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.
August 6, 1906.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

I have your letter of the 2d instant. That is all right. What I shall probably do is to defer action until after the 4th of March next.

Give my warm regards to your father and say I hope he will soon be entirely well.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

The cause of most of the delay, however, was not due to the condition of the sculptor's health, but to the impossibility of reaching a satisfactory understanding with the mint authorities. First, the Philadelphia officials, as might have been expected, complained that they found the relief too high, and that the sculptor must lower it and sharpen the details. Knowing that such modification must surely hurt the merit of the result, the sculptor agreed, only to meet

Pencil sketches for the Liberty of the twenty-dollar gold piece

Preliminary sketches for the obverse of the twenty-dollar gold piece. The wing and shield and head-dress were afterward omitted as not suiting the composition within a circle

with three more successive complaints of the same nature. On the third occasion he bought the two French coins I have mentioned—the gold twenty-five franc piece with the head by Chaplin, and the silver two-franc piece, with the figure of "The Sower" by Roty. Next he asked the mint if they could strike what was struck abroad. Upon the mint's replying, "Yes," he ascertained the depth of relief of the French coins, and brought his new models to a shade under that. But again the mint proved recalcitrant; so the sculptor once more took his trouble to the President, who, as will be seen in the following letter, again gleefully went to the mat with the old enemy.

It is worth while noticing also in what ensues that it was now October 1, with

Liberty obverse of the twenty-dollar gold piece as finally designed. The relief, however, was made lower before minting

Liberty obverse of the twenty-dollar gold piece. The head-dress, President Roosevelt's idea, was later eliminated on this figure as too small to be effective on the actual coin

Congress due to meet in a couple of months; hence the request in the last sentence of the first paragraph.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 1, 1906.

Personal

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

The mint people have come down, as you can see from the enclosed letter which is in answer to a rather dictatorial one I sent to the Secretary of the Treasury. When can we get that design for the twenty-dollar gold piece? I hate to have to put on the lettering, but under the law I have no alternative; yet in spite of the lettering I think, my dear sir, that you have given us a coin as wonderful as any of the old Greek coins. I do not want to bother you, but do let me have it as quickly as possible. I would like to have the coin well on the way to completion by the time Congress meets.

It was such a pleasure seeing your son the other day.

Please return Director Roberts' letter to me when you have noted it.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

The next letter from the President was even more urgent, probably because he still feared the "co-ordinate branch."

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 11, 1906.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

I hate to trouble you, but it is very important that I should have the models for those coins at once. How soon may I have them?

With all good wishes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

Here some correspondence is missing, but as the following letter from Saint-Gaudens was sent only eight days after the one just given from the President, the action of the sculptor must have been speedy.

WINDSOR, VERMONT, December 19, 1906.

Dear Mr. President:

I am afraid from the letter sent you on the fourteenth with the models for the Twenty-Dollar Gold piece that you will think the coin I sent you was unfinished. This is not the case. It is the final and completed model, but I hold myself in readiness to make any such modifications as may be required in the reproduction of the coin.

This will explain the words, "test model" on the back of each model.

Faithfully yours,

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

The President's enthusiasm on receiving the models was expressed with wholehearted vigor. He replied:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 20, 1906.

My dear Saint-Gaudens:

Those models are simply immense—if such a slang way of talking is permissible in reference to giving a modern nation one coinage at least which shall be as good as that of the ancient Greeks. I have instructed the Director of the Mint that these dies are to be reproduced just as quickly as possible and just as they are. It is simply splendid. I suppose I shall be impeached for it in Congress; but I shall regard that as a very cheap payment!

With heartiest regards,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

Throughout a greater part of these preparations Saint-Gaudens planned to complete the cent with the flying eagle, with the formal lettering treated in a new fashion, and to execute for the gold coins a full-length figure of Liberty mounting a rock, with a shield in her left hand and a lighted torch in her right, backed by a semi-conventional eagle with wings half closed. Eventually, however, the scheme proved impracticable.

The profile head Saint-Gaudens modeled in relief from a bust originally intended for the Sherman Victory, adding the feathers upon the President's suggestion. Many persons knew it as the "Mary Cunningham" design, because

posed for by an Irish maid, when only a "pure American" should have served for a model for our national coin. As a matter of fact, the so-called features of the Irish girl appear scarcely the size of a pinhead upon the full-length Liberty, the body of which was posed for by a Swede. Also, the modern American blue blood may delight in the discovery that the profile head was modeled from a woman supposed to have negro blood in her veins. Who other than an Indian may be a "pure American" is undetermined.

In reality, as in all examples of Saint-Gaudens's ideal sculpture, little or no resemblance can be traced to any model, since the least taint of what he called "personality" in such instances caused him wholly to discard the subject.

Here is the sculptor's first letter expressing his desire to comply with the President's wish that the Indian head-dress be placed on the Liberty profile. Originally, of course, it had been proposed for the head of the figure of Liberty on the twenty-dollar gold piece. But when it had proved ineffective on so small a scale, the President had suggested the change. At first the sculptor made the addition against his better judgment; later, as will be seen, he came to the President's way of thinking.

WINDSOR, VERMONT, February 11, 1907.

Dear Mr. President:

I have received your letter of February the eighth regarding the Indian feather head-dress in its application to the one-cent piece.

I have already begun the trial in the way you suggest, so it should not be long before I will be able to tell you of the result. I shall endeavor to let you know with the utmost possible dispatch.

Faithfully yours,
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

On the receipt of the new design the President answered:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 18, 1907.

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

I wonder if I am one of those people of low appreciation of artistic things, against whom I have been inveighing! I like that feather head-dress so much that I have accepted that design of yours. Of course all the designs are conventional, as far as head-dresses go, because Liberty herself is conventional when embodied in a woman's head; and I don't see why we should not have a conventional head-dress of purely American type for the Liberty figure.

I am returning to you today the model of the Liberty head.

With hearty thanks,

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

Evidently Saint-Gaudens did not think Mr. Roosevelt "one of those people of low appreciation of artistic things," for the sculptor soon wrote:

WINDSOR, VERMONT, March 12, 1907.

Dear Mr. President:

I send today to the mint the models of the twenty Dollar gold piece with the alterations that were indispensable if the coin was to be struck with one blow. There has been no change whatever in the design. It was simply a question of the thickness of the gold in certain places, and the weight of the pressure when the blow was struck.

I like so much the head with the head-dress (and by the way, I am very glad you suggested doing the head in that manner) that I should like very much to see it tried not only on the one-cent piece but also on the twenty-dollar gold piece, instead of the figure of Liberty. I am probably apprehensive and have lost sight of whatever are the merits or the demerits of the Liberty side of the coin as it is now. My fear is that it does not "tell" enough, in contrast with the eagle on the other side. There will be no difficulty of that kind with the head alone, of its effectiveness I am certain.

Of course there is complete justification for the small figure with the large object on the other side in a great number of the Greek coins, and it is with that authority that I have proceeded.

This all means that I would like to have the mint make a die of the head for the gold coin also, and then a choice can be made between the two when completed. If this meets with your approval, may I ask you to say so to Mr. Roberts, of the Mint? I have enclosed a copy of this letter to him. The only change necessary in the event of this being carried out will be the changing of the

date from the Liberty side to the Eagle side of the coin. This is a small matter.

I enclose a copy of a letter I am sending today to Mr. Roberts.

Yours faithfully,
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

It is good to know that your boy is getting well.

At last the President had won his point regarding the Indian head-dress. The following letter voices his pleasure over its success, and gives reasons as to why it should be there, very typical of his American outlook.

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 14, 1907.

My dear Saint-Gaudens:

Many thanks for your letter of the 12th instant. Good! I have directed that be done at once. I am so glad you like the head of Liberty with the feather head-dress. Really, the feather head-dress can be treated as being the conventional cap of Liberty quite as much as if it was the Phrygian cap; and, after all, it is *our* Liberty —not what the ancient Greeks and Romans miscalled by that title—and we are entitled to a typically American head-dress for the lady.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

By this time the President and sculptor had coöperated for a year and a half. The sculptor had approached a definite result. The President had avoided congressional difficulties. He had persuaded Secretary Shaw to his way of thinking. Now Mr. Roosevelt and Saint-Gaudens were met with a fresh difficulty, which the President voices in the following letter:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 8, 1907.

Personal

My dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

I am sorry to say I am having some real difficulties in connection with the striking of those gold coins. It has proved hitherto impossible to strike them by one blow, which is necessary under the conditions of making coins at the present day. I send you a copy of letters from the head of the Department of Coins and Medals of the British Museum, and from Comparetti. I am afraid it is not practicable to have coins made if they are struck with more than one blow. Of course I can have a few hundreds of these beautiful coins made, but they will be merely souvenirs and medals, and not part of the true coinage of the country. Would it be possible for you to come on to the mint? I am sure that the mint authorities now really desire to do whatever they can, and if it would be possible for you to go there I could arrange to have some of the Tiffany people there at the same time to see if there was anything practicable to be done.

With regard, believe me

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Hand-written postscript]

You notice what Comparetti says about our country leading the way. I know our people now earnestly desire to do all they can; and I believe that with a slightly altered and lowered relief (and *possibly* a profile figure of Liberty) we can yet do the trick.

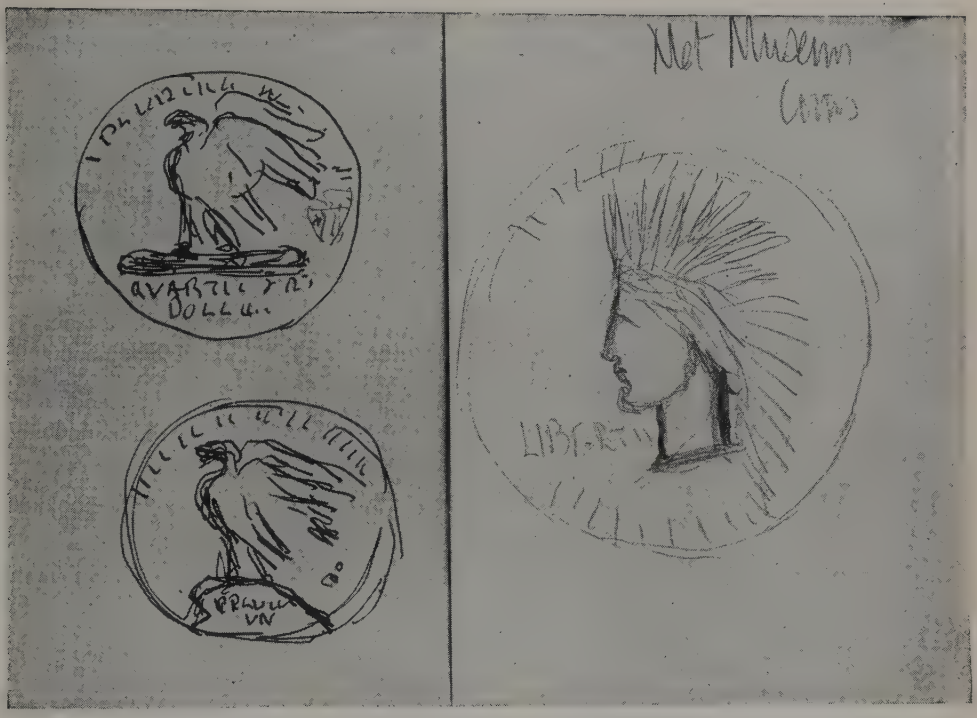
That the sculptor was only too anxious to experiment until satisfied with the result is shown by the work of his lifetime. But he had little strength left, and justly felt that it was not fair to his other commissions to devote to this one a larger share of his store of energy. Accordingly he wrote:

WINDSOR, VERMONT, May 11, 1907.

Dear Mr. President:

I am extremely sorry that it will be wholly impossible for me to leave Windsor at present, but I am sending to Mr. Roberts, and if you so desire, to you, my assistant, Mr. Hering, who understands the mechanical requirements of the coin far better than I.

After all the question is fairly simple, and I have not the slightest doubt that making the coins in low relief will settle the matter satisfactorily. Greatly as I should like to please you, I feel that I cannot now model another design in profile for the Twenty Dollar gold piece. Indeed, as far as I am concerned, I should prefer seeing the head of Liberty in place of any figure of Liberty on the Twenty Dollar coin as well as on the One Cent. If the idea appeals to you, I would refine the modelling of the head now that I have seen it struck in the small, so as to



Rough sketches showing the sculptor's original idea of the form the design should take

bring it in scale with the eagle. I am grieved that the striking of the die did not bring better results. Evidently it is no trifling matter to make Greek art conform with modern numismatics.

Faithfully yours,
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

Saint-Gaudens's suggestion for the entire substitution of the profile for the Liberty figure was not accepted. The figure of Liberty remained beyond "one small issue of the coins," as the President suggested in the next letter. It was used on the twenty-dollar gold piece for as long as the Saint-Gaudens's design continued to be struck.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 12, 1907.

Dear Mr. Saint-Gaudens:

All right. Your letter really makes me feel quite cheerful. I should be glad, if it is possible for you to do so if you would "refine" the head of Liberty; but I want to keep the figure of Liberty for at least one small issue of the coins. I look forward to seeing Mr. Hering.

With hearty thanks, believe me
Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens,
Windsor, Vermont.

In this final letter written by the sculptor to the President the ultimate design for the eagle was suggested and accepted:

WINDSOR, VERMONT, May 23, 1907.

Dear Mr. President:

Now that this business of the coinage is coming to an end and we understand how much relief can be practically stamped, I have been looking over the other models that I have made and there is no question in my mind that the standing eagle is the best. You have seen only the large model, and probably on seeing it in the small will have a different impression. The artists all prefer it, as I do, to the flying eagle.

First, in that it is more on a scale with the figure of Liberty on the other side.

Second, it eliminates the sunburst which

is on both sides of the coin as it will be if adopted as settled up to now.

Third, it is more dignified and less inclined toward the sensational.

Fourth, it will occupy no more time to use this model than it will to do the other work that will be necessary, and I think it is a little more favorable for stamping.

The majority of the people that I show the work to evidently prefer with you the figure of Liberty to the head of Liberty and that I shall not consider any further on the Twenty Dollar gold coin.

Faithfully yours,
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

The sculptor died in August, 1907. Soon after the mint began to issue the coins with extremely poor results Saint-Gaudens's assistant, Mr. Henry Hering, who had personally carried on the alterations, asked why no heed had been paid to his request to see the die before the striking. The mint replied at random that it was forced, even in the present circumstances, again to reduce, on its own account, the proportional depths of the relief, and that in the process details were lost. Mr. Hering promptly exhibited three grades of relief reduced abroad to the same extent from the same original by the same machine that the mint employed. The details stood out quite as vividly in the low relief as in the high. Even this did not convince the mint, however, until at last Mr. Frank A. Leach, a new director of the mint, took a hand in the turmoil and brought the matter before the President for the last time, with the consequence that the mint accomplished the "impossible" and struck the coins.

In this fashion, therefore, the designs went forth, though, what with the lowered relief, most careless reproduction, and, soon after, additions of lettering and changing of Roman to Arabic numerals, the results appeared far from those Saint-Gaudens would have allowed had he been able to assert himself.

The President's share in the new issue of coins, the thought, the patience, the unflagging enthusiasm, and the insistence that he brought to bear is a vivid example of his high regard for the need of artistic development in our national life.

Think of what problems the Chief Executive had on his mind during the years 1905, 1906, and 1907: the land frauds, the water-power question, the Indian Rights, civil service reform, anti-trust legislation, Japanese immigration agitation in California, the Panama Canal, the Russian-Japanese peace treaty, and the voyage of the fleet around the world. Yet for all this the President could devote time and thought to questions of coin design, to battling with the bureaucracy of the mint, to foiling the unbaked opinions of Congress and, with the assistance of Saint-Gaudens, to setting before the public the results of a practical effort at refining American art. Nothing can show more conclusively how Roosevelt tasted all aspects of life and considered them as worthy of attention by those who sought, according to his own words, "the beauty of living and therefore the joy of life."

Our Mr. Allerby

By ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

Illustrations by Robert Lawson

Is there a Mr. Allerby in your town? There was one in Winfield, and, when identified, Mr. Allerby proved to be a most interesting person. Your Mr. Allerby may be found running a street-car, driving a carriage, or perhaps he is your chauffeur. These situations often occur, but we must recognize them.

IN the thriving oil-boom town of Winfield, Kentucky, there is a trolley-car. This is, of course, not a unique distinction. There are in other towns other trolley-cars, even of the one ewe-lamb variety; but one does not find them manned and captained by a Mr. Allerby.

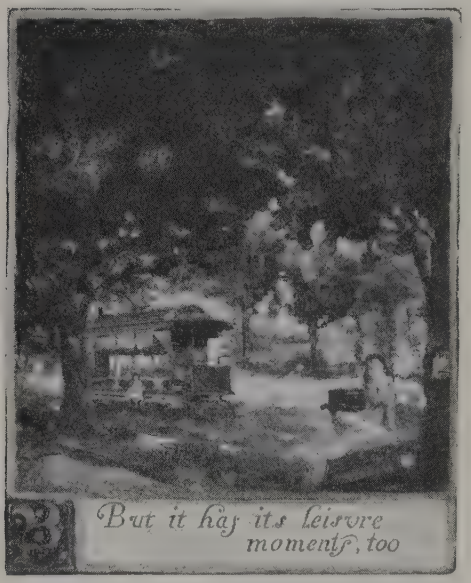
He is a person to be remembered, a rotund, rosy, weather-beaten little gentleman who looks as if he might have stepped down out of one of the Fallowfield sporting-prints which adorn the walls of many American homes, and it seems incongruous that, instead of hunting-pink, he should be wearing, like most of his passengers, merely an alpaca coat that needs pressing, with, for badge of office, a blue, vizored cap whose gold lettering proclaims him an official—in fact, the only official—of the Winfield Street Railway Company. Indeed, as the little car leaves the station with an unexpected leap, and goes bounding away over the hills and dales of the Winfield streets, the stranger finds himself peering eagerly forward, ready to shout, "Yoicks!" or "Tally-ho!" or whatever it is one does shout at first sight of the quarry. Mr. Allerby gets as much speed out of his trolley as an experienced horseman gets out of a green hunter.

Nor is the quarry itself often lacking to complete the illusion. Sometimes it is a small boy on a wheel, who just in front, between the tracks, courts death jeeringly, with inciting grins over his shoulder at the pursuing Juggernaut. Or it may be one of the prosperous new oil ladies learning to drive her limousine, a sight that adds daily uncertainty to life in Winfield byways. Or it may be, and usually is, the Prewitt pony, which, having manipulated his cart into the smoother going of the rails, is not to be deterred from his fat course by any pleadings from his family, or yet by clangings and loud words from Juggernaut behind. Often male passengers have to turn out en masse to persuade the Prewitt pony bodily from its determination to clog the wheels of progress.

A ride in the Winfield trolley-car is rarely without a certain sense of adventure, what with its racing starts, its disconcerting stops, and the rattling, reckless speed of its general conduct. But it has its leisure moments, too; plenty of these. Always in the heated portion of the day it is to be found drawn up somewhere about town in the shade of the maples, no longer Juggernaut, but a peaceful playhouse for little girls and their dolls, with fowls hopping domestically about its steps, perhaps, and a dog snoring in the warm dust under it. Sometimes Mr. Allerby may be discovered within, as the writer once discovered him, stretched out on one of the long seats, his cap of office removed to give the breeze access to an incipient bald spot, a book propped open upon his person, which proved, surprisingly, to be the "Poems of Tennyson." It was open at "The Lotos-Eaters."

It should be explained that in order

to keep its franchise from the town of Winfield, it is only necessary that the Street Railway Company operate a car upon its streets once a day. But Mr. Allerby is both conscientious and obliging in the performance of his office.



He rarely fails to meet the trains; and on a rainy day, for instance, one may expect to hear the loud approach of Juggernaut at least once an hour, with the welcome call of its conductor: "Here we are, ladies! Step in out of the wet." Or, if you happen to get out of the Louisville express feeling stiff-kneed and stuffy, and inclined to walk to your destination along the pleasant, tree-lined, sun-flecked streets, there is Mr. Allerby, with whom you may leave your luggage (paying its fare, of course; five cents for suitcases, three for small satchels), sure to find it waiting on your door-step.

However, it is palpably a disappointment to him if the luggage rides and you do not, for, like Abou Ben Adhem, Mr. Allerby may be written as one who loves his fellow-men. Particularly if his fellow-man be a woman and a stranger. It is through strangers that he keeps in touch with what he calls "the world out there." And as for women, any plump, middle-aged, poetry-loving bachelor whose sole feminine experience is in the rôle of temporary guardian and protector is apt to develop sentiments toward the sex which are only too rare. Always in slippery weather Mr. Allerby hurries from his platform to help would-be women passengers down their steps and out to his car in safety; and once when unfortunate Mrs. Moore, who happened to be what the town calls "addicted," fell asleep on her way home, it was Mr. Allerby who carried her indoors and up to her bed, and who even telephoned the doctor before he resumed his professional duties, somewhat to the annoyance of certain passengers who had hoped to catch the train for Cincinnati. But of course there were other trains for Cincinnati.

Life in Winfield would be difficult to conceive without Mr. Allerby. All along his route mothers entrust him with their young to take to school or to the dentists; harassed housekeepers give him important commissions to execute at the grocer's; pretty girls at the post-office; and there are certain regular passengers who ride their five or six squares simply in the interests of good fellowship. Chief among these is, or was, old Miss Sara Truman.

Several times in the week, if the day was fair, Miss Sara might be seen in her bonnet and her beaded dolman, waiting on her porch for the rumble of the trolley. And Mr. Allerby, observing her there, would descend from his platform, and usher her with due empressement to her accustomed seat just inside the front door. Down town as far as the turn-table, and up again, they conversed steadily, he standing sidewise at his wheel, with one eye on the traffic. She made no pretense of errands to be done.

"Why at my age should I go to the shops? Let the shops come to me," she said. Miss Sara was by way of being rather an autocrat in her gentle fashion. And when she came in from these excursions with Mr. Allerby, her cheeks would be quite pink with excitement.

"What in the world," teased her married niece, "do you find to talk about with that funny old fellow?"

"Men and affairs and the world at

large, my dear; things with which you have no concern. Mr. Allerby," she would add wistfully, "has seen a great deal of the world."

Miss Sara herself had ventured no farther into the world than Cincinnati, where she occasionally went for a week to hear grand opera. But she always made the most of this opportunity, and her heart thrilled with the true globe-trotter's response to the conductor's casual mention of Alaska or Mexico, the diamond-mines at Kimberley, the China coast, and other foci of life and adventure. What turn of the wheel had stranded him here among the oil-fields of Kentucky, with no apparent background except his trolley-car and a volume of Tennyson, she yearned to inquire; but somehow she never did. For all his jovial rotundity, there was a certain reserve about the little man which baffled curiosity. And there was something more—something the old lady once described to her niece as "heroic."

But the younger woman's surprised

laughter sent her back into her shell again, and she never quite explained, even to herself, what she found of the heroic in the cheerful, rosy, shabby street-car conductor who quoted Tennyson.

Probably nobody else in Winfield thought of dissociating the man from his surroundings. The trolley-car was to Mr. Allerby as its shell to a turtle. Habits form easily in that part of the world, and the town has become so accustomed to strangers now as to have quite lost any provincial interest in their affairs. It has seen so many flies gather about the honey-pot, wax fat, and go away again, or wax lean and disappear, forgotten, that it has learned to go its own way unheeding, and wait for this upsetting era of prosperity to pass.

Mr. Allerby had so well fitted himself to his environment as to have become even a member of the Coffin Club. At a certain hour every day, Juggernaut was to be found at rest near a certain corner of Main Street; and then, if you happened to be in haste to get anywhere, and knew the ways of the place, you would go straight to Cassidy's Undertaking Parlor, walk through to the room at the back where the coffins are kept, and there you would find from five to a dozen of the town's leading citizens sitting in at a little game. This Mr. Allerby would obligingly leave to carry you to your destination at a spanking pace, whirl the car about on the turn-table, and so back again, galloping, to his game.

It is the pleasantest gathering-place in town, Tim Cassidy's undertaking establishment, convenient to the Oil Exchange, to Judge Cary's office, and, to Dr. Grant's consulting-room, with the court-house only a block away, and a mint-bed growing, as if by the act of Providence, at its very door-step. Winfield being a dry town, the mint-bed assumed special importance in those days, when every man carried a flask as surely as he carried a pocket-knife; and ice, too, was always to be counted upon there, thanks to Tim's profession. Occasionally (once when there had been a wreck on the C. and O. and again when a dynamite charge had exploded prematurely in the neighborhood) the club had been disconcerted to find its quarters in possession of strangers, dead strangers at that. But this happens very rarely. Winfield, for the most part, prefers to be buried at home.

The Coffin Club is as perfect an example of the brotherhood of man, perhaps, as may be found outside of books. It had its origin in that birthplace of American democracy, the village school. There holds between men who have fished and fought and gone swimming and played hooky together a tie that life itself cannot put asunder, and life is a far more efficient sunderer than death. What mattered it that one of their number had been a United States senator, that another was the town's chief of police, that a third had gambled so successfully in oil that the laying out of corpses was to him merely an esthetic gratification? In the little game in which they sat, professions did not count, nor pasts, nor futures. One man was as good as another, except for Mr. Allerby, who was rather better than the rest of them put together. And that was fortunate for him, the Winfield Street Railway Company not being munificent in its salaries.

But winning or losing, the conductor maintained the equable front which had long since won his way into the esteem of the town's first citizenry. What with the oil-fields, and the races, and the annual uncertainty of the tobacco crop, life in that neighborhood progresses from cradle to grave through a succession of adventures with chance, so that a man is judged there, not unwisely, by the grace with which he pockets his losses.

It was at the hands of the Coffin Club that Mr. Allerby came by his more familiar name of "Juke." There was a rumor that he had been christened "Harold," but nobody had put this slander to the test of question. "H" might quite as well stand for something respectable, like Henry. Winfield believes in giving people the benefit of the doubt.

From the beginning of the war, which was fought out daily in the Coffin Club to a satisfactory conclusion, Judge Cary, being a Virginian, had taken England under his especial protection, and patronized things English very largely. One morning he arrived at a session of the game with an illustrated London paper under his arm, remarking:

"Well, Allerby, your kin seem to be doing you proud over there. Here 's the account of a Sir Nicholas Allerby, K. C. X. Y. Z. and so on, being made a general, no less. Thought you might like to take a look at him. Stiffish-looking feller, with a mustache on him like a walrus. I must say he ain't very pretty."

"Allerbys never are," murmured the other, without glancing at the picture.

Dr. Grant, who had the curiosity of a cow, than which no living creature is more inquisitive, pricked up an ear at this unnatural indifference.

"Did n't you tell me you were a Canadian?" he inquired.

"I did not," replied Mr. Allerby, briefly.

"Oh. Perhaps your accent—though Virginians use a broad a, too. Possibly you 're a Virginian?"

"I was born," said Mr. Allerby, "in Buckinghamshire, England."

The Coffin Club exchanged surprised glances. It seemed odd, in view of recent events, that this interesting fact had not before come to light. Also, they suddenly realized that it was the first item of Mr. Allerby's personal history which ever had come to light.

"Then," persisted the doctor, "this General Sir Nicholas, A. B. C., and so forth, really may be some kin of yours?"

"Quite possibly," was the indifferent rejoinder. "Three cards, please. Allerbys are as thick in Bucks as maggots in cheese, and they range all the way from dukes to jailbirds."

"Like us Cassidys in Cork," murmured the undertaker, with the tact of his race, sensing a certain tension in the air. "Only the head of our family was a king, I 'm told."

"I believe it, judging by your morals, Tim," chuckled the doctor, accepting the change of subject.

Thereafter Mr. Allerby was known as "Juke" to his cronies, with the exception of Dr. Grant, who asked no more questions. That word "jailbird" stuck unpleasantly in his head. Why, with England fighting the world's battles over there, had not one of her sons long since proclaimed the fact of his nativity with pride?

Some months later Judge Cary con-

In the little game in which they sat professions did not count.

tributed further news of his favorite aristocracy.

"I see by the papers, Juke, that your distinguished relative, the general, is being sent over by his country to lecture here, addressing soldiers at the mobilization camps. That will bring him to Louisville. If he knew we had an Allerby in our midst, he 'd probably run up to Winfield to see you."

"Undoubtedly," was the grave reply, greeted with an appreciative chuckle from the club at large.

"Also," continued the judge, referring to his paper, "I see that he is to be accompanied by his wife, 'who will be remembered as the famous beauty, Lady Sybil Arbuthnot, third daughter of the Earl of— Why, what 's up, Allerby? Where you going?"

"Got to meet that C. and O.," explained the other, and went out of the room in haste, leaving uncashed chips upon the table.

His friends stared after him.

"And the C. and O.," murmured somebody, "not due for over an hour!"

"I think," said Dr. Grant in the pause that followed, "that we 'd better not guy Allerby any more about his English connections. Especially," he added significantly, "before Charlie here." Charlie Judd was Winfield's chief of police.

"Wha—what do you mean?" queried that gentleman, round-eyed.

"I mean that Allerby 's in hiding, and we don't want to be the ones to find him. Would n't be—hospitable."

"It would not," decided the law in the person of Judge Cary.

"Of course this must go no further, boys," added Dr. Grant, with a troubled sigh.

"Certainly not," they agreed.

And that is how the rumor started.

It came very shortly to the ears of Miss Sara Truman, filling the old lady with an odd mixture of gratification and dismay.

"There, I ve always said there was something out of the ordinary about that man," she told her married niece. "He may be an adventurer, or one of those remittance men you read about in Western novels; but you can't tell me that anybody with such a manner is, or ever has been, a jailbird! Jailbirds slink. I intend to ask him." And despite the niece's remonstrances, she donned her bonnet and her beaded dolman and went out on the porch to watch for Juggernaut.

Mr. Allerby was singularly uncommunicative that day. It may have been because he had to do an unusual amount of stopping and starting. In fact, since the interesting rumor about him spread, there had been a notable increase of patronage for the Winfield Street Railway Company. Everybody wished to see at close range this scion of the English nobility who was probably a murderer or a bigamist or at the very least a defaulter.

But Miss Sara bided her time, and when, on the homeward journey, they had the car quite to themselves, with no would-be passengers signaling to him from windows or waiting anywhere along the quiet, sleepy street ahead of them, she opened fire with one of their favorite bits:

> In the afternoon they came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon.

She declaimed it very loudly, so as to be heard above the internal noises which seemed a necessity of Juggernaut's progress, but Mr. Allerby failed to make the usual quotation in response:

> O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

She tried again on a more personal note, her old voice quavering with reassuring friendliness:

"You—you seem to be feeling the heat to-day, Mr. Allerby. But surely

It came very shortly to the ears of Miss Sara Truman

you must have felt greater heat than this in South Africa?"

"Ah, one was younger then," he said, making an effort to pull himself together because of the friendliness of that voice. "To tell the truth, Miss Sara, I am about to leave this pleasant land of afternoon; and I am sorry."

She was startled. She was also sorry.

"About to leave Winfield? Where are you going?"

"I do not know," he replied drearily.

"*Why* are you going?"

He answered with a faint smile:

"To escape—company."

"Goodness! They 've discovered him!" she thought; but aloud she said: "To escape the duties of hospitality? That sounds almost—rude, Mr. Allerby."

"Fortunately, one has the privilege of being rude to a brother," he muttered.

"Oh, I disagree with you, I disagree with you, absolutely." The old lady sat forward earnestly on the edge of her seat. "My father used to say that anybody could be nice to strangers; that the surest test of good breeding was the courtesy which prevailed in the family circle— Unless, of course, one's brother had forfeited respect?" she finished tentatively.

"Old Nick forfeit respect? Good Lord, no! But look here, Miss Sara,"—he turned half toward her,—"how 'd you like to entertain a brother you had n't seen for thirty years in—in a room over a mews, where you did your own cooking and washing, yes, and ironing, too? Eh?"

"No brother would think the less of you for poverty," she said gently. "He would only be sorry."

"Exactly. And he need n't be, thank you! He jolly well need n't be. I 'm not the one to let 'em down. Besides, it is n't Nick I mind so much; it 's—she."

"Aha!" thought Miss Sara, triumphantly. She had found what she was looking for; and it was no hidden crime, no disgrace, no ugliness of any sort. There are certain things any woman can understand, and one of them is the tone of voice in which he spoke that pronoun. This way romance had passed, and in the atmosphere of romance, Miss Sara, despite her seventy years of spinsterhood, or perhaps because of them, was thoroughly at home.

"I imagine," she said, "that you are one of these remittance-men I 've read about."

"Something of the sort," he murmured, "only without the remittance. My people fancy—otherwise. The fact

is, I 've lied to my people, Miss Sara, lied to them most abominably."

"Of course you have," she said cheerfully, patting the seat beside her. "Come here, my dear boy, and tell me all about it." And at the look in her motherly old eyes, Harold Allerby's fifty years of struggle and loss and lonely failure disappeared, leaving him for the moment the boy she called him.

He looked about. Nothing was astir in all the drowsy neighborhood except the Prewitt pony, in fat possession of the tracks a block or two ahead. It seemed as good a time as any for a trolley-car to take its rest. So he abandoned the wheel, and went in to Miss Sara, and told her all about it.

When he had finished, her face was alight with the joy of conflict.

"You wait till I get hold of that Jimmy Grant!" To Miss Sara the gray-haired doctor and his friends were merely youths who had exchanged their balls and tops for amusements less innocuous. "I 'll make them pay for the scandals they start at their precious club! As to this Lord and Lady Allerby,"—the titles rolled trippingly from her tongue, although Miss Sara was the least of snobs,—"don't you worry about entertaining them. Winfield will do that for you."

"He 's not a peer; just a baronet," corrected the conductor.

"'Just a baronet' will be quite as much as Winfield can stand," prophesied Miss Sara; and she was right.

THE erect, soldierly little gentleman who got off the train from Louisville some weeks later, accompanied by a graceful, veiled lady with the sort of figure which may still be called willowy, looked about him in some surprise.

"Quite a civilized sort of place, my love," he murmured reassuringly to the lady, and a moment later shook hands with our Mr. Allerby, difficult to recognize in smart gray flannels, as undemonstratively as if they had parted yesterday.

"Lookin' very fit, Hal," he said.

"Thanks. So 're you, old man," our Mr. Allerby was heard to reply. "Lost an arm, I see. Congratulations."

"Yes, I was lucky not to have it the right, eh? Quite a lot of people about, are n't they?" There were, indeed. Not a leading citizen, who had not been detained unavoidably by matters of life and death, but had managed casually to meet that day the train from Louisville. "Flags and things, too. Havin' some sort of local celebration?"

"I fancy," explained Mr. Allerby, flushing, "that it 's in honor of you, old boy."

"Ah, very decent of the townspeople; very," commented Sir Nicholas, also flushing, and looking straight before him. But the lady at his side lifted her veil, and spoke in a musical, clear, carrying voice straight to the interested crowd.

"How perfectly sweet of you! Thanks awfully."

And she smiled. The Coffin Club later compared notes about that smile. Each felt, as had many a better man before him, that it was directed exclusively toward him.

"What a ducky car you 've got, Hal," continued the carrying voice, as Mr. Allerby led them toward Tim Cassidy's handsomest limousine, the one he rented to only the most exclusive funerals. "And what a quaint custom to introduce the chauffeur! So democratic! Is it always done in the States? And do you call your servants 'help,' as a

smart-looking woman I met in Chicago did?"

"He is n't a chauffeur; he 's the owner," murmured Mr. Allerby, squirming.

"Oh, you job the car when you want it. A good idea for us, Nick," she said to her husband, brightly. "It would

save a pot of money. Everybody 's so frightfully poor at home now, Hal dear!" She sighed. "It 's a relief to find you all so comfy here in the States."

"Sybil was always strong on comfort, you remember, Hal," remarked Sir Nicholas, smiling.

"Oh, but I can rough it, too; you 'll see," she protested. "I know about bachelor establishments."

If Mr. Allerby had a momentary picture of his own bachelor establishment above Meehan's livery-stable, with a gas-range in one corner, beside the wash-stand, and a clothes-line stretched conveniently across the room, he promptly banished it, with other ghosts. It was not to such a place, thanks to Miss Sara Truman, that his guests were bound. But as they passed Juggernaut, somnolent upon a switch, he averted a conscious and rather guilty eye.

Not so Lady Sybil, who was an experienced tourist and determined to be interested in everything.

"Fancy, Nick, a tram-car out in these wilds! Are n't the Americans wonderful? But it does n't appear to be a very active tram-car, does it?"

"Takin' its vacation this week," explained Mr. Cassidy, from the front seat.

"How quaint!" murmured Lady Sybil, whether of Juggernaut or of the talkative chauffeur it would be difficult to say.

"Quaint" was a word she found frequent use for, especially when Mr. Cassidy drew up with a flourish in front of a wide, white brick cottage set well back from the street, among elms; on the pillared portico Dr. Grant's 'Mandy was to be seen, rather flustered, hastening to remove Dr. Grant's forgotten sign from beside the front door. The doctor kept a cot, fortunately, in his consulting-room down-town.

"Come in; come right in, folks, and rest yo' hats," urged 'Mandy, ingratiatingly, concealing the sign behind her.

Lady Sybil gazed at this fat brown person in some dismay.

"A native woman, Nick, and apparently in charge! Do you—do you suppose it 's all right?" she whispered.

"Certainly," reassured her husband, audibly. "Old Hal 's no squawman. Besides, that sort of thing happens farther West, I fancy."

The interior of the house reassured her still further—a long, pleasant room, filled with books and etchings and other Lares and Penates, in which Dr. Grant took a pardonable pride.

"Really, you do yourself awfully well, Hal," commented Lady Sybil in distinct relief. "This room might have been at home. That portrait, for instance, and the old spinet, quite charming. You seem to have accumulated rather nice moss for such a rolling stone."

Mr. Allerby, who had accumulated nothing except years and friends, shrugged a deprecating shoulder. And when the native woman came in, bearing a native drink in frosted silver cups, which Lady Sybil pronounced quite as invigorating as tea, her satisfaction was complete.

"So glad you 've a woman to maid me," she said graciously. "I left Jenkins

at home, she hates so to rough it. Send her up in half an hour, will you, Hal? I 'll be ready for my bath."

"Huh?" inquired 'Mandy, in a deep contralto.

Mr. Allerby took her aside and explained rather nervously, Dr. Grant's 'Mandy being a personage with whom it was not well to take liberties. But the famous Arbuthnot smile was not without its effect even here, for 'Mandy was heard to mutter:

"Oh, well, ef it 's on'y hookin' up and such-like, reck'n I could mek out to oblige her. But I ain't goin' to *wash* no grown-up pusson, not for nobody! I is a modest woman, I is, ef some ain't."

WINFIELD, at least, will never forget the festivities with which it made hectic the three days of the baronet's visit. He spoke on the first night at the opera-house, thereby displacing Charlie Chaplin himself (in screen version). And though his words were brief and to the point, he was secretly felt to be outdone in eloquence by the introduction of Judge Cary, and even by the impromptu epilogue of Mr. Cassidy, who was moved by the Arbuthnot smile, and other things, to pay an Irishman's tribute to the women of England. Indeed, during the evening every eye in the house remained eagerly fastened upon the women of England as personified in Lady Sybil, shameless and quite astonishingly lovely in a little black tulle and the Allerby diamonds.

"And she fifty, if a day!" was the feminine verdict.

They had dined first with Miss Sara Truman, an event which brought out of storage not only the Truman silver and the Truman lace, but which went to the length of Tipsy Parson Sauce on the ice-cream, than which Winfield hospitality can no further spread itself. Miss Sara was by principle and practice a strict total abstainer, but every one knows that Tipsy Parson is not a beverage, but a condiment. Until dessert arrived, the hostess had been a little nervous, despite her lofty assurances to their married niece that a lady could be no more than a lady, no matter what people called her; but under the beneficent influence of the sauce her slight stiffness toward her guests melted into a warm benevolence.

This the tact of Lady Sybil augmented into something like intimacy. "Do you know," she had remarked as they left the table, "you look in all that lace and jet"—Miss Sara was wearing the Truman jets—"like a dear aunt of my own, father's sister?"

"The—the earl's sister?"

Lady Sybil smiled assent.

Now, to be reminiscent of the sister of an earl can but be flattering to the stanchest American heart; the old lady responded in kind:

"And you look, my dear, like the sort of woman a man could never forget—if he tried."

Which led, naturally, to confidences. Seated upon the parlor sofa, with the others safely listening to Sir Nicholas's expurgated edition of the war, Miss Sara learned much that she had not learned from Mr. Allerby.

"But I don't quite understand," she

"Which led, naturally, to confidences."

whispered at last, a cautious eye on the gentleman in question, quite as distinguished-looking as his brother in the surprising elegance of evening clothes. "How did Mr. Allerby get the money he made over to his older brother? I thought in England estates were entailed."

"So they are, when there are any. With the Allerbys there are n't, you see. Only there was a rich aunt of sorts, married into soap, or something; and naturally, at the time Nick and I eloped, we thought she 'd die pretty soon and leave us a bit. Instead, she left it all to Hal. Rather a sell on us, was n't it?"

"I wonder why she did that," said Miss Sara.

"Oh, because she was vexed with Nick for marrying anything so useless as me, I think. And because she was angry with me for having jilted Hal."

"Oh, you did jilt Mr. Allerby?" asked the other, gravely.

Lady Sybil hung her fair head like a child that is being scolded.

"I 'm afraid I did, rather. You see, we 'd grown up together, and they both wanted me so badly, and I simply could n't decide which I 'd have. You know how that is?" Miss Sara, who had never been "wanted badly" by any one in her life, nodded a comprehending head. "If one could only have married them both! But since one could n't, and Nick went off to India, I thought it would better be Hal. Then when Nick came back, I—I saw it really could n't be. Hal was too sweet about it. He said, in marrying Nick, it really *was* like marrying them both. But," she added, with a rueful little sigh, "at first things went rather badly. Father could n't do anything for us, and Nick was in such an expensive regiment, and I 'm afraid I 'm rather expensive myself. It looked as if Nick would have to resign from the service and go into trade, or something. The soap aunt died just in time.

"Of course one hated to take Hal's money, but he insisted that it ought to go with the title, and that there had always been an Allerby in the service and always must be, and that in any case he 'd settle the property on our first son. Then, too, he kept writing back that everything he touched turned to gold, he 's always so lucky. So for the sake of the children—"

"There are children?"

"I 've two boys fighting in France," said the Englishwoman, quietly, and her lip quivered.

The effect of the Tipsy Parson Sauce was wearing off, but Miss Sara forgave something to the quiver of that lip.

"You must be very glad," she said, laying her hand upon the other's.

"I am," was the stanch reply, "even if they don't—but of course they will! What troubled us most about Hal," she went on evenly, "was the fear that possibly things were n't going quite well with him, that he was 'bluffing' us, as you say in the States. It seemed so odd that he never wanted to come home even to see the boys off. He 's always been so good to the boys. Then I was afraid, too, that he might have got himself into trouble of sorts, bad ways—you know what bachelors are. So Nick and I were awfully glad of the opportunity to look him up. That 's why I came."

"And if he had been 'bluffing' you?" inquired the prosecuting counsel.

"Then we should have taken him home, of course. Whatever we have is his, you know," said Lady Sybil. "But I ought to have known he 'd never let us down in any way. He 's so proud. And as for the rest, while he 's not really rich—should you say?"

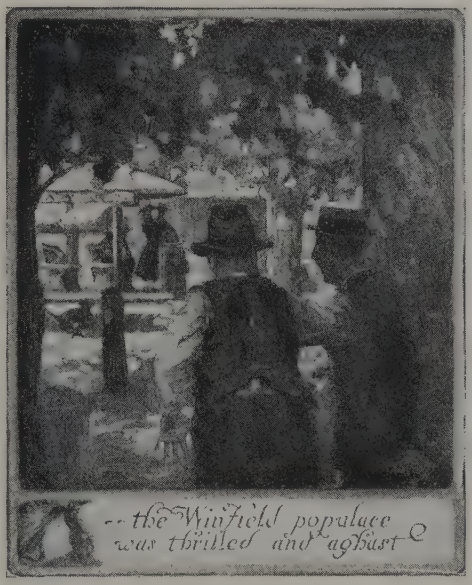
"Not exactly rich," murmured Miss Sara.

"Not for America, certainly; but quite comfortable. I can't tell you what a relief that is to us. Simple, of course, that odd little cottage, with only the one native woman to look after him. But Hal never cared for luxury, like the rest of us. And he seems to have fallen among friends."

"Yes," said Miss Sara; "that at least is true." And the look she sent across to the "lucky" man who had chosen to buy happiness for those he loved was a tribute he ought not to have missed.

The entertainment of the distinguished visitors progressed without a hitch even until the final moment. The Allerbys, personally conducted, gazed appreciatively at scenery, at thoroughbred horses, at oil-wells in action; they were introduced to a barbecue, following a fox-hunt, conducted, to their shocked astonishment, on foot, among the underbrush of the river-bank. "If we flush a fox, shall I be expected to take a shot at it?" demanded Sir Nicholas, unhappily, of his brother.

Mr. Allerby accompanied them upon all these diversions, playing the rôle of host automatically, in rather a dazed fashion. His eyes were rarely off his sister-in-law, people noticed; but neither were those of Judge Cary, for instance, nor of as many other members of the Coffin Club as could find an excuse to bask in her impartial smiles. Even her husband seemed to like to look at her, a fact unprecedented in Winfield's experience of the middle-aged married.



Lest it be feared that the franchise of the Winfield Street Railway Company was in danger, Lady Sybil herself may be quoted:

"Do you know, it 's the oddest thing about your little tram-car. I find it sitting about in different parts of town, and in the very early morning I fancy I hear it passing up the street; but I 've never yet been able to catch it in action."

"Nor ever will," murmured Judge Cary. "You see, it—it feels the heat. Like the rest of us, yourself always excepted, Madam, it is not so young as it used to be."

"How absurd of you!" she laughed, tapping him deliciously with her fan.

The only hitch in arrangements occurred at the very moment of departure, when Mr. Cassidy and his limousine, which was to carry the distinguished guests to their train in a final burst of elegance, failed to appear. Whether because of a more pressing need elsewhere, or because of the proximity of the mint-bed to Mr. Cassidy's private supply, is not known to this history. The weather was very hot, however.

Mr. Allerby, on his tenth trip from telephone to window, tasted despair. The train was due in half an hour, and the distance could not be walked in twice that time by the dainty, high-heeled, distinctly un-British footgear of his sister-in-law. He felt that to continue for another day in the false position of host on charity was beyond his power. His conscience positively ached at the thought of Dr. Grant, self-banished from his comfortable home to the penance of a cot in his consulting-room. And there may have been other strains on his endurance which he has never mentioned.

He looked up and down the street desperately for a possible conveyance. But there was nothing in sight, not even the Prewitt pony, which for once in his life he would have suffered gladly. Nothing, that is, except Juggernaut, waiting idly under the maples near by. Lady Sybil's eye lit upon this at the same moment as did Mr. Allerby's.

"There 's that absurd little car! What a pity," she said, "that it is n't running to-day, or we could go to the train in it."

Mr. Allerby flushed suddenly and deeply.

"I dare say I could manage to run you down in it, if you would n't mind."

"You? Why, Hal, do you actually know how to run a tram-car? But you were always so clever about everything!"

"Oh, any child can run a car like that," he explained nonchalantly. "It 's that sort."

She gave a cry of pleasure.

"What, you mean to say it 's *automatic*, like that lift we saw in New York? Why have n't I known this earlier! Nick, what a lark! We 're going to the train in an automatic tram-car."

Nor would she consent to remain inconspicuously a passenger, but insisted

upon standing beside Mr. Allerby on the platform to see how it worked. Even that was not the worst; she soon demanded to be allowed to run the thing herself. And Sybil Allerby was not the sort of woman whose pleadings go unheeded.

"You *must* let me try it, you really must, Hal, there 's a dear boy! I 've handled automobiles and motor-boats, and young Hal almost let me drive his plane, and I 've steered elephants in India and camels in Biskra, and I could n't *possibly* go back from the States without having once driven an automatic tram-car!"

"Better humor her in the interests of peace," advised the indulgent husband.

So that the Winfield populace was thrilled and aghast at the sight of the third daughter of a belted earl at the wheel of their humble public conveyance, her veils floating on the breeze, her musical laughter ringing gay and clear above the cheerful clanging of the gong. And one old lady, at least, hearing of the madcap performance, thought she knew why men still fell in love with Sybil Allerby at fifty.

"It 's the jolliest lark we 've ever had together, Hal dear! I 'll always remember," called back a lovely voice from the departing train.

She would always remember!

Mr. Allerby did not lack for company on his homeward journey. Half the town seemed moved to go about its business by trolley that day, exchanging respectful pleasantries with the motorman. But people found him a trifle unresponsive; not "airy," quite, but rather reserved, as became the accredited scion of British nobility. Juggernaut went her ways softly, a consecrated trolley-car, and she has never since been quite the rampageous, sporting vehicle she used to be. Perhaps Mr. Allerby drives now with a ghost beside him, a spirit out of another life, her veils blowing fragrantly about him, her joyous laughter making him forget that romance can ever be fifty if a day, or that there is anything ignoble in a task her white hands made a "lark" of.

But when somebody asked him not long ago when he 'd be running over to visit his English relatives, he shook his head, murmuring words which only Miss Sara would have understood:

"O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."

At "the House of the Flirt"

By PATRICK GALLAGHER

An interesting and entertaining account of the history, past and contemporary, social and political, connected with President Wilson's official residence during the peace conference in Paris.

IT was an American diplomat of the older generation who told me the story of "the House of the Flirt." We had motored up the Champs-Elysées, made a sharp detour to the left, near Etoile, and slowed down as we entered the parked seclusion of the Place des Etats-Unis, with its suggestion of numerous nooks and angles and—peace.

"That is the President's house," said my friend, indicating a substantial, neutral-tinted villa on the opposite side of the green sod. A gendarme and a French staff-officer saluted us politely. Two young American gentlemen in khaki, spick and span, service rifles at the correct shoulder angle, guarded the approach to Mr. Wilson's Paris home. Except our own quiet conversation, only the twittering of the little birds welcoming the green shoots of May, making sounds into a silence that suggested the secrecy of the sacrosanct.

A good many years ago, when the nice, grandfatherly old gentlemen of to-day were gay young blades, with warm response for a sparkling eye and a Malibran shoulder, the dashing, daring Mamie Paine was the talk and the toast of Paris. That is merely another way of saying how Mamie was where every woman since Lilith or Mother Eve has loved and longed to be—on the topmost limb of the tree of masculine adulation. She was the adored of young men and old. She was, they tell me, these gallants of dead decades, as pretty as a picture by David, and fully as tantalizing as the lady who was looked upon by another and still earlier David, in circumstances quite disapproved by the Nonconformist conscience and Mrs. Grundy. Mamie was *très chic*, and, unless I am misinformed, she had a very expensive taste in clothes.

It was in the selfsame little room where Mamie tried on her dresses and worried the originating soul of the elder M. Worth that Mr. Woodrow Wilson tried to put together the broken fragments of a world smashed to smithereens, in a political, social, and economic sense, by William Hohenzollern, who was a youngster with a very vicious temper when Mistress Paine smashed hearts in Paris.

The young American beauty, Mamie Paine, after playing havoc with more than her fair share of young hearts and old, accepted the trembling old hand and experienced affections of the retired banker and *sous-maire* Bischoffen. And that was how Mamie came to live and to hold her captivating court in the house at 11, Place des Etats-Unis. But it was not thus called in that time.

The United States' legation in Paris was a "two-pair back," tucked away on a side street of little dignity and no importance, until Mr. Levi P. Morton became our minister to France. Mr. Morton leased a fine graystone mansion just a block on the north side of the house of Mamie's obedient husband, and then the Parisians discovered America. The frugal Frenchmen who were in the "inner circle" of the Government at Paris, and participants in the profits accruing from foresight in metropolitan real-estate investments, interpreted the Morton lease as a soothing shadow of an agreeable coming event: at last those dollar-decked Americans were going to act like real Europeans and buy an embassy building. To help the good work along, they called the peaceful, parked prospect the Place des Etats-Unis. It is not without significance

that Congress failed fully to appreciate the compliment. To this day we do not own an embassy building in Paris. Our ambassadors are "renters," in the French diplomatic circle, "unhindered and unhampered" by any act of congressional munificence.

It was by the merest accident, I am told, that the President came to live in "the House of the Flirt." When he made his first appearance in Paris, he went to the Hôtel Murat. The Hôtel Murat was not available when he planned his second trip, so "the House of the Flirt" was hired to witness the work of making a new world out of a badly battered, gasping, ghastly globe. It may have been as significant as it was accidental.

The President went to Paris to make peace, and the Place des Etats-Unis is a peaceful spot. He returned to France "unhindered and unhampered" by earlier aspirations for "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at." Secrecy set its guards on every quiet bit of the small, wooded circle. Even the cute little sparrows, a family of birds as notorious for impertinence and irreverence as regularly trained American reporters, seemed to sense the all-pervading presence of the very spirit of secrecy. The young leaves on the nodding trees whispered their warning, "Hush!" All the gables were decently dignified and as perfectly proper-looking as if Mamie had never blown a coquettish kiss in their direction. Mamie was dead. The carved fireplace in the little room—that elegant fireplace was to hear and see many things that are destined to remain buried in a secrecy far more impenetrable than some of Mamie's most sacred secrets. What happened in that room was to go far to prove that modern diplomacy is still as close-mouthed as the grave—no more so. What happened within the four walls that saw much of Mamie was to teach us all that flirtation is not confined to women.

It was in that room of "the House of the Flirt" that Woodrow Wilson is now charged with having played with the hearts of one out of every four of the inhabitants of the earth, crumpled up his "Fourteen Points," and cast them into the waste-paper-basket.

They were three. Newspapers and the people of a large part of the world spoke of "the Big Four." There might have been more. Still, the fact remains that they were three, Woodrow Wilson, Georges Clemenceau, and David Lloyd George. I have named them in the order of merit and actual importance.

His foes and critics notwithstanding, Woodrow Wilson was by far the ablest among the participants in the Conference of Paris. He towered over them all. As an idealist, he was the soul of the conference. From the purely intellectual point of view, he could hold his own with the best of them, and there were one or two intellectual giants in other delegations: Bourgeois for the French, Balfour for the British, but only one other at the top of his own "pile," Venizelos, the great Greek.

The use of the term "Conference of Paris" suggests correction of a popular error that ought to be excised from the columns of our newspapers and the public mind. The peace conference was the Conference of Paris. It was a conference confined to the Allied and Associated victor nations. The ritual reserved for the defeated Germans billeted in the Trianon Palace Hôtel at Versailles was that of a drumhead court martial, as was fit and proper. Nothing less would have satisfied Foch and the French. Fittingly and properly, the Conference of Paris respected the feeling of the outraged nation in whose capital the map of the new world was being charted. The Austrian affair at St. Germain-en-Laye was an inquest, sometimes solemn, sometimes comic, sometimes almost joyful. I cannot testify as to the other side-shows, because they did not begin until I left Paris. Relations with the Germans were restricted to exchange of notes between the German delegation in Versailles and the Allies and Associates in Paris. I really think that M. Clemenceau enjoyed his task, as president of the conference, of replying to Brockdorf-Rantzau and the tall, sallow count's successors. Usually, in each sharp sentence, you could feel the bite of "the Tiger's" teeth.

Georges Clemenceau is a droll figure of a man, and a little giant in his own

way. Standing alongside Mr. Wilson, Clemenceau instantly suggested "Little Jeff" to the President's "Mutt." I never saw him without the inseparable gray suède gloves. He wore them always when presiding over the plenary sessions. He would sit for long spells with clasped hands and his head cocked over a humped shoulder, with ear trained upon the speaker of the moment. Then, perhaps, he would wrinkle his large forehead, shake his head up and down, turn it around and glare at the gentleman who was taking up the time that stood between France and peace. France wanted peace in a hurry and with a fanfare. Clemenceau, as the political incarnation of France, wanted peace at a pen-stroke. I think we all liked his loyalty to his own people. That was the real secret of his hold upon Allied affections in Paris. He was so frank in his zeal for France! He tore everything else out of his path, just like a big cat springing to save her young ones.

Clemenceau is a great French editor. Now, it must be confessed that the French press has still far to go before it can take its place with the British and American press as a dependable, honest force in the formation of democratic public opinion. The majority of the Paris newspapers are sadly corrupt and lax in their methods of gathering and presenting news. Georges Clemenceau is a working journalist, with a high sense of the mission of the newspaper. Apparently, he has strong opinions about some of the tendencies of French reporters. Certainly, he disfavored any attempt to open up the real proceedings of the conference to the reporters present from all parts of the world.

"Where shall we put the photographers?" an Allied intermediary asked, when press arrangements were being considered.

"Put them in the donjon," snapped "the Tiger."

Just before the dramatic Italian "walk-out," Mr. Orlando was pleading Italy's claims to Fiume before his colleagues of the Council of Four, at "the House of the Flirt."

He was addressing his remarks particularly to Mr. Wilson. Mr. Lloyd George was sitting back in his chair, in a brown study; Mr. Wilson was leaning forward listening patiently. M. Clemenceau, leaning back, was listening impatiently.

"See," exclaimed the Italian premier, waving his arms and shivering his silvery crop, "the press of France is unanimously in our favor. Every newspaper echoes our desire—'Italy should have Italian Fiume!'"

Clemenceau tapped Orlando on the arm, cupped his gloved left over his lips, and roared into the left ear of the impassioned Roman, in a stage whisper:

"Would you like me to tell the President how much it cost?"

Never another word said Orlando. He swore under his breath as he took his defeated departure.

I HAD not seen David Lloyd George for almost twenty years when I shook hands with him in Paris. I found him much changed, and apparently for the better. Time has mellowed the once incoherent Welshman. The Lloyd George who supported Mr. Wilson's fine oration for a league of peace in the Hall of the Clock was a much finer figure than the obscure Welsh member who mobilized the "Nonconformist conscience," under the Liberal leadership of the jocular Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. His periods were more rounded, his rhetoric less flamboyant. Also, he was much better barbered and groomed. Some premiers feel it desirable to keep up appearances.

Lloyd George has indisputable claims upon American good-will. He is a self-made man. He began as a small town attorney and Little Bethel lay preacher. He felt his way carefully over the shoulders of his Welsh miners, uttered orthodox Nonconformist views until, "with the Nonconformist conscience in the hollow of his fiercely clenched hand," he climbed upon the treasury bench, which is to say, the Government of the British Empire.

In height and general appearance Lloyd George suggests a compromise between his American and French associates in the management of the conference. Usually, there is a subtle message in the twinkling eye and the ingratiating smile that greet the reporter or news-

paper photographer as a man and a brother. "Our Davy" is never too tired or too teased to please the crowd. He proved himself by far the best politician and tactician at the conference.

Wilson's mind was fenced about by fixed notions, postulates, principles. Clemenceau's clarity of vision was at times obscured by cynical selfishness. His ideas, always practical and pointed to protect France, came like stout logs carried down-stream under the fierce force of a torrential rain-storm. He would cough and spit blood and relapse into sudden silence. Lloyd George, with no principles to bother him, thinking and talking one day one way, and the next waxing even more eloquent in an opposite direction, leaped the hurdles of Wilson's conscientious scruples and dodged the logs of "the Tiger's" logic not at all through force of sheer ability,—he was the least able of the three,—but simply because of his native and acquired nimbleness, his ability, and his willingness to take orders from the British brains that employed him as a speaking-trumpet.

Like Mr. Wilson, Lloyd George worked under a severe strain, and one eye was always trained upon the French villa of Lord Northcliffe. The famous Irish newspaper king is England's political Warwick of to-day, and well did David know that the ax employed to decapitate the Asquith ministry was bright and sharp, and ready to tumble a new head into the yawning basket of the head-hunter of Carmelite House and Printing House Square.

An American of high standing ventured the opinion that "Lloyd George is not a great man."

"Is that so?" retorted one who knows the British leader well and loves him not at all. "Well, you just try to take his job away from him. Then you will see how great he is."

BATHED in the bright Paris sunshine, with the cheers of the Paris poor ringing in their ears, the President and Mrs. Wilson entered "the House of the Flirt" for the first time on March 14, 1919, just in time for a late lunch. President Poincaré and all the foreign notables had united in giving them a brilliant welcome in the carpeted court of honor at the Gare Invalides. Mr. Wilson alone knows whether by that time he had learned to discriminate between real and artificial enthusiasm. As he helped Mrs. Wilson out of their Pullman and shook hands with Poincaré, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Foch, I caught a twinkle in the Presidential eye and a satisfied set of the Presidential jaws. The combination led me to believe he was taking the correct measure of his surroundings. He barely acknowledged the salute of Foch's pet troops, but he was quick to note and to lift his hat to a poor old basket-woman, who fought her way through the soldiers and, with arms and basket waving in the air and big tear-drops streaming from her red eyelids, called upon God to bless "the great American." The welcome of the Paris poor was honest, hearty, intensely real; the greeting of the great folk was mostly hollow pretense, crafty stage play, a deliberate, carefully calculated appeal to the Presidential ego.

It was within his first hour's residence at "the House of the Flirt" that Woodrow Wilson decided to play the part of Atlas and put his shoulders under all the world and its troubles. With hands clasped and clenched behind his back, jaws set and chin thrust forward, he paced up and down in front of Mamie's ornamental fireplace, formulating, revising, and discarding plans, and telling himself what he thought of the men he had left in charge of his peacemaking work in Paris.

Just a month before, to the day and almost to the hour, he had started home from Paris with the skeleton for his pet child, little League of Nations. His critics in the American Senate, and American statesmen of note out of office, but much in the public eye, had rattled the bones of this fragile skeleton and broken some of them. He came back to Paris, forced unwillingly to attach a Monroe Doctrine bone, a withdrawal bone, and to add and subtract other bones of contention. He had committed himself to the British to leave the bulldog his bone of naval supremacy, to abjure "freedom of the seas," and to deny the Japanese their bone of racial equality, because Mr. Hughes of Aus-

tralia threatened secession rather than bite at or swallow that bone. Wilson landed once more in France confident in his ability to surmount these difficulties, and his surprise and anger may be imagined when he found that his own "rubber stamps" had removed these obstacles by joining with Mr. Balfour in pitching his pet skeleton out of the treaty and out of the conference.

In "the House of the Flirt" they told him what Mr. Balfour had done to him a brief few days before his return to the Seine. In the Council of Ten Mr. Balfour had moved a resolution divorcing the league from the treaty. Worse still, Mr. Lansing had delivered a speech in Paris publicly sustaining the plea for "immediate peace"; that is, peace without the league.

In "the House of the Flirt" it was mentioned to the President how the British were getting tired of Colonel House's flirtations with the Sinn Fein faction, just then planning a St. Patrick's day demonstration right under the nose of the conference. That was very bad. For cheer, the President turned to one of Lord Northcliffe's many newspapers, and his keen eye caught a flaming editorial, "Wilson or Lenine?" That was the choice. The President took his courage in his hands, called for his car, and rode down the Champs-Elysées to the Crillon.

We watched him ascend to Colonel House's parlor. Nobody has ever told what took place in that room. We saw Clemenceau and his secretary, Lieutenant Montoux, hurry in and upward a few minutes later; then Lloyd George and Sir Maurice Hankey; and afterward Mr. Orlando, with his thick, upstanding, white thatch of hair. We saw Baron Makino and Viscount Chinda come and go. We knew that something big was happening, but nobody outside that little room guessed just what was taking place.

What happened was this: Mr. Wilson, accepting the "Daily Mail's" invitation, assumed the rôle of Atlas. He took upon his shoulders the burdens of the world, and bowled Balfour and Lansing out of the conference. That was the first meeting of the Council of Four, with Woodrow Wilson as the "Big One," "boss," of the Conference of Paris in fancy, but not in fact.

Mr. Wilson trumped Balfour's trick by a public announcement, pointing out the fact that on January 25, at the second plenary session, the conference had already made the League of Nations an integral part of the peace treaty. That act could not be set aside by the Council of Ten, or by any other organ of the conference, without first securing the assent of a plenary session. Mr. Wilson well knew that his friends, the small nations, would back him as a solid unit on an issue of that sort. And the thimbleriggers of the Quai d'Orsay and Whitehall laughed up their sleeves, because at last they had Mr. Wilson just where they wanted him.

Mr. Wilson committed hara-kiri when he created the Council of Four and transferred the actual peacemaking from the Hall of the Clock to "the House of the Flirt." He did just what M. Clemenceau and Mr. Balfour wanted him to do—Clemenceau, the Bismarck of the conference, and Arthur James Balfour, its Beaconsfield. It was Mr. Lloyd George, prompted by Balfour and Curzon, who harped upon the advantage of "getting along" with a few men who could speak and understand English that, of course, relieved the President of an embarrassment. It was M. Clemenceau who suggested that Lieutenant Montoux, a limber linguist, could be called in when interpretation became necessary.

"Hankey is a remarkable shorthand reporter. I find him invaluable," said the Welsh premier.

Sir Maurice became the official recorder of the "Big Four," and I can well believe that Mr. Lloyd George found that dapper young man absolutely "invaluable." David had his witness. Clemenceau had his witness. Wilson had his brief victory over Balfour, his snub to Lansing, and no witness.

I noted at the time that the Marquis Saionji, although the chief representative in Paris of one of the great Allies, was not included in the new Supreme Council. There were explanations that did not explain. The Japanese accepted these in good part. After the sessions got into full swing at "the House of the Flirt," stories, since confirmed, came to

me, and I began to take my hat off to that "most superior person," George Nathaniel, Earl Curzon.

Lord Curzon gave the Paris proceedings a wide berth. He was even less in evidence than Winston Churchill or Alfred, Lord Milner, the cold-blooded protégé of Joseph Chamberlain, of whom Labouchère was wont to say, "he has no feelings and no failings." Milner is a sort of iceberg carved into the semblance of a human being. Balfour is a bland boa-constrictor, with a deadly, dangerous hug. Curzon is a roaring furnace, sputtering forth sparks against his pet aversions—the Japanese and the plain people.

One afternoon at "the House of the Flirt" Mr. Wilson, I am told, broached Pacific problems to Lloyd George. George was very receptive. Quite as if on the spur of the moment, he suggested the concentration of American and British war-ships in the Pacific.

"We can avoid trouble there by forethought," said Lloyd George.

I am not in a position to state what connection there is or is not between this conversation at "the House of the Flirt" and the decree of Daniels sending the American fleet through the canal into Pacific waters. Still, I was told in Paris that Lord Curzon and Admiral Jellicoe, with the indorsement of Winston Churchill, put this idea into the head of Lloyd George. Whether or not the decision was made a matter of record by Sir Maurice Hankey, it is, of course, impossible to say. Lloyd George had his witness. Mr. Wilson was his own witness.

It was in "the House of the Flirt" that the Monroe Doctrine was made to walk the plank by Woodrow Wilson. The circumstances belong to history.

The President has been compared to many historical personages: to Alexander I of Russia, a smug lunatic, author of the Holy Alliance and the chief contributing cause of the promulgation of Monroe's Doctrine; and to James I, a learned, but bad-tempered, bigot. Curiously enough the gentlemen (and ladies) who spend so much time in digging up from the biographies caricature counterparts of Mr. Wilson have so far failed to note the striking resemblances between the salient defects of Monroe and those of Wilson. Adams, and not Monroe, wrote the Monroe Doctrine. Monroe was eager enough to take the credit for our most daring adventure in foreign affairs, *after the successful event.* The story of American advocacy of a League of Nations suggests a deadly parallel. A century ago, the vengeful spirit of Allied absolutism menaced popular governments, just as Bolshevism menaced all orderly government during the proceedings of the Council of Four. Monroe's hesitancy, his timorous temperament, the unwillingness with which he was drawn along by the logic of events and the bolder and more experienced hand of his secretary of state, John Quincy Adams, lend piquancy to the fact that the attempted assassination of his doctrine was reserved for the hand of one whom the late Mr. Roosevelt assailed for identically similar weaknesses of character.

Mr. Wilson propounded the Pan-American Doctrine. The event was carefully noted in the London foreign office, which does not forget earlier American unwillingness to participate in the Congress of Panama, or to associate Latin-American or European support with the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. The Monroe Doctrine was always supposed to be strictly United States policy until Mr. Wilson proposed his Pan-American Doctrine, and later sat in secret conclave with European old masters at "the House of the Flirt." The United States Senate, backed by overwhelming American opinion, forced Mr. Wilson to put a specific Monroe Doctrine bone in his League of Nations skeleton. The proposition, from any angle, was absurd. To mention the doctrine at all in the body of the covenant was to do the very thing that a long succession of American administrations had flatly refused to do. Sage senators, no wiser than Mr. Wilson, missed the point of the jest. The careful British, who are supposed to lack a sense of humor, caught the funny bone by the knuckle and turned it into the very best joke of the conference.

Mr. Wilson breathed his Monroe Doctrine difficulty into the wide-open ear of Lord Robert Cecil. Lord Robert, long

and loose-jointed, posed his patrician personality in an attitude of deep sympathy. It was necessary to head off opposition within the League of Nations commission, where Léon Bourgeois, Baron Makino, and other delegates were pushing amendments contrary to the Wilson-Cecil concordat.

"Leave that to me, Mr. President," said Lord Robert. The President, very gladly, did that little thing. Lord Robert engineered through the commission a very select drafting committee to mull over contentious motions, including Mr. Wilson's own Monroe Doctrine clause. Later, this committee presented to the full commission of nineteen a small scrap of paper containing the following words:

> Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.

M. Bourgeois asked for the paper. It was handed to him. The whiskered savant of France poised his pince-nez on the tip of his broad nose. He rumpled his hair. He scratched his left cheek. He pulled at his beard. He read aloud the thirty-two words twice over.

"But what does it mean?" he asked smiling Mr. Wilson.

Lord Robert yawned, stretched his six-feet-six, and observed, with the nearest thing to a grin:

"Oddly enough, it means just what it says."

A few days later a communiqué, issued privately by the British delegation to the British press, volunteered the following interpretation:

Article XXI makes it clear that the Covenant is not intended to abrogate or weaken any other agreements, so long as they are consistent with its own terms, into which the Members of the League may have entered, or may enter hereafter, for the further assurance of peace. Such agreements include special treaties for compulsory arbitration, and military conventions that are purely defensive. *In so far as the Monroe Doctrine tends to the same end, whatever validity it possesses cannot be affected by the Covenant.*

The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed in 1813[1] in order to prevent the extension of European absolutist principles to South America, but while it forbids interference by individual European States in American affairs, *it can never be invoked to limit the action of the League of Nations*, which is in its nature world-wide, and therefore no more European than American. The principles of the League, as expressed in Article X, are in fact the extension to the whole world of the principles of President Monroe; while should any dispute as to the meaning of the latter ever arise between American and European Powers, the *League is there to settle it.*

Who wrote the Monroe Doctrine clause inserted in the League covenant?

Lord Curzon. He drew the clause, Lord Robert Cecil trimmed it, Mr. Balfour inserted an important word.

Mr. Wilson "OK'd" it in "the House of the Flirt."

[1] The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed in the President's Message to Congress, December 2, 1823.

A Shower

By AMY LOWELL

That sputter of rain, flipping the hedge-rows
And making the highways hiss,
How I love it!
And the touch of you upon my arm
As you press against me that my umbrella
May cover you.

Tinkle of drops on stretched silk.
Wet murmur through green branches

A Ballad of the Circus

by Charles Hanson Towne

Decoration by John R Neill

When we went to the circus
We had seats by the door,
Where the clowns made their entrance,
And a coach and four.

A shabby old carriage,
Trying to be grand,
Painted up with gold figures,
Painted to beat the band.

In it sat a "princess,"
In cheap, tawdry lace,
A gorgeous wig upon her head,
And powder on her face.

I could see the clowns waiting
For their cues to come in.
How solemn were their faces
In that strange, hellish din!

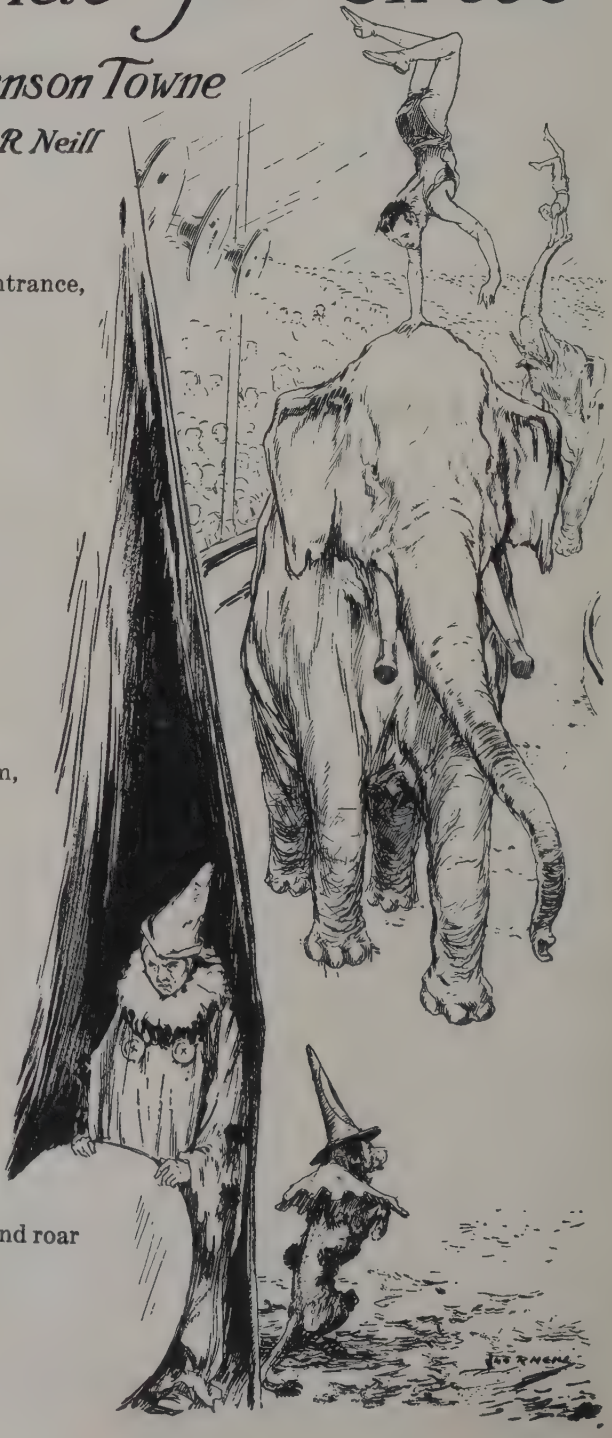
Great elephants stood near them,
Trained seals, and giraffes.
Together they were waiting
For five thousand laughs.

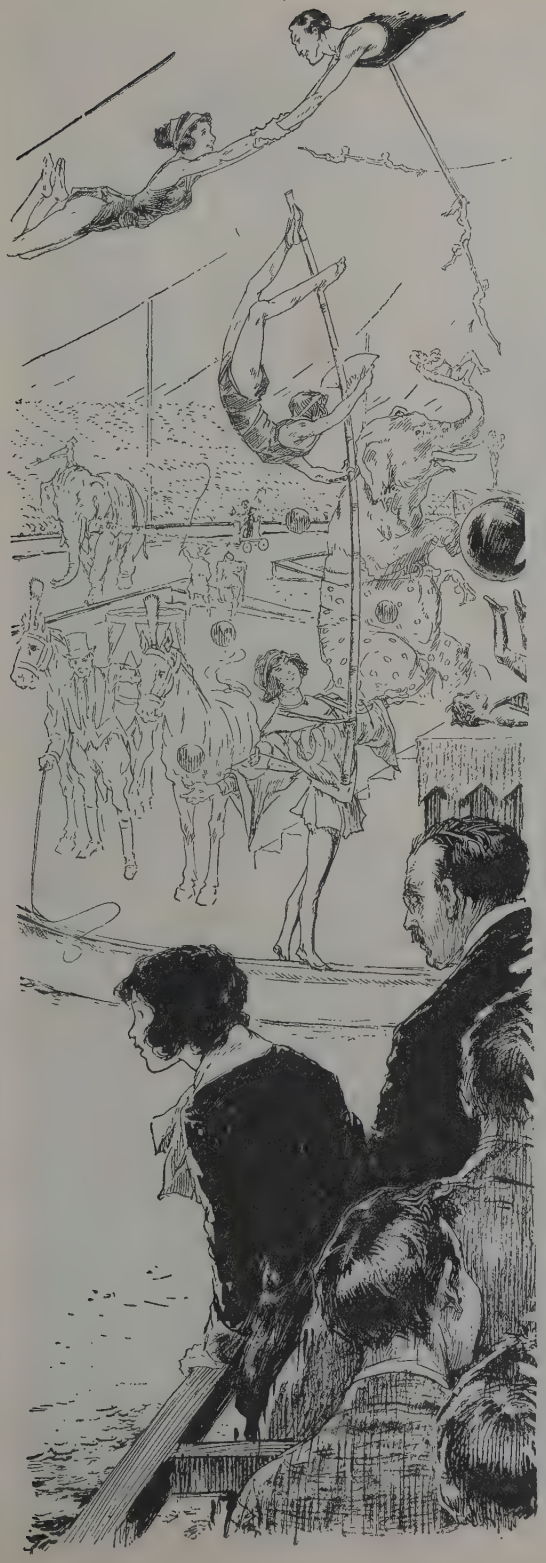
Together they were waiting
For the signal to begin.
One face haunts me yet,
A boyish harlequin,

With a grave, sad expression
Even beneath that paint;
The deep eyes of a poet,
The thin cheeks of a saint.

Suddenly the band played,
And every one was off;
But somehow, through the rush and roar
I heard a little cough,

And I saw a tiny smile come
Around his lips and eyes.
But to me there was a tragedy
Beneath that pale disguise.





He pranced and cavorted,
And the children screamed with joy;
But I lost him in the mêlée.
What was one sad boy?

When three rings were crowded
With tableaux and fun,
And the loud band was playing
"Johnny, Get Your Gun!"

The chariots were racing
Around the outer track,
And a marvelous French juggler
Held a pole on his back,

And a girl like an angel
Dropped from a trapeze,
And I looked with wonder
At a young Japanese,

Who twirled a bright barrel
Lightly on his toes.
Far down the arena
Loud laughter arose,

And my young clown was making
The people expire
As he danced like a fool
On a long, thin wire.

They roared at his antics,
And clapped for awhile,
And then grew weary
Of his smooth, fixed smile.

And turned to the others
Who romped in the ring,
And I lost my taste
For the whole silly thing.

I was glad it was over,
The false, foolish show.
But one face haunts me—
A sad, mad Pierrot;

A boy with the soul
Of a poet and saint,
Smiling in public
Beneath his cheap paint,

Yet looking so grave
When no one could see
The ache in his eyes
But a fool like me!

"'You must 'nt mind his not giving the money to you outright, Milly'"

The Yielded Torch

By ARTHUR CRABB

Illustrations by Leslie L. Benson

"She was free! The last bond which demanded sorrow of her had been severed: she need not cry. She had slaved her life away, she had suffered long and exquisite torture, and in return she had been denied her woman's birthright by him."

IF you drive east or south or north from Alden, it will be a long time before you leave behind you all trace of the great city; but if you go west, you come quickly to the open country. For twenty miles you pass through beautiful suburbs, and then you come to the land of farms, and only at long intervals will a factory mar the beauty of the landscape. Forty miles from Alden you will come to hills, which people there call mountains, and when you reach the crest you will, if the day be clear, see before you the village of Millford, five miles away in the valley. You will see, shining white in the sun, the steeple of Millford's church. What church it is, what beliefs its members hold, is not important. Let it suffice that its members are God-fearing folk and pious, and as far removed from the evil influence of the great city of Alden as though it were a thousand miles away instead of fifty.

As you come into Millford you will discover that it is lazy, that its one broad street is very quiet, that the houses along it are large, and that many of them are of excellent architecture; you will see few people about; you will see no one on the piazza of the shabby hotel unless it be near meal-time; you will notice not more than one or two automobiles and half a dozen wagons along the curb; you will see five or six stores doing no apparent business; and you will see the Millford National Bank Building, which will have about it no more activity than the rest of Millford.

Pass on, and you will come to the village green, with its soldiers' monument and its drinking-fountain, and on the right you will see the white church, the tower of which you saw five miles back, when you reached the top of the hill.

If by chance you had taken this journey on a certain day of a certain June, you would have seen about the church the first real signs of life that you had encountered in Millford, and you might have put two and two together and remembered that the bank building was swathed in black. If you had been curious, you would have discovered that Millford was burying Isaac Rund, who had been its most prominent citizen.

MILLFORD is the center of a large farming country, and Millford's church and bank and stores exist for the farmers. Isaac Rund had been a farmer to the day he died, but had been more than a farmer; he had been the strongest prop of the white church, he had been president of the national bank, he had been chairman of the board of village trustees, and he had been a lot of other things that a town's most prominent citizen must be. His loss would be hard indeed for Millford to bear.

But Millford was used to death in both high and low estate; it was a thing to be expected, the will of God, to be accepted calmly and without complaint. So all Millford came to pay its last respects to Isaac Rund, solemnly and reverently; but many of those who came to the church saw there Emily, his daughter, and their thoughts were more upon her, the living, than upon the Rund who was dead and gone.

For fifteen years Emily had lived alone in the big house with her father, and for five years before that only her brother

had been with them. Her mother had died when Emily was fifteen years old.

Four women driving away from the church together talked of Emily.

"I 'most cried, just to see Milly there without him beside her," one said.

"Seems to me she 'll be more like a widow than anything else," said another.

"How she did love her father! Nothin' was too good for him. I don't know what she 'll ever do without him," said the third.

"And he loved her, too, more than anything on earth, an' he was good to her, mighty good to her," said the last.

"It breaks my heart to think of her alone in that big house, cryin' her eyes out all by herself."

"Most likely she 'll have some one come and live with her, or maybe she 'll get married."

"Who 'd she get, I 'd like to know, who 'd satisfy her after livin' all her life with Isaac Rund?"

No one had any suggestions to make on that point, and they talked on, lamenting the loneliness and the sorrow of the daughter, alone in the big house.

The men in Millford spoke entirely of Isaac and not of the daughter. *She* was the women's concern, but a few of the men thought a great deal about Milly. Milly was a nice girl, but her father had been an insurmountable obstacle in the path that led to Milly's affections.

LATE in the afternoon of the funeral Milly Rund stood on the piazza of the big house, her eyes following the automobile that was bearing away her brother Horace and his wife. When it had disappeared, she turned and went slowly and with uncertain step into the house. The closing of the door set up an eddy of dust, clearly to be seen where a beam of sunshine passed through it. The house was filled with the scent of roses and heliotrope, and she inhaled it as though it were unpleasant to her.

She went on to the sitting-room, and her eyes fell on the carpet where her father's feet had worn a hole almost through it. Oh, how many times she had moved his chair, and how many times he had moved it back to the spot where his shuffling boots had worn out the carpet as he sat by the lamp reading his farm journal!

She detected an odor, well known and well disliked—an odor that staled the heavy perfume of the flowers; she saw her father's great pipe, rank and brown, on the table. She picked it up loathingly with the tips of two fingers, and dropped it into the waste-basket. Then she knelt quickly, wrapped it in paper, and hid it among the other waste; for she knew that it would trouble Abraham, her father's old chore-man, if he found it, an intimate symbol of his master, so quickly and so ruthlessly disposed of.

Milly went to the window and opened it and its shutters, letting sunshine and fresh air into the room. She saw the sun shining bright on the white steeple. She thought of her brother and his wife, who had left her, and by now had passed the church and were flying toward their home.

"They might at least have stayed to supper," she said in a whisper, forgetting that she had murmured, "Thank God!" when they, the last to leave, were gone.

Then she thought of the will, which Horace had read hurriedly as a document well known to him. She was not quite sure what the will said; she hardly cared. Half of everything went to Horace outright, and half to her for life, and to her children after her, if she should have any children; but if not, it went to the church. That was about it, that was close enough. Children! children! If she should have any children! She laughed aloud, a harsh, pathetic laugh, and her eyes rested on the white steeple flashing in the sunlight.

Her brother had said:

"You 'll stay on here, of course, Milly; you 'll have plenty. I 'll let you know within a day or two what the first quarter's payment will be."

She had said:

"Yes, Horace," meekly. Then he said:

"Will you come over Wednesday? Come to dinner, and we 'll go over things then. I 'll tell the church people about father's will; I don't believe they knew what he—er—about his intentions." Even Horace took it for granted that Milly's youth was gone, that there remained for her only the drab years of spinsterhood, that eventually the money would go to the church.

"She turned one, looked at the second, and then at the third, and the blood rushed to her face"

Horace's wife had spoken to her then.

"You must n't mind his not giving the money to you outright, Milly. He set a great store by you," she said.

Milly had said nothing, had made no complaint. Now, alone in the sitting-room, she made no complaint; she wished for nothing except that by some miracle the white steeple might disappear, so that she need not look at it forever.

Milly closed her eyes and sighed deeply, and then suddenly she laughed so loudly that the wren on the piazza-rail was frightened and flew away.

"Well, it 's all over and finished," she said aloud and in her normal, calm voice. She turned back to the room, found a cloth, and dusted the walnut furniture. There was a suggestion of new animation about her, an aspect of contentment, and now and again she stood erect and drew in a deep breath, as though she were inhaling something more than air.

THE last three days had been very hard indeed.

"It would be better if she would only cry." Milly had heard her sister-in-law say that to a neighbor the night after her father's death, and as she went upstairs she had half wished that she *could* cry. She had gone into her room and locked the door, actually locked the door that for a dozen years had never been even closed. Now there was no thick, querulous voice to call her—a voice that she must hear at any time of night. She was glad.

She had known that the people downstairs were talking about her, saying what a good daughter she had been, how faithfully she had served the man who lay dead in the next room, and talking of the hats and clothes and shoes he had given her, garments that she knew he had selected to suit himself and his ideas of proper dress for her, with no thought of her taste or her desires, and had forced her to wear, with that dull, ponderous, domineering self-satisfaction of his. And all the time, while those clothes mortified her, he had bragged of his love for her.

Milly, lying calm and peaceful in her bed, as she had not done for years and years, had heard the hum of voices from below—voices which she knew were

praising him and praising her. And there in bed, alone, and in the darkness, strange thoughts had come to her: never again was she to sit opposite him at the table and watch for the inevitable spilling of gravy on his gray beard or on the table-cloth, never again to be waked at night to tell him the time because he would not put his watch under his pillow or to take him water because he would not let her put a pitcher beside his bed, never again to find out for him in the small hours of the morning the meaning of some noise that he had heard or fancied he had heard.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

The thought had made her start and sit up in bed. She had; indeed she had!

The next morning when she woke she had seen her mourning-clothes hanging on the closet-door, the long crape veil moving a little in the air that came through the open window. Her sister-in-law had brought those somber garments; she had bought them before she came to preside over the stricken house. Even to the hushing of her voice as she had unpacked the boxes her brother's wife had prepared her rôle for her, the mourner, and the veil would hide her scarlet cheeks, would conceal her dry eyes when she appeared before the good people of Millford.

All that second day the spring sunshine had called to her to sing, to go into the fields and dance the dance of freedom; the dogwood cried aloud to her, the scent of roses had filled her heart with rapture, the tulips by the fence had sung sweet songs to her: but no one in the whole world might know of these things.

Again, on the second night, she had gone to bed with her door locked, and soon her sister-in-law had come and whispered her name, and Milly had not answered.

"Poor Milly!" her sister had said to Horace. "She is asleep now; it hardly seems she could have slept a wink these last weeks. Father was n't easy, Horace, but he was good to her."

"She was his favorite," Horace said.

"It 's too bad Milly is n't married, now this has happened."

"She 's never cared much for men, Milly has n't," Horace had answered.

"I don't see why not. I used to think Milly was quite good-looking. Most people would n't; but even now—did you notice to-day how her color came and went?"

"It 's nervousness; she 's not well. We should n't have let her nurse father all alone. Poor Milly! He was everything to her."

"She was everything to him," her sister-in-law had said.

Poor Milly! People's hearts had gone out to her on the third day as she sat, straight and tearless, through the service, clasping and unclasping her hands in her lap. She had made her brother walk with his wife, who always cried at funerals. Milly was apart from them, apart from every one, apart from the ceremony; her thoughts were of the sunshine and the fields, of the flowers and trees, of the house and the peace that had, after all these years, come upon it. On the next day she would go to the woods and bring home yellow violets and plant them in the bed by the gate. She would take her lunch with her and eat it there alone; she would not be home when people came to see her, some with consolation, some few with true sympathy, but most with curiosity.

And now it was all over, and Milly was dusting the sitting-room.

"That wife of Horace's always was a poor duster; I hope nobody noticed," she thought, as she worked at the carvings of her father's desk. Then, seeing a pile of letters, she sat down.

"I 'd better answer these and have it over with," she said to herself.

As she read them her cheeks became crimson. That her grief should be taken so for granted, and comfort from Holy Writ and from experience so lavishly poured upon her, was intolerable. If only she had not made the terrible discovery that she was glad, she could have answered the letters; but now, as she dipped her pen into the ink and held it over the paper, she could find nothing to write, and a sort of shame crept over her. But it was not as though he had really loved her; he had needed her, that was all. No one, she thought, had ever loved her. She put her head in her hands and let the tide of doubt rush over her.

"One day under the willows he had been a little sentimental and very bashful"

She began sorting over the letters again, thinking that perhaps she could find something to say to at least a few of the writers, but her hand went off at a tangent, first closing the inkstand and then mechanically opening the drawers of the desk. That gave her the inspiration of something to do. She would look over her father's things, clean out the desk, and use it herself. There was one drawer which her father had always kept locked, the small middle one, which when she was a child had been a very mysterious drawer. She got the key, unlocked it, and drew out a packet of letters which was its only contents. They were old letters, written in curious hands, and she knew immediately that they were letters of condolence written to her father when her mother died.

There was one from Uncle Augustus, in a yellow envelop on which the ink had faded; it was nearly illegible and entirely biblical, six pages on the will of God. Uncle Augustus had been gone ten years. The next was from Nancy Heber, written in her mincing backhand; Miss Nancy had from the very first commiserated with her father on his motherless babes. She remembered how, trembling in a corner and frightened by gossip overheard at Sunday school, she and Horace had discussed stepmothers. Milly had not seen Miss Nancy since her father's death, which meant that she must be bedridden again.

Milly read letter after letter, letters to the man who had called her all day long to do this or that for him, to drudge for him, who had followed her into her own garden, giving orders as to what she should do and should not do there, the man who had never been young, who had known nothing of youth, who had never had sympathy for her, who had treated her as a being of no mind, as a slave, bound to service and obedience by ties stronger than wages.

He had been a man robbed of his wife, robbed when he was young, at least in years, and she wondered what answer he had made to those letters. Perhaps she could find tears to shed for the man who had tied that packet even if she could not weep for the man who had died three days before.

The sun had sunk, and twilight was in the sitting-room. She heard the tinkle of a cow-bell, and knew that Abraham was bringing in the cows, and that very soon supper would be ready, her first meal alone in the big house.

"I had forgotten that he loved mother," she whispered. There were three letters remaining unread; she would hardly have time to read them. She turned one, looked at the second, and then at the third, and the blood rushed to her face and she felt a burning heat in her body. She had recognized the precise, labored writing.

She looked at the date of the letter before her; it had been written years after those other letters. She read it, calmly, and with little interest, for she had known what it contained the moment she had seen it with those others, which had always been in the locked drawer.

What an absurd letter it was!

I shall be most thankful if you will give your permission to my suit to your daughter's hand. I have loved Miss Milly for a long time, but only now that I am offered to go to Oregon, of which I spoke to you, have I dared to think of marrying her. My uncle says he is willing for us both to come. Will you, sir, let me know at once if you are agreeable to this before I speak to her. Respectfully yours, and I hope soon to sign myself your son. CROCKER SPIES.

Milly walked to the window; her breath came in quick gasps, her eyelids drooped, her nails pressed into the palms of her hands. Why had her father never shown her this letter, why had he never said anything of it to her, how dared he conceal such a thing from her? Why had Crocker Spies never spoken to her of marriage? If her father had loved her, if he had even respected her or had had her welfare in his heart, would he have acted as he had?

She had cared nothing for Crocker Spies; the thought of marrying him had never entered her head, and she had never given much thought as to whether or not he had loved her. One day under the willows he had been a little sentimental and very bashful; it had looked a little like love, but it was springtime, and later on he had gone away, and she had not cared. But he had loved her, no matter what sort of love it had been. He had been her first lover, and her last! Why? Why had no other men come to woo her? Was she less attractive than other girls in Millford who had had lovers and been married?

The gloom of deep twilight lay all about her; she could see the dark outline of the willows under which Crocker Spies had been sentimental, where he had made love to her. She closed her eyes; her head went slowly back; she breathed inward, long and slowly, and then her breath escaped in a great sigh that carried out from her the torture that had been in her mind, the pain that had been in her heart, the fear for her righteousness that had been in her soul.

She was free! The last bond which demanded sorrow of her had been severed: she need not cry. She had slaved her life away, she had suffered long and exquisite torture, and in return she had been denied her woman's birthright.

She opened her eyes slowly, and saw the steeple of the white church, faint and gray in the gathering darkness. She laughed, a low laugh of victory, straight at the steeple of the white church as though it were an animate thing and could hear and understand.

She spoke to it:

"I 'm free! I 'm free! And I 'm only thirty-five. I 'm only thirty-five." Her hands flew to her breast; amazement was in her eyes, and she forgot the white steeple. "I 'm only thirty-five, only thirty-five," she muttered.

She sank, trembling, into the chair before the desk, and stared into the darkness. She turned, very slowly at first, and then fell forward on the desk, burying her face in the circle of her black-sleeved arms; and there she cried.

ABRAHAM, tiptoeing to the door, saw her there, and went away.

"You 'd better wait supper awhile for Miss Milly," he said to Annie, the cook.

"Has she cried yet?" asked Annie.

"She cryin' now like her heart would break."

"God be praised!" Annie said. "It 's the only thing will save her, gettin' some of the grief out. How she loved him!"

The central square of Havana, with its forest of iron chairs, the statue of Marti, and the municipal theater of the Centro Gallego in the background

Sketches of Cuba: West to East

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the author

Continuing his travels through the West Indies, Mr. Franck reaches that part of Cuba east of Havana to the city of Santiago de Cuba, and describes all the interesting customs, scenery, and people of these regions.

THREE days before the wedding of my sister, mama, she and I went to the house of my future brother-in-law to put Alice's things in order. The *novio* was not there. He had discreetly withdrawn to a hotel and only came home now and then for a few moments to give orders to the servants. If he found us there he greeted us in the hall and did not enter the rooms except as we invited him. As there were no women in his family we had to occupy ourselves with all these matters. . . .

"Listen, my daughter," said mama, one night, after the *novio* had gone, "when tomorrow you take leave of your fiancé do not pass beyond the line marked on the floor by the light of the hall lamp." My sister started to protest, "But, mama, what is there wrong in that?" "Nothing, daughter, but it is not proper. Do as I tell you." Alice, though slightly displeased with the order, always obeyed it thereafter.

These two quotations from one of Cuba's latest novels give in a nutshell the position of woman in Cuba. Like all Latin-American countries, especially of the tropics, it is essentially a man's country. One of the great surprises of Havana is the scarcity of women on the streets, even at times when they swarm with promenading men. The Cuban believes as firmly as the old Spaniard that the woman's sphere is strictly behind the grill of the front window, and with few exceptions the women agree with him. The result is that her interest in life beyond her own household is virtually nil. The "Woman Suffrage Party of Cuba" recently issued a pompous manifesto, but it seems to have won about as much support on the island as would a missionary of the prohibition movement. In the words of the militants of the sex in Anglo-Saxon lands, "the Cuban woman has not yet reached emancipation."

The clerks, even in shops that deal only in female apparel, are almost exclusively male. The offices that employ stenographers or assistants from the ranks of the fair sex are rare, and those usually recruit such help in the States. Except on gala occasions, it is extremely seldom that a Cuban girl of the better class is seen in public, and even then only in company with a duenna or a

male member of her immediate family, and few married women consider it proper to appear unaccompanied by their husbands, despite American example. Yet of open offenses against her modesty the Cuban lady is freer than on the streets of our own large cities. Even in restaurants and gatherings where those of the land never appear, an American woman is treated, except in the matter of staring, with genuine courtesy by all classes.

The Cuban woman accepts many children willingly, and in accordance with her lights is an excellent wife and mother. Indeed, she is inclined to be over-affectionate, and given to serving her children where they should serve themselves, with a consequent lack of development in their characters. The boys in particular are "spoiled" by being granted every whim. The men are much less often at home than is the case with us, and seldom inclined to exert a masculine influence on their obstreperous sons. The result is a lack of self-control that makes itself felt through all Cuban

The streets of Santiago de Cuba are constantly climbing uphill, only to drop into the valley again

manhood, a "touchiness," an inclination to stand on their dignity instead of yielding to the dictates of common sense.

To the Cuban woman the *grande toilette* is essential for the briefest appearance on the streets. Rachel asserts that there is no definite style in feminine garb in Cuba, and I should not dream of questioning such an authority. To the mere masculine eye they always seem "dressed within an inch of their lives" whenever they emerge into the sunlight. Nor is it hard to detect a sense of discomfort in their unaccustomed full dress, which makes them eager to hurry home again to the negligée of *bata* and slippers.

If the men monopolize other places of public gathering, the churches at least belong to the women. There are few places of worship in Havana, or in all Cuba, for that matter, that merit a visit for their own sake. Though most of them are overfilled with ambitious attempts at decoration, none of these is very successful. A single painting of worth here and there, an occasional side chapel, one or two carved choir-stalls, are the only real artistic attractions. But several of them are well worth visiting for the side-lights they throw on Cuban customs. As in Spain, every variety of diseased beggar squats in an appealing attitude against the façades of the more fashionable religious edifices during the hours of general concourse. Luxurious automobiles, with negro chauffeurs in dazzling white liveries, sweep up to the foot of the broad stone steps in as continual procession as the narrow streets permit, but the passengers who alight are overwhelmingly of the gown-clad gender. Within, the perfume of the worshipers drowns out the incense. A glance across the sea of kneeling figures discloses astonishingly few bare heads. The Cuban men, of course, are "good Catholics," too, but they are apt to confine their church attendance to special personal occasions. The church has no such influence in public affairs in Cuba as in many parts of the continent to the southward; so little indeed, that public religious processions are forbidden by law, though sometimes permitted in practice. If the Jesuits are still a power to be reckoned with, so are *los masones*, and the mere proof of irreligion is no effective bar to governmental or commercial preferment.

Havana may not hold the noise championship of the world, but at least little old New York is silent by comparison. Unmuffled automobiles beyond computation, tram-cars that seem far more interested in producing clamor than speed, bellowing venders of everything vendible, are but the background of an unbroken uproar that permeates to every nook and cranny of the city. Honest hotel-keepers tell you frankly that they can offer every comfort except quiet. Even in church you hear little but the tumult outside, broken only at rare intervals by the droning voice of the preacher. It is not simply the daytime uproar of business hours; it increases steadily from nightfall until dawn. In olden days the *sereno*, with his dark lantern, his pike, pistol, bunch of keys, whistle, and rope, wandered through the streets calling out the time and the state of the weather every half-hour. His efforts would be wasted nowadays. The long-seasoned inhabitants seem to have grown callous to the constant turbulence; I have yet to meet a new-comer who confesses to an unbroken hour of sleep. If you move out to one of the *pensions* of Vedado, the household itself will keep you constantly reminded that you are still in Havana. The Cubans seem to thrive on noise. If they are so unfortunate as to be denied their beloved din, they lose no time in producing another from their own throats. After a week in Havana, we took ferry across the harbor and strolled along the plain behind Cabaña Fortress. For some time we were aware of an indefinable sensation of strangeness, amounting almost to discomfort. We had covered a mile or more before we suddenly discovered that it was due to the unaccustomed silence.

In contrast to the United States, Cuba grows wilder, more pioneer-like, from west to east. The traveler is aware of this increase of wilderness about the time he passes Ciego de Avila and the line of the old *trocha* across the island at the slenderest part of its waist, where are still seen remnants of the long row of forts from sea to sea with which the Spaniards vainly hoped to keep the rebels in the eastern end of the island and save at least the advanced and more populous western half from open rebellion. There are, to be sure, aged towns and *pueblos* on the sunrise side of the *trocha*. Camagüey, for instance, could scarcely be called a parvenu, being not only more than four hundred years old, but looking its age; and Baracoa, on the extreme eastern beach of the island, is Cuba's first settlement. But the fact remains that the traveler feels more and more in touch with primeval nature as he advances to the eastward.

A Cuban family on its travels

Small as it looks on the map, it is hard to realize that for vast tracts the island of Cuba is still the unbroken wilderness of the days of Columbus. Though it is frequently broken by long stretches of civilization, the virgin forest is always near at hand on this eastward journey. There are frequent sugar estates, immense stretches of pale-green cane from horizon to horizon, but they are of the rough, wasteful, unfinished type of all pioneering. Cattle dot the great savannas, scattered with mammoth ceiba-trees; sleek, contented-looking cattle of a prevailingly reddish tinge, and scarcely bearing out the assertion that the Cuban climate tends to dwarf their size. These unpeopled savannas are often of a vel-

vety brown, now gently rolling, more commonly as flat as the sea itself, and stretching away farther than the eye can follow with the same suggestion of endlessness. Gazing out across them, one likes to let the imagination play on the simpler pre-Columbian days when only the *siboney* Indians trekked across them in pursuit of the one four-foot game

A street of Santiago de Cuba

with which nature stocked the island, the diminutive *jutía*.

Of a score of striking trees with which these more open regions are punctuated, the broad-spreading, open-work, lace-like *algarrobo*, thorny and of slight value, is the most conspicuous, almost rivaling the ceiba and the royal palm in the ability to etch the sky-line with its artistic tracery. Stations are far apart and primitive in character in this region. Now and again one of special interest brings the long Habana-Santiago train to a laborious and often lengthy halt. There is Omaja, for example, said to have been settled by immigrants from Nebraska, and laboring under the Cubanization of the name they brought with them. It is the same sun-washed collection of simple dwellings and wide-open pioneer stores as everywhere greets the eye of the Cuban traveler. Yet the American's influence is seen in the immense width of its one street and the more sturdy aspect of its wooden houses, crude, yet not without the simpler comforts. The Americans of Omaja, like several other groups that have settled in Cuba, came to plant fruit, with the accent on the *toronja*, or grape-fruit, popular on Northern breakfast-tables, yet scorned by the rural Cuban. But it was their bad luck to strike one of those curious dry spots frequent even in the wettest American tropics, and most of the score or so who remain have turned their attention to lumber. There are long rows of sturdy fruit-trees, however, as heavy with grape-fruit as a Syrian peddler with his pack, and hundreds of the saffron-yellow spheres lie rotting under the trees. Lack of transportation answers for many incongruities. Some of the orchards have been planted with cane, and only the deep-green crests of the trees gaze out above the pale-verdant immensity. Yet prosperity seems to have come to some of the settlers, despite droughts and scarcity of rolling-stock, for in the neighborhood of Omaja are several big farm-houses of the bungalow family, which can scarcely be the products of Cuban taste.

Beyond come more miles of the lightly wooded wilderness, everywhere strewn with cattle, with here and there an immense banana plantation, and frequent half-clearings in the denser forest, heaped with huge logs of red mahogany and other valuable woods. The railroad itself does not hesitate to make ties and trestle beams of the precious *caoba*, the aristocracy of which is much less apparent in its own setting than after the expense of distant transportation has been added to its cost. Then again, like a constant reiteration of the main Cuban motive, come the endless seas of cane, sometimes full-grown and drowning all else except the majestic palms, sometimes just started in a flood of the bluer young plants that cannot yet conceal the burned stumps and charred logs of regions recently deforested. For a while cultivation disappears entirely, and the dense virgin forest, just as nature meant it to be, impassable, hung with climbing lianas, draped with "Spanish moss," its huger trees bristling with flowerless

orchids of green or reddish tint, its countless species of larger vegetation choked by impenetrable undergrowth, shuts in the track for many an uninhabited mile.

But hungry mankind does not long endure this unproductive slovenliness of nature. Gangs of men, as varied in color as the vegetation in species, are laying waste new areas of wilderness, and preparing to complete with fire the work of their axes and machetes in taming the unbroken soil for human purposes. Half-naked families of incredible fecundity swarm to the doors of thatch cabins, to gaze after the fleeing train like wild animals catching their first glimpse of the outside world. It would be easy to imagine that the clearing away of the forest has uncovered these primitive dwellings and their denizens, as it has brought to light the ants'-nests in the crotches of the trees. They seem as little a part of the modern world as the shelter of some prehistoric *Robinson Crusoe*.

At Cacocum, the junction for Holguín, up in the hills to the north, the primitive and the latest advances of civilization mingle together. Gaping *guajiros* watch the unloading of apples and grapes, the chief delicacies of Cuban desserts, that were grown in the northwesternmost corner of the United States. The tougher breeds of automobiles wait to whiz immaculate travelers from distant cities away into the apparently trackless wilderness; inhabitants of those same *Robinson Crusoe* huts come down to exchange for silver coins and crumpled paper bearing the effigy of American Presidents roasted slabs of the half-savage hogs that roam the forests.

Farther on, we were still more forcibly snatched back to the present and the modern. The train burst suddenly out upon an immense expanse of cane, beyond which a low range of mountains, black-blue with a tropical shower, stretched away with ever-increasing height to the southward. Almost at the same moment we drew up at the station of Alto Cedro, junction of the line from Nipe Bay, into which a ship direct from New York had steamed that morning. It had brought one of the first flocks of migratory human birds that annually flee before the Northern winters, made doubly rigorous now by a nation-wide drought. The Cuban passengers of the first-class coach were as suddenly and completely swamped under the aggressive flood of touring Americans as were the native chests and bundles in the baggage-car beneath a mountain of trunks which flaunted the

In Santiago de Cuba

self-importance of their owners. The tales of sad mistakes in picking lottery numbers and debate on the probable *arrobas* of the cane *zafra*, in the softened Spanish of Cuba, turned to chatter of the latest Broadway success and to gurgles of joy at escaping from a coalless winter, in a tongue that sounded as curiously anachronistic in this tropical setting as the heavy overcoats with which the new-comers were laden looked out of place.

The moon was full that evening, and its weird effect was enhanced by a slight accident that left the car without lights. Royal palms, silhouetted against the half-lighted sky, stood out even more strikingly than by day. The moonlight fell with a silvery sheen on the white-clad negroes who lined the way wherever the train halted, casting dense-black shadows behind them. Below San

Luís Junction, where automobiles offered to carry passengers down to Santiago in less time than the train, the vegetation grew unusually dense, the most genuinely tropical we had ever seen in Cuba. Immense basins filled with magnificent clusters of bamboo; royal palms in irregular, but soldierly, formations along the succeeding crests; masses of perennial foliage heaped up in the spaces between—all shimmered in the moonlight as if the earth had donned her richest ball-dress for some gala occasion. We sped continually downward, snaking swiftly in and out through the hills despite the frequent anxious grinding of the brakes. Here we sank into the trough of one of the few deep railway cuts in Cuba, there we rumbled across viaducts that lifted us up among the fronds of the royal palms. A white roadway darted in and out in a vain attempt to keep pace with us. Now we plunged into tunnels of vegetation, to burst forth a moment later upon a vast rolling plain washed by the intense tropical moonlight, which seemed to fall on the humble thatched roofs scattered about it with a curiously gentle, caressing touch. Our descent grew gradually less swift, the hills diminished and shrank away into the distance, and at length the lights of Santiago, which had flashed at us several times during the last half-hour, spread about us like a surrounding army.

The short stretch between San Luís and Santiago is one of the prettiest in Cuba. Travelers covering it twice would do well to make one trip in automobile. It was our own good fortune to pass four times over it, under as many varying conditions. The two-engine climb in the full blaze of day shows the scene in a far different mood than under the flooding moonlight; the ascent at sunset has still another temperament; yet it would be hard to say which of the three journeys most fully emphasizes the beauty of a marvelous bit of landscape. Perhaps the trip by road has the greatest appeal, thanks chiefly to an embracing view of Santiago and all its wooded-mountain environment from the crest of a precipitous headland. In the early days of American occupation a splendid highway was built, perhaps in the hope that the Cubans would some day be moved to carry it on across the island to Havana, perhaps that they might have a sample of real roadway to contrast with their own sad trails. But the natives do not seem to have taken the lesson to heart. They call the road "Wood's Folly," and though it still retains some of its former perfection, the condition into which it has already been permitted to lapse does not promise well for the future. To the Cubans, content, apparently, to jounce over all but impassable *caminos*, the building of good highways will probably be long considered a "folly."

Though comparisons are odious, Santiago is the most picturesque city of Cuba, so far as we saw it in two months of rambling to and fro over most of the island. This is due largely to the fact that it is built on and among the hills. Seen from the bay, or from several other of the many points of vantage about it, the city lies heaped up like a rock pile, the old cathedral, which some unhappy thought has subjected to a "reforming," crowning the heap, which spreads out at the base as if it had lain too long without being shoveled together again. Several other church-spires protrude above the mass, but none of them is particularly striking. Taken separately, perhaps its houses are little different from prevailing Cuban architecture elsewhere; built as they are on the natural terraces of the hills, they are lifted into plainer view, each standing forth from the throng like the features of persons of varying height in a human crowd. Huge walls from ten to twenty feet high prove to be merely the foundations of the dwellings above, which look out head and shoulders over their next-door neighbors below, to be in turn overshadowed by their companions higher up. Santiago confesses to more than four centuries of age, and proves the assertion by her mere appearance. The medieval architecture, which the conquistadores brought with them direct from Spain, has persisted, and has been reproduced in newer structures more consistently than in Havana. The red-tiled roofs curve outwardly, far over the street, with a curiously Japanese effect. Balconies high above the pedes-

The "peace tree" of San Juan Hill—a ceiba

trian's natural line of vision prove on nearer approach to jut out from the ground floor. Sometimes the steep streets tire with their climbing and break up frankly into broad stairways. In other places they fall away so swiftly that they offer a complete vista of multi-colored house-walls, plunging at the end into the dense blue of the landlocked harbor.

Santiago is picturesque because of its quaint old customs, its amusing contrasts, the fantastic colors of its buildings, and the tumbled world that lies about it. All Cuban cities offer a motley of tints, but Santiago outdoes them all in the chaotic jumble of pigments. In a single block we found house-walls of lavender, sap green, robin's-egg blue, maize yellow, sky gray, Prussian blue, salmon, apple green, deep gray, saffron, deep imperial pink, old rose, light pink, yellow ocher, maroon, tan, vermilion, and purple. This jumble of colors, with never two shades of the same degree, gives the city a kaleidoscopic brilliancy under the tropical sun that is equally entrancing and trying to the eye. Of quaint old customs there is that of setting the entrance steps sidewise into the wall of the house, so that it must be a sharp-eyed resident who recognizes his own doorway. It is a less open town than others of Cuba, for the steepness of the streets has raised the windows above the level of the eye, and only here and there does the stroller catch that comprehensive glimpse of the interior which elsewhere gives him a sense of intruding upon the family circle. It has, however, those same wide-open, yet exclusive, clubs whose members love to lounge in full sight of their less favored fellow-citizens. Of contrasts between the old and the new there are many. Pack-trains of mules and asses pass under the very lee of the balcony dining-room overlooking the central plaza, where migratory mortals sup in full-coursed, solemn state. On Saturdays all sorts and conditions of human misery and age crawl in and out among luxurious automobiles, begging their legitimate weekly pittance. There are few Fords in Santiago; the steepness of her streets makes more powerful cars essential to certain progress. On the other hand, the medieval horse-drawn carriage rattles and shakes its palsied way through the narrow *calles* with a musical jangle of its warning bell.

Time was when Santiago was a sink of disease, if not of iniquity. It has largely recovered from that condition, and its hundred thousand inhabitants, tainted in the vast majority of cases with the blood of Africa, no longer lives in constant fear of sudden death. The principal streets are well paved; its dwellings and places of public gatherings are moderately clean, though in the dry winter season dust swirls high and penetratingly with every gust of wind. The third city of the island in com-

mercial importance,—Cienfuegos having outstripped it in this respect,—it is the second in political significance. Some rate it first in the latter regard, for it is usually the pot in which is brewed the most serious causes of indigestion for the Central Government at Havana. Santiago has always been noted for an Irish temperament that makes it constitutionally "ag'inst the gover'ment."

Morro Castle, Santiago, is now little more than an abandoned ruin

Outside the center of town its streets are little more than mountain trails. The houses degenerate to thatched hovels of mud and plaster; full-blooded negroes loll in dingy doorways, which give glimpses of contentment with pathetically few of this world's comforts. Not a few of these outskirts' inhabitants are Jamaicans. One recognizes them by their ludicrous attempts at aloofness from the native black Cubans, by their greater circumspection of manner. Here and there a group of them, usually all women, struggle to make some native urchin understand the error of his ways and the cause for their incomprehensible displeasure, to patter off at last loudly discussing his misbehavior in their heavy, academic English. In these regions the picturesqueness of Santiago is apt to express itself chiefly in the variety and pungency of its smells.

Officially the city is "Santiago de Cuba," so called by its sixteenth-century founders to distinguish it from its namesake, Santiago de Compostella in Spain. Foreigners, and even the Cubans of the Western provinces, address it familiarly by the first name; the natives of the *Oriente* dub it "Cuba." Walled on all sides by what to the Cubans are high mountains, it offers a striking panorama from any high point in the city. In places the ranges of big hills, culminating in Pico Turquino, with an elevation of more than eight thousand feet, are as brown, bare, and nakedly majestic as the Andes; in others they are half wooded with green scrub forests, above which commonly float patched and irregular cloud canvases on which the tropical sunsets paint their masterpieces with lavish and swift hand.

The city cemetery across the harbor is somehow less gruesome than most Cuban burial-places. For one thing, it is unusually gifted with grass and trees and the aery forms of tropical vegetation, instead of being the bare field often synonymous with *campo santo* in Spanish America. Its graves, however, are family affairs, built of cement and six or eight "stories" deep, so that the coffins are set one above the other, as their time comes, in perfect chronological order. Over the top, commonly a bare three or four feet above the grass, is laid a huge stone slab, preferably of marble, with immense brass or nickel rings at each corner by which to lift it, and space on its top for a poetic epitaph to each succeeding occupant. As in all Spanish countries, the tombs of all but the wealthiest inmates are rented for a term of years, at the end of which time, if the descendants fail to renew the contract, the bodies are tossed into a common graveyard, to make room for those of greener memory.

Marti, the Cuban "Father of Liberty," is buried here, and Estrada Palma, promoted from humble pedagogue in one of our own schools to first President of Cuba. But neither holds the chief place in the heart of the Cuban masses. That is reserved for Macéo, the negro general killed just before the dawn of independ-

ence during a foolhardy scouting expedition in the woods of Cacahual, in company with a bare half-dozen soldiers. The gardeners seemed unusually industrious in the cemetery the day of our visit; it was only next morning that we discovered they were preparing for the Cuban "Memorial day," which is observed throughout the island, with much spouting of poetry and laying on of flowers, on December 7, the anniversary of Macéo's death at the hands of the Spaniards.

San Juan Hill is a mere knoll in comparison with the ranges that surround it on all sides. A street-car sets one down within a few hundred yards of it, or one may stroll out to it within an hour, along a very passable highway. The "peace tree," an immense ceiba, under which the contending generals came to terms, is peaceful indeed now, with only the twittering of birds to break the whisper of its languid leaves, except when a flock of tourists swirl down upon it in one of Santiago's hired machines and bellow for "Old Jeff" to come and tell them, in the inimical dialect of our Southern "darky," the story of his last battle. From the ugly brick tower that marks the summit of the only Cuban hill known to the average American, El Caney lies embowered in its thick-wooded mountain-slope a few miles away, the same dawdling, sleepy village it was when the Americans stormed it more than twenty years ago.

Morro Castle, unlike its prototype in Havana, is not visible from the city; nor is the Caribbean itself. As one *chug-chugs* down the land-locked bay, "Cuba" shrinks away and finally disappears entirely in a fold of the fuzzy hills, before the ancient fortress, framed in the bluest of blue seas, comes into sight. Beyond the point where the *Merrimac* failed in its perilous mission, a sheltered cove, with a rusted cannon here and there among the bushes, gives landing-place, and leaves the visitor to scramble upward along an ancient, cobbled roadway completely arched over in places with the rampant vegetation. Nature is similarly toiling to conceal the old fortress from modern eyes, and bids fair in time to succeed. The dismal dungeons, the gruesome death-chamber, are still there, but the decay that has let the sunshine filter into them here and there has robbed them of their terror, and left only an imperfect setting for the anecdotes of a bygone age. Lizards and others of their sort are the only inhabitants of Morro now, and through the huge holes in the outer walls, made by American cannon, one may gaze out along the Caribbean to the hazy, mountainous shore where still lie some of the skeletons of Cervera's fleet.

Whatever else he misses in Santiago, the traveler should not fail to spend a Sunday evening in the central plaza. It is a small block square, completely paved in asphalt, and furnished with an equal profusion of comfortable benches and tropical vegetation. Any evening, except in the rainy season when the afternoon shower is delayed, will find it a study in human types; but toward sunset on Sunday it becomes the meeting-place par excellence of Santiago's élite. They gather in almost exact order of social rank, the smaller fry first, then the more pompous citizens, until, by seven in this "winter" season, the families that the foreign visitor never sees at any other time of the week stalk past in continual procession. The men, formed

San Juan Hill

three or four or even six abreast, march on the inside, clock-wise; the women saunter in similar formation around the outer arc of the circle in the opposite direction. A pace of about a mile an hour is a sign of proper social breeding. Negroes are by no means lacking in any Santiago gathering, but they are in the minority at this weekly promenade. The color line is not sharply drawn, but

The hotel and chief building of a town settled by men from Omaha

it is approximate, in that each rank or group has its own gradations of tints. The women seldom wear hats; the younger girls tie with a single ribbon the hair that hangs down their backs. Rice powder is in plentiful evidence on every feminine face, very few of which, candor obliges the critical observer to admit, can be called attractive. The men, never robust, more often slender to the point of effeminacy, one and all wear stiff straw hats, tipped back at exactly the angle approved by the Latin-American version of Parisian fashion. A felt hat is prima-facie evidence of a foreigner; a Panama, all but universal in the country towns, is never seen. Swarms of children of all sizes and colors, the offshoots of the wealthier families, scamper in and out with an abandon in inverse ratio to the social strata to which they belong. Saucy, rather insolent boys of from twelve to fourteen, dressed like their elders down to the last trousers' crease, swing their diminutive canes and strut along among the men, who treat them with that curious oblivion to their immaturity that is prevalent in all Latin-America.

If the municipal band plays the *retreta*, this inevitable Sunday evening is enlivened, but Santiago comes for its weekly promenade whether there is music or not. By the height of the evening every plaza bench, the entire quadrangle of stone balustrade backed by the low grill inclosing the square, are compactly occupied with admiring citizens or with older promenaders catching their breath after their undue exertions. Seven-passenger cars filled with elaborately upholstered matrons deathly pale with rice powder, with a few elderly, over-slender males tucked in between them, snort round and round the square; the electric lights among the palm-trees disclose a slowly pulsating sea of humanity, chiefly clad in white; the murmur of a thousand low voices resembles the sound of a broken waterfall; the musical tinkle of the steel triangles of sweetmeat-sellers blends harmoniously into the suppressed uproar. "Every one worth knowing" knows every one else in the throng. The straw hats are frequently doffed with over-elaborate courtesy; gentle little bows pass incessantly between the two opposing columns; the language of fans is constantly in evidence. The requirements of dress are exacting at this general weekly airing. Ladies of Santiago's upper circle must indeed find it a problem not to be detected too often in the same gown; the men of the town may be seen hurrying homeward every Sunday afternoon from their café lollings or their cock-fights to don their spotless best; negroes of both sexes, starched and ironed to the minute, walk with the circumspection of automatons just removed from excelsior-packed boxes. From our Northern point of view, there is much ill-mannered staring, an ogling of the younger women that, though accepted as complimentary here, would be nothing short of insulting with us. But with that exception, and a tendency

of the columns a half-dozen abreast not to give way when courtesy would seem to demand it, there is a general politeness, an evidence of good-breeding in the slight social amenities of daily life, that it would be hard to duplicate in our own brusk-mannered land.

The plaza promenade is a more general gathering-place, a more thorough clearing-house of common acquaintance, than any included in Anglo-Saxon institutions. Nowhere do the inhabitants of our own cities so thoroughly mingle together irrespective of class, not even in our most smothering subways. At the weekly meeting business men make many of their coming engagements, or explain the breaking of one arranged the week before. Here old friends who find no other chance to get together spend an hour talking over old times; here youth forms new acquaintances; kindred spirits who might otherwise never have met make enduring friendships. The exclusiveness of family life wherever Spanish civilization has set its stamp is offset by the intercourse fostered by these Sunday evenings in the plaza. There the first tender glances pass between youth and maid, to be followed, with due propriety of delay, by soft words whispered through the *reja* of her prison-like home, and finally by his admittance, under parental supervision, to the chair-forested parlor, whence there is seldom any other escape than past the altar. There, too, looser characters sometimes form their attachments, but always with due outward propriety. The best behaved city of our own land cannot be freer from visible evidence of human perversity than the island of Cuba.

Toward eight the plaza throng begins to thin out. The more haughty ladies of the *vida social* and their cavaliers stroll away up the laboriously mounting streets toward the better residential districts. The second social stratum follows their lead in all but direction, descending instead the *calles* that pitch downward toward the harbor. All but the rattletrap automobiles that ply for hire have snorted away. The average tint of the promenaders grows steadily darker. Within a half-hour the plaza has become plebeian again both in manner and garb; in place of the compact throng there remain only a few scattered groups. In contrast, the luxurious club, facing the square, and Santiago's chief hotel, beside it, have taken on new life. The municipal council meets in its wide-open chamber across the way, a rabble peering in upon it through the heavy iron bars of the *rejas*. Inside, beneath an elaborate painting of Santiago's first alcalde—who was none other than the conqueror of Mexico—taking his first oath of office, politician-faced men of varying degrees of African ancestry slouch down into their seats with the super-bored attitude of legislators the world over. On a rostrum, backed not by likenesses of Cuba's native heroes, but by a portrait of Roosevelt as a young man and another of the sponsor of the League of Nations, a kinky-haired orator begins a peroration that rouses shrill roars of delight from the *reja*-hugging mob far into the moonlighted tropical night.

CUBA'S patron saint, though she has never received official papal sanction, is the Virgin of Cobre. The tale of her miraculous appearance is monotonously similar to that with which most Spanish-speaking peoples explain their dedication to some particular enshrined doll. Some three hundred years ago, the legend runs, two men and a negro slave boy from the village of Cobre, not far from Santiago, went to Nipe Bay to gather salt. There they found, floating on the water, an image of the Virgin, bearing the Child on one arm and holding aloft a gold cross.

The figure is of wood, about fifteen inches high, and gaudily decorated with the silks and jewels always given by the pious believers. If one may accept the testimony of the Cubans of the less educated class, particularly the fishermen, the *Virgen de Cobre* has performed many astounding miracles. At any rate, her priestly attendants have been richly showered with worldly gifts, and her shrine is surrounded with costly votive offerings—or was, at least, until some one ran away with most of them about the time Spanish rule in Cuba was abolished. Pilgrims still flock to Cobre, especially during the first days of Sep-

tember. A *guagua* crowded with women of woolly tresses jolts out to Cobre from Santiago even during the off season. Now and then one runs across Cuban women of similar antecedents wearing copper-colored ornaments, and even entire costumes of that shade, as signs of having dedicated themselves, in gratitude for her favors, to the Virgin of Cobre. Many a Cuban church displays a replica of the famous image, with a miniature boat, carved from wood and bearing the three salt-gatherers, beneath it.

But the world changes, and the time came when the Virgin entered, in all innocence, into conflict with practical modern forces beyond her control. Copper was discovered in the hill beneath her. An English company contracted to make good any damage their mining operations might cause to the venerated shrine. During their tenure the church suffered no injury. The mine was worked to what was considered the limit of its real productiveness under old methods and was then abandoned. When world conflict suddenly made copper worth increased exertion, Cobre was taken over by an American syndicate. The mine had meanwhile filled with water. When the new company began pumping this out, the old supporting timbers gave way, and the church of the Virgin on the hilltop above began to sink. In time it fell completely out of sight. A new shrine, like the spireless and uninspiring country churches to be found throughout all Cuba, was erected for the Virgin and her pilgrims farther down the valley. The Archbishop of Santiago—for the old Eastern city still remains the religious capital of the island despite Havana's greatness—entered suit against the new company on the strength of the old English agreement. In his innocence of things worldly and geological the ecclesiastic feared that the tricky Yankees were forestalling him by washing out the ore in liquid form. An injunction ordered them to stop pumping, and the mine rapidly filled again with water. At length the prince of the church won his suit, with damages in excess of the value of the mine. The Americans abandoned what had become a more than useless concession, and today a mine full of water, colored with copper sulphates and lapping undetermined streaks of ore, remains the property of the Virgin of Cobre.

The wide street of Omaja shows the American influence

Our County Town

By WILLIAM H. SHELTON

Illustrations by Bernard Westmacott

A vivid picture of life and manner in a country town in New York State seventy years ago. The period of ruffles, buggies, and gold canes is described by the author in an interesting fashion. It is doubtful if any of the quaint customs of that older time prevail anywhere in America now.

IT was twelve miles from our village by the stage-road past the yellow brick house of the gentleman farmer. The belfry of the Congregational Church and the cupola of the court-house came first into view. Citizens living in outside townships approached the county capital with mingled feelings of awe and diffidence, as coming into the presence of superior beings, who wore handsomer clothes and walked the streets with that enviable air of ease and confidence that proclaimed them perfectly at home in their distinguished surroundings. To the plain farmer, who drove into town to sell his clip of wool or search his title-deed, with his dinner in his pocket and the oats for his team under the wagon-seat, the sense of awe was oppressive and disquieting. He had started for town in the morning in a clean shirt, after a clean shave, with a light heart, and now, after feeding the horses in the tavern sheds, he appeared on the street with a bit of straw between his teeth, carelessly affecting that ease which he so little understood that the effort made him peculiarly uncomfortable.

There was something impressive about our county town, with its overpowering atmosphere of law and learning and its great wealth. The old families had long New England pedigrees, and were regarded as aristocrats of fabulous wealth. Many of the fortunes were estimated as high as thirty or forty thousand dollars, and there were some even larger. Most of the great fortunes had been amassed through the practice of the law, for the population of our county town was largely composed of lawyers and judges, who wore blue and snuff-colored dress-coats, with velvet collars and plain brass buttons, and carried green bags. If they were a bit purse-proud, they had reason to be. They lived generously, moved among one another gravely, and went to bed at nine o'clock, when the church-bell rang. They were aristo-

crats as far as their New England prejudices would permit them to be.

They could well afford to ride in state carriages, with or without a crest on the panels, and maintain a retinue of servants; but they believed that to make a show of wealth was un-American, if not ungodly. Therefore, these distinguished county families lived simply,

"They were aristocrats as far as their New England prejudices would permit"

their household servants rarely exceeding a cook, a housemaid, and a stableman, who was also the gardener. In the matter of equipage, the rule was fixed by a slow growth of public opinion, like an unwritten constitution, over which no citizen would venture to step. The limit of luxury was a boat-shaped buggy, hung on high springs, with a paneled body, narrow dash-board, and high-backed seat, drawn by a single horse.

The atmosphere of our county town was opulence curbed by democracy. The grandson of the first postmaster-general might be seen at noon driving a white-faced bay horse down the main street, with two little girls peeping over the dash-board. Sometimes the stableman acted as coachman, which was permissible in the case of a very old man, like the venerable president of the savings-bank, who rode up the street to his midday dinner in the conventional boat-shaped buggy, drawn by a steady-going horse, with a young groom to drive him, like *Mr. Garland* and *Kit* when the pony was good.

Not all the rich people rode in carriages. I can see the richest of the bankers measuring off the sidewalk with very short steps as he passes along the palings of his extensive gardens. He has come out of the little pill-box entrance at the corner of his big house, which leads to a corner office, iron-shuttered against burglars. The wind is fluttering his broadcloth cloak, and his lips are pursed into a make-believe whistle, and he is probably thinking about the piles of bank-notes behind the wire guards that made such a wonderful picture-gallery of pretty girls and fat oxen and bleating sheep and farmers sowing seed and blacksmiths at the anvil, the various pictorial devices of a thousand banks.

I can see the dignified figure of the second postmaster-general walking down the street with a gold-headed cane, his snow-white hair in fine contrast with his black clothes, and holding his chin high over a black silk stock. The buttons on his dress-coat are black, notwithstanding the fact that, according to Philip Hone's diary, he often came to New York to attend political dinners with Daniel Webster, whose coat-buttons were brass. Our second postmaster-general belonged to an older and more aristocratic family than the farmer-statesman of Marshfield. Whether the very rich men of our county town rode or walked, they displayed none of the outer trappings of that genuine aristocracy that our county families were comfortably aware that they stood for.

The long Main Street, which was the spinal column of the town, was extremely wide, and bathed its feet in a wonderfully blue lake. Midway in its course it was crossed by the new railway, which divided the community into two sections known socially as "above the railroad" and "below the railroad."

Above the railroad the driveway was bordered by green lawns, shaded by great trees, through which the houses

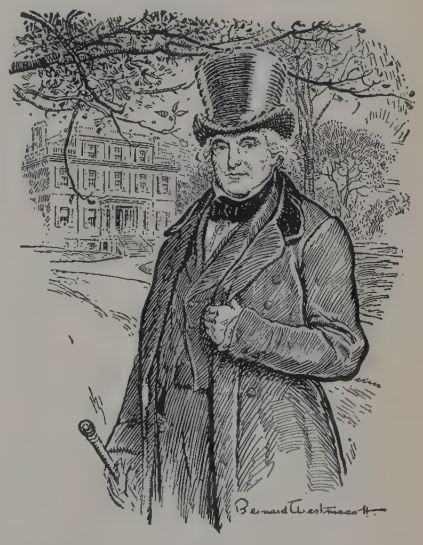
of the judges, who were the retired lawyers, gleamed white, or buff-colored with white trimmings. The Georgian or the colonial type prevailed in the architecture of these substantial houses, which stood back from the street in well-kept grounds with box-bordered walks, and with always a white or buff-colored law office, with a brass knocker on the door opening upon the sidewalk. At the corner of the common was a very beehive of lawyers, where, on summer afternoons, the young gentlemen who were reading law dozed over their Blackstones in office-chairs grouped under the trees outside.

The court-house and county buildings were on the upper side of, but close to, the railroad, as if to guard the line of demarkation and at the same time to maintain the dignity of the law. The court-house was the sacred Valhalla of the county immortals, whose portraits, painted in oil and framed in gold, adorned the walls of the court-room. Most of these departed worthies wore ruffled shirts and leaned on gold-headed canes, with eyes fixed on the judge and the side-judges on the bench and on the learned counselors of the law, who sat about the green baize table within the railing. These paintings were masterpieces of art whose eyes met the prisoner at the bar as he entered the court-room and followed him to the cage and never relaxed their stern gaze until the trial was ended, when they again followed him until he disappeared through the door.

Among the ruffled shirts and gold-headed canes was the first postmaster-general, who sat in the cabinet of Thomas Jefferson.

Below the railroad the street was bordered for a quarter of a mile by shops and stores of every variety, and by lines of muddy wagons, the lean horses hitched to the continuous railing along the broad sidewalk. The mud on the wagons (perhaps not properly so-called) was dry mud, for the farmers never cleaned their vehicles, except in the case of the younger generation, who washed the top-buggy for courting occasions. If there was a noticeably clean carriage among the soiled ones, with a well-groomed horse whose mane and tail had been braided overnight, its occupants were not buying groceries or hardware, but were to be found in the photograph-gallery or in a confectionery-shop or, if the clock had struck twelve, dining in state at the Blossom House at half a dollar a plate, and dining sumptuously on chicken pie and roast turkey, for it was a generous price to pay for a dinner.

The Blossom House was the center of travel before the railroad came. The same stage-coach that had dashed into our village at noon, with creaking leathers and sounding horn, had made its early start from the stable-yard of the Blossom House. It was a red brick tavern, with a peaked roof and great chimneys coming up from the spits and ovens, and a booking-office and a landlord and a porter and a boots. There was a dark archway through which the stage used



Mr. Granger, second postmaster-general, and the Granger homestead

to appear, flanked by side doors where the passengers came out to mount to their seats. It was still the best hostelry in the town, where the postmasters-general and the secretary of war, in their day, had come to take the stage for Washington. It was built in the time of the ruffled shirts and the gold-headed canes, and named with a fine sense of propriety from the flowery appearance of the numerous trees surrounding the hostelry.

It was from the same Blossom House, on a certain morning of the last week in February, 1841, and on another memorable morning in the following April, that a new postmaster-general and a new secretary of war took the stage for Washington, via Albany and New York and Philadelphia, the postmaster-general to be present at the inauguration of General Harrison, whom he had helped to elect in the Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too"; and the secretary of war at the call of "Tyler, too," who became President on the death of the hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe. Both were eminent lawyers in the famous bar of our county town.

It is not strange that on these memorable occasions the brasses on the harness and the paint on the coach had an extra rubbing, and that the four horses were a bit fresher and the driver a prouder man to be carrying such illustrious passengers. Before the restless horses got away to the music of the horn, there was a shaking of hands and doffing of beaver hats, and also a stamping of feet, for they were chill mornings.

It was no idle journey for the postmaster-general or for the secretary of war, who followed him closely, with seven hundred miles of hand-shaking before them; for they must greet their Whig constituents at every tavern where the horses were changed. It was ten miles of bumping and lurching in the coach and ten minutes of hand-shaking.

There were national policies to settle and angry factions to placate. The prohibitionists were shocked at sight of the log-cabins with a barrel of cider outside, and a dipper made of a gourd hanging above it. The Democrats in New York built a huge log-cabin on Broadway and put in a bar for hard liquor to advertise the debauchery of the Whigs. There were no labor troubles in our country, but there had been a famous strike of the coal-heavers on the Schuylkill docks in Philadelphia for a dollar wage and a ten-hour day, from six in the morning to six at night, with an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner, to which the employers conceded the dollar and the ten-hour day, to extend, however, from sunrise to sunset with an hour for breakfast and two hours for dinner.

Two cabinet officers at Washington from one small village sufficiently indicated the political importance of our county town. Its lawyers were famous as the most distinguished bar west of Albany. Farther west there was no town of equal importance. Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Buffalo were smaller villages. Ohio was the "far West," Illinois was the herding-ground of the cow-boy and the buffalo. Indiana was scarcely rid of its Indians, and Michigan was a new State, where all the people lived in log-houses. In my boyhood the very poor people in western New York were moving to Michigan, with the accent on the "gan." Log-houses with broken roofs and toppling, stick chimneys, or log-houses turned into hay barns, with the fodder protruding through the open windows, and a lurching well-sweep in a garden of brambles, were humble homes abandoned by families that had gone to "Michi*gan*."

In the early history of our county town there had been something unusual to attract so much legal talent. Two of its citizens, Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, had secured the title to the western portion of the State of New York, including the fertile valley of the Genesee, quite up to Niagara Falls, and opened the land office of the famous Phelps and Gorham Purchase. Our county town exploited the counties of Ontario, Steuben, Genesee, Niagara, Cattaraugus, Chautauqua, and Allegany, a vast tract of 2,600,000 acres.

Is it strange that eagles gathered where there was so much prey? Is it strange that political power grew with so much material wealth, and that there were ruffled shirts and gold-headed canes in the early days?

There were made fortunes and reputations, great families were founded, and there were romances and tragedies. On the first day of December, 1842, Philip Spencer, midshipman in the United States Navy, was hanged at the yard-arm of the Brig *Somers* for alleged mutiny. He was the son of the secretary of war from our county town. Alexander Slidell MacKenzie of the Brig *Somers* was brought to trial before

The postmaster-general takes the stage-coach for Washington in 1841

a naval court-martial for the execution of Philip Spencer, and was acquitted by a peculiar finding of "not proven" to every count of the indictment.

The excitement was nation-wide; it was an opportunity for the Democrats to attack the Whig party of the administration. William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed and all the politicians of the day were partizans in the trial. The secretary of war employed Charles O'Conor as private counsel; J. Fenimore Cooper, then the naval historian, wrote the official "Review of the Proceedings of the Naval Court Martial." Charles Sumner eulogized the commander of the *Somers* in the "North American Review." Like the fate of William Morgan, the Free Mason, the justice or injustice of the execution of Philip Spencer remains one of the tragic mysteries of our county town.

My father's political ambition was to secure the elective office of county clerk, to live in the county town, and to ride in a high boat-shaped buggy drawn by one horse, and we had the very animal to fit those aristocratic thills in a stately bay mare called Blanche. Her name was a misnomer, much as the name farmer was when applied to my father, who thought more of reading the proceedings of Congress in the Albany "Journal" than of seeds and subsoils. I had been born in an atmosphere of politics, for my father served two terms in the state legislature while I was in my cradle. Our house was well supplied with the stationery of the assembly chamber, with red sticks of sealing-wax, stamps of no individuality, flat, round wooden inkstands with holes to stand the pens in, sand-sifters, ivory paper-cutters, six-bladed, pearl-handled penknives, and steel pens for those who cared to use them. My father preferred to write his diary with a quill pen and sand the heavy strokes in sparkling ridges, and I loved to watch him give the paper a deft curl to turn the surplus sand back into the sifter.

When not in other political harness, he was justice of the peace, and courts were held in the large living-room, over which my father presided at his well-sanded mahogany desk, under the eight-day clock. Just before election day we were always provided with sheets of votes, which we folded in narrow strips, leaving the headings, "State," "County," "Assembly," or "Judiciary" on the outer fold. This work was done by the light of a whale-oil lamp on the dining-table, and my father being an old-line Whig, we regarded the Democrats as evil-minded and ill-informed persons, of whom we spoke contemptuously, calling them "Locofocos" or "Hunkers" or "Barn-burners." Some of our neighbors fell under this ban of condemnation who were otherwise such estimable

"There were long days when he played with a great-uncle"

Christian people that their blindness was hard to understand, and we were very sorry for them.

My father attended to his public duties at the expense of his own business. He was devoted to chess, and there were long days when he played with a great-uncle (not his, but mine) who drove over in a high buggy of the aristocratic type, behind a fat roan horse, and the hay and oats that the roan horse consumed were no drier than the crisp halo of sandy hairs that fringed my great-uncle's bald head. The horse had about as much to say to the oats as the two grave and taciturn players to each other as they moved an ivory man at long and well-considered intervals.

My father was fond of reading aloud, and in the hot summer noons he remained behind the harvesters to read another chapter from "Oliver Twist" or "Nicholas Nickleby." There were other occasions when he worked overtime, such as hauling goods from the railroad to the country store, which was a good day's work, at twelve shillings a load. When he was late, my mother sat in a deep-seated window listening in the twilight for the sound of the wheels, and not disposed to answer questions or talk much. I think she liked him best in the daguerreotype, with the mother-of-pearl shirt-front, that was taken before I remember him.

When my father was nominated for the coveted office of county clerk he drove about the township and talked with the farmers across the rail-fences, mostly about the crops, only incidentally mentioning the fact that he was a candidate for office. When the election took place, he was defeated, but accepted the position of deputy clerk as a stepping-stone to the next election, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. Thus we came to live in our county town among the lawyers and the judges, but naturally below the railroad.

My father's salary was small, but the low cost of living, which we did not suspect at the time, made a happy existence quite possible. A house was rented in one of the new streets for twelve dollars a month. With the farm to draw upon, my mother could snap her fingers at the profiteers who demanded ten cents a dozen for eggs and a shilling a pound for butter. Instead of buying milk at three cents a quart, we sold it, and pastured the cow for fifty cents a week. Furthermore, when the neighbors from our village came as jurors in court term,

my mother boarded and lodged them at two dollars a week.

The county clerk's office, which housed the deeds and mortgages of the county, and the surrogate's office, which took care of the wills, were small buildings of red brick standing back from the street on a sloping common. As a precaution against fire, they were isolated from other buildings and from each other. They had iron doors and iron shutters, and a back room for the records, with a stone floor, making them fireproof safes at night.

The front office in the county clerk's office was furnished with three high desks for six clerks, who faced one another in pairs, and stood at their work or sat on high stools in a stillness that was broken only by the scratching of steel pens or the occasional rasping of the ink-eraser. There was a pungent odor in the room of great folios that had been long shut up, of black ink, and of a damp floor that had been sprinkled before sweeping and had refused to dry. The stone doorsill of the room that held the ancient folios was worn flat by the tread of many feet, and the iron-shuttered window looked out on the common, where the clerks pitched quoits after office hours.

My father's salary was not quite ten dollars a week, and that of the other clerks must have been less. Two of these clerks were sons of the county clerk, and their fine clothes, if paid for from their salaries, spoke eloquently for the low cost of living, for they were leaders of fashion. Their drab trousers, ornamented on the outer seam with a broad stripe of colored plaid, were skin-tight, and strapped down over stub-toed boots. Their gorgeous waistcoats were double-breasted, of silk plush in rich combinations of reds and yellows and browns, and were lighted up by heavy gold chains. Their coat-collars were velvet, and their large scarfs were confined by a stick-pin. Like the other young gentlemen of that period, with their waving locks and pomade, they dressed like Charles Dickens, who was then giving public readings on the American lecture platform. It was not an imitation of our distinguished visitor, but was the rather florid fashion of the day. Ours was not the first family to remove from our village to the county seat. For the doctor who had

"They were leaders of fashion"

bought our stone butterflies for a penny apiece was already established there as the leading physician, with his two fair daughters, who had worn nankeen pantalets in our village when most of the other girls wore pantalets of blue and red calico, quite down to their shoes, and skimpy at that; and Aunt Amelia, who had played battledore and shuttlecock on the lawn. There the historian, with the sentimental schoolma'am and her husband from Yale College on his academic staff, had been four years at the head of the old academy before passing along to the great publishing house in Franklin Square.

I was nine years old when we came to live in our county town. I had always envied the other boys whose parents moved from one house to another, and in the excitement of the prospect of moving I managed to get two fingers cut off in a straw cutter, and on a farewell visit to a schoolmate I fell through a hay-loft among the horned cattle while my wounded fingers were in splints. I found my new surroundings a little trying at first, and painfully so on Sunday morning, when, dressed for Sunday-school, in ruffled collar and squeaking shoes, I had to walk past the stores and the Blossom House and the livery-stable, where the bad boys sat on drygoods boxes and whistled. I had my first fight on the Clark Street bridge, over Sucker Brook, which had something to do with driving the cow to pasture before breakfast on a hot summer morning. I got the worst of the fight, but the cow had the right of way after that.

There were other experiences more interesting. It was a wonderful occasion when Uncle Tom's Cabin came to Atwater Hall. The theater was not regarded by the church people as a moral entertainment, which operated to advertise the performance as something delightfully sinful. I lingered hopefully about the entrance-door, at the head of a flight of dark stairs, until *Simon Legree* put out his ugly head, with a soda-water flask to be filled, and so I came in a sort of waking dream to sit on a front chair, gazing at little *Eva*, and at *St. Clair* in spotless white duck trousers and Panama hat, and shrinking away from the drooling bloodhounds that were straining to plunge into the Ohio River, which I distinctly heard, behind the six-foot stage, swirling and tumbling over broken ice.

The approved entertainments in our county town were the lectures at Bemis Hall, where Gough, the temperance apostle, and Henry Ward Beecher and William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis and Horace Greeley came to speak for one hundred dollars a night.

Then there were those wonderful school-days, beginning at No. 11, where I admired the girl with the yellow curls and the boy who combed his hair for all day with a thin solution of gum arabic, and where I was cruelly whipped one day for something I did not do, and went home sobbing convulsively, and am sobbing still at the injustice of it.

In those days the old academy was a building of respectable architecture, looking across its broad campus, as a self-respecting academy should, and not a barrack, reminding one of a Maine farmer's house and woodhouse and barn, built in a row for a snow prison, and close to the road for observation. After the morning prayer in No. 1, Noah T. used to tell us the same old chestnuts about King George's square-toed shoes and Queen Anne's bishop sleeves, as the origin of certain extremes of fashion. It was in No. 2 that Spaulding, whom we called Sissy Goosequill, vindicated his manhood in a furious fight with Fisk, the Latin master, and when we could scarcely distinguish one from the other as they rolled on the floor, we held the sponge for Spaulding. In No. 3 the boarders assembled for prayers before breakfast, and Knowlton became another hero when he swallowed his tobacco to prove that he had nothing in his mouth.

There was a library opening out of No. 5, a long room with one window at the end and the books on the shelves quite up to the ceiling. Of these we could take one at a time. The room had a pleasant smell of old leather bindings and tropical plants and London streets, of the interiors of cathedrals and jails and spice-laden galleons and tea-ships, and all the animals described by Æsop,

if one knew just where to find the particular odor he craved, and I usually lingered to the limit of time before deciding which allurement to yield to.

I spent my half holidays in copying pictures, mostly on Bristol-board, with Faber's lead-pencils, graded in a box from four H's to two B's. We were a half-dozen schoolmates who gathered about the dining-table of one of the boys, whose little mother had a portfolio of her school-girl drawings, which we greatly admired. One boy copied woodcuts of ships from "Ballou's Dollar Weekly," then published in Boston, with a head-piece of Boston Harbor, dominated by the dome of the state house. I write of 1854.

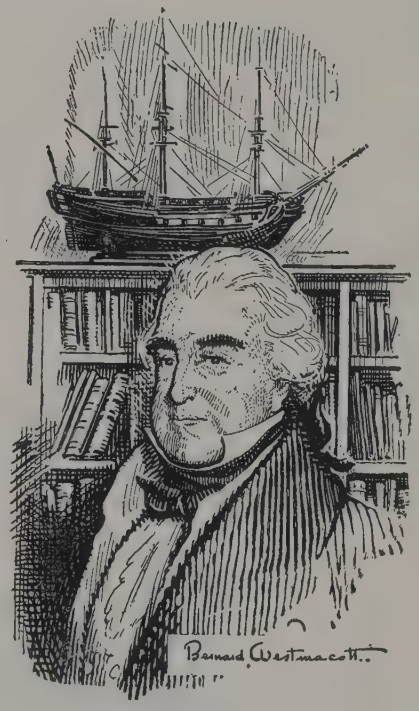
The member of the class who was the poorest draftsman became a lawyer in New York; another devoted his talent to home photography, and he who was our host, after carrying his art to West Point, died in the Civil War, under the flag he loved so well to draw. The member of the class who drew ships, through some business indiscretion, and it must have been only an indiscretion, for he was so modest that he was continually blushing and shifting his weight from one foot to the other, and never could have intended to do wrong, fell into the talons of the law and looked for a time at the blue sky and the passing ships through the bars of a grated window.

There was another boy in the town who drew pictures on Bristol-board, such original and picturesque heads, with flowing locks and Byron collars, who could not come to our class because he was a cripple, and so we made occasional visits to little Phil Griffith and sat at his feet in admiration of his art.

My career in our county town continued through the several stages of a young rogue's progress. It was the mean stage when we used to prompt some smaller boy to look in at the delivery-window of the post-office and cry, "Hello, Old Scape-gallows!" and then all scurry away into the darkness. This cry had reference to an earlier period when the postmaster, now a dignified old gentleman, had been sheriff of the county and keeper of the jail when William Morgan, the Free Mason who revealed the secrets of the order, was taken from his custody and driven away in a closed carriage in the direction of Niagara Falls and was never heard of again.

About this time we moved into society above the railroad, and into a fine old house at the corner of Main Street and Cat Alley.

In my earliest recollection of our county town there was a very old man who wore knickerbockers and a cocked hat and tied his hair in a queue. He was the acknowledged and revered landscape gardener of the village, but the planting of trees and the laying out of lawns was not his life-work, which was the founding of libraries. He was



"He was the Andrew Carnegie of his day"

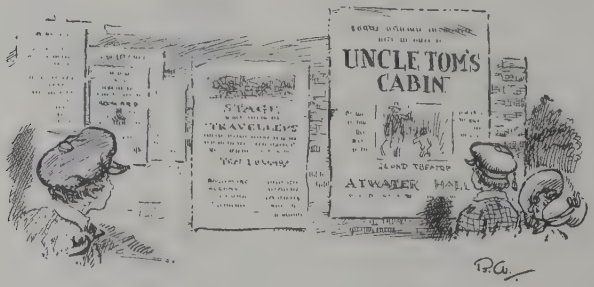
the Andrew Carnegie of his day, who, instead of erecting buildings to house libraries, gave a few hundred books here and a few hundred there, and one of his gifts of books was to the infant Mercantile Library in New York. He established libraries on the Hudson River steamboats, on merchant-vessels, and then on the frigates of the American

Navy, the *Franklin* being the first man-of-war to receive 2500 volumes from William Wood. It is eminently fitting that the library of our county town should bear his name.

Our county town supported two educational institutions. There was a finishing school for young ladies, who were carefully guarded from the advances of the young gentlemen of the academy. On the Sabbath day, however, the boarders from each institution were marched to the Congregational Church, where they looked at one another from opposite sections of the great galleries and projected timid embryos of flirtation over the head of the dear old doctor, who preached the stern doctrine that befitted the times. I can see Doctor Daggett, who left our county town to fill a chair at Yale College, in his loose, turn-down shirt-collar, his dark hair combed severely back, leaning over the pulpit as he pronounces the last solemn words of his discourse, the white heads of the postmaster-general and the judges and the lawyers conspicuous in the gathering gloom of the church below.

When our county town was at the zenith of its power and importance in the young republic, there was no Chicago, no San Francisco, or not much New York. The unusual stimulus of the vast land transactions in the early period seems to have operated to misdirect the energies of the town. The production of lawyers as a commodity never founded a city. It has already appeared that the distinguished product of our county town was lawyers and judges and cabinet officers and congressmen and governors, when other towns established factories for the production of useful articles of commerce. In the fullness of time the judges died and the trim little law offices, with brass knockers on the doors, were used to house the lawn-mower and the garden-rakes. Even the particular little white office with green blinds in which the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, read law was reduced to the same ignoble service as a tool-house.

Our county town never went backward, but it rests on its laurels and its distinguished by-product of old families. The old court-house, the Valhalla of the immortals, and the little county clerk's office and the little surrogate's office and all the county buildings, have been assembled in a modern building, under a stately dome, and the immortals have moved into their new quarters. There are new hotels and historical societies and libraries and hospitals and other charitable foundations and parks and rose-gardens, but our dear old county town to-day is like an old man in silk stockings and ruffled shirt, leaning on a gold-headed cane and thinking of the past. He is eminently respectable, an aristocrat to his finger-tips, and he has had a hand in the building of a nation.



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

THE LAND OF LOST OASES—THE BLUE BIRD'S FALTERING FLIGHT—AUSTRALIA'S FIFTEEN POINTS—SUICIDE AND FREEDOM—TWO IDEAS ABOUT RUSSIA—GIBBON ON THE 1920 CAMPAIGN—BUTT, BUFFER, AND BURDEN-BEARER—OIL FEVER—A VANISHING RACE COMES BACK—THE GHOST OF BISMARCK.

THE LAND OF LOST OASES

WE are now, by several weeks, a dry nation. That is to say, we are legally dry, a certain amount of seepage aside. Prohibition is still the ultimately unavoidable topic of conversation in club, café, and car. It is natural that passion and prejudice and special interests should run reason a close race for first position in these conversations. The subject usually looms distorted through a verbal fog. There was, there is, a wide divergence of opinions respecting the wisdom of prohibiting all alcoholic beverages at one fell and comprehensive swoop. The issue by no means lies wholly between the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists. Thousands of temperate and high-minded persons feel that it would have been wiser to have saved light wines and beer from the ban. But the thing is done, and the sooner we recognize certain elementary facts and adjust ourselves to them, the better. At least, we shall save for needier purposes a vast amount of concern and conversation.

For one thing, let us disabuse our minds of the idea that prohibition was foisted upon us unawares by a small group of fanatics. Mr. Chesterton was uncomfortably near the truth when he said that this is the age of minorities, of groups that rule rather than represent; but the facts do not show prohibition as a case in point. Although pressed in the strategic hour of war, prohibition was obliged to run the usual long gantlet designed for constitutional amendments. There is no backstairs access to the Constitution. The fathers deliberately made it difficult, well-nigh impossible in fact, to amend the Constitution, for the express purpose of preventing a clever minority or a passing hysteria from tampering with the basic charter of our Government. The prohibition amendment traveled this hurdle-infested road. In the House of Representatives it was passed by a vote of 128 to 28. In the Senate it was passed by a vote of 65 to 20. It was then submitted to the several States, which were given seven years in which to decide for ratification or rejection. The necessary 36 States ratified the amendment in exactly thirteen months, and before the amendment became law 45 of the 48 States in the Union had ratified. It may be said that the celerity and practical unanimity of ratification by States was only a gesture of self-preservation by frightened politicians. There is only one thing that frightens politicians—the majority or its invincible dictator. Prohibition would never have been written into the Constitution save by legislators honestly convinced that a majority of American voters desired it. We sometimes forget that prohibition came logically at the end of 112 years of education, agitation, and political organization. As far back as 1808 local anti-liquor societies were at work. Back in 1873 women began their persistent crusade against alcohol, and 69 years ago the State of Maine

established prohibition. Then in 1907 Georgia was the first of 33 States to go dry. In 21 of these States prohibition was established by popular vote, in the remaining 12 by acts of the state legislatures.

Now, in all this the fanatics played their part, as they did in abolition. The professional hypocrisy of a certain type of reformer figured in the movement. There is a goodly streak of the "reformer" in the average American. We are always standing for general reforms that we do not at all care about for ourselves. But to the aid of the fanatics ultimately came science which, speaking in the large, gave its verdict against alcohol as a beverage; life-insurance statistics played into their hands; and the great industries threw their weight into the scales against alcohol as a reducer of human efficiency. In fact, tremendous forces from quarters where the idea of a moral crusade did not exist joined against alcohol. It is probably true to say that the forces that really made prohibition possible were scientific and economic forces, guided by men who themselves drank when they chose and who amply stocked their cellars against the day they helped to usher in.

Prohibition is now law, part and parcel of our Constitution, and regardless of our personal opinions it is the part of good Americans to support the law until it is changed by the same regular and ordained course by which it was passed. If we dislike prohibition, we have one thoroughly American way out of our discomfort, and that is simply to persuade as many legislators to vote for the repeal as voted for the passage of the amendment. It took only about a century, after all, to marshal the votes for the amendment. Of course, if repeal requires as long an effort as ratification, many throats will be parched with patience; but the sportsmanship implied by a republic of laws leaves open no other way.

Just when we are refusing legislative seats to men whose ideal of government differs from the Constitution, just when we are deporting men because they refuse to bow to the tedious method of political action for changing things, is hardly the time to "grouse" about prohibition to the effect that the Constitution has been amended by a small group of fanatics against the will of the majority. Such procedure is hardly designed to exalt the Constitution in the eyes of its critics, who are giving us so much concern just now. There can easily develop a polite anarchy of the club that will play unwittingly into the hands of the redder anarchy of the mob. We are constantly reminded that we should overlook no chance at this time to dramatize to all concerned the ultimate sanity and validity of political action as the civilized technic of progress. A sportsmanlike attitude toward prohibition by those who dislike it may be one good chance to do that.

Few can be found to lament the passing of the saloon. As a public institution, it had not a leg to stand on. Its elimination, however, need not have implied total prohibition. We may, therefore, congratulate ourselves upon the passing of the saloon, and those who are temperate rather than teetotal may rest assured that in the long run the policy that proves best will prevail respecting the individual right to drink.

THE BLUE BIRD'S FALTERING FLIGHT

MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S American visit was unhappily marred by managerial bickerings and an inexpert attempt upon Maeterlinck's part to address his audiences in a hastily acquired phonetic English. When he decided to forego his adventurings in English and to speak in French, cancelations of his lecture engagements came thick and fast. The American lecture audience is not polylingual, and the words of the masters somehow lose their bloom when they must pass through the mind of an interpreter. Americans wanted to see the Blue Bird fly with unhindered grace. When they found that it must merely hop from branch to branch, while an intermediary described each segment of its flight, they lost interest. The middleman, it seems, is always a disturbing problem, whether in economics or in art.

Maeterlinck came to America primarily to witness the premier perform-

ance of his "Blue Bird" in Wolff's musical version. His plays have before intrigued the interest of composers. Debussy's version of "Pelléas et Mélisande," Dukas's version of "Ariane et Barbe Bleu," Fevrier's version of "Monna Vanna," and Loeffler's version of "La Mort de Tintagiles" will be remembered by musicians.

It is a matter of regret that Maeterlinck's first venturing forth to America from the monastic seclusion in which most American readers pictured him should have succeeded only in destroying the picture of spiritual aloofness which had been half his charm and had helped greatly to sustain his vogue. Hereafter, when we follow him as he fingers the stars and holds high converse with the mystic world, we shall be disturbed by a too "earthly" picture of Maeterlinck as a bone of contention between Henry Russell and Major Pond. But, after all, we can well afford to lose his lectures, and even to forego his essays, for we have his plays, and it is there that Maeterlinck makes his distinctive contribution. As a philosopher, he is little more than an attractive paraphrase of Plotinus, Swedenborg, Novalis, Emerson, and others. As a dramatist, however, he struck a new note. Even at this late date, it may not be without interest to summarize the points in Maeterlinck's dramatic creed.

Maeterlinck is frankly heretic, in theory at least, to the conventional canons of dramatic art. Any criticism of a theory of the drama must begin with the triple query, what does the theory propose respecting theme, respecting action, and respecting dialogue? Fortunately, Maeterlinck has spoken his mind plainly on these three dramatic elements. We can, therefore, draw together and summarize his scattered statements on his theory of the drama.

First, as to theme. The conventional drama sets great store by the unusual experiences of life. Nearly all tragic writers look for their themes in a thrilling adventure, a leaping joy, a bitter sorrow, an acid jealousy, cringing cowardice, or the strut of the victor. The tragical has, with exceptions of course, been made synonymous with the exceptional, the abnormal, the violent. To this theory of dramatic theme Maeterlinck brings stout objections. He would rather find his dramatic material in the quieter tenor of life, not in its extreme moments of mental or physical conflict. His reason he states as follows:

> The true tragic element of life only begins when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared. . . . Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point? Is life always its sublimest in a kiss? . . . Does the soul flower only on nights of storm? Hitherto doubtless this belief has prevailed. It is only the life of violence, the life of by-gone days that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers. . . . Whereas it is far away from bloodshed, battle-cry, and sword-thrust that the lives of most of us flow on.

Second, as to action. The conventional drama lays great emphasis upon action as the supreme means of vitalizing the theme of the play. Maeterlinck contends that the vigorous theatricalism of the conventional drama is of less importance than psychic suggestion and the quiet conflicts of the soul. With him, there are affairs of silence no less than affairs of action. Sentences here and there throughout Maeterlinck's writings betray his valuation of action. For instance we find him saying, "I admire *Othello* but he does not appear to me to live the august daily life of *Hamlet*, who has time to live inasmuch as he does not act." Gerhart Hauptmann aptly stated the Maeterlinck idea of action in the drama when he said:

> Action upon the stage will, I think, give way to the analysis of character and to the exhaustive consideration of the motives which prompt men to act. Passion does not move at such headlong speed as in Shakespeare's day, so that we present not actions themselves, but the psychological states which cause them.

Out of this conception arises Maeterlinck's dream of a "static" theater, which has been described as "a theater of mood, not of movement, where nothing material happens, and where everything immaterial is felt." It is a little diffi-

cult to visualize the "static" theater playing the one-night stands.

Third, as to dialogue. The conventional drama considers the lines of the play invaluable in the furthering of action, the awakening of emotions or thought, and the revealing of character. It requires a certain facility in mental acrobatics to think otherwise. At any rate, here is the valuation Maeterlinck places upon dialogue in the drama:

> It is not in the action but in the words that are found the beauty and greatness of tragedies that are truly beautiful and good; and this is not solely in the words that accompany and explain the action, for there must perforce be another dialogue beside the one which is superficially necessary. And, indeed, the only words that count in the play are those that at first seemed useless, for it is therein that the essence lies. Side by side with the necessary dialogue will you almost always find another dialogue that seems superfluous; but examine it carefully, and it will be brought home to you that this is the only one that the soul can listen to profoundly, for here alone is it the soul that is being addressed.

It would certainly be a diverting experience to hear Maeterlinck discuss this subtle and elusive theory of dialogue with a Broadway producer of bedroom farces. With these three points in mind, Maeterlinck's dramatic creed has been interpreted as follows: "a theme from the simplest daily life, an action where nothing happens, a dialogue where the only words of value are the meaningless ones." This has the sound of burlesque, but it describes the Maeterlinck theory of drama about as accurately as plain English can catch it.

It seems an impossible theory of actable drama, but Maeterlinck's "L'intrus" testifies to its feasibility and peculiar effectiveness, although it must be admitted that Maeterlinck has not often as fully and as actually applied his dramatic creed to dramatic construction.

Maeterlinck is one of a group of modern writers representing a healthy reaction from nineteenth-century materialism. His work throughout savors of reaction from realism to mysticism, from naturalism to supernaturalism. His position in modern life is, as Chesterton phrased it, the glorification of the inside of things at the expense of the outside.

AUSTRALIA'S FIFTEEN POINTS

ORDINARILY the retailing of platitudes in political and economic discussion serves no highly valuable purpose other than to reveal the uncreative mind of the speaker or writer. In stimulating times like these, however, when every man is playing the statesman and producing his private panacea for the ills of a distempered world, popular thought falls into an unhealthy confusion in its attempt to thread its way through the medley of vagaries and values. In such times a simple statement of threadbare fundamentals may perform a needed ministry of clarification and help to restore lost perspective. Both the capitalistic and proletarian philosophies to-day stand in need of such clarification. If the mind of the man in the street were less confused about the actual meaning of the capitalistic and proletarian philosophies, the path to policy in this country would be less devious.

Following Mr. Wilson's technic in the formulation of his "Fourteen Points," Mr. W. Brooks, in his presidential address to the Employers' Federation, formulated for Australia "Fifteen Points" which he considers vital to sound social economy. He makes an unusually clear and simple statement of principles for those who are convinced that the capitalistic organization of society is fundamentally sound, workable, and just, save when perverted. The Australasian News Office of "The Christian Science Monitor" despatched the following summary of the fifteen points:

1. Under any economic or industrial system, men and women must inevitably continue to work for wages.

2. Some workers must always be paid more wages than other workers, either owing to special ability or the class of work performed.

3. No worker can continuously be paid wages that he does not earn.

4. The value of the work must be con-

trolled by the salable value of the articles produced.

5. In order to promote industrial development and provide work, the nation must continue to depend upon its intellectual citizens.

6. The community or nation that develops most brain power and inventive genius will be the most prosperous, and brain must inevitably command more reward than mere manual labor.

7. The cost of living is governed by the cost of production, both in primary products and secondary manufactures.

8. Shorter hours of work must increase the cost of all articles, including food and clothing.

9. The maximum output in the hours worked will result in cheapening the article produced, as the cost of production inevitably governs the selling price.

10. Capitalism (or the accumulation of wealth) can never be abolished, for some men will always earn and save more money than other men.

11. Private enterprise involves not only the control of established businesses, but also the risking of capital and personal effort in the promotion and establishment of new industrial enterprises.

12. The community cannot expect cheap bread, meat, and other foods at the expense of the farmer and grazier.

13. The only possible way for workers to secure a substantial increase in wages, without a corresponding increase in cost of living, is by increased output.

14. Men and women in a free country cannot be prevented from saving money and acquiring property.

15. Without hope of profit there would be less industrial development, less employment, lower wages, and higher cost of living.

Mr. Brooks is, of course, as dogmatic in his statements as a Middle Ages theologian, but he cannot be accused of beating about the bush. He was driven to this frank confession of faith by his survey of the great losses involved in the strikes and other labor difficulties, inspired, to no slight degree, by the proletarian philosophy which he attempts to counter with his statement of principles. Roughly estimated, Australia has lost during the last six years $25,000,000 in wages and $50,000,000 in production, as the result of strikes. Here and there his statement cries aloud for critical examination, but such criticism is not the purpose of this editorial. These fifteen points are simply recorded as a faithful and fairly accurate statement of one point of view. It will be interesting in some later issue to present an equally sincere and succinct statement of the proletarian creed. If each of the major schools of political and economic thought would honestly state their contentions categorically, as Mr. Brooks has done, the average citizen could follow political and economic discussion with greater satisfaction and could, perhaps, more easily judge between will-o'-the-wisp fancies and sound social principles.

SUICIDE AND FREEDOM

By coincidence there came to the writer's desk in the same mail two documents dealing with the gruesome problem of suicide. One was a report from the Save-a-Life League, an organization for the prevention of suicide; the other, an article on "Freedom's Reality and Delusions" by Father Nicholas Velimirović, bishop of the most ancient diocese of the Orthodox Church in Serbia. The first was a report of results, the second a comment upon causes. The fact that deaths from suicide have increased by leaps and bounds since the end of the war raises the question whether there are deeper social reasons behind the increase than merely individual aberrations.

The report of the Save-a-Life League reveals certain interesting facts regarding the increase in suicide. During last year there were 5121 deaths from suicide in the United States. 3212 men took their lives, as against 1909 women. It is estimated that unreported cases of suicide might bring the total to 20,000. Suicide among women is on the increase. The ratio of a few years ago, of one woman in four suicides, has increased to one woman in three suicides. This is doubtless due to the increasing participation of women in the rough-and-tumble life of business and politics. Over 100 returned soldiers committed suicide. Among professional men sui-

cide is commonest among lawyers and rarest among newspaper editors. Even the proverbial poverty of the editor seems not to lessen his love of life. Analysis of the ages of the suicides shows the oldest suicide of the year to have been one hundred years of age, the youngest a child of four. Peculiar pathos is added to the record by the fact that 477 children took their lives during the year. Many of these child suicides were the result of neglect, mistreatment, or misunderstanding in home and school. The statistics of the report substantiate the conclusions of the psychiatrist that suicides, paradoxical as it may seem, are more frequent in summer than in winter, in fair weather than in foul, in peace than in war, in prosperity than in penury.

Suicides have doubled in Vienna since the signing of the armistice, and the suicide statistics of Germany, Russia, and the near East have mounted high. In the liberated countries on the Continent, suicide has become alarmingly common. It is this strangely coincident increase of suicide, with the increase of freedom in these countries, that leads the Serbian bishop to his inquiry into the deeper meanings of the discontent and despair that drive free men to self-destruction. "It is now a year since the enslaved nations of Europe got their freedom. Are not they happy now?" he asks, and goes on to say, "Some observers might say yes, but the frightful increase in the number of suicides in the liberated countries is the loudest proof of the contrary, and besides suicides there have been endless troubles rooted in deep dissatisfaction." In an effort to determine why those who were before dissatisfied with their oppressors are now dissatisfied with their own people and with themselves, he makes an interesting and illuminating analysis of the reality and delusions of freedom. His diagnosis of delusions is particularly incisive.

He points out that the oppressed invariably proceed under the fatal misconception that their oppressors are free men, and that consequently when they themselves get freedom they tend to ape their former oppressors. Newly liberated peoples may not use exactly the same oppressive methods as their former oppressors, but they will use them in disguised forms. They get a new technic of tyranny through accumulated wealth, cliques, parties, secret societies, banks, and newspapers. The so-called free nations have escaped the sufferings inflicted by one open oppressor, but instead they are suffering "from a hundred oppressors, milder perhaps when taken separately, but when put all together weighing upon their shoulders with just the same weight." Throughout his analysis, Bishop Velimirović rings the changes upon the universal tendency of the oppressed to imitate their former oppressors as soon as technical freedom is won. For this reason most wars of emancipation do not result in freedom; tyranny simply changes its disguise and adopts new methods. The fruits of freedom turn bitter, and deep despair follows high hope. All this is true, he asserts, not of the newly liberated countries only, but more or less of all the nations on the Continent. For keen insight, it would be difficult to improve upon this comment:

> Of nothing is so much talked in Europe as of freedom and organization. A free man does not talk much of freedom, just as a well-fed person does not talk of food. But the unfree man talks constantly of freedom, as a hungry man talks of bread, and the divided, the divorced, the dismembered, talk most of what they are not—organism, organization. The want of real freedom has made freedom the principal object of talk, writing, and struggle in Europe during the past century. . . . Whenever on the European continent there is talk of organization, of emancipation, go to the root of it and you will see that what is meant is partly self-assertion and partly tyranny over others less organized and less emancipated. Whenever selfish motives lie at the root of a "struggle for freedom," freedom comes as disguised tyranny, and brings disappointment and delusion. And honest but ignorant men, in their bewilderment and disappointment, turn to ideas of suicide.

After thus pricking the hollow bauble of supposed freedom, he proceeds with a trenchant analysis of the reality of freedom which Europe must attain if she is to achieve sanity, health, and happiness. He says:

There are three kinds of freedom: Freedom from the brute forces of nature, freedom from oppressive men, and freedom from one's self. The first freedom is achieved through science and force, the second through politics and force, the third through religion without force.

In defeating nature men feel disappointed with the freedom they gain. For in struggling against the brute forces of nature, men themselves imbibe Nature's unscrupulous methods. . . . Endless wars and mutual struggles ensue. For the liberated men . . . dealt with each other in their victorious state as they saw Nature dealing with them before it was subdued.

The second kind of freedom is the freedom of nations from the oppressive nations, of men from the oppressive men. What the struggle for this kind of freedom means is well-known from the recent experiences of the world war. Its results . . . are similar to the results following the struggle of men against the tyranny of natural forces. In this stage men feel disappointed, just as in the first stage of freedom. Freedom is making them neither free nor happy. . . . Hence—suicide!

The last kind of freedom is yet to be achieved. It is the freedom from one's self. Very few have climbed to this freedom. . . . To get rid of self means to stop an inward war, a war of contradictory desires, which are crying for an outward expression—for an outward war. For whatever we have in ourselves, be it war or peace, be it despotism or freedom, we are pushed irresistibly to project it into the outer world. . . . Real freedom is not a thing to be made or constructed by external means, but it is a thing to be slowly cultivated and painfully grown. . . . This inner freedom . . . is supernatural, supernational, supereconomic, superpolitical, superartistic; but it illumines nature, makes nationalism nobler, settles easily economic strife, gives solidity to politics, and sweetness and harmony to art.

He concludes with the warning that a Europe set free geographically, politically, and economically, will be a technical delusion, a castle in the air, as before the war, unless through a genuine spiritual rebirth Europe gains a new vision and a new realization of freedom. Only by such rebirth, he contends, can Europe avoid being plunged into the greatest misery known in history, as a result either of new invaders or internal disintegration. He asserts that Europe is now attempting the impossible task of combining materialism in science, epicureanism in conduct, and freedom. These will not blend.

Certain readers may dismiss all this emphasis upon the "intangibles" of the present world situation because it comes from a bishop; it may be set down as the involuntary emphasis of the ecclesiastical mind upon the spiritual factor in affairs. It is, of course, a religionist's appeal to the politicians and economists. And, frankly, had it appeared in a church paper, it probably would not have compelled comment in these columns as it has. To the writer, the significant thing was that it appeared not in the religious press, but as the leading article in a recent issue of "The New Europe," an English journal devoted to *Realpolitik*. Its appearance in this secular journal is evidence of the fact that students of world politics realize that the war has brought about in Europe a dangerous chaos of spiritual, moral, and intellectual values. In fact, the plea of the bishop could be paralleled from many secular pens. Listen, for instance, to these lines from the London "Saturday Review."

The coming years will be bleak, in respect of all the generous and gracious things which are the products of leisure and of minds not wholly taken up by the necessity to live by bread alone. For a generation the world will have to concentrate upon material problems. . . . The tragedy of the great war . . . is that it should have killed almost everything which the best of our soldiers died to preserve, and that it should have raised more problems than it has solved. . . . We would sacrifice a dozen cathedrals (as Rheims the loss of which has been so much lamented) to preserve what the war has destroyed in England. . . . we would readily surrender our ten best cathedrals to be battered by the artillery of Hindenburg as ransom. Surely it would be better to lose Westminster Abbey than never again to have anybody worthy to be buried there.

Our own secular press has likewise seconded the bishop's appeal. Lothrop Stoddard, whose realistic studies of world

politics appear frequently in THE CENTURY, surely a student little given to the sentimentalities, has reminded us that "at the beginning of the late war we heard much of its morally regenerative effects, but as the terrible holocaust went on, year after year, far-sighted moralists warned against a fatal drain of Europe's idealistic forces akin to that suffered by the Greek world during the Peloponnesian War, and which might break the thin crust of European civilization built up since the Middle Ages." The relation of suicide to freedom, it seems, takes on a wider aspect than that revealed in the total number of men and women who take their own lives. The suicide of civilization may be brought about by a persistent travesty of freedom on the part of "liberated" peoples who do little more than deck despotism in a new garb.

TWO IDEAS ABOUT RUSSIA

HE would be a brave man indeed who would prophesy anything respecting Russia. Mr. Wells may remind us that prophecy is no longer the trick of the soothsayer, but rather the result of careful reasoning from cause to effect, but there has certainly been more of the soothsayer than of the scientist in the bulk of discussion about Russia. This editorial purposes no prophecy; simply an interpretation of two points of view respecting the attitude of the rest of the world toward soviet Russia. At the moment of writing there are numerous indications that diplomatic recognition of soviet Russia may become a reality before these comments reach the reader, but at this distance it is impossible to write with a conviction of certainty.

It is perhaps unnecessary to go into detail regarding these indications, because they will doubtless either become accomplished fact or the Russian situation will again prove its fertility in surprises before this statement reaches the newsstands. It is necessary, however, as background for an examination of the two points of view to be discussed, to state these items.

In England, just now, there are persistent rumors that Lloyd George will propose to the Allied premiers recognition of soviet Russia. These rumors, it is true, run side by side with official and semi-official statements that maintain the drastic disapproval of Bolshevism that has all along informed Allied policy or lack of policy. It is a favorite trick of governments, however, to release rumors in advance of a statement of policy in order to feel out public sentiment, and while this sounding of sentiment is going on, the government maintains its old policy with the accustomed gestures. This may be the case in England.

It seems that by a process of elimination of successive policies toward Russia, the Allies are drifting toward peace with Lenine. At the outset, the Allied governments faced a hopeless puzzle in the determination of a Russian policy. Their liberal, labor, and radical elements were against war on Russia; their conservative elements were against peace with Russia. With their hands tied by these two elements, unable either to make peace or to wage war decisively, the Allied governments muddled along with an indecisive policy, aiding border states against the Bolshevists and abetting Kolchack, Denikin, and Yudenitch. There was much whistling in the dark over this policy, to keep up Allied courage. We were treated to doctored news of fictitious successes of these leaders. But that policy has played out. Kolchack, Denikin, and Yudenitch have been clearly beaten by Lenine, and the Allied governments can no longer wage war against Russia under the euphonious name of a *cordon sanitaire;* they face the plain alternatives of peace or war. If it is to be war, they face the possibility of hopelessly splitting their own countries over the matter. The Allied premiers know the little enthusiasm, indeed the great antagonism, that any attempt to wage war against Russia on a big scale would evoke.

If England does not make peace with Lenine, she must fight him in the open. In the event of such a war, England would be obliged to provide against the ultimate possibility of Bolshevist attacks upon her outlying empire, Persia, Afghanistan, Mesopotamia, Egypt, India. The possibilities of such a war

would run so far that England's defensive preparations would be arduous and costly. Lloyd George, unless all signs fail, will not go to the country with any proposal involving war against the Bolshevists now. If the next government in England is a Labor government, which is not at all unlikely, the probability of war against Russia is even more remote. Plainly, the drift is toward peace with soviet Russia as far as England is concerned. England has, from the beginning, played for a weakened and disintegrated Russia. She wants no strong and integrated Russia to become again a thorn in the side of her imperial politics and purposes. Her muddling policy to date has failed, however, to split Russia into fragment states that would never again entertain imperial dreams. A consistent imperial policy in England would now decide for war against the Bolshevists, but Lloyd George, with his eye on the Labor vote, hesitates.

Italy, like England, has all along hoped for a weakened Russia, a disintegrated Russia. Italy wants no bases left for a future Pan-slavic movement that might thrust its way down to the Adriatic. But Italy now shares with England the failure of the Allied lack of policy to bring about a weakened and disintegrated Russia, and also faces the unavoidable alternatives of actual peace or actual war. She is in no position to shoulder the consequences of a decision for war, if her people so desired. The indications are that she will agree with England, if England moves toward peace.

France, as pointed out in these columns last month, has from the beginning wanted a strong and integrated Russia that would restore the balance of power in Europe and pay back the Russian debt to France. France is perhaps more strenuously anti-Bolshevist than either England or Italy, but there is a growing restlessness in France over the uncertainty and drift that have marked the Allied Russian policy. France is watching England's moves in the Russian matter with undisguised care, but if France feels that she has played her last card in the effort to secure a strong republican Russia, she will undoubtedly collaborate in a peace policy, although she will probably take little noticeable part in its formulation and display slight enthusiasm over it. Millerand will probably with generous gesture let Lloyd George do it, and incidentally allow the mercurial Welshman to shoulder the blame in the event the policy later goes on the rocks. But this editorial promised not to prophesy.

This drift toward peace with Lenine has once more brought into clear relief two primary ideas about Russia. Because so much is at stake, for the whole world, in any Russian policy, an understanding of these two ideas is of vital importance. One school of political thought is unalterably opposed to any recognition of soviet Russia, while an equally assertive school contends that peace with Russia and her reinstatement in international relations, economic at least, is the only sane political and economic strategy. These two divergent points of view are held by persons equally convinced that Bolshevism is economic insanity. Let us attempt to interpret the basic contentions upon which these two policies rest.

The anti-peace party begins with the belief that any treaty of recognition will be regarded by Lenine as a scrap of paper; that all along his foreign policy has been, and will continue to be, guided by his ambitions for a world revolution; that any peace will be to him only a respite, a chance to gather forces for his world offensive. Persons of this belief take no stock in the idea that Lenine's policy has been altered even in the slightest; they think he is still bent upon Bolshevising the world. They think the Allied governments are in danger of falling victim to an insidious Bolshevist campaign for a premature peace, and that in this matter they are likely to permit Russian propaganda to succeed in doing what German propaganda failed to do. They fear any policy that will give Lenine a chance to thrust out his tentacles of propaganda across the world and to replenish his depleted stores of materials needed for a future revolutionary offensive. They claim that all of the apparent changes in Bolshevism, the apparent compromises with the existing social order, such as the

hiring of bourgeois experts at high salaries, the granting of private ownership of land to peasants, and the reputed moderation of terrorism, are only astute shiftings of ground on Lenine's part for the securing of immediate tactical advantages. They are sure that behind Lenine, the politician, and a clever politician at that, stands Lenine, the revolutionist, unchanged and unchanging. They picture Lenine as sitting in the Kremlin chuckling over the present plight of Europe, delighted over its economic chaos, gleeful as he observes the European exchanges tumbling about the ears of impotent governments, as he watches national antagonisms grow, and sees territorial disputes obscure the fundamental question of the economic restoration of Europe, without which Europe will lack the economic vitality to resist the germs of his doctrines. They picture him as happy while Allied policy begets bitterness in Germany. They are convinced that he is planning to take advantage of Europe before reconciliation and restoration can be brought about, that he wants a respite, such as diplomatic recognition would give him, in order to make quick preparation for his world drive before it is too late.

Some weeks before Lenine signed a peace with Esthonia and proceeded with his peace offensive, a leading exponent of this point of view thus outlined what he thought Lenine's strategy would be:

> It is not difficult to picture to oneself Lenine's political tactics in the present European situation. Having defeated his Russian opponents, his first object will be to conclude peace with each of the neighboring States. He is already negotiating with Esthonia; when peace with Esthonia has been obtained, the turn will come for the other Baltic States, for Poland and for Finland. Meanwhile strenuous efforts will be made to induce the Western Powers to follow the example of the border States. Every kind of argument will be brought forward to make such a peace acceptable to Labor and Capitalism alike. The former will be told that Russia has a real working men's Government; the latter will have concessions dangled before their eyes. This sinister combination of deluded workmen and greedy capitalists will be a formidable force for any Government to resist. We shall be told that once peace is concluded in Russia the Bolshevists will become moderate, and all those who wish to believe this will readily accept it without further question.

This anti-peace party points to the present world-wide sweep of Bolshevist propaganda to prove that Lenine's ambition overflows the Russian frontiers. They point out the activities of Bolshevist agents in Asia, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, France, Great Britain, and the United States. They call attention to Lenine's efforts in Asia aimed at a revolution in India, how he has been manipulating the twenty million Mohammedans in Russia, on the Volga, in the Ural territories, in Turkestan, and the eastern Caucasus, in the interest of a revolution in the Mohammedan East—a revolution that could be turned to Bolshevist account against England. They refer to the success Lenine has had in almost turning Afghanistan into a Bolshevist outpost. They remind us of the celerity with which Lenine took advantage of the Anglo-Persian treaty, but recently signed, to make a revolutionary appeal to the Persians. China has not been immune to Bolshevist agitation, and Japan has officially put up her guards against Lenine's propaganda.

The pro-peace party claims to oppose Bolshevism as an economic philosophy as strenuously as does the anti-peace party, but contends that military opposition and economic blockade serve simply to make a martyr of Lenine, enable him to lay the blame for any practical failures of the Bolshevist system upon Allied persecution, and give him ground for terrorism, in that he can claim it to be a necessary policy of defense against counter-revolutionary forces that would restore the czarist régime. Those who favor economic intercourse with and diplomatic recognition of soviet Russia claim that any government in Russia or anywhere else, if left alone, is bound to become moderate. They claim that error thrives best when persecuted; that when error is forced to compete in the open market with truth, error fails. They want to compel Bolshevism to come into the

open and accept the challenge to "make good" as an economic system. They are confident it cannot succeed, and that once Lenine is robbed of alibis, his practical failures will loosen his grip upon the Russian masses. They claim that the anti-peace party simply has a case of nerves; that the chief difference between the anti-peace party and themselves is that those who oppose recognition of Russia seem to be afraid Lenine is right and might convince the world he is right, to the dread destruction of the social order in which they have such heavy stakes, while they, the pro-peace party know that Lenine is wrong, and are willing to dare him to prove to the world that he is right.

In between these two extreme parties stands a group that was well interpreted in a recent cartoon. Standing outside the door of a quarantined house, occupied by a family afflicted with the dread disease of Bolshevism, was an eager-looking gentleman with a basket marked "Trade." The legend under the cartoon ran: "I 'd like to go in if I thought I would n't catch it."

The news of the months to come will bring us the story of the practical application of one of these policies, perhaps of each of them in succession. We shall have the privilege of seeing these political theories subjected to practical test.

GIBBON ON THE 1920 CAMPAIGN

THE surprising timeliness of old books has been before commented upon in these columns. The other evening, while we were re-reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the following sentence leaped out of its pages and bridged the gap between ancient history and modern politics:

> The temper of soldiers, habituated at once to violence and slavery, renders them very unfit guardians of a legal, or even a civil, constitution. Justice, humanity, or political wisdom, are qualities they are too little acquainted with in themselves to appreciate in others.

An impertinent and irreverent friend, who did not realize that he was laying himself open to suspicion as a Red sympathizer, suggested that the sentence should be duly engraved and forwarded to the Republican National Committee.

This is not set down as a malevolent partizan thrust at any particular candidate, but simply upon the impulse to pass along the smile our impertinent friend's suggestion evoked from us. The sentence does, however, suggest the wisdom of looking to the temper of mind as well as to the platform of a Presidential candidate. Long ago some one suggested that party platforms, like street-car platforms, are used in getting aboard, but not for riding. In the very nature of the case, party platforms signify little. We do not expect a President to follow the platform upon which he is elected. Theoretically we do; actually we do not. We know that platforms are deliberately designed to catch votes, and that fundamental issues that might divide the country are avoided, regardless of their importance. By the very exigencies of party politics, platforms are saturated with insincerity —the insincerity that comes from avoiding vital issues, rather than the insincerity of saying what is not meant. There are voters on both sides of the fence, hence a party ambitious for power tends to take its stand on both sides of the fence. This opportunism of parties, with its by-product of insincerity, has about obliterated any fundamental distinction between the Republican and Democratic parties. About the only difference is a difference in personal leadership from time to time. One of Mr. Hoover's friends has interpreted his valuation of political parties in this country as follows:

> Mr. Hoover . . . regards the two parties [Republican and Democratic] as nothing more than names and political machines, and considers that as matters now stand, and have stood for some time, they represent only organized aspiration to control the government. There is, he believes, no real difference between the two parties except in history; that no momentous issues separate them; that no man really knows why he calls himself a Republican or Democrat, beyond the force of habit, sentimental tradition, and the selfish associations of the conflict between the "ins" and the "outs."

It may be bad politics to talk in this wise, but it is sound sense. Even the sincerest of men would find it difficult to follow to the letter any platform designed at this time for the four years ahead. In such fluid times, a man of real Presidential caliber must of necessity change his mind from time to time and thus court the charge of inconsistency. We require a growing wisdom in the White House, not the literal following of a campaign blue-print. This being the case, it is more important to consider the intellectual quality, the temper of mind, and the point of view of a Presidential candidate than to concern ourselves with the party platform or even with the party of which the man is candidate.

In fact, it might not be an unwise experiment in the 1920 campaign to eliminate platforms altogether, and let the candidates go to the country, on the stump and in the press, for a frank cross-examination by the public. We should like to see the Democratic and Republican candidates for the Presidency make a joint tour of the main centers of population of this country and, unhampered by opportunist platforms, submit themselves to the searching questions that plain men might put to them. Three months of such honest debate, of heckling and answer, would show us the minds of the candidates in action and give us a better basis for deciding our vote than we can ever find under the customary campaign tactics. Men cannot dissimulate and trim before an audience that has the right to talk back, as they can in party platforms and set speeches. Why not try it?

BUTT, BUFFER, AND BURDEN-BEARER

FOR some time now the press has carried stories of the spread of the "Middle Class Movement." The movement represents the defensive gesture of that part of the public that cannot be classified either as workmen or as capitalists, that human no-man's land between organized labor and organized capital. The middle class, feeling the pinch of the high cost of living, has cast envious eyes at both workmen and capitalists, who, through organized effort, have been able to ease the burden. Envy has resulted in imitation, so that we have "Middle Classes' Unions" springing up here and there throughout the world. It is a case of class consciousness among the unclassified.

One of the earliest manifestations of this new class consciousness occurred in Germany early in 1919, when the professional men of a North German town brought an unexpected pressure to bear upon the swaggering Spartacide workmen by threatening a counter-strike. Even a revolutionist listens when his child is sick and the doctor threatens to strike. This movement for organization among the "white-collars" or the "black-coats" or, to use a term gaining vogue in the London press, the "salariate" appears in as widely separated places as Germany, Japan, and South America. It has taken the most definite form, however, in England. Early in 1919 there was organized in London a "Middle Classes' Union," the purpose and character of which was plainly stated by its general secretary, Captain Stanley Abbott, in the following statement:

> The Middle Classes' Union is not concerned with social distinctions or religious variations. What it is concerned with is the interests which exist between those of Capital and those of Labor. In this sense the Middle Classes are the people with the Middle Interests. In political and economic affairs there are three main sections; two of them are the extremists, call them what you will, the Upper and the Lower, the Right and the Left, the Monopolist and the Syndicalist. The third is the Middle Classes. It is for the individual to determine whether he or she comes within this section—as a consumer, as a taxpayer, as a law-maker.
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> Capital is organized for self-preservation. Labor is organized for self-advancement. But in the operations as between these two sections, the other, the unorganized Middle —the section which is the butt, the buffer, and the burden-bearer when Capital and Labor are contending—has no *locus standi* and no representation. Within this body are the brain workers—the commercial and trading, the professional and administrative and managerial classes, and those whose in-

come is derived from pensions or savings. Self-analysis should indicate one's place.

The domestic or internal interests of a particular profession or business may be served by the profession or business societies; but, so far as general political and economic questions are concerned, those who constitute these bodies, together with the vast mass of the middle classes who are not attached to or identified with any such specialized organization, are incapable, under present conditions, of any power of concerted action. The Middle Classes' Union exists to weld together these unorganized and unrepresented middle classes into a strong, practical, coördinated entity for the protection of common interests. The very existence of a representative and powerful organization such as this will produce a moderating and stimulating influence in the political and economic life of the nation.

Now, it is inevitable that as the "salariate" finds itself less adjusted to rapid rise of prices than either workmen or capitalists, there will be a tendency to do the obvious thing—to organize as labor has organized for concerted action. The general attitude toward this middle-class movement has been one of uncritical approval. It is worth while, therefore, to point out certain possibilities in this movement that have received little attention to date.

In the first place, the middle-class movement, broadly speaking, is an attempt to adopt, for the sole remaining unorganized part of humanity, the principles of concerted action and collective bargaining just when these two policies, necessary as they have been in the blind evolution of industrial relations, are proving that they are no final solutions to our difficulties. Competition between organized groups in the economic field is an exact parallel of the competition between nations that brought on the World War. The whole sickening round of competing armaments and periodic conflicts is transferred to the field of economics. Just when we are realizing the inadequacy of a fighting economy in industrial and international relations seems hardly the time to extend these practices to cover the whole of human society. We may succeed only in making a three-cornered fight out of what has been a two-sided fight, without coming nearer to a solution. The necessity for putting industry upon the basis of a parliament rather than a tournament has been repeatedly urged in these columns. Cannot the middle classes do something more statesmanlike than the bringing of still other prize-ring tactics into the situation?

In the second place, there is always the possibility that as middle-class organization becomes a reality it will be captured by labor organization and simply intensify the class conflict. What we need now is not an intensification of the class conflict, but a statesmanlike substitute for the class conflict. The first hint of an attempted coalition between the proletariat and the "salariate" comes to hand as this editorial is being written. The English Labor party has invited to a conference representatives of such organizations as those of engineering draftsmen, supervising electricians, railway and shipping clerks, colliery managers, journalists, actors, commercial travelers, and industrial chemists, men of the salaried classes. This is an attempt to gain for the Labor party the support of those middle classes who have been hardest hit by the war, having neither participated directly in war profits nor to any marked degree in the increased wages and the bonuses of war time. Such a coalition would give the Labor party a new source of leadership upon which it could draw in the event of a Labor government's coming into power. Such a coalition would imply a certain amount of give and take between the wage-earning classes and the salaried classes in the matter of a program. Whether the result would be a conservatizing of the wage-earning class or a radicalizing of the salaried class is difficult to forecast. It is clear, at any rate, that there are more complicated possibilities in the middle-class movement than the first burst of uncritical commendation suggested.

OIL FEVER

PREOCCUPIED with our new intellectual interest in world politics, counting carefully our ducats as we decide about credit

to Europe, listening to the appeals of Viennese hunger, trying to make up our minds whether to fear Lenine or to trade with him, our ears assailed by congressional debates and the clamor of candidates, we are hardly aware of the biggest oil boom in the history of the United States. In less distracting times we would recognize this development as exceeding the famous gold rushes to California in 1849 and to Alaska in 1897. New oil companies are springing up as if by magic in Texas, Oklahoma, California, Louisiana, and many other States.

The Foreign Press Service in a recent release has presented an interesting summary of new capitalization and production in the oil industry. In 1916 the capitalization of oil companies of $100,000 or more amounted to $419,746,000. In 1917 the capitalization of new companies alone raised this total by $840,219,000. The summary does not mention the increase in capitalization among old companies. In 1918 the capitalization of new companies totaled $430,480,600. Then came the astounding increase. During the first ten months of 1919 new oil companies of $100,000 or more added a total capitalization of $2,717,037,000. In other words, the new capitalization in the oil companies in 1919 was nearly seven times that of the total capitalization in 1916. To-day the United States is producing four sevenths of the oil supply of the world.

Behind these statistics lies a wealth of dramatic interests. In the oil communities we shall doubtless see some measure of a renaissance of the frontier. We shall get at least a glimpse of the gun-toting days of the Klondike, mitigated of course by altered conditions, but enough of the fever and freedom of the old days will be in evidence to cause not a little reversion among certain social types. But perhaps we are forgetting what the magic wand of prohibition will effect. We wonder—will the oil rush produce its Robert W. Service?

A VANISHING RACE COMES BACK

WILL the day of surprises never end? From the time we first recited the oration on the Indian from McGuffey's Reader we have thought of the North American Indian as a vanishing race, and of late as a sort of *Banquo's* ghost at our discussions of the new religion of self-determination. Now, Mr. Cato Sells, United States Indian Commissioner, submits a report that, by facts and figures, explodes the myth of the vanishing race. Here are some of the deductions that may be drawn from his report.

The Indian is not dying. Since 1890 the number of Indians in the United States has increased from 230,000 to 350,000. These figures do not include the Indian population of Alaska.

The Indian is not crowded. True, the Indian has lost the continent, but he used very little of it when he had it all to himself. The Indian reservations in the United States cover 60,000,000 acres. Indians cultivate 700,000 acres of land. 176,000 Indians have individual land-holdings. In these 60,000,000 acres of out-of-doors the Indian plys his trade as lumberman, farmer, cattleman, sheep-raiser, trapper, and fisherman.

The Indian is not left in poverty. The annual rentals received by Indian landlords from white tenants total $5,000,000. The Indian realizes from land sales about $4,000,000 and from live-stock sales about $4,000,000 every year. His crops have an annual valuation of about $11,000,000. He receives yearly $1,700,000 in interest on trust funds. During the last fiscal year he has received $700,000 in indemnifications and $20,000,000 from Indian money, mineral royalties, and other sources. The Indian owns about 250,000 horses and mules, 250,000 cattle, and 1,230,000 sheep and goats. The total value of Indian-owned live stock is estimated at $48,000,000. It is gratifying to note that this represents a six-fold increase in a period of twenty years. The Indian's live-stock sales seem to be wisely managed, so that the flocks and herds are not depleted. The timber on the Indian reservations is valued at $363,000,000, the annual income from timber netting the Indian about $2,000,000. The total wealth of the Indian is estimated at $700,000,000. In 1890 the net annual income of

the Indian was $3,000,000; to-day it is $54,000,000. Not exactly a record of penury! The record would be more gratifying were this prosperity more evenly distributed among the tribes. Last year the Osage tribe received more than $10,000,000 in bonuses on oil and natural gas leases and a handsome royalty on the oil and gas production, while a tribe of 1500 California Indians realized only $48,000 for the entire year. But, then, inequality in wealth is not an exclusively Indian problem. Fewer than 5000 able-bodied adult Indians are actually fed by the Government.

The Indian is not a soured soul sulking over wrongs at the hands of a robber-government. He is no Ishmael, with his hand against every man. He shares with the white man the sacrament of loyalty to the nation. The Indian invested $25,000,000 in the several Liberty Bond issues. That meant about $75 per capita. There were many white States that did not match this per-capita record of the reservations. Over 10,000 Indians served in the army; 2000 Indians enlisted in the navy. And to-day decorations for distinguished heroism can be seen, worn with the Indian's austere pride, on the reservations.

The Indian does not display a sullen immunity to the better things of white civilization. The legend of inadaptability is slowly breaking down. Out of 84,000 Indian children eligible for school, 61,000 actually attend. Out of 54,000 Indian families, 43,000 families live in houses, having deserted the tepee. The Indian is to-day predominantly monogamous, only 236 polygamous marriages being recorded; 113,000 Indians are listed as church-goers; 191,000 Indians have forsaken the blanket for modern clothing; 120,000 Indians speak the English language, and 26,000 are voters. The one phase of inadaptability to which the Indian clings is his reluctance to intermarry with the white. At least the statistics show that fewer than one tenth of the Indian marriages are with whites. For this all biologically minded folk will be thankful.

The record of our relations with the Indian may be stained with many wrongs. Even when the larger logic of history may seem to justify conquest that vast lands may better serve the entire human race, the relations between conqueror and conquered inevitably give rise to injustices. Although these facts may present only the brighter side of the picture, we are glad there is a bright side.

THE GHOST OF BISMARCK

It was one of the interesting and astute features of the Bismarckian technic to defeat reform by annexing its salient and safe elements. He postponed the day of social reckoning in Germany by such tactics. He would calmly face a rising tide of social discontent, analyze the program of the discontented, and put into prompt effect as many of its reform proposals as he could consistently adopt without striking at the root of the existing social and political order. This meant that from time to time he stole from the agitator those proposals that dealt with the more immediate and dramatic necessities that interested the German masses, leaving the agitator with only his theoretical appeal from one sort of social order to another. This meant that Bismarck could say, in effect, to the German people, "See how much more quickly and effectively the Hohenzollern government can get for you the desires of your hearts than can your irresponsible agitators."

The ghost of Bismarck still walks in Germany, in the matter of technic at least. Ebert, the Socialistic saddle-maker, has not forgotten the tactics of Bismarck, the cynical statesman. The spirit of paternalism still informs the movements of the Government. One bit of recent news from Germany illustrates this contention.

While the statesmen and business men of England and the United States are discussing the wisdom of democratizing industry through the installation of shop stewards and joint councils of employers and employees as a means of allaying and preventing the discontent that is to-day hamstringing production, Germany calmly announces a compulsory establishment by law of the system in every shop and business in Germany employing more than twenty men.

Raymond Swing, in a special despatch to "The Sun" of New York, reports an interesting interview with Special Chancellor Otto Bauer on the matter. Chancellor Bauer asserts that compulsory establishment of the shop-steward system by law was passed because "it enables reasonable workers for the first time to become masters of shop politics." He contends that the great majority of laborers are reasonable rather than revolutionary, but that they have been unable to make their views effective because there have been no legal safeguards thrown around shop politics, shop elections being held in open meetings where "intimidation could be practised, and the loudest voices rather than the coolest heads carried the day."

By the new law, elections by secret ballot, under the protection of law, are to be introduced into every German shop and business, with a labor staff of more than twenty laborers. "The new statute," says Chancellor Bauer, "means the defeat of the radicals who for a year have been struggling to transform the shops into Socialistic affairs and want to appeal all unsettled labor disputes to a board composed solely of labor members. That of course would be simply a dictatorship of the proletariate."

The chancellor contends that he is simply taking a leaf from the book of England's labor experience and thought, and doing what England and other countries are merely discussing and leaving to the slower process of private and group initiative. "Such measures as our shop-steward law," says Chancellor Bauer to Mr. Swing, "are bound to come in all industrial countries; you must prepare for them in America, too, where it is apparent that economic forces are shaping a conflict."

The chancellor contends that the Government is proceeding in this matter upon the basis of experience, not theory. He says:

> Some of our manufacturers complain that this law means the end of discipline; I say that this is not true and these manufacturers will have to admit it within six months.
>
> Only the other day the director of a large factory told me of his experience with shop stewards whom he had installed of his own accord with essentially the same powers as those bestowed by this law. He took them into his confidence, showed his books and contracts, and explained his plans. Although the majority of his workers are Independent Socialists, he has not had a strike. As this is the epoch of strikes, the question is: Why not?
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> It is because the workers, besides understanding their own troubles, had also a view of the entire situation and became convinced that the manager was working in their interest and doing the best he could. . . . The law is the foundation of a new economic structure whose outlines will be completed when the provincial and national economic councils have been added. . . . These further laws are being drafted and will be carried during the winter. . . . The adoption of this program is proof that we are regaining our poise, and if the Entente Powers and America do not withhold their aid we shall be the masters of our task.

The significant feature of this development in Germany is that it will give us a genuine laboratory demonstration of the feasibility or failure of the joint-council scheme in industry, when adopted on a nation-wide scale and operated in the midst of difficult conditions.

THE VOICE OF WAVE AND TREE

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods. — Rossetti

Eight Paintings by Cullen Yates, N.A.

"Spring

"The First Snow"

"The Old Farm"—November

"The Village Church"

The Cove, Ogunquit, Maine

"Bayberry Ledge"

"October Gold"

The Hunting Wasp

By HENRI FABRE

"Who that has diverted himself, however little, with the study of insects does not know the Pompili? Against old walls, at the foot of the banks beside unfrequented foot-paths, in the stubble after the harvest, in the tangles of dry grass, wherever the spider spreads her nets, who has not seen them busily at work?"

MOST of the insects and larvæ that form the prey of the hunting wasps, who store them away as food for their young, are inoffensive victims, like the silly sheep of our slaughter-houses; they allow themselves to be operated upon by the paralyzer, submitting stupidly, without offering much resistance. The mandibles gape, the legs kick and protest, the body wriggles and twists, and that is all; they have no weapons capable of contending with the assassin's dagger.

I wanted to see the huntress grappling with an imposing adversary, one as crafty as herself, an expert layer of ambushes, and, like her, bearing a poisoned dirk. I wanted to see the bandit armed with the stiletto confronted by another bandit equally familiar with the use of that weapon. Is such a duel possible? Yes, it is possible and even common. On the one side we have the Pompili, the protagonists who are always victorious; on the other hand the spiders, the protagonists who are always overthrown.

Who that has diverted himself, however little, with the study of insects does not know the Pompili? Against old walls, at the foot of the banks beside unfrequented foot-paths, in the stubble after the harvest, in the tangles of dry grass, wherever the spider spreads her nets, who has not seen them busily at work, now running hither and thither, at random, their wings raised and quivering above their backs, now moving from place to place in flights long or short? They are hunting for a quarry which might easily turn the tables and itself prey upon the trapper lying in wait for it.

The Pompili feed their larvæ solely on spiders, and the spiders feed on any insect commensurate with their size that is caught in their nets. While the first possess a sting, the second have two poisoned fangs. Often their strength is equally matched; indeed, the advantage is not seldom on the spider's side. The wasp has her ruses of war, her cunningly premeditated strokes; the spider has her wiles and her set traps. The first has the advantage of great rapidity of movement, while the second is able to rely upon her perfidious web; the one has a sting which contrives to penetrate the exact point to cause paralysis; the other has fangs which bite the back of the neck and deal sudden death. We find the paralyzer on the one hand, and the slaughterer on the other. Which of the two will become the other's prey?

If we consider only the relative strength of the adversaries, the power of their weapons, the virulence of their poisons, and their different modes of action, the scale would very often be weighted in favor of the spider. Since the *Pompilus* always emerges victorious from this contest, which appears to be full of peril for her, she must have a special method, of which I would fain learn the secret.

In our part of the country the most powerful and courageous spider huntress is the Ringed Pompilus (*Calicurgus annulatus*, FABR.), clad in black and yellow. She stands high on her legs, and her wings have black tips, the rest being yellow, as though exposed to smoke,

like a bloater. She is rare; I see three or four of her in the course of the year, and I never fail to halt in the presence of the proud creature, rapidly striding through the dust of the fields when the dog-days arrive. Its audacious air, its uncouth gait, its warlike bearing, long made me suspect that to obtain its prey it had to make some impossible, terrible, unspeakable capture; and my guess was correct. By dint of waiting and watching I beheld that victim; I saw it in the huntress's mandibles. It is the Black-bellied Tarantula, the terrible spider who slays a carpenter-bee or a bumblebee outright with one stroke of her weapon, the spider who kills a sparrow or a mole, the formidable creature whose bite would perhaps not be without danger to ourselves. Yes, this is the bill of fare which the proud Pompilus provides for her larva.

This spectacle, one of the most striking with which the hunting wasps have ever provided me, has as yet been offered to my eyes but once, and that was in the paddock adjoining my rural home. I can still see the intrepid poacher dragging by the leg, at the foot of a wall, the monstrous prize which she had just secured, doubtless at no great distance. At the base of the wall was a hole, an accidental chink between some of the stones. The wasp inspected the cavern, not for the first time; she had already reconnoitered it, and the premises had satisfied her. The prey, deprived of the power of movement, was waiting somewhere, I know not where; and the huntress had gone back to fetch it and store it away. It was at this moment that I met her. The Pompilus gave a last glance at the cave, removed a few small fragments of loose mortar, and with that her preparations were completed. The Lycosa[1] was introduced, dragged along, belly upward, by one leg. I did not interfere. Presently, the wasp reappeared on the surface and carelessly pushed in front of the hole the bits of mortar which she had just extracted from it; then she flew away. It was all over, the egg was laid, the insect had finished for better or for worse, and I was able to proceed with my examination of the burrow and its contents.

The Pompilus has done no digging. It is really an accidental hole, with spacious, winding passages, the result of the mason's negligence and not of the wasp's industry. The closing of the cavity is quite as rough and ready. A few crumbs of mortar heaped up before the doorway form a barricade rather than a door. A mighty hunter makes a poor architect. The tarantula's murderess does not know how to dig a cell for her larva, she does not know how to fill up the entrance by sweeping dust into it. The first hole encountered at the foot of a wall contents her, provided that it be roomy enough; a little heap of rubbish will do for a door. Nothing could be more expeditious.

I withdraw the game from the hole. The egg is stuck to the spider, near the beginning of the belly. A clumsy movement on my part makes it fall off at the moment of extraction. It is all over: the thing will not hatch; I shall not be able to observe the development of the larva. The tarantula lies motionless, as flexible as in life, with not a trace of a wound. In short, we have here life without movement. From time to time the tips of the tarsi quiver a little, and that is all. Accustomed of old to these deceptive corpses, I can see in my mind's eye what has happened: the spider has been stung in the region of the thorax, no doubt once only, in view of the concentration of her nervous system. I place the victim in a box, in which it retains all the pliancy and all the freshness of life from the second of August to the twentieth of September; that is to say, seven weeks. These miracles are familiar to us; there is no need to linger over them here.

The most important matter has escaped me. What I wanted, what I still want, to see, is the Pompilus engaged in mortal combat with the Lycosa. What a duel, in which the cunning of the one has to overcome the terrible weapons of the other! Does the wasp enter the burrow to surprise the tarantula at the bottom of her lair? Such temerity would be fatal to her. Where the big bumblebee dies an instant death, the audacious visitor would perish the moment she entered. Is not the other

[1] The spider in question is known indifferently as the Black-bellied Tarantula and the Narbonne Lycosa.

there, facing her, ready to snap at the back of her head, inflicting a wound which would result in sudden death? No, the Pompilus does not enter the spider's parlor, that is obvious. Does she surprise the spider outside her fortress? But the Lycosa is a stay-at-home animal; I do not see her straying abroad during the summer. Later, in the autumn, when the Pompili have disappeared, she wanders about; turning Gipsy, she takes the open air with her numerous family, which she carries on her back. Apart from these maternal strolls, she does not appear to me to leave her castle; and the Pompilus, I should think, has no great chance of meeting her outside. The problem, we perceive, is becoming complicated: the huntress cannot make her way into the burrow, where she would risk sudden death; and the spider's sedentary habits make an encounter outside the burrow improbable. Here is a riddle which would be interesting to decipher. Let us endeavor to do so by observing other spider-hunters; analogy will enable us to draw a conclusion.

I have often watched Pompili of every species on their hunting expeditions, but I have never surprised them entering the spider's lodging when the latter is at home. Whether this lodging be a funnel plunging its neck into a hole in some wall, an awning stretched amid the stubble, a tent modeled upon the Arab's, a sheath formed of a few leaves bound together, or a net with a guard-room attached, whenever the owner is indoors, the suspicious Pompilus holds aloof. When the dwelling is vacant, it is another matter; the wasp moves with arrogant ease over those webs, springs, and cables, in which so many other insects would remain ensnared. The silken threads do not seem to have any hold upon her. What is she doing, exploring those empty webs? She is watching to see what is happening on the adjacent webs where the spider is ambushed. The Pompilus therefore feels an insuperable reluctance to make straight for the spider when the latter is at home in the midst of her snares. And she is right a hundred times over. If the tarantula understands the practice of the dagger-thrust in the neck, which is immediately fatal, the other cannot be unacquainted with it. Woe, then, to the imprudent wasp who presents herself upon the threshold of a spider of approximately equal strength!

Of the various instances which I have collected of this cautious reserve on the spider huntress's part, I shall confine myself to the following, which will be sufficient to prove my point. By joining three leaflets together with silken strands, a spider has built herself a green arbor, a horizontal sheath, open at each end. A questing Pompilus comes upon the scene, finds the game to her liking, and pops in her head at the entrance of the cell. The spider immediately retreats to the other end. The huntress goes round the spider's dwelling and reappears at the other door. Again the spider retreats, returning to the first entrance. The wasp also returns to it, but always by the outside. Scarcely has she done so, when the spider rushes for the opposite opening; and so on for fully a quarter of an hour, both of them coming and going from one end of the cylinder to the other, the spider inside and the Pompilus outside.

The quarry was a valuable one, it seems, since the wasp persisted for a long time in her attempts, which were invariably defeated; the huntress had to abandon them, however, baffled by this perpetual running to and fro. The Pompilus made off, and the spider, once more on the watch, patiently awaited the heedless midges. What should the wasp have done to capture this much-coveted game? She should have entered the verdant cylinder, the spider's dwelling, and pursued the spider direct, in her own house, instead of remaining outside, going from one door to the other. With such swiftness and dexterity as hers, it seemed to me impossible that the stroke should fail; for the quarry moved clumsily, a little sidewise, like a crab. I judged it to be an easy matter; the Pompilus thought it highly dangerous. To-day I am of her opinion. If she had entered the leafy tube, the mistress of the house would have operated upon her neck, and the huntress would have become the quarry.

Years passed, and the paralyzer of

the spiders still refused to reveal her secret; I was badly served by circumstances, could find no leisure, was absorbed in unrelenting preoccupations. At length, during my last year at Orange, the light dawned upon me. My garden was inclosed by an old wall, blackened and ruined by time, where, in the chinks between the stones, lived a population of spiders, represented more particularly by *Segestria perfidia*. This is the common black spider, or cellar spider. She is deep black all over, excepting the mandibles, which are a splendid metallic green. Her two poisoned daggers look like a product of the metal-worker's art, like the finest bronze. In any mass of abandoned masonry there is not a quiet corner, not a hole the size of one's finger, in which the Segestria does not set up house. Her web is a widely flaring funnel, whose open end, at most a span across, lies spread upon the surface of the wall, where it is held in place by radiating threads. This conical surface is continued by a tube which runs into a hole in the wall. At the end is the dining-room, to which the spider retires to devour at ease her captured prey.

With her two hind legs stuck into the tube to obtain a purchase and the six others spread around the orifice, the better to perceive on every side the quiver which gives the signal of a capture, the Segestria waits motionless, at the entrance of her funnel, for an insect to become entangled in the snare. Large flies, drone-flies, dizzily grazing some thread of the snare with their wings, are her usual victims. At the first flutter of the netted fly, the spider runs or even leaps forward, but she is now secured by a cord which escapes from the spinnerets and which has its end fastened to the silken tube. This prevents her from falling as she darts along a vertical surface. Bitten at the back of the head, the drone-fly is dead in a moment, and the Segestria carries him into her lair.

Thanks to this method and these hunting appliances,—an ambush at the bottom of a silken whirlpool, radiating snares, a life-line which holds her from behind and allows her to take a sudden rush without risking a fall,—the Segestria is able to catch game less inoffensive than the drone-fly. A common wasp, they tell me, does not daunt her. Though I have not tested this, I readily believe it, for I well know the spider's boldness.

This boldness is reinforced by the activity of the venom. It is enough to have seen the Segestria capture some large fly to be convinced of the overwhelming effect of her fangs upon the insects bitten in the neck. The death of the drone-fly, entangled in the silken funnel, is reproduced by the sudden death of the bumblebee on entering the tarantula's burrow. We know the effect of the poison on man, thanks to Antoine Duges's investigations. Let us listen to the brave experimenter:

> The treacherous Segestria, or great cellar spider, reputed poisonous in our part of the country, was chosen for the principal subject of our experiments. She was three quarters of an inch long, measured from the mandibles to the spinnerets. Taking her in my fingers from behind, by the legs, which were folded and gathered together (this is the way to catch hold of live spiders, if you would avoid their bite and master them without mutilating them), I placed her on various objects and on my clothes without her manifesting the least desire to do any harm; but hardly was she laid on the bare skin of my forearm when she seized a fold of the epidermis in her powerful mandibles, which are of a metallic green, and drove her fangs deep into it. For a few moments she remained hanging, although left free; then she released herself, fell, and fled, leaving two tiny wounds a sixth of an inch apart, red, but hardly bleeding, with a slight extravasation round the edge and resembling the wounds produced by a large pin.
>
> At the moment of the bite the sensation was sharp enough to deserve the name of pain, and this continued for five or six minutes more, but not so forcibly. I might compare it with the sensation produced by the stinging-nettle. A whitish tumefaction almost immediately surrounded the two pricks, and the circumference, within a radius of about an inch, was colored an erysipelas red, accompanied by a very slight swelling. In an hour and a half it had all disappeared, except the mark of the pricks,

which persisted for several days, as any other small wound would have done. This was in September and in rather cool weather. Perhaps the symptoms would have displayed somewhat greater severity at a warmer season.

Without being serious, the effect of the Segestria's poison is plainly marked. A sting causing sharp pain and swelling, with the redness of erysipelas, is no trifling matter. While Duges's experiment reassures us in so far as we ourselves are concerned, it is none the less the fact that the cellar spider's poison is a terrible thing for the insects, whether because of the small size of the victim, or because it acts with special efficacy upon an organization which differs widely from our own. One Pompilus, though greatly inferior to the Segestria in size and strength, nevertheless makes war upon the black spider and succeeds in overpowering this formidable quarry. This is *Pompilus apicalis*, Van Der Lind, who is hardly larger than the hive-bee, but very much slenderer. She is of a uniform black; her wings are a cloudy brown, with transparent tips. Let us follow her in her expeditions to the old wall inhabited by the Segestria; we will track her for whole afternoons during the July heats; and we will arm ourselves with patience, for the perilous capture of the game must take the wasp a long time.

The spider huntress explores the wall minutely; she runs, leaps, and flies; she comes and goes, flitting to and fro. The antennæ quiver; the wings, raised above the back, continually beat one against the other. Ah, here she is, close to a Segestria's funnel! The spider, who has hitherto remained invisible, instantly appears at the entrance to the tube; she spreads her six fore legs outside, ready to receive the huntress. Far from fleeing before the terrible apparition, she watches the watcher, fully prepared to prey upon her enemy. Before this intrepid demeanor the Pompilus draws back. She examines the coveted game, walks round it for a moment, then goes away without attempting anything. When she has gone, the Segestria retires indoors, backward. For the second time the wasp passes near an inhabited funnel. The spider, on the lookout, at once shows herself on the threshold of her dwelling, half out of her tube, ready for defense and perhaps also for attack. The Pompilus moves away, and the Segestria reënters her tube. A fresh alarm: the Pompilus returns; another threatening demonstration on the part of the spider. Her neighbor, a little later, does better than this: while the huntress is prowling about in the neighborhood of the funnel, she suddenly leaps out of the tube, with the life-line, which will save her from falling should she miss her footing, attached to her spinnerets; she rushes forward, and hurls herself in front of the Pompilus, at a distance of some eight inches from her burrow. The wasp, as though terrified, immediately decamps, and the Segestria no less suddenly retreats indoors.

Here, we must admit, is a strange quarry: it does not hide, but is eager to show itself; it does not run away, but flings itself in front of the hunter. If our observations were to cease here, could we say which of the two is the hunter and which the hunted? Should we not feel sorry for the imprudent Pompilus? Let a thread of the trap entangle her leg, and it is all up with her. The other will be there, stabbing her in the throat. What, then, is the method which she employs against the Segestria, always on the alert, ready for defense, audacious to the point of aggression? Shall I surprise the reader if I tell him that this problem filled me with the most eager interest, that it held me for weeks in contemplation before that cheerless wall? Nevertheless, my tale will be a short one.

On several occasions I see the Pompilus suddenly fling herself on one of the spider's legs, seize it with her mandibles, and endeavor to draw the animal from its tube. It is a sudden rush, a surprise attack, too quick to permit the spider to parry it. Fortunately, the latter's two hind legs are firmly hooked to the dwelling, and the Segestria escapes with a jerk; for the other, having delivered her shock attack, hastens to release her hold. If she persisted, the affair might end badly for her. Having failed in this assault, the wasp repeats the procedure

at other funnels; she will even return to the first when the alarm is somewhat assuaged. Still hopping and fluttering, she prowls around the mouth, whence the Segestria with her legs outspread, watches her. She waits for the propitious moment; she leaps forward, seizes a leg, tugs at it, and springs out of reach. More often than not the spider holds fast; sometimes she is dragged out of the tube to a distance of a few inches, but immediately returns, no doubt with the aid of her unbroken life-line.

The Pompilus's intention is plain: she wants to eject the spider from her fortress and fling her some distance away. So much perseverance leads to success. This time all goes well. With a vigorous and well-timed tug the wasp has pulled the Segestria out, and at once lets her drop to the ground. Bewildered by her fall, and even more demoralized by being wrested from her ambush, the spider is no longer the bold adversary that she was. She draws her legs together and cowers into a depression in the soil. The huntress is there on the instant to operate upon the evicted spider. I have barely time to draw near to watch the tragedy, when the victim is paralyzed by a thrust of the sting in the thorax.

Here at last, in all its Machiavellian cunning, is the shrewd method of the Pompilus. She would be risking her life if she attacked the Segestria in her home. The wasp is so convinced of this that she takes good care not to commit this imprudence; but she knows also that, once dislodged from her dwelling, the spider is as timid, as cowardly as she was audacious at the center of her funnel. The whole point of her tactics, therefore, lies in dislodging the creature. This done, the rest is nothing.

The tarantula-huntress must behave in the same manner. Enlightened by her kinswoman, *Pompilus apicalis*, my mind pictures her wandering stealthily around the Lycosa's rampart. The Lycosa hurries up from the bottom of her burrow, believing that a victim is approaching; she ascends her vertical tube, spreading her fore legs outside, ready to leap. But it is the Pompilus who leaps, seizes a leg, tugs it, and hurls the Lycosa outside her burrow. She is henceforth a craven victim, who will let herself be stabbed without dreaming of employing her venomous fangs. Here craft triumphs over strength; and this craft is not inferior to mine, when, wishing to capture the tarantula, I make her bite a spike of grass that I dip into the burrow, lead her gently to the surface, and then with a sudden jerk throw her outside. For the entomologist, as for the Pompilus, the essential thing is to make the spider leave her stronghold. After this there is no difficulty in catching her, thanks to the utter bewilderment of the evicted creature.

Two contrasting points impress me in the facts which I have just set forth—the shrewdness of the Pompilus and the folly of the spider. I will admit that the wasp may gradually have acquired, as being highly beneficial to her posterity, the instinct by which she first of all judiciously drags her victim from its refuge in order there to paralyze it without incurring danger, provided that you will explain why the Segestria, possessing an intellect no less gifted than that of the Pompilus, does not yet know how to counteract the trick of which she has long been the victim. What would the black spider need to do to escape her exterminator? Virtually nothing. It would be enough for her to reënter her tube, instead of coming up to post herself at the entrance like a sentry, whenever the enemy is in the neighborhood. It is very brave of her, I agree, but it is also very risky. The Pompilus will pounce upon one of the legs spread outside the burrow for defense and attack, and the besieged spider will perish, betrayed by her own boldness. This posture is excellent when waiting for prey, but the wasp is not a quarry. She is an enemy, and one of the most dread of enemies. The spider knows this. At the sight of the wasp, instead of posting herself fearlessly, but foolishly, on her threshold, why does she not retreat into her fortress, where the other would not attack her? The accumulated experience of generations should have taught her this elementary tactical device, which is of the greatest value to the prosperity of her race. If the Pompilus has perfected

her method of attack, why has not the Segestria perfected her method of defense? Is it possible that century upon century should have modified the one to its advantage without succeeding in modifying the other? Here I am utterly at a loss, and I say to myself, in all simplicity, since the Pompili must have spiders, the former have possessed their patient cunning and the other their foolish audacity from all time. This may be puerile, if you like to think it so, and not in keeping with the transcendental aims of our fashionable theorists. The argument contains neither the subjective nor the objective point of view; neither adaptation nor differentiation; neither atavism nor evolution. Very well; but at least I understand it.

Let us return to the habits of *Pompilus apicalis*. Without expecting results of any particular interest, for in captivity the respective talents of the huntress and the quarry seem to slumber, I place together, in a wide jar, a wasp and a Segestria. The spider and her enemy mutually avoid each other, both being equally timid. A judicious shake or two brings them into contact. The Segestria, from time to time, catches hold of the Pompilus, who gathers herself up as best she can, without attempting to use her sting; the spider rolls the insect between her legs and even between her mandibles, but appears to dislike doing it. Once I see her lie on her back and hold the Pompilus above her, as far away as possible, while turning her over in her fore legs and munching at her with her mandibles. The wasp, whether by her own adroitness or owing to the spider's dread of her, promptly escapes from the terrible fangs, moves to a short distance, and does not seem to trouble unduly about the buffeting which she has received. She quietly polishes her wings and curls her antennæ by pulling them while standing on them with her fore tarsi. The attack of the Segestria, stimulated by my shakes, is repeated ten times over; and the Pompilus always escapes from the venomous fangs unscathed, as though she were invulnerable.

Is she really invulnerable? By no means, as we shall soon have proved to us; if she retires safe and sound, it is because the spider does not use her fangs. What we see is a sort of truce, a tacit convention forbidding deadly strokes, or rather the demoralization due to captivity; and the two adversaries are no longer in a sufficiently warlike mood to make play with their daggers. The tranquillity of the Pompilus, who keeps on jauntily curling her antennæ in the face of the Segestria, reassures me as to my prisoner's fate; for greater security, however, I throw her a scrap of paper, in the folds of which she will find a refuge during the night. She installs herself there, out of the spider's reach. Next morning I find her dead. During the night the Segestria, whose habits are nocturnal, has recovered her daring and stabbed her enemy. I had my suspicions that the parts played might be reversed! The butcher of yesterday is the victim of to-day.

I replace the Pompilus by a hive-bee. The interview is not protracted. Two hours later the bee is dead, bitten by the spider. A drone-fly suffers the same fate. The Segestria, however, does not touch either of the two corpses any more than she touched the corpse of the Pompilus. In these murders the captive seems to have no other object than to rid herself of a turbulent neighbor. When appetite awakes, perhaps the victims will be turned to account. They were not, and the fault was mine. I placed in the jar a bumblebee of average size. A day later the spider was dead; the rude sharer of her captivity had done the deed.

Let us say no more of these unequal duels in the glass prison and complete the story of the Pompilus, whom we left with the paralyzed Segestria at the foot of the wall. She abandons her prey on the ground and returns to the wall. She visits the spiders' funnels one by one, walking on them as freely as on the stones; she inspects the silken tubes, plunging her antennæ into them, sounding and exploring them; she enters without the least hesitation. Whence does she now derive the temerity thus to enter the spiders' lairs? Only a little while ago she was displaying extreme caution; at this moment she seems

heedless of danger. The fact is that there is really no danger. The wasp is inspecting uninhabited houses. When she dives down a silken tunnel, she very well knows that there is no one in; for, had the Segestria been there, she would by this time have appeared on the threshold. The fact that the householder does not show herself at the first vibration of the neighboring threads is a certain proof that the tube is vacant; and the Pompilus enters in full security. I shall recommend future observers not to take the present investigations for hunting tactics. I have already remarked, and I repeat, the Pompilus never enters the silken ambush while the spider is there.

Among the funnels inspected, one appears to suit her better than the others; she returns to it frequently in the course of her investigations, which last for nearly an hour. From time to time she hastens back to the spider lying on the ground. She examines her, tugs at her, drags her a little closer to the wall, then leaves her the better to reconnoiter the tunnel which is the object of her preference. Lastly, she returns to the Segestria and takes her by the tip of the abdomen. The quarry is so heavy that she has great difficulty in moving it along the level ground. Two inches divide it from the wall. She gets to the wall, but not without effort; nevertheless, once the wall is reached, the job is quickly done. We learn that Antæus, the son of Mother Earth, in his struggle with Hercules, received new strength as often as his feet touched the ground; the Pompilus, daughter of the wall, seems to increase her powers tenfold once she has set foot on the masonry.

For here the wasp hoists her prey backward, her enormous prey, which dangles beneath her. She climbs now up a vertical plane, now a slope, according to the uneven surface of the stones. She crosses gaps where she has to go belly uppermost, while the quarry swings to and fro in the air. Nothing stops her; she keeps on climbing, to a height of six feet or more, without selecting her path, without seeing her goal, since she goes backward. Here is a lodge, no doubt reconnoitered beforehand and now reached, despite the difficulties of an ascent which did not allow her to see it. The Pompilus lays her prey on it. The silken tube which she inspected so lovingly is only some eight inches distant. She goes to it, examines it rapidly, and returns to the spider, whom she at length lowers down the tube.

Shortly afterward I see her come out again. She searches here and there on the wall for a few scraps of mortar, two or three fairly large pieces, which she carries to the tube, to close it up. The task is done. She flies away.

Next day I inspect this strange burrow. The spider is at the bottom of the silken tube, isolated on every side, as though in a hammock. The wasp's egg is glued not to the ventral surface of the victim, but to the back, about the middle, near the beginning of the abdomen. It is white, cylindrical, and about a twelfth of an inch long. The few scraps of mortar which I saw carried have but very roughly cut off the silken chamber at the end. Thus *Pompilus apicalis* lays her quarry and her eggs not in a burrow of her own making, but in the spider's actual house. Perhaps the silken tube belongs to this very victim, which in that event provides both board and lodging. What a shelter for the larva of this Pompilus, the warm retreat and downy hammock of the Segestria!

Here, then, already, we have two spider-huntresses, the Winged Pompilus and *Pompilus apicalis*, who, unversed in the miner's craft, establish their offspring inexpensively in accidental chinks in the walls, or even in the lair of the spider on which the larva feeds. In these cells, acquired without exertion, they build only an attempt at a wall with a few fragments of mortar. But we must beware of generalizing about this expeditious method of establishment. Other Pompili are true diggers, who valiantly sink a burrow in the soil to a depth of a couple of inches. These include the Eight-spotted Pompilus (*Pompilus octopunctatus*, Panz.), with her black-and-yellow livery and her amber wings, a little darker at the tips. For her game she chooses the Epeiræ (*E. fasciata*, *E. serica*), those garden spiders, magnificently adorned, who lie in wait at the center of their webs.

Tao

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

"Daily, as he sat by the window, he approached nearer to that center of cosmic life where outward activity counts for less than the shadow of nothing. Daily he felt the tide rise in his secret self, trying to blend with the essence of eternity."

IT was now the custom of Li Ping-Yeng, the wealthy retired banker, to sit near the open window and look up at the sky, which seemed always to be packed with dirty clouds, or down into Pell Street, toward the corner, where it streams into the Bowery in frothy, brutal, yellow-and-white streaks. Occasionally, huddled snug and warm in a fold of his loose sleeve, a diminutive, flat-faced Pekinese spaniel, with convex, nostalgic eyes and a sniffly button of a nose, would give a weak and rather ineffectual bark. Then, startled, yet smiling, Li Ping-Yeng would rise and go down-stairs to the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace in search of food.

To do this, he had to cross his apartment.

Fretted with shifting lights, it lay in dim, scented splendor. Underfoot stretched a thick-napped dragon rug of tawny orange and taupe, picked out with rose-red and brown. Age-darkened tulip-wood furniture faded into the corners, where the shadows drooped and coiled. The door of the outer hall was hidden by a great, ebony-framed screen of pale lotus silk embroidered with conventionalized figures, black and purple and maroon, that represented the "Hei-song-che-choo," the "Genii of the Ink," household gods of the literati; while here and there, on table and taboret and étagère, were priceless pieces of Chinese porcelain, blue-and-white Ming and Kang-he beakers in aubergine and oxen-blood, crackled *clair-de-lune* of the dynasty of Sung, peachblow celadon, Corean Fo dogs and Fong-hoang emblems in ash-gray and apple-green.

This was the room, these were the treasures, which years ago he had prepared with loving, meticulous care for the coming of his bride.

She had come, stepping mincingly on tiny bound feet, "skimming," had said an impromptu Pell Street poet who had cut his rice gin with too much heady whompee juice, "over the tops of golden lilies, like Yao Niang, the iron-capped Manchu prince's famous concubine."

But almost immediately—the tragedy had not loomed very large in the morning news, starting with a crude head-line of "Woman Killed in Street by Car on Wrong Side," and winding up with "The Chauffeur, Edward H. Connor, of No. 1267 East 157th Street, was held at the West 68th Street Station on a charge of homicide"—her body had passed into the eternal twilight, her soul had leaped the dragon gate to join the souls of her ancestors.

And to-day Li Ping-Yeng, in the lees of life, was indifferent to the splendors of Ming and Sung, of broidered silks and carved tulip-wood. To-day there was only the searching for his personal *tao*, his inner consciousness removed from the lying shackles of love and

hate, the drab fastenings of form and substance and reality.

Daily, as he sat by the window, he approached nearer to that center of cosmic life where outward activity counts for less than the shadow of nothing. Daily he felt the tide rise in his secret self, trying to blend with the essence of eternity. Daily, beyond the dirty clouds of lower Manhattan, beyond the Pell Street reek of sewer-gas and opium and yellow man and white, he caught a little more firmly at the fringe of final fulfilment.

Food? Yes. There was still the lying reality called body which needed food and drink and occasionally a crimson-tasseled pipe filled with a sizzling, amber cube of first-chop opium. Also, there was the little Pekinese spaniel that had once belonged to his bride,—"*Su Chang*," "Reverential and Sedate," was its ludicrous name,—and it cared nothing for *tao* and cosmic eternity, but a great deal for sugar and chicken bones and bread steeped in lukewarm milk.

"*Woo-ooff!*" said "Reverential and Sedate."

And so, startled, yet smiling, Li Ping-Yeng went down-stairs to the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace, exchanged courtly greetings with the obese proprietor, Mr. Nag Hong Fah, and ordered a heaped bowl for the spaniel, and for himself a platter of rice, a pinch of soey cheese, a slice of preserved ginger stem, and a pot of tea.

Twenty minutes later he was back in his chair near the window, scrutinizing sky and street.

Unseeing, meaningless scrutiny; for it was only the conscious, thus worthless, part of his brain which perceived, and reacted to, the details of what he saw: the lemon tints of the street lamps leaping meanly out of the trailing, sooty dusk and centering on a vivid oblong of scarlet and gold where Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, flung his sign-board to the winds and proclaimed thereon in archaic Mandarin script that "Trade revolves like a Wheel"; an automobile-load of tourists gloating self-righteously over the bland, shuffling Mongol's base infinitudes; a whisky-soaked nondescript moving along with hound-like stoop and flopping, ragged clothes, his face turned blindly to the stars and a childlike smile curling his lips; or, perhaps, hugging the blotchy shadows of a postern, the tiny figure of Wuh Wang, the wife of Li Hsü, the hatchet-man, courting a particularly shocking fate by talking, face close against face, to a youth, with a checked suit and no forehead to speak of, whose native habitat was around the corner, on the Bowery.

Also voices brushed up, splintered through the open window, the stammering gurgling staccato of felt-slippered Cantonese, suggestive of a primitive utterance going back to the days before speech had evolved; the metallic snap and crackle of Sicilians and Calabrians talking dramatically about the price of garlic and olive-oil; the jovial brogue of Bill Devoy, detective of Second Branch, telling a licenseless peddler to "beat it"; the unbearable, guttural, belching whine of Russian Hebrews, the Pell Street symphony, with the blazing roar of the elevated thumping a dissonant counterpoint in the distance.

Li Ping-Yeng saw, he heard, but only with the conscious, the worthless part of his brain; while the real part, the subconscious, was occupied with the realization of himself which he must master in order to reach the excellent and august wisdom of *tao*—the search of his inner soul, beyond the good and the evil, which, belike, he had muddied by his too great love for his wife.

This *tao* was still too dim for him to see face to face. It was still beyond the touch and feel of definite thought. Its very possibility faded elusively when he tried to bring it to a focus. Yet he knew well what had been the basis of it. He had learned it by the bitterest test of which the human heart is capable—the negative test; the test of suffering and unfulfilled desire; the test of acrid memory. "Memory," he would say to himself, over and over again, patiently, defiantly, almost belligerently, when the thought of his wife's narrow, pleasurable hands rose flush with the tide of his regrets and, by the same token, caused his *tao* once

more to dim and fade—"memory, which is of the dirt-clouted body, and not of the soul."

Yet in the matter of acrid memory and unfulfilled desire Miss Edith Rutter, the social-settlement investigator who specialized in the gliding vagaries of the Mongol mind as exemplified in Pell Street, had brought back at the time an entirely different tale, an entirely different interpretation of Chinese philosophy, too.

But be it remembered that philosophy is somewhat affected by surroundings, and that Miss Rutter had been on a visit to an aunt of hers in Albany, balancing a Jasper ware tea-cup and cake-plate on a scrawny, black-taffeta-covered knee, and, about her, tired, threadbare furnishings that harped back to the days of rep curtains, horsehair *chaise-longues*, wax fruit, shell ornaments, banjo clocks, pictures of unlikely children playing with improbable dogs, cases of polished cornelian, levant-bound sets of Ouida, and unflinching, uncompromising Protestant Christianity.

"My dear," she had said to Aunt Eliza Jane, "the more I see of these Chinamen, the less I understand them. This man I told you about, Mr. Li Ping-Yeng—oh, a most charming, cultured gentleman, I assure you, with such grand manners!—I saw him a few minutes after they brought home the poor crushed little body of his young bride, his two days' bride, and, my dear, —would you believe it possible?—there was n't a tear in his eyes, his hands did n't even tremble. And when I spoke to him, tactful, gentle, consoling words, what do you imagine he replied?"

"I 've no idea."

"He smiled! Yes, indeed, *smiled!* And he said something—I forget the exact words—about his having, perhaps, loved too much, his having perhaps been untrue to his inner self. I can't understand their philosophy. It is—oh—so inhuman!" She had puzzled. "How *can* anybody love *too* much? What *can* he have meant by his 'inner self'?"

"Pah! heathens!" Aunt Eliza Jane had commented resolutely. "Have another cup of tea?"

Thus the judgment of the whites; and it was further crystallized in detective Bill Devoy's rather more brutal: "Say, them Chinks has got about as much feelings as a snake has hips. No noives—no noives at all, see?" and Mr. Brian Neill, the Bowery saloonkeeper's succinct: "Sure, Mike. I hates all them yeller swine. They gives me the bloody creeps."

Still, it is a moot point who is right, the Oriental, to whom love is less a sweeping passion than the result of a delicate, personal balancing on the scales of fate, or the Occidental, to whom love is a hectic, unthinking ecstasy, though, given his racial inhibitions, often canopied in the gilt buckram of stiffly emotional sex-romanticism.

At all events, even the humblest, earthiest coolie between Pell and Mott had understood when, the day after his wife's death, Li Ping-Yeng had turned to the assembled company in the back room of the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace, which was for yellow men only and bore the euphonic appellation, "The Honorable Pavilion of Tranquil Longevity," and had said:

"The ancients are right. One must preserve a proper balance in all emotions. The man who, being selfish, loves too much, is even as the one who cooks the dregs of wretched rice over a sandalwood fire in a pot of lapis lazuli, or as one who uses a golden plow in preparation for cultivating weeds, or as one who cuts down a precious camphor-grove to fence in a field of coarse millet. Such a man is the enemy of his own *tao*. It is most proper that such a man should be punished."

After a pause he had added:

"I am such a man, brothers. I have been punished. I tied my soul and my heart to a woman's jeweled ear-rings. The ear-rings broke. The woman died. Died my heart and my soul. And now, where shall I find them again? Where shall I go to seek for my *tao?*"

THERE had come a thick pall of silence, with only the angry sizzling of opium cubes as lean, yellow hands held them above the openings of the tiny lamps; a sucking of boiling-hot tea sipped by compressed lips; somewhere, outside,

"The other's features, yellow as old parchment, indifferent, dull, almost sleepy, had curled in a queer slow smile"

on the street, a cloudy, gurgling trickle of obscene abuse, presently fading into the memory of sounds.

The men sighed heavily. Coolies they were, the sweepings of the Canton gutters and river-banks, cooks, waiters, grocers, petty traders; yet men of an ancient race, behind whom stretched forty centuries of civilization and culture and philosophy, in solemn, graven rows. Thus they were patient, slightly hard, not easily embarrassed, sublimely unselfconscious, tolerant, permitting each man to look after his own fate, be it good or evil. Anti-social, an American would have called them, and he would have been wrong.

Li Ping-Yeng had bared his naked, quivering soul to their gaze. He was their friend; they respected him. He was a rich man, an educated man. Yet Li Ping-Yeng's life was his own to make or to mar. Sympathy? Yes; but not the arrogant indelicacy of help offered, of advice proffered.

Thus they had thought, all except Yu Ch'ang, the priest of the joss-temple.

For many years, since he made his frugal living by catering to the spiritual weal of Pell Street, it had been the latter's custom, when he foregathered with his countrymen, to gain face for himself and his sacerdotal caste by talking with nagging, pontifical unction about things religious and sectarian. But, being a hedge-priest, self-appointed, who had received only scanty training in the wisdom of the "three precious ones," the Buddha past, the Buddha present, and the Buddha future, he had found it hard to uphold his end when tackled by Li Ping-Yeng, the banker, the literatus, anent the contents of such abstruse books of theological learning as the "Park of Narratives," "Ku-liang's Commentaries," or the "Diamond Sutra."

Now, with the other baring his bleeding soul, he had seen a chance of settling the score, of causing him to lose a great deal of face.

"Little brother," he had purred, "I am a man of religion, a humble seeker after truth, whose knowledge is not to be compared with yours; yet have I thought much. I have thought left and thought right. Often in the past have we differed, you and I, on minor matters of philosophy and ceremonial. May I,

the very useless one, address words of advice to you, the great literatus?"

"Please do."

"Ah! Then let me reply with the words of Confucius, that he who puts too much worth on worthless things, such as the love of woman, the love of the flesh, is like the wolf and the hare, leaving the direction of his steps to low passions. To lead such a man into the august ways of *tao* is as futile as tethering an elephant with the fiber of the young lotus, as futile as the attempt to cut a diamond with a piece of wood, as futile as trying to sweeten the salt sea with a drop of honey, or to squeeze oil from sand. Ah, ahee!" He had spread out his fingers like the sticks of a fan and had looked about him with brutal triumph.

The other's features, as yellow as old parchment, indifferent, dull, almost sleepy, had curled in a queer, slow smile. He was smoking his fourth pipe, a pipe of carved silver, with a green-amber mouthpiece and black tassels. The room had gradually filled with scented fog. The objects scattered about had lost their outlines, and the embroidered stuffs on the walls had gleamed less brilliantly. Only the big, violet-shaded lanterns on the ceiling had continued to give some light, since poppy vapors are slow to rise and float nearer the ground.

"You are wrong, wise priest," he had replied.

"Wrong?"

"Yes. For there is one who *can* tether the elephant with the fiber of the young lotus, who can cut a diamond with a piece of soft wood, sweeten the salt sea with a drop of honey, and squeeze oil from sand."

"Who?" Yu Ch'ang had asked, smiling crookedly at the grave assembly of Chinese who sat there, sucking in their breath through thin lips, their faces like carved ivory masks.

Li Ping-Yeng had made a great gesture.

"The Excellent Buddha," he had replied, in low, even, passionless, monotonous accents that were in curious, almost inhuman, contrast to the sublime, sweeping faith in his choice of words. "The Omniscient Gautama! The All-Seeing Tathagata! The Jewel in the Lotus! The most perfectly awakened Blessed One who meditates in heaven on His seven-stepped throne!"

And again the grave assembly of Chinese had sat very still, sucking in their breath, staring at their neat, slippered feet from underneath heavy, hooded eyelids, intent, by the token of their austere racial simplicity, on effacing their personalities from the focus of alien conflict; and then, like many a priest of many a creed before him, Yu Ch'ang, sensing the silent indifference of his countrymen and interpreting it as a reproach to his hierarchical caste, had let his rage get the better of his professional, sacerdotal hypocrisy.

"The Buddha? Here? In Pell Street?" he had exclaimed. He had laughed hoarsely, meanly. "Find Him, the Excellent One, the Perfect One, in Pell Street? Look for the shining glory of His face—here—in the soot and grease and slippery slime of Pell Street? Search, belike, for fish on top of the mountain, and for horns on the head of the cat! Bah!" He had spat out the word, had risen, crossed over to the window, thrown it wide, and pointed to the west, where a great, slow wind was stalking through the sky, picking up fluttering rags of cloud. "Go! Find Him, the Buddha, in the stinking, rotten heaven of Pell Street! Go, go—by all means! And, perhaps, when you have found Him, you will also have found your *tao*, fool!"

"I shall try," had come Li Ping-Yeng's reply. "Yes; most decidedly shall I try." He had walked to the door. There he had turned. "Little brother," he had said to the priest over his shoulder, without malice or hurt or bitterness, "and why should I not find Him even in the Pell Street gutters? Why should I not find my *tao* even in the stinking, rotten heaven that vaults above Pell Street? Tell me. Is not my soul still my soul? Is not the diamond still a diamond, even after it has fallen into the dung-heap?"

And he had stepped out into the night, staring up at the purple-black sky, his coat flung wide apart, his lean, yellow hands raised high, indifferent to the rain that had begun to come down in flickering sheets.

"Say, John, wot 's the matter? Been hittin' the old pipe too much? Look out! One o' these fine days I 'll raid that joint o' yours," had come detective Bill Devoy's genial brogue from a doorway where he had taken refuge against the elements.

Li Ping-Yeng had not heard, had not replied; except to talk to himself, perhaps to the heaven, perhaps to the Buddha, in staccato, Mongol monosyllables, which, had Bill Devoy been able to understand, would have convinced him more than ever that that there Chink was a sure-enough hop-head:

"Permit me to cross the torrent of grief, O Buddha, as, even now, I am crossing the stream of passion! Give me a stout raft to gain the other side of blessedness! Show me the way, O King!"

Back in the Honorable Pavilion of Tranquil Longevity, slant eye had looked meaningly into slant eye.

"Ah, perhaps indeed he will find his *tao*," Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, had breathed gently; and then to Yu Ch'ang, who had again broken into harsh, mean cackling, said:

"Your mouth is like a running tap, O very great and very uncouth cockroach!"

"Aye, a tap spouting filthy water." This was from Nag Sen Yat, the opium merchant.

"A tap which, presently, I shall stop with my fist," said Nag Hop Fat, the soothsayer, winding up the pleasant round of Oriental metaphor.

Thus was displayed, then, the serene, if negative, sympathy of the Pell Street confraternity, further demonstrated by its denizens leaving Li Ping-Yeng hereafter severely alone and by replying to all questions and remarks of outsiders with the usual formula of the Mongol when he does not wish to commit himself.

"I feel so terribly sorry for him,"—this from Miss Edith Rutter,—"Is there really nothing I can do to—"

"No savvy."

"Looka here,"—from Bill Devoy,—"you tell that brother-Chink o' yourn, that there Li Ping-Yeng, to stop hittin' the black smoke, or I 'll pinch him on spec, see?"

"No savvy."

"Listen!"—from the old Spanish woman who kept the second-hand store around the corner, on the Bowery,—"What do you think he 's going to do with all the truck he bought for his wife? I 'd like to buy the lot. Now, if you want to earn a commission—"

"No savvy."

"Is he goin' t' try holy matrimony again, or near-matrimony?"—from Mr. Brian Neill, the saloon-keeper, who occasionally added to his income by unsavory deals between the yellow and the white,—"For, if he wants another goil, there 's a peacherino of a red-headed good-looker that blows into my back parlor once in a while and that don't mind Chinks as long 's they got the kale—"

"No savvy."

And even to the emissary of a very great Wall Street bank that in the past had handled certain flourishing Manila and Canton and Hankow accounts for the Pell Street banker, and who, unable to locate him personally and being slightly familiar with Chinese customs, had sought out the head of the latter's masonic lodge and had asked him why Li Ping-Yeng had retired from business, and if, at all events, he would n't help them with the unraveling of a knotty financial tangle in far Shen-si. Even there was the same singsong answer:

"No savvy," exasperatingly, stonily repeated.

"No savvy, no savvy."

For two days after his wife's tragic death Li Ping-Yeng, to quote his own words, had given up vigorously threshing mere straw, by which term he meant all the every-day, negligible realities of life.

He had begun by selling his various business interests; nor, since he was a prosy Mongol whose brain functioned with the automatic precision of a photographic shutter and was nowise affected by whatever was going on in his soul, had he made a bad deal. On the contrary, he had bargained shrewdly down to the last fraction of a cent.

Then, prudently, deliberately, the patient and materialistic Oriental even in matters of the spirit, he had swept

"'Say, John, wot 's the matter? Been hittin' the old pipe too much? Look out!'"

his mind clear of everything except the search for his *tao*, the search for his salvation. This *tao* was to him a concrete thing, to be concretely achieved, since it was to link him, intimately and strongly, not with, as would have been the case had he been a Christian, an esoteric principle, a more or less recondite theological dogma, but with a precious and beneficent influence that, although invisible, was not in the least supernatural. For he was of the East, Eastern; he did not admit the existence of the very word "supernatural." To him everything was natural, since everything, even the incredible, the impossible, the never-to-be-understood, had its secret, hidden roots in some evolution of nature, of the Buddha, the blessed Fo, the active and eternal principle of life and creation.

Perhaps at the very first his search had not been quite as concise, had rather shaped itself to his perplexed, groping mind in the terms of a conflict, a distant and mysterious encounter with the forces of fate, of which his wife's death had been but a visible, outward fragment.

Then, gradually—and by this time it had become spring, wakening to the white-and-pink fragrance of the southern breezes—spring that, occasionally, even in Pell Street, painted a sapphire sky as pure as the laughter of little children—he had stilled the poignant questionings of his unfulfilled desires, his fleshly love, and had turned the search for his *tao* into more practical channels.

Practical, though of the soul! For, again, to him, a Chinese, the soul was a tangible thing. Matter it was, to be constructively influenced and molded and clouted and fashioned. It had seemed to him to hold the life of to-morrow, beside which his life of to-day and yesterday had faded into the drabness of a wretched dream. He had wanted this to-morrow, had craved it, sensing in it a freedom magnificently remote from the smaller personal existence he had known heretofore, feeling that, presently, when he would have achieved merit, it would stab out of the heavens with a giant rush of splendor and, blessedly, blessedly, overwhelm him and destroy his clogging, individual entity.

But how was this to be attained? Had he been a Hindu ascetic, or even a member of certain Christian sects, he would have flagellated his body, would have gone through the ordeal of physical pain. But, a Mongol, thus stolidly unromantic and rational, almost torpidly sane, he had done nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he had continued to take good care of himself. True, he had begun to eat less, but not purposely; simply because his appetite had decreased. And his real reason for keeping his wife's Pekinese spaniel tucked in his sleeve was because "Reverential and Sedate" reminded him when it was time for luncheon or dinner, hours he might otherwise have forgotten.

The idea of suicide had never entered his reckoning, since he held the belief of half Asia, that suicide destroys the body and not the soul; that it is only a crude and slightly amateurish interruption of the present life, leaving the thread of it still more raveled and tangled and knotted for the next life, and yet the next.

He had passed over the obvious solution of devoting himself to charity, to the weal of others, as it had seemed to him but another instance of weak and selfish vanity, fully as weak and selfish as the love of woman; and the solace of religion he had dismissed with the same ready, smiling ease. Religion, to him, was not an idea, but a stout, rectangular entity, a great force and principle, that did its appointed duty not because people believed in it, but because it *was*. The Buddha would help him, if it be so incumbent by fate upon the Buddha, regardless, if he prayed to him or not, if he memorized the sacred scriptures, if he burned sweet-scented Hunshuh incense-sticks before the gilt altar or not. For the Buddha, too, was tied firmly to the Wheel of Things. The Buddha, too, had to do his appointed task. Thus, Li Ping-Yeng had decided, prayers would be a waste of time, since they could not influence the Excellent One one way or the other.

How, then, could he acquire sufficient

"Sitting by the window, his subconscious mind centered on his *tao*"

merit so as to reach his *tao*, beyond the good and the evil?

Of course, first of all, mainly, by tearing from his body and heart even the last root of the liana of desire, of love, of regret for his wife; by again and again denying, impugning, destroying the thought of her, though, again and again, it would rise to the nostrils of his remembrance, with a stalely sweet scent like the ghost of dead lotus-blossoms.

She was on the shadow side of the forever. Her soul, he would repeat to himself, incessantly, defiantly, belligerently, had leaped the dragon gate. Broken were the fetters that had held him a captive to the tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of her jeweled ear-rings. A mere picture she was, painted on the screen of eternity, impersonal, immensely aloof, passed from the unrealities of the earth life to the realities of the further cosmos. He must banish the thought of her, must forget her.

And he did forget her, again and again, with the effort, the pain of forgetting choking his heart.

Sitting by the window, his subconscious mind centered on his *tao*, his salvation, the blessed destruction of his individual entity, "Reverential and Sedate" huddled in a fold of his loose sleeve, scrutinizing street and sky with unseeing eyes, he would forget her through the long, greasy days, while the reek of Pell Street rose up to the tortured clouds with a mingled aroma of sweat and blood and opium and suffering, while the strident clamor of Pell Street blended with the distant clamor of the Broadway mart.

He would forget her through the long, dim evenings, while the sun died

in a sickly haze of coppery brown, and the moon came up, stabbed on the outer horns of the world, dispassionately calm, sneeringly indifferent to the hearts of man, and the hiving stars swarmed and swirled past the horizon.

He would sit there, silent, motionless, and forget her while the stars died one by one, and the wind came driving the dusk to the east, and the sky flushed with the green of young morning, like a curved slab of thick, opaque jade, and again came the morning and the sun and the reek and the maze and the soot and the clamors of Pell Street.

Forgetting, always forgetting; forgetting his love, forgetting the tiny bound feet of the Plum Blossom, the Lotus Bud, the Crimson Butterfly. Her little, little feet! Ahee! He had made his heart a carpet for her little, little feet.

Forgetting, reaching up to his *tao* with groping soul; and then again the thought of his dead wife, again his *tao* slipping back; again the travail of forgetting, to be forever repeated.

AND so one day he died; and it was Wuh Wang, the little, onyx-eyed, flighty wife of Li Hsü, the hatchet-man, who, perhaps, speaking to Tzu Mo, the daughter of Yu Ch'ang, the priest, grasped a fragment of the truth.

"Say, kid," she slurred in the Pell Street jargon, "that there Li Ping-Yeng wot 's kicked the bucket th' other day, well, you know wot them Chinks said—how he was always trying to get next to that—now—*tao* of his by trying to forget his wife. Well, mebbe he was all wrong. Mebbe his *tao* was n't forgetting at all. Mebbe it was just his love for her, his always thinking of her, his *not* forgetting her—that was his real *tao*."

"Mebbe," replied Tzu Mo. "I should worry!"

Song of the Wanderlust

By GEORGE O'NEIL

O Land, I leave you now for other lands!
  Here on the star-looms I have woven themes
Night after night, and there is no tree stands
  An alien to some share of my dreams.

There is no corner of a road or path
  Over the fields that has not bred a pang
Of some nostalgia, some aftermath
  Of old heart-storm or happiness that rang

A ghostly echo to the lyric birds.
  Here I have moved and known unhappiness
That could not speak with gesture or in words,
  The silent music which is loneliness.

Though I shall ever go from place to place,
  An ardent wanderer, yet must there be
Always the banished word, the longed-for face,
  Always the wall without a gate for me.

Constantinople: The Greatest Problem

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

In this article Dr. Gibbons presents reasons why the United States should assume the mandate over Turkey, including Armenia, as a solution of this complicated international problem. The author considers this plan better than any other offered by the great powers.

ARTICLES galore are being written on Constantinople in these days. Pick up any magazine or newspaper Sunday supplement, and around the picture of Santa Sophia you read of Constantinople, past, present, and future. The general run of text has become as familiar as the illustrations. Domes and minarets, the Golden Horn and ships riding at anchor, slanting tombstones and straight cypress-trees, and tarbooshed Turks walking over the Galata Bridge, accompany the story of Constantine the Great, Mohammed the Conqueror, Abdul-Hamid, and Enver Pasha. You are told that Constantinople is the meeting-place of East and West, the essential link in Germany's *Drang nach Osten*, and Russia's outlet to the sea. It is the world's emporium, Islam's Rome, Greece's eventual capital, the age-old apple of discord of the European powers. And no writer forgets to remind his readers of what Napoleon said to Alexander at Tilsit.

All of this is excellent. It is an encouraging sign of awakening popular interest in the momentous settlement, not yet decided upon, of the near-Eastern problems. The attitude of the American Senate and of American public opinion in the early months of 1920 may be hostile to our post-bellum participation in helping to administer the succession of the Osmanlis, but that is immaterial. We cannot get rid of a responsibility by refusing to see it. Sooner or later we shall have to intervene in the near East, as we had to intervene in Europe; for there will be no peace in Europe until the attribution of the greatest prize of the war is made. But the greatest prize is at the same time the greatest problem. All the light Americans can get upon Constantinople should be welcome. The focusing of American interest upon Constantinople is a distinct step toward peace.

Lord Curzon recently declared that the terms of the armistice with Turkey were a mistake. The collapse of the Turks was complete. We should have profited by the demoralization of the autumn and early winter of the year of victory to occupy militarily and to take over the administration of the territories we intended to detach from the Ottoman Empire. None now denies the truth of this statement. In fact, it is not a case of hindsight on the part of those familiar with the near East and with Turkish character to criticize the armistice hastily concluded by a British admiral with the Turks. In every Allied country there was a strong protest at the time, and the subject races of Turkey, especially Greeks and Armenians, instinctively felt that this armistice foreshadowed the destruction of their hopes of freedom.

Unfortunately, the Entente powers were unprepared to take advantage of the victory in the near East. The years of constant fighting on the western front had exhausted their armies, and they were still nervous about the latent powers of resistance of Germany. The military forces already in the near East were not more than sufficient to carry out the particular ambitions of Great Britain and France. The foreign offices of these two powers were not thinking of the general good or of birds in the

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Ancient fortifications at Constantinople

bush. Lord Curzon lacked the courage to admit this. Most important of all, the near-Eastern policy decided upon by the Entente in event of victory had been upset in 1917. The readjustment of war aims was left to the peace conference.

President Wilson's Christmas present to the belligerents in 1916 was a note in which the warring nations were asked to state their peace programs. On January 10, 1917, the Entente powers handed to Ambassador Sharp in Paris an explicit reply, in which they openly affirmed the objects they sought by continuing the war. The ninth paragraph of this answer stated textually that the near-Eastern policy of the Entente was "the enfranchisement of populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire, decidedly alien to Western civilization."

When this reply was written, the Entente powers were acting in harmony. By secret treaties, made in 1915 and 1916, the general lines of the near-Eastern settlement had been decided upon. Not only in writing, but also on a map, the Ottoman Empire had been divided into spheres of influence by Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy. There was no uncertainty in the statement that they intended to expel the Ottoman Empire from Europe. Possession of Constantinople and the guardianship of the Bosporus and Dardanelles had been promised to Russia.[1]

But two unforeseen events upset this arrangement. The United States entered the war on the side of the Entente, with a program that pronounced definitely against any extension of European eminent domain in the territories to be wrested by American aid from the enemy coalition. In the negotiations for the armistice with Germany, President Wilson's "fourteen points and subsequent

[1] See "Constantinople: Pawn or Principle?" in THE CENTURY for March, 1917, and my "Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East," pp. 54–100.

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Mosque of Santa Sophia

discourses, especially that of September 27, 1918," were made the basis of the future peace. Russia, heir presumptive of Constantinople and the straits, renounced her share of the spoils, as outlined in the secret treaties.

After the first shock of the Russian Revolution, the allies of Russia tried to make themselves believe that the anti-czarist movement did not mean a betrayal of the common cause and that the secret treaties would remain in force. Their statesmen welcomed the revolution as the solution of the most embarrassing handicap of the alliance with czardom—the inability to come out openly for the independence of Poland. While M. Kerensky, minister of justice in the new régime, made a categorical statement against the continuation of the czarist policy of conquests, specifying Constantinople as an aspiration revolutionary Russia could not sponsor, M. Miliukoff, minister of foreign affairs, declared that Constantinople was as much the dream of new Russia as of old Russia. Miliukoff was forced out of office. Kerensky in turn, anti-imperialist, but faithful to the alliance, succumbed to the Bolsheviki, who not only formally renounced Russia's share of the Ottoman Empire, but also published in the "Izvestia" the secret treaties and the confidential diplomatic correspondence between Russia and her allies.

Still other complications arose to make difficult any readjustment of the Constantinople and straits question during the rest of the war. The Ukraine, with a population of about 40,000,000 (if frontiers claimed were established), separated from the Russian Empire. If the Ukraine were to become an independent state, her interest in the straits would be greater than that of any other nation. The Entente had to be careful not to play into the hands of Germany in the Ukraine by formulating a new Constantinople policy. And then there was Greece, neutral and semi-hostile when the secret treaties were made, but now an important ally

under the wise leadership of M. Venizelos. The great leader did not demand Constantinople, but he was careful to make it clear that the Greeks were united in aspiring to the incorporation of Thrace in Greece. The realization of this war aim would deprive Constantinople of most of its European hinterland.

Of course we accept the statement of Lord Curzon that the terms of the armistice with Turkey were a mistake. Of course we realize that success in dealing with the defunct Ottoman Empire demanded strong military occupation and no hesitancy in taking over administrative control of Constantinople and the straits. Of course we know that the Turks have profited by sixteen months of uncertainty and indecision to get their second wind, to rally their friends in Paris and London, to carry on a propaganda throughout the Moslem world, to revive the hope among themselves and instill the belief among others that the *status quo ante bellum* is, as in 1878, the only possible solution of the Constantinople question. But, putting ourselves in the position of European statesmen in October and November, 1918, can we blame them for not knowing what to do? Given the circumstances, how could they have anticipated the decisions of the peace conference? A definite policy in regard to Constantinople and the straits presupposed agreement among the Allies or a common eagerness to use the victory for the benefit of oppressed subject races. Agreement among the Allies did not exist. It was the duty of the peace conference to achieve that. Renunciation of particular interests for the common good was a spirit that victory, won by stupendous sacrifices, did not engender.

What has happened in Constantinople and throughout the Ottoman Empire during 1919 is disastrous to the high hopes we entertained of an equitable, and hence durable, settlement in the near East. At the beginning of 1920 the outlook is disheartening for all concerned—Turks, subject races, Balkan States, and great powers. The Ottoman Empire has been for nearly a year and a half in the state of what the French call *le provisoire*. In outlying portions of the empire, and at points on the sea-coast, the powers have agreed upon definite spheres of influence, or at least upon the temporary occupation by one power to the exclusion of others. But Constantinople remains under international occupation, a breeding-ground of suspicion and discord among those who hope to inherit; a hotbed of intrigue and religious and racial antagonism among the indigenous elements, working upon and being worked upon by European powers, Balkan States, Bolsheviki, and Pan-Turanians. Constantinople is producing the culture to infect Asia, Africa, and Europe with the bacteria of religious and social unrest and economic and political international rivalry. I think I am not stating the case too strongly. We need to see the danger, examine the elements of the problem, and find a quick solution.

There are many propositions for disposing of Constantinople and the straits; within the limits of a magazine article I am able to discuss them only briefly. But I hope to present the essential facts of each one in such a way that the reader may agree that there are good grounds for discarding all except the last.

1.—*The creation of an international state under the ægis of the League of Nations.* The defenders of this idea regard it as the solution of the problem by way of elimination. Constantinople has always been a bone of contention. Whatever other solution is adopted, the apple of discord will remain. If the great powers make a mutual act of renunciation, the Balkan States will fight for Constantinople. If the Balkan States also agree to renounce Constantinople, the only safeguard is to remove the temptation by making Constantinople and the straits the ward of the League of Nations. The straits are an international waterway of prime importance. Joint control of all the states interested in a free passage to and from the Black Sea (and in these days of world trade that means everybody) will remove the danger of the ambition of one opposing the ambition of another, thus precipitating war, as has been the case in the past. The State of Constantinople

Brown Brothers

View of the Golden Horn

and the straits will have the Enos-Midia line in Europe from the Black Sea to the Ægean and the Asiatic coast of the Bosporus, Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles. If this independent state be created, no racial or religious element will be made subject to another, and each element will participate according to its numbers in the local government. Some suggest that Constantinople be the home of the League of Nations. This would make the league truly international, and representative of Asia as well as of Europe, of Moslem and Jew as well as of Christian.

The plan is plausible, but the League of Nations, as it would have to be in accordance with this conception, is not yet born. Adoption of the proposal in the embryonic state of the league means no more than the condominium of Great Britain, France, and Italy. We have seen during 1919 the ineffectiveness of a condominium and its dangers as well. If no man can serve two masters, it is equally true that two or more masters, each striving to advance his own political and economic interests, cannot rule over one country. It is useless to argue that we must wait and give the league a chance. Constantinople can wait no longer for the strong hand of a single and coördinated authority. The second objection is a permanent one, no matter how the League of Nations may evolve. The great city of Constantinople cannot exist and prosper unless it continues to be part of the same economic organism as Asia Minor. Its European hinterland is lost forever. Separated from Asia Minor, Constantinople would lose its *raison d'être.* Vienna after the treaty of St.-Germain is an example of the folly of creating new political boundaries in defiance of economic laws.

2.—*Maintenance of Constantinople as the capital of Turkey.* This solution is following the line of least resistance, and is advocated with increasing force in influential quarters in London and Paris. It satisfies economic laws and possibly the will of the majority, although the latter is doubtful. We may be mistaken in relying on statistics and in supposing that the element in Constantinople known as "the Turks" has a strong national consciousness in com-

mon with the real Anatolian Turks of the interior of Asia Minor. Retention of the sovereignty of the sultan over Constantinople is advocated also by those who profess to fear serious outbreaks in the Mohammedan world if the calif is expelled from the home he has occupied ever since America was discovered.

But the lessons of the last century have proved conclusively the unfitness of the Turks to rule over other races, the hopelessness of reforming the Ottoman administrative system, and above all the danger to the peace of Europe of maintaining a weak and corrupt government at Constantinople. The advocates of the *status quo* in Turkey have always been inspired by considerations that have nothing whatever to do with a constructive and ameliorating policy in the near East. They have hoped for favors and concessions that could not be obtained from a healthier régime; they have kept the patient alive in order to get their names in his will; they have dreamed of using their influence over the sultan as Calif of Islam to strengthen their own hold or weaken the hold of rivals upon other Mohammedan countries; or they have been simply dogs in the manger. Who will accuse me of exaggeration? European diplomacy is not regenerated. The evils of the past have already reappeared. A French friend of the old school said to me recently, "It is best for us to keep the Turks in Constantinople, so that we shall have something to offer Russia when she comes to herself and we need her again as an ally."

3.—*The attribution of Constantinople to Greece.* In righting some of the historic wrongs of Europe, the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain have not hesitated to go back to an earlier date than 1453. Witness Italy at Triest, the revival of Bohemia, and the new frontiers of Poland. Constantinople was a Greek city, taken from the Greeks by conquest. It is still the largest Greek city in the world, and Greeks are found in great numbers in the European hinterland of Constantinople and along both sides of the straits. No Christian nation has a better right to Constantinople historically, ethnologically, and economically. Constantinople and the straits, despite more than four centuries of Turkish rule, have remained the center of Hellas. As in the days of the Byzantines, Constantinople is more the foyer of Greek culture than Athens. And we must not forget that if Constantinople is the religious center of Islam, it is also the religious center of the Greek Church. There was a patriarch at Constantinople before Mohammed preached, and the patriarch had become the spiritual head of an independent Christian church before the Turks crossed to Europe.

I believe that when the Greek race becomes once more a great and numerous people, and for the first time in history a united nation, the return to Constantinople is inevitable. But at the present time the Greeks are not strong enough and developed enough politically to assume sovereignty over Constantinople and the straits. Greece has more than doubled her population in the last decade. She has as much as she can do to assimilate and organize administratively the territories acquired in 1913 and 1919. The solidarity created in war must be consolidated in peace. The new constitution must be proved. Finances must be put upon a sound basis. Return to Constantinople now might jeopardize the new structure. Far-seeing Greeks realize this. Their premier, one of the wisest statesmen, has not asked for Constantinople and the guardianship of the straits. He knows that much has yet to be accomplished before "Hellas is where there are Hellenes."

4.—*A European mandatory.* This proposition must be envisaged under two forms: limitation of the mandate to Constantinople and the straits; inclusion within the mandate of Asia Minor and the responsibility for Turks and Armenians up to the borders of Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria.

However much its statesmen might protest, no European power would refuse to take the limited mandate. In France especially, it has been pointed out that the greatest prize of the war could be accepted by the French at much less cost than any other territories in the near East or in Africa. Syria entails a

standing army. The development of additional African colonies means sinking enormous capital that France cannot spare. Constantinople and the straits could be controlled by a fleet. This would really place no additional burden on the budget, for ships have to be maintained in the Mediterranean, anyway, and a naval station in the Gulf of Ismidt would be an excellent complement to Toulon and Bizerte. The new colony would be more than self-supporting and a wonderful base for French commerce in the near East. And think of the prestige to France from possessing Constantinople! The extension of French culture, already better established than that of any other nation; closer relations with Russia; hegemony of the Balkans; increased power in the Mohammedan world.

But Great Britain and Italy do not want to see France at Constantinople. To the argument of France that Great Britain already has control of the two other waterways leading into the Mediterranean, Great Britain opposes a simple *non possumus*. British sea-power is based upon the theory that no other nation, friend or enemy, can be allowed to become the preponderant power in any sea. France at Constantinople would bar Great Britain from the Black Sea and shift the naval equilibrium in the Mediterranean. It would also give France an advantage in the trade with the near East. Did Great Britain fight the war to place France where Germany hoped to be?

Italy points out to France that the Mediterranean littoral from Morocco to Tunis is enough for a rival Mediterranean power. With some reason Italy argues that if a naval power is to get Constantinople, it is her turn. Why not? France and Great Britain already have more than their share. Italy did not fight the war to make Greece a great naval nation. Nor did she fight to extend the influence of her big allies in the near East at the expense of her own influence. Italy, like Greece, can invoke historic reasons for a mortgage on Constantinople and the straits previous to those of Great Britain and France. If France goes back to the Crusades to make good her claim to Syria, Italy can invoke the Crusades for Constantinople, throwing in centuries of Venetian and Genoese activity for good measure.

But France is in the field only for a limited mandate. She could not, if she would, accept the burden of Asia Minor and Armenia. She limits her claims in Asia Minor to the southeastern corner, which is adjacent to Syria and easily reached by sea. The French say frankly that they cannot go into the mandate game except where they see quick financial returns for the investment of limited capital. Their interest in Armenia is confined to the cotton of Cilicia and the copper of Arghana.

Virtually all competent observers of near-Eastern affairs are in accord in asserting that the only successful mandate scheme for the Ottoman Empire, exclusive of the Arabic-speaking portions, is a single mandate. Although Italian imperialists might not hesitate to accept this responsibility, it is certain that the Italian people would never consent to it. Italy's colonizing ventures have not been happy. Her quarrel with the Jugo-Slavs is not yet settled. Opposition to accepting even the southern part of Asia Minor, accorded by the secret treaty of 1915, is growing. As for the British, inclusion of the territories comprised in the larger Turkish mandate in their share of the spoils of the World War would make them masters of the world. France and Italy, and later Russia, would never consent to this tremendous increase of the British sphere of influence. But while the British would not be displeased with Constantinople and the straits, it is certain that they do not feel able to add Turks and unredeemed Greeks and Armenians to recalcitrant Persians, Afghans, Indians, Arabs, and Egyptians. They have their hands full, and may have to throw off part of the present load, if it does n't slip off of itself!

5.—*The acceptance of the larger mandate in Turkey by the United States.* We have not been enthusiastic about assuming the very slight responsibility of protecting Armenia, our ward. In the face of this shameful fact, it is presumptuous indeed for an American writer to

talk about the duty of his country toward the larger Turkish mandate. It is useless to dwell upon the glory of having the American flag wave over Constantinople, greatest prize of the war. We do not want Constantinople. And all of Turkey? A sad bird.

Feeling this way does not change the problem. We have examined all the various propositions for solving the Turkish question. Only the mandate to America for Constantinople and the straits, Asia Minor, and Armenia seems feasible. Only this solution has the merit of avoiding complications between European powers and indigenous elements. And it is the solution that can be immediately applied.

We are the richest nation of the world, with boundless resources, our man power virtually intact, a great navy, and all the money and materials needed in the near East available without delay. We cannot plead that the proposition of a mandate is an innovation, against our instincts, incompatible with our institutions, and likely to lead us into entirely new paths. This would be true only if we took the mandate as the trust of a super-state, which would have the privilege of telling us what we should do and how we should do it. But our senate reservations provide against that. We are able to volunteer our aid in reconstructing near-Eastern countries with hands free and with no violation of our sovereignty. This we have already done in the Philippines and Cuba. We have made a success of this sort of work, both from a military and civilian point of view, under conditions vastly more difficult than would have to be faced now in the near East. Public opinion did not protest against our constructive administrative and educational work in the Philippines. We are proud of the years in Cuba after the war with Spain. We have done well by Porto Rico. We hear no widespread criticism of the activities of our Government in Haiti and San Domingo. If we have played a rôle in the far East, why not in the near East? To the argument that "we have no interests there" there is the answer that this "big-brother" work has to be done and that we are the only nation that can do it.

Our allies are already responsible for their hundreds of millions in Africa and Asia. They have colonies and colonial possibilities beyond their power to exploit. It is easy enough for us to berate them for their imperialism and cry out against land-grabbing and denial of self-government to subject races. I have done that with a good heart myself, as readers of THE CENTURY know. But have I done it with a clear conscience *as an American?* I am not recanting, for I believe in the duty of publicists to defend the cause of small nations against the encroachments of European eminent domain.

But if we take the Ottoman Empire as an example, it does seem a little strong for Americans to criticize in violent terms the partition of this country when we are unwilling to suggest an alternative solution or to volunteer to play any part at all in helping former enemies and their victims through the transitional stage that must follow the breaking-up of the empire. In denying one another possession of Constantinople, our allies can hardly be blamed. They cannot by a sudden conversion go against their instincts. And perhaps these instincts are right. To which power, for instance, do we think Constantinople could be attributed without injustice or a serious disturbance of the European equilibrium? What, then? If given to Greece, are we willing to help Greece? If left to Turkey, are we willing to help Turkey and do our part in protecting Christian minorities? Are we going to desert the Armenians, who put their trust in us?

We cannot get away from these questions. They will follow us, just as the question of our duty in the matter of the submarine warfare followed us for two lost years after the *Lusitania* was sunk. Our indifference first, and then our tergiversation, allowed the European conflagration to spread until our splendid aid in the closing years of the struggle on the western front proved to be only a palliative. The war goes on over more than half of Europe. It is spreading in Asia as we retire our troops from Siberia. After one bitter experience, do we think we can bury our heads once more in the sand?

I have followed with keen interest the Senate debates on the ratification of the treaty, and cannot help approving the stalwart Americanism of the senators who refuse to accept the covenant of the League of Nations without reservations. On the whole, the Lodge reservations are essential to harmonious coöperation with our allies in the reconstruction of the world. We must not pledge ourselves blindly to automatic military intervention as provided by the treaty in the form presented to the Senate. The Constitution is against the idea of a super-state. Public opinion is against it. But this does not mean that we are not prepared, of our own free will and of our own initiative, to assume our part in world affairs. We held forth the promise to small nations and subject races. We assured France that we should not desert her during the critical period of rehabilitation after the war. Is it possible to say now that we did not mean what we said, and that if they had studied our Constitution and our traditions, those to whom we held out hope of deliverance, *with our aid*, would not have made the mistake of taking what we said as gospel truth?

One day last week I sat in the near-Eastern bureau of our state department. I asked an official, "What do you think will be the future of Constantinople?"

"I shall answer in the Eastern way," he said, "by telling a story. One day an expectant mother at Kharput sent for a fortune-teller. 'What sex will my child be?' she asked. 'A boy,' he answered, pocketed his fee, and retired. The stork brought a girl. The wrathful father went to see the fortune-teller, and demanded back the money paid. 'I was not wrong,' he explained; 'I knew it was going to be a girl. But I saw the woman was not well and did not want to disappoint her. Go home and look over the inside of your cellar-door.' The father did so, and read in chalk, 'Your child will be a girl.' If only I had a dark cellar and a piece of chalk to write the opposite in order to cover myself, I should tell you all about the future of Constantinople."

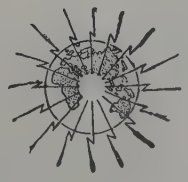
We laughed heartily for a moment, and then I stopped. My companion, who was calling at the state department with me, was an Armenian. His eyes were filled with tears. Out there his people were dying, without hope. We, who had gone into the war with brave words and fair promises, were safely at home again. What would happen in the near East was now a joke.

Perhaps our allies, great and small, perhaps the subject races of the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman empires ought not to have "misinterpreted" the meaning of our intervention. Our Constitution was open for every one to read. Mandates are not in our line.

But speaking at the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon on July 4, 1918, President Wilson said to representatives of subject races, invited to hear him by our state department:

> It is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation who shall make not only the liberties of America secure, but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what Washington and his associates would have done had they been in our place. . . . I stand here now to speak proudly and with confident hope of the spread of liberation to the great stage of the world itself.

No influential American lifted his voice against this interpretation of the rôle of America.



Songs of the East

By HELEN BALDWIN

The Boatmen on the Yang-tse

There are robbers on the bank, we saw them,
we saw them.
Row, row, row, we are not afraid!
There are robbers on the bank, *pu yaou chin,*
pu yaou chin,
Up the ford we go, hills on either side.
Yonder are the Shin Tans, we hear them, we
hear them.
Row, row, row, we are not afraid!
Yonder are the Shin Tans, *pu yaou chin, pu*
yaou chin,
Like arrows to the bow our oars in locks are laid.

The Cartman of Kalgan

A hundred li through the blinding snow,
A hundred li o'er the winding road,
A hundred li, and a heavy load,
A hundred li o'er the hills we go.

The ruts in the road are wide and deep,
But my donkey is good and brave and strong.
We 're cold and hungry, the way is long,
And the foreign man in the cart is asleep.

But our hearts are warm, and the spring will come,
What matter if now our feet are cold?
We shall live somehow until we are old.
Last night we had chow, to-day we had none.

To-night we will sleep on the open plain,
And the road will be white like the falling snow;
At daybreak we 're off without our chow,
But to-morrow we stop at the inn again.

The Warrior's Bride

My lord has gone to the wars, to slay and to be slain,
And, oh, the pride in my heart, the pride, and yet the pain!
For I know and I hope, yet I fear he will not return again.

My lord has gone to the plains, to the plains where battle is rife,
With his sword upraised to strike, a dragon sun in the strife,
And the stars will shine on his face, more noble in death than in life.

My lord has gone to the wars.
I laughed when he bade me farewell,
I laughed with the pride of my heart,
But he knew what my love would tell.

And my face shall betray no grief for the pain of the lonely years,
I shall smile as now when they tell me what my heart both hopes and fears.
Only the night and his spirit shall witness my bitter tears.

The Last Journey

High o'er the hill the sun has climbed,
But the roadway stretches far,
Many a li over mountain and plain
To the hearth where my fathers are.

Back to the haunts of my honored sires,
To mingle my dust with theirs,
Hasten my steps ere the sun goes down,
And the gods heed not my prayers.

Yond where the sons of my youth remain
To sacrifice at my grave
Let my spirit rest where it came to light
Beside the Chiang Nan's wave.

Spare yet my breath till I see again
Chiang Nan beside the sea,
And my sons will burn for many a moon
The joss, Ju Li, to thee!

The Shepherd of Hanoerpaar

All day we have climbed through the mountain pass,
For the ways are steep to the sweetest grass;
The stones are sharp and the path is rough.
My greedy ones, come; you have eaten enough,
Darkness is gathering over the plain,
To-morrow is time to come back again.

The dragon of night has swallowed the sun,
And the stars are peeping one by one
Like small bright eyes o'er the mountain-tops.
Look, yonder the lights of the village shops
Are calling us back from the hills again!
Chi, my little ones, down to the plain!

Down to the plain where the earth is kind;
Night has eyes, but man is blind.
Yon mountain path is wild and steep,
And night is spreading her blanket of sleep
Silently, stealthily, over the plain.
To-morrow is time to come back again.

Now hurry, my little ones; yonder the light
Of home is calling us out of the night.
A bowl of *gaoliang*, soft and hot,
Is waiting there in a silver pot.
Then sleep till the sun wakes up again
And the hills make shadows over the plain.

Adventures in Central Africa

Peculiar Monkeys and Antelopes

By R. L. GARNER

Part Two

The author in this article continues his interesting account of his recent African adventures. Chimpanzees, antelopes, snakes, houses, and the curious customs and methods of the natives are all described in a delightful manner.

FOR a long time after I first went to Africa I noticed that my guides, or other natives ahead of me, crossing the swamps, would pull little switches from the bushes, or sometimes long stems of grass, which they jetted from them as one throws a spear. I frequently asked why this was done. Some white men explained to me that the act was a kind of fetish or superstition among the natives, and they were doing this as a charm against witches or disease. Later, however, I found out that the purpose of it was to discover if there were any snakes about. If one was concealed under the water, it would move at the approach of this missile, and in doing so would cause a slight ripple on the surface of the water, by which its presence would be detected. I myself learned to throw switches, and do many other little native tricks. In crossing water, if I had no guide ahead of me, I would always jet a stick out, and I can tell just as well as a negro can if there is a snake in the neighborhood. Ammunition is too expensive to be wasted in killing snakes. A cartridge costs something like ten cents, and nobody in the Congo thinks that snakes are worth ten cents a shot.

Amid such environments I built my house at Ntyonga, choosing a fine location on the lake, from which the plain spread, fan-shaped, for miles between tropical forests. But notwithstanding its position in the Ntyonga basin, rich in grass and wild growth, the land on which my house stood was so poor that one could not even raise a riot on it, and my vegetable garden proved a great disappointment.

My intention had been to occupy a comfortable residence, finished prettily inside, and with a plank floor that stood some feet above the ground, which I had built on a previous expedition. But that pleasant dwelling, with its fertile garden, at American Point, had been preëmpted by a squatter who refused to be dislodged, and therefore it became necessary for me to build anew.

The house of seven rooms that I put up at Ntyonga was much larger, but less comfortable and attractive inside. It had a sand floor, but, disagreeable as was this feature, I was unwilling to spend the large amount of time and money necessary to cover so large an area with plank. By way of floor covering, I had the natives make large sections of a sort of mat they call *ntazia*, and which is constructed of bamboo splits half an inch wide and eight or ten feet long, woven into a kind of matting. This may be rolled up something like Venetian blinds, and serves as a make-

shift for a floor. The only plank floor in the house was that of my office.

The house itself was built of bamboo, and its roof, fifty-four by seventy-four feet, insured abundant shade on all sides; the eaves extended well beyond the encircling ten-foot veranda. For building walls we used the split midrib of the bamboo palm, which is very straight and long, rives perfectly, and exposes a smooth surface. This bamboo is wholly different from the Malacca variety, which is jointed. Natives tied these bamboo lathes to a framework of posts and poles, using for the purpose a vine known as bush-rope.

Shingles were not to be had in the jungle, so we used the native substitute, mats of woven bamboo leaves, or fronds, stitched upon two bamboo splints, five feet in length and as wide as one's finger. When one considers that bamboo fronds extend out from the midrib of the tree for a distance of forty or fifty feet, it may easily be seen how many of the small, dagger-shaped leaves can be stripped from a single frond for mat-making purposes. The leaves are folded over the two bamboo splints and stitched in place with little skewers of the same wood, about three inches long, forming a mat eight or ten inches in width. These long, narrow mats are placed on a roof, overlapping, like shingles, and I had a double layer of mats,—double course, they are called in the bush,—which insures a much cooler roof, although the extra layer conduces to insect breeding, and the Congo owns great numbers and varieties of vermin.

In this part of Africa, houses have no chimneys and no glass in the windows. Doors and window-shutters are usually made of a frame of light plank, upon which bamboo slats are either nailed or tied. Sometimes we make shutters of bamboo pith. It is surprising what a great variety of things can be constructed of that light, but strong, material.

Through the middle of the house extended a hall twelve feet wide, and here one could always enjoy a cool breeze.

A group of Pangwes

No traveler dares venture into the jungle without a supply of mosquito-netting, and we had a quantity of this, besides some two hundred yards of cheese-cloth for making mosquito-proof houses and for wrapping up specimens.

As the folding-beds we had brought were small and rather low, I had a bed made of native wood, with a strong springy mattress, which for comfort, coolness, and cleanliness has no equal. This mattress consisted of one sheet of bark from a small tree called *iwonja*. The bark is like web-cloth, and is vermin-proof, because one has only to throw water over the bed and wash it off to keep it perfectly clean. Since it was less trouble to have new beds made than carry them about with us when we traveled, wherever I went this simple piece of furniture was constructed.

While we had brought with us a full equipment of cooking vessels and the best agate tableware, our stove was merely a folding-grating, such as one uses when camping. It held three pots at a time, and had legs that unfolded at any desired height and could be stuck into the sand about the fire. In order to make culinary operations less arduous for the cook, I built a pen out of poles and filled it with sand to a height of two feet, and this made an excellent support for our primitive stove. Bread-baking, however, was a more serious consideration, and this was usually accomplished in a large iron pot with coals on the lid. But sometimes we made an oven by digging a hole in the ground, building a fire in it, and closing the opening with a sheet of iron. After raking out the fire, enough heat remained in the hole to bake excellent bread. Not many cooks in Africa know how to bake bread, but if they master that art, they can make it under any conditions. Indeed, the post of chef is generally assumed at will. A cook's mate, after a few months at building fires and washing pots, will apply to some other master for the position of cook, and state that he has been cooking for Mr. So-and-so for such a length of time. Since cooks, as a rule, sit down and make their mates do the work, these boys gain the experience and are really good cooks. But each, as soon as he wins a chef's position, rests on his laurels and makes his mate do the work.

We had two cooks most of the time, since my assistant, on his excursions, required a cook and house-boy, as well as a canoe, crew, hunters, and guides. Incidentally, it may be interesting to learn that as a rule no house-boy is allowed to go into any other room than that of his master. If there are two house-boys to wait on the table, one of them is head boy and responsible for everything in the pantry.

All Africans are naturally slovenly and rather uncleanly in their habits, and must be watched. I never allowed the boys to take our dishes to the kitchen, but provided a place where they might be washed under my observation. The boys were also obliged to eat in their own kitchen, using utensils provided for their sole use. They might not even boil water in my tea-kettle, since it is not possible to allow an African the slightest privilege. Such an indulgence means that they would take an ell despite everything. Therefore, whatever was given the boy from my table was deposited in one of his own dishes in my presence, and in the matter of table perquisites it followed that whatever the house-boy received he divided with the cook, but whatever was given to the cook he kept for himself.

Generally I had for breakfast either some fresh fried meat or some cold roast meat, very often some eggs. When I say "some eggs," I do not mean, like my assistant, when he wrote to me for "some money" and "some flour" and "some soap." I sent him a copper sou, and I wrote on a piece of paper and put around it, "This is some money." I took a little pinch of flour and wrapped it in a small piece of paper and wrote, "This is some flour." I took a little bit of soap and wrapped a paper around it and wrote: "This is some soap. When you write to me for *some* of a thing again, don't say 'some soap' or 'some money.' I wish you would state definitely the amount or quantity you want."

We had bread for breakfast. Sometimes we would have batter-cakes; I always taught my cook to make batter-cakes. I had maple syrup with me, and

one can get native honey in the bush. The native honey is a bad proposition, however, full of bees and other substances, and I do not like it. Besides syrup, I had marmalade and jam and plenty of native coffee. The missions all raise coffee on their plantations. One can get any quantity of good coffee for about twenty cents a pound. Africans raise a good deal of cacao. Americans call it "cocoa." Everywhere on earth except in the United States and England the bean is called "cacao," and the word "cocoa" means an entirely different thing. In the Congo, cacao grows in a great pod. It is cultivated. Coffee grows wild. The Catholic Mission at Esyria gathers a great deal of wild coffee. I bought half of my coffee from them. The plant grows mostly on dry land; some of it grew in my yard. I could have gone out and gathered coffee myself, but it was cheaper to buy it. The missions have numbers of boys to handle the product, pick it out with their fingers, and sell it. All that great forest everywhere around me abounded in wild coffee.

I had moved to Ntyonga because it was a good hunting district. There were plenty of gorillas along the valley of the Rambo Kato River, and it was possible to navigate the streams comfortably in my large six-oared canoe,

A gorilla of Olendi

with its cozy cabin, in which I have slept many a night.

It was at Ntyonga that I beheld what I had never before seen or heard of in Africa. Chimpanzees, day after day, came out of the forest within two or three hundred yards of my house and crossed the open plain behind it, indifferent to the natives working about me, would look up at me, scrutinize the place very carefully, and come a little closer. They came on until they were within a hundred yards of me. I could see the very lines and wrinkles in his face. The old woman held back. She protested. Presently she slowly turned away and sneaked into the bush. Her mate took another look at me and then went into

Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

The galago, a connecting link between the lemur and the monkey

and in full view of all of us. I have seen as many as five groups in a day, and one of these consisted of a whole family of eleven members.

Often young chimpanzees would come out of the forest on the opposite side of the plain and play in the grass exactly like human children, romping and scuffling with one another, having a fine time, while their parents would watch over and guard them at their play.

On one occasion two old chimpanzees evidently decided to investigate my habitation more closely. They came down to the edge of the bush on the side of the plain where my house stood. I slipped out cautiously and got behind the snag of an old tree on the edge of the plain, where I could watch them coming down in full view. They kept approaching a little closer, and when I would stick my head out to peep at them they would stop. The old man the forest after her. I believe that what alarmed them was a helmet I wore. It was big and clumsy, and was something too new in their experience to be boldly investigated.

From time to time, while sitting indoors, I have seen antelopes come up to within fifty yards of the house. Countless times I have watched them grazing on the plains within three or four hundred yards of me. At night they grew bolder and would enter the yard and approach within ten feet of the door, looking for food. My house stood on the site of an old village, and mango-trees were abundant in the inclosure. The antelopes had been in the habit of coming there to feast on mangos, and almost any morning their tracks might be seen bearing testimony to their nocturnal visits.

During my residence at Ntyonga it was a common thing to see buffaloes and

bush-pigs in herds on the grassy plain. On one occasion I saw a great herd of more than a hundred bush-pigs.

We had hunted in the neighborhood of Ntyonga for a few weeks when one morning Donga-Njego, whom I had known for twenty-five years as one of the greatest elephant and gorilla hunters in central Africa, said to me:

"Master, just now I been look *Njina* for my eye. [*Njina* is African for ape.] He been close for my town. He sit on a stick [tree] and call me for come and make him die. So now I go take small master and go for my town fur get *Njina*."

The town referred to by Donga-Njego —whose name means "the leopard"— was a Pangwé village called Mperri on the Rembo-Nkomi River, among the cannibals.

This country of the Pangwés lay about one hundred miles from our base at Ntyonga. I knew that both sides of the river abounded with gorillas, chimpanzees, and monkeys, and these were the special animals that we were after. Besides, the village of Mperri was the home of the hunter Donga-Njego, and my assistant had no fear of being served up at a Pangwé feast while under such protection.

In this region the cannibals had their plantations of bananas, manioc, and sweet potatoes, mere spots in the bush, never more than an acre, where the ground looked rich. Natives use such plantations for a year or so and then abandon them. We found these little abandoned plantations all through the bush. Sometimes natives build villages near the spots for the sake of securing land already cleared. To me this habit seemed like finding a button and buying a suit of clothes on which to sew it.

In Africa all white men use big canoes, and for the expedition I fitted up our canoe with a quantity of food, of which it had capacity for a ton and a half. Fourteen men accompanied my assistant, among whom was the helper of Donga-Njego, a great "shoot-man" also, and who, my great hunter declared, would never desert him.

After securing a number of specimens around Mperri, Donga-Njego took the party up a little river called Olendi to a small village of the same name, which was three or four hours' journey from their base. In the neighborhood of Olendi a great number of gorillas and chimpanzees were to be found, and it was during his sojourn here that the taxidermist secured the remarkable specimen of the ape tribe that has occasioned much interest in America. I believe this animal to be an entirely new and unknown type, and, to my mind, it more closely resembles the human type than any ape I have ever seen, and appears to be of a higher order than any with which I have heretofore come in contact.

Nature seems to have established an equilibrium of wild life in the African bush. There is never an excess of animals; never, under normal conditions, a preponderance of one species over another. This fact led me to believe that such a balance depended largely upon the methods by which wild animals sustain themselves: they eat only when they are hungry and only what they need at the moment, browsing leisurely and frequently in their feeding-grounds. For this reason wild animals do not become ill from overeating, as is frequently the case among domestic quadrupeds, which being fed at intervals, often become ravenous from long fasting, and then eat far more than is good for them. Then, too, it often occurs that domestic animals crowd and scuffle at their meals instead of enjoying in calmness of spirit the individual service of bountiful nature.

In this last journey of mine into Africa I noticed that, although wild animals were becoming more restricted in their area, they were increasing in numbers. This is partly due to the fact that, as far as possible, game in Africa is now protected, and natives are not allowed the free use of firearms, which prevents needless slaughter of both beasts and men. Then, too, a man must pay one thousand francs for a hunting and five thousand francs for a sporting license, and such amounts are rarely possible among natives of the bush.

Another reason why wild animals are healthy in the free state and sicken easily in captivity lies in the fact that artificial heat and artificial cold are alike deadly to the health of animals, including

man. It is impossible for us to create an artificial humidity which perfectly accords with the degrees of temperature produced by other than natural means.

Man has to a degree learned to adopt himself to abnormal conditions but wild life cannot be transplanted without danger to itself, and the pets which made their home with me were allowed to live as nearly as possible in the way they existed in the jungle.

Every naturalist desires to secure his specimens in as perfect a condition as possible, and we had six hundred traps for snaring small animals and birds, besides owning, in addition to nine guns, a specially constructed revolver for killing very small birds. The cartridge of this weapon was filled with the smallest shot made, and was intended to be fired at short range. Of the three thousand specimens that I have brought back with me a number were killed by these tiny shot and by trapping.

Nearly all the antelopes and some of the monkeys are decoyed by natives, who imitate the call of those animals. I noticed a strange occurrence with respect to the decoy for antelopes: in calling the animal for any length of time the cry was invariably answered by three or four or more snakes, which would glide directly up to the hunter. These snakes were not of the mammoth varieties, and no one has ever been able to explain what they came for.

Our collection of antelopes includes seven species. One of them is a tiny beauty that is no larger than a toy, and so appealing and exquisite that it seemed a crime to kill it. I believe this to be a new species, as no specimen of it can be found in any American museum, and no report of one exists in any foreign collection, nor have any travelers ever heard of one.

The little creature is a light mouse-color, and the under side of its body is creamy white, as is its throat. A margin of white also extends around a peculiar flat tail of gray. The animal has beautiful big brown eyes and slender legs no larger than a lead-pencil. Its horns are only an inch long, and are as sharp as tacks, while its dainty hoofs are no larger than my thumb-nail.

Not only did we bring to the Smithsonian the smallest antelope ever heard of, but also two new species of the smallest known variety of the primate order —the galago, which is not a real monkey, but a sort of connecting link between the lemur and the monkey. The galago has only recently been found in central Africa, and has hitherto been confined to the Island of Madagascar. It may, indeed, be called "the ghost of the jungle," for no more appropriate name could be found for the tiny simian. Its habits are nocturnal, as those of ghosts are said to be, and it has great staring eyes, like sparks in the dark, that gleam out of its little wizen face. The animal's color accentuates its ghostly appearance, for it is marked with white and patches of yellowish-white hair about a face and body of tawny color. This peculiar *Propithecus* has long, slender, ghostly fingers, which are not as big around as matches. One must be stout of heart to meet those ghostly fingers and confront the great eyes of this small creature on a dark night in the jungle and not experience fear.

Less interesting to the museum visitor, perhaps, than the galago, but even more remarkable as being the only creature of its sort known to naturalists, is another specimen I secured, a peculiar animal that no explorer has ever mentioned, and which African natives call "anima." The creature appears to be something on the order of the civet, but very much larger and more dog-like. I have heard it called "wild-dog," but it is not a true canine, and I have not found any white man in Africa who can identify it. The only man I ever met who had seen one alive was a missionary priest in Esyria.

We also obtained some pygmy squirrels, not bigger than a common mouse, and of a pretty grayish-brown color. They were of the general type and appearance of the common squirrel, with a bushy tail, but their teeth were no bigger than pin-points. They were the daintiest little animals I ever beheld, and I secured one for a pet and kept it in a cage. My tiny captive soon answered to the name of Mab and was often allowed to play about the house. Together with two little monkeys that lived with me at the time, Dinkie and

The author with one of his pet monkeys in his garden

Dot, Mab would follow me about the garden and closely imitate whatever pranks the monkeys indulged in.

My simian pet, Dot, an Osengi, was the smallest type of monkey in Africa, and I often carried him in my pocket, from which he would peep out every now and then to see if I were still there, and then curl up contentedly again in the pocket.

Dot had the prettiest little delicate, rose-tipped fingers imaginable, and lovely white hands, like a baby's. I have never seen anything so pretty and dainty as this pet of mine, although he was not as exuberantly affectionate as Dinkie, whose boisterous play, I often suspected, was the cause of Dot's death. Some persons, however, might imagine that the scientific name of the tiny primate was enough to kill it: "*Circopithecus tritu-berculata*" is a mouthful not easily digested.

Dinkie, whose every act was always imitated in order by Dot and Mab, was a Nictitanus monkey. Perhaps because it was a form unknown in the jungle, Dinkie was afraid of a trellis, and I taught her to go up one. Her playmates seriously regarded her efforts and promptly followed. They maintained the same order in climbing on my knee, and if Dinkie sometimes whined a remonstrance against being put to bed, Dot immediately joined his little voice in protest also.

Three little hammocks swung in my house for these jungle guests, but Dot and Mab would never enter theirs until Dinkie was in hers, and every time she moved they did likewise. We would all nap every afternoon, when Dinkie had

a habit of peeping out of her hammock to see whether I was in mine. Immediately two pairs of bright eyes from the other hammocks noted Dinkie's movement and copied it. I had also built three diminutive cages for my pets, but Dot preferred to share Dinkie's cage and left Mab to her solitary housekeeping.

I had hoped to bring these lovely little specimens to America with me, but they upset my calculations and their own precedent, too, by dying, for Dinkie was the last to depart for the monkey's Happy Jungle.

My winged and four-footed wild neighbors in Africa looked upon me as a protector and regarded my place as an asylum of refuge. I believe they all knew that I never allowed any creature to be shot within a mile of my house, except hippopotamuses, buffaloes, or vicious animals that proved unsafe visitors. Therefore, all the wild life of the bush came around me, and my objection to having them molested in my dooryard, as it were, so disappointed an explorer from the British Museum, who came to visit me, that he set up his camp on the opposite side of Lake Ntyonga.

The most desirable large specimens, however, possibly through some animal foresight, do not frequent the dooryards of men. Our hunters killed, more than a mile from our camp, the biggest gorilla ever obtained for me; but, native-like, they came and protested that they could not bring in the body of the beast that night, as the spot was too far away and lay across a stream. On the other hand, I knew that unless the gorilla was secured immediately there would probably be little of it left in the morning. So I commanded four boys to take two lanterns and go after the animal. My assistant accompanied them, and the giant gorilla was lashed to a pole by its feet and borne to safety.

This method of carrying game was employed generally, the pole being supported by two or four men, as might be required. In the case of an elephant or bush-cow, as buffaloes are termed by the natives, and any beast too large to be carried by four or five men, it was our practice to skin the animals on the spot and take the hide to our workrooms, where it was treated with arsenic and then put into brine. For this purpose we had brought half a ton of salt, a quantity of arsenic, several gallons of alcohol, and other necessary chemicals in the seven or eight tons of supplies that constituted our outfit.

No matter where they were killed or captured, all specimens of birds and animals were brought for treatment to the base camp, where I had a workroom in an annex to the house. Here were shelves, barrels, and boxes, and as soon as one receptacle was filled, we would ship it.

When an animal was brought in, my native boys would spread it on bamboo mats laid on the ground. Here it would be skinned, and the meat, if edible, apportioned among the natives. We had trained negroes to do this work, but it was necessary for a white man to stand over them with a club in order to enforce proper attention. It is necessary to cut out, in little flakes, with scissors, the superficial fascia from the feet. Many a naturalist has lost skins by not knowing this important part of preservation. The natives must also scrape the flesh from skins very carefully. One boy I had became an expert at the preparation of skins, and he was so skilful that I bore with his equally clever thieving propensities.

We would keep the skins in the air until they were thoroughly dry, and would stuff small animals, such as rodents, with cotton, and wire their tails. This was not done in a way to preserve the form of the animal, but merely to prevent shrinkage. We sometimes stuffed big birds with grass, and smaller ones with cotton, and wired their heads, beaks, and legs in order to keep them from either stretching or shrinking.

Naturally, great care had to be observed in handling the skins of birds. Some of the most beautiful in our collection were hawks, of which a great variety existed in the neighborhood of Ntyonga. Indeed, the native name for my former home at American Point signified a bird that abounded there, "Nyandwe," the horn-bill tucan.

As we progressed in our work we saw scores of different kinds of birds, among which were five or six varieties of the

The plain near the author's house where chimpanzees day after day would come out of the forest in full view of the working natives

most brilliant kingfishers I have ever seen. They were like jewels in the radiance of their beauty, and no more appropriate setting for their vivid plumage could have been found than the carpet of tiny blue flowers that spread a solid mass of color over my lawn. These beautiful blossoms resembled little violets, but they were no larger than a gun-cap and grew on a plant much like clover, that clung flat to the ground. Here and there splashes of yellow in the blue showed where a mass of small blossoms grew that were the shape of a telephone-horn, no bigger around than a lead-pencil, and of a glowing yellow hue. Again, a flat-growing purple flower, like a pea-blossom, formed a pattern of purple in the sapphire expanse that made an exquisite surface when the grass had been cut and raked away from above the flowers. One does not require much imagination to realize how colorful a scene was formed by this bright-hued lawn, the sky-reflecting expanse of Lake Ntyonga, a hundred yards beyond, and the S-shaped walk to the lake, where pineapples bordered path and flower-beds, and a glory of wings swept the space above. Adding even more life to the scene were antelopes, which timidly left the forest, only thirty yards distant from my house, and sought to pilfer the scanty products of my garden.

By way of precaution against wild marauders, I had fenced in the vegetable garden and saved most of the tomatoes, which were plentiful, and cantaloups, cucumbers, and radishes. But fences are no protection against birds, and certain of my feathered neighbors exhibited a fondness for radishes that was without parallel. They persisted in eating the seed before these were ripe, and I finally had to take a bat-net and construct a frame over the radishes. Even then small birds would crawl under the net and proceed to feast on a dainty imported from America.

It is not surprising that birds like my garden products, for there are few native vegetables, and of these the yam is not accessible, and the mbuma, a kind of egg-plant, is bitter. Natives make a palatable dish of it by cooking it in grease or stewing it with meat.

But the birds that invaded my garden did not include the *turraco*, or "plantain-eater," of which we brought to America a hundred specimens of three or four varieties. It has never been clear to me why this bird is called "plantain-eater," because it never eats plantains.

Of the *turracos* that haunted Ntyonga the largest and most beautiful is the *ogalungo*, which is on the order of a peacock, and which is called the *pao* (peacock) by some white men. The native words *oga*, king, and *lungo*, copper-rod, have been combined to form a name that signifies "King copper-rod," or "Copper King." The bird has legs that glow like burnished copper rods, which may have suggested the native nomenclature, and many rich tints of bronze gleam in its very beautiful, brilliant plumage, the general effect of which is metallic blue. The *ogalungo* has a tail like that of the pea-hen and carries it in the way that a pea-hen does. It never grows as long as the tail of a peacock, and is never spread out after the fashion practised by the bird that symbolizes vanity.

Among English people the *ogalungo* is nicknamed "bully-cock," but the natives, with their usual picturesqueness of perception, have seemed to choose the most appropriate name for this gorgeous creature.

One peculiarity about the bird is that when it alights upon a tree it always does so running on a limb, and it seems to fly from limb to limb when it is, in reality, running. Its movements are so swift that, while on its feet, it has all the appearance of flying.

That so lovely a creature should be slain for its flesh seems a shame, and I admit that I hated to kill the pretty things. But we did shoot a lot of them, for the flesh is excellent after the bird has been hung up for eighteen or twenty hours.

(To be concluded)

Discoveries

By IRENE RUTHERFORD McLEOD

I went into the green wood,
As I have gone before
Thinking to find my childhood's mood
That I shall find no more.

Bluebells were there, and wind-flowers,
That I had come to see,
And kingcups wet with shining showers,
And buds on every tree.

Robin, thrush, and blackbird
Sang as in other days,
But those were other songs I heard
In these familiar ways.

Golden light from the same sun
Dappled the same track,
But I, oh, I had traveled on,
And could not there come back.

Flowers, birds, and wide earth,
Suns and worlds unseen
When springs and eons have come to birth,
Shall be as they have been.

A million trees shall rise here,
And rot, and rise again;
My changing flesh shall die in fear,
And be renewed in pain.

Flower and flesh and green tree
Changeless in changing are;
The invisible dust which habits me
Burns in the morning star.

Dust into dust resolves death,
And dust again shall rise,
But man's soul breathes creative breath
For all that lives and dies.

From matter's tireless dust mill,
Finite infinity,
From cycling death, by love, thought, will,
O soul, thou art set free!

I went into the green wood;
I found a dream had fled:
I could not find my childhood's mood:
I found my soul instead!

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

"It was Laurier's fortune, and Canada's, that he was in control of the country's affairs at the most creative and formative period in its history. For all time his name will be linked with Canada's attainment of industrial maturity and national status."

IX. LAURIER IN OFFICE.

AFTER eighteen years' wandering in the wilderness of opposition, for half the time under Laurier's leadership, the Liberal party came into power in 1896. For fifteen years, the longest unbroken stretch of power in the country's annals, Wilfrid Laurier was prime minister of Canada. These fifteen years were years crowded with opportunity, a testing-time sufficient to search out every strength and every weakness of the leader or of his administration. It was Laurier's fortune, and Canada's, that he was in control of the country's affairs at the most creative and formative period in its history. For all time his name will be linked with Canada's attainment of industrial maturity and national status.

The victory of the Liberals in the general election of 1896 was not surprising. The swing of the pendulum was not notably operative in Canadian politics in the first half-century of confederation, and yet it had its effect. Time brought to the ship of state barnacles and dry rot, as it brought to the passengers the desire for a change. This would not have overcome the tremendous advantage which in Canadian elections fell to the party in power, with its henchmen in office, its newspapers subsidized by government advertising, its opportunities to milk subsidies and contracts for campaign funds, had it not been for more specific factors working in the same direction.

The Conservative party had lost its great chieftain on the morrow of the election of 1891. Sir John A. Macdonald had been prime minister of the dominion for twenty of its twenty-four years. In the next five years the Conservative party had four different leaders, and the dominion four prime ministers. None of them was of Macdonald's stature. Sir John Abbott was a shrewd lawyer, but more at home in court or council-room than on the floor of the House or on the hustings. Sir John Thompson was an able and honest administrator who was growing in strength and breadth of view and living down the prejudice felt against him because of his conversion from Methodism to Roman Catholicism, when death cut short his career. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, a faithful party man and one-time grand master of the Orange order, could not hold his ministers in control, and was forced by the "nest of traitors" to make way for a stronger leader. Sir Charles Tupper, summoned in 1896 from London, where he was acting as high commissioner, took up the task, but not even his bulldog tenacity could restore unity to a party shattered by intrigue.

The revelations of long-continued and wholesale corruption in the public works department had "made Tammany smell sweet" in comparison. For the moment the revelations of similar misdoings on the part of the Liberal government of Honoré Mercier in Quebec enabled the Conservative party to answer *tu quoque*, but in the long run it suffered most in public esteem.

The national policy was losing its grip. Protection had been given a fair trial; it had not brought and kept the prosperity that was guaranteed. The people hesitated to try the drastic remedy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, and feared the specter of political annexation in the background; but when in 1893 the Liberals in national convention modified their policy to that of a tariff for revenue and limited reciprocity

with the United States, they won wider support.

The tariff had been given full credit for the burst of prosperity that followed 1878; now it had to shoulder full responsibility for the depression that marked the early nineties. The younger generation of Canadians to-day can scarcely realize the depth of despondency into which the country was sinking. Farm prices were low, and mortgages high; railway-building was at a standstill; the West remained unopened; free homesteads found few takers; more men abandoned the country every year than sought it; "the trails from Manitoba to the States," according to a Western Conservative newspaper, "were worn bare and brown by the waggon wheels of departing settlers." Edward Blake, in the cryptic message he gave to the people of Canada the day after the election of 1891, summed up the failure of the national policy in a powerful passage:

> Its real tendency has been, as foretold twelve years ago, towards disintegration and annexation, instead of consolidation and the maintenance of the British connection of which they claim to be the special guardians. It has left us with a scanty population, a scanty immigration, and a North-West empty still; with enormous additions to our public debt and yearly charge, an extravagant system of expenditure, and an unjust and oppressive tariff; with restricted markets for our needs, whether to buy or to sell, and all the host of evils (greatly intensified by our special conditions) thence arising; with trade diverted from its natural into forced and therefore less profitable channels, and with unfriendly relations and frowning tariff walls ever more and more estranging us from the mighty English-speaking nation to the south, our neighbors and relations, with whom we ought to be, as it was promised that we should be, living in generous amity and liberal intercourse. Worse, far worse! It has left us with lowered standards of public virtue and a death-like apathy in public opinion; with racial, religious and provincial animosities inflamed rather than soothed; with a subservient Parliament, an autocratic Executive, debauched constituencies, and corrupted and corrupting classes; with lessened self-reliance and increased dependence on the public chest and on legislative aids, and possessed withal by a boastful jingo spirit far enough removed from true manliness, loudly proclaiming unreal conditions and exaggerated sentiments, while actual facts and genuine opinions are suppressed. It has left us with our hands tied, our future compromised, and in such a plight that, whether we stand or move, we must run some risks which else we might have either declined or encountered with greater promise of success.

The Manitoba school question told against the Government in Ontario. The racial and religious quarrels of the East had found an echo in Manitoba, where the Liberal Greenway-Martin government had in 1890 deprived the Roman Catholic separate schools of official status and public aid. A bitter controversy followed in court and Parliament. The Dominion Government undertook to pass a remedial act compelling the legislature to restore the rights of which the highest courts held the minority had been deprived. Laurier, agreeing that the minority had been wronged, did not believe in federal coercion as a remedy. Withholding his hand until the moment came for action, he came out boldly in straight opposition to the Government's bill. Dealing with threats of ecclesiastical hostility, he declared in the House:

> Not many weeks ago I was told from high quarters in the Church to which I belong, that unless I supported the School Bill which was then being prepared by the government, and which we have now before us, I would incur the hostility of a great and powerful body. Sir, this is too grave a phase of this question for me to pass it by in silence. I have only this to say, that even though I have threats held over me, coming, as I am told, from high dignitaries in the Church to which I belong, no word of bitterness shall ever pass my lips as against that Church. I respect it and I love it. Sir, I am not of that school which has been long dominant in France and other countries of Continental Europe, which refuses ecclesiastics the privilege of having a voice in public affairs. No, I am a liberal of the English school, which has all along claimed that it is the privilege of all subjects, whether high or low, whether

rich or poor, whether ecclesiastic or layman, to participate in the administration of public affairs, to discuss, to influence, to persuade, to convince, but which has always denied, even to the highest, the right to dictate even to the lowest. I am here representing not Roman Catholics alone but Protestants as well, and I must give an account of my stewardship to all classes. Here am I, a Roman Catholic of French extraction, entrusted with the confidence of the men who sit around me, with great and important duties under our constitutional system of government. Am I to be told—I, occupying such a position—that I am to be dictated to as to the course I am to take in this House by reasons that can appeal to the consciences of my fellow-Catholic members, but which do not appeal as well to the consciences of my Protestant colleagues? No! So long as I have a seat in this House, so long as I occupy the position I do now, whenever it shall become my duty to take a stand upon any question whatever, that stand I will take, not from the point of view of Roman Catholicism, not from the point of view of Protestantism, but from a point of view which can appeal to the consciences of all men, irrespective of their particular faith, upon grounds which can be occupied by all men who love justice, freedom, and toleration.

While giving strength in Ontario, it was felt that this defiance would mean annihilation in Quebec, since the hierarchy was backing the Government heart and soul. Bishop and priest denounced Laurier, but, as the event proved, they denounced him in vain. The habitant respected his priest; he had come to reverence the brilliant statesman of his own kith and kin who stood so near supreme power, and preferred to make his compatriot prime minister than to give his clergy the law they demanded.

Laurier's own efforts had contributed greatly to victory. Tours through the West and through the Maritime Provinces had widened his outlook and his prestige. Even in Tory Toronto he had aroused a glowing welcome. The prejudices of his foes and the fears of his friends had vanished with the proof of his moderation and of his courage.

One campaign asset was lacking. The Liberals had no large campaign fund. When a newspaper politician, veering toward their support, offered to contribute twenty-five thousand dollars to their Quebec fund as soon as their other contributions reached that sum, he was informed that their whole dominion funds were under that amount; with his pocket-book intact, he went away sorrowing over such impracticable politicians. Unfortunately, never until twenty years had passed was the Liberal party again so poor in purse.

The election of 1896 gave the Liberals a majority of five in Ontario and of thirty-three in Quebec, where they outnumbered their opponents, hierarchical influence and all, three to one. The rest of the country was very evenly divided, with a slight Conservative lead. The old régime had ended, and at last Laurier and his followers were given their chance to show their constructive capacity. In the general election of 1900 the majority was still further increased, and again in 1904, receding only slightly in 1908.

The cabinet which Wilfrid Laurier gathered about him in 1896 was the strongest in Canada's annals. He took no department himself, reserving his strength for general policy. The strongest men in four of the provincial administrations were summoned to aid him. Sir Oliver Mowat, premier of Ontario, became minister of justice for a brief space, long enough to reassure the Scotch Presbyterians of Ontario as to the complete soundness and respectability of the new ministry. William S. Fielding, premier of Nova Scotia, became minister of finance, and for fifteen years proved a strong and skilful administrator. Andrew G. Blair, premier of New Brunswick, proved in a few years to have more force than faith. From Manitoba came Clifford Sifton, a power in the Laurier cabinet for ten years and behind other cabinets thereafter. The other ministers were drawn from the dominion ranks. From Quebec, Sydney Fisher began a long service as a progressive leader of agricultural development, while Israel Tarte's portfolio of public works was the recognition of the organizing ability and dynamic force of the man who had fought Laurier in his early days and was to fight him again in his last years. Henry Joly de Lotbinière and C. A. Geoffrion were of the

older Rouge generation; in Charles Fitzpatrick the ministry included a member more profoundly devout than any *Bleu* had dreamed of claiming to be and as subtle as the serpents of the field. The Ontario contingent was a strong one. Besides Mowat, Sir Richard Cartwright again held a portfolio, though not the post of minister of finance which he had wished and manufacturers had feared; William Mulock's vigor and directness shook up the dry bones of Ottawa departments; William Paterson contributed his kindly shrewdness to counsel and his stentorian voice to debate; Richard W. Scott became secretary of state. Louis Davies, from Prince Edward Island, in the Marine Department, and Frederick Borden of Nova Scotia, as minister of militia, completed a strong muster-roll.

Fifteen years brought many changes in the personnel of the cabinet, though Fielding, Fisher, Cartwright, F. W. Borden, as well as Laurier himself, served through the whole period and gave steadiness and continuity to policy. The Ontario contingent underwent many changes: the more notable accessions were Sir Allen Aylesworth, an eminent jurist, who was at the same time a strong party man; George P. Graham, a former leader of the Liberal opposition in Ontario, who became minister of railways and the director of party organization; Charles Murphy, a shrewd and witty counselor; and Mackenzie King, who entered the ministry from the civil service and represented the new interest in social questions. In Quebec there was an almost equally complete transformation: Rodolphe Lemieux, Laurier's most eloquent lieutenant, entered the ministry in 1904; and the same year added Louis P. Brodeur, whose sound and balanced judgment later found scope in the work of the Supreme Court; Jacques Bureau's vigor and Henri Béland's suavity strengthened the ministry in its later years. In the West the chief development was the substitution of Frank Oliver, a hard-hitting old-timer, for Clifford Sifton. From the East came Henry Emmerson and William Pugsley.

The later administrations included many able men, but the ministry as a whole did not possess in 1911 the vigor of 1896. Fifteen years in office brought experience and facility, it is true, but they brought also a tendency to compromise, a belief that all was well with the world, an ease in Zion. Social gaiety or corporation contact weakened the fiber of some who began well, and power attracted the unscrupulous. So far as the rank and file were concerned, particularly in Ontario, there was a falling off in numbers and quality. The prosperity which came to Canada with the Laurier régime opened many doors to ambition and lessened the attractiveness of public life, while power, and the compromises that followed power, dulled the keen edge which Liberalism had possessed in the stern days of opposition. Yet with all qualifications, the Laurier administrations could safely challenge comparison with any that had gone before—or any that came after, for that matter—in ability, in integrity, in constructive vision, in steady purpose, and internal unity.

Even after nine years of party leadership, there were men who doubted whether Wilfrid Laurier would be more than the titular head of his administration. They did not think it possible that a man so courteous could show himself hard when hardness was called for. Could a leader who had made his fame by his oratory develop the qualities needed to control a ministry and guide a divided country through difficult days? The doubts soon vanished. Long before Laurier's years of office were ended, the criticism of his opponents was no longer that he was a weakling, but that he was too masterful and self-willed.

The Laurier ministries contained many men of strong wills, but there never was any question from the first day to the last that he was "the master of the administration." When, after half a dozen years of office, Israel Tarte developed the illusion that he could play that part himself, the question was not long left in doubt. Not that Laurier was arbitrary, or that he insisted upon intervening in the details of the administration of other ministers. He believed in giving every colleague wide latitude and large responsibility. A Whig by conviction, he was not eager

to govern overmuch, and this theoretical leaning was strengthened by his personal temperament. He had little of Blake's devouring and constructive interest in details. Unfailingly and scrupulously honorable in his own dealings with men and women, he was tolerant of other men's failings where they did not directly affect the state. "I 'm a lazy dog," he was accustomed to say to his friends in his later years. The saying did not do justice to the years of unrelenting effort he had given to party and country, but it was true that he was not deeply and vitally interested in more than a few questions, and that in this indifference there was rooted a certain indolence and easy-going trust. He would often defer dealing with a state question or disciplining a colleague, whose public policy or private conduct necessitated a check, until a crisis forced action.

Nor was Laurier hasty or arbitrary in framing policy. In cabinet councils he never dictated. Each minister in turn would state his point of view on this side and that, while Laurier sat silent or with only a word of inquiry until, when every opinion had been set out, he would sum up the discussion and give his conclusions as to the course to follow. Men criticized him for opportunism, and it is true that he was an opportunist as to means; on principles he would not compromise an inch. Perhaps no more significant judgment has been passed upon his methods than the words uttered in scornful criticism by a Nationalist leader who always refused half-loaves: "He will ask this minister and that his view, and then he gives his own, he never asks what is ideally best, but merely what is the best that will work." But once his opinion was formed, it was not easily shaken. He never came rashly to conclusions, but neither, once decided, would he allow his firmness of action to be hampered by doubts and reconsiderings. Perhaps not more than two or three times in his whole official career did he turn aside from a policy once determined.

The ministry forms only the top layer, more or less thin, of the executive. It is usually the permanent officials who rule. A cabinet may determine broad lines of policy, or an aggressive minister shake up men and methods in his department; but the easy-going minister comes to restrict his duties to signing what is placed before him, and the hard-working minister is limited by the capacity and willingness of his officials.

When the Liberals took office in 1896, they found a civil service which had long been stagnating and was politically hostile. There were few dismissals, and those only for aggressively open partizanship; but in making new appointments, party patronage continued to be the rule. It was considered by practical politicians that in no other way could the zeal of party workers be kept glowing. If no custom-house job for the man who got out the vote in his district, then no ministry of customs for the man higher up; and what better test of practical executive capacity than success in party organization? Whatever could be said for it, the practice involved endless bombardment of ministers by office-seekers, ceaseless efforts to secure a word from the friend of a friend of the premier, bitter disappointment for the nine who were turned away. Patronage took more time and thought than national policy. Eager job-hunters who had first demanded a seat in the cabinet, and then expressed their willingness to compromise on a senatorship, would come back for a country post-office or a post as clerk of works. Perhaps the touch of good-humored cynicism which marked Laurier's later days came from long contact with office-seekers. It was a Quebec follower who wrote him shortly after the elections of 1896, "If any one had told me when I was fighting the battles of Liberalism in my county, striving without fear of attack or hope of favor to advance the cause of the people, determined that no designing cleric and no corrupt politician would be allowed to shackle our noble country—if any one had told me that six months after you took office, I would still be without a job, I would not have believed him." It was an Ontario seeker who wrote, "To think that after naming my only son William Lyon Mackenzie, I am still denied any post by a government that calls itself Liberal!"

After ten years' experience of the

patronage system, the Laurier government introduced a wide measure of civil-service reform. In 1907 the control of appointments and promotions in the inside, or Ottawa service, was given to an independent commission. The step was not taken without opposition alike from those who urged the need of patronage to oil the party machine and those who feared that competitive examinations would bring in men more qualified for absorbing information than for filling administrative posts. While experience made it plain that there had been good points in the old system, the results on the whole amply justified the change, and led to the extension of the competitive system to the outside service by the Government which followed. On leaving office, the Laurier administration could pride itself upon a service distinctly superior in capacity and initiative to the service it had found on entering.

The outstanding development of the Laurier régime was the reversal of the industrial depression and the spirit of pessimism which had prevailed in the middle nineties. The whole country woke to a new energy and a new prosperity. For the first time it attracted the world's attention, and men and money poured into the new land of promise. Canadians became self-confident and self-reliant to a degree unheard of. Laurier's phrase, worn thin by many quotings, "The nineteenth century was the century of the United States; the twentieth will be the century of Canada," expressed very well the sudden access of heady confidence that marked his countrymen in these years.

It is the way of governments to take credit for all prosperity and to throw the blame for adversity on Providence. The upholders of the Laurier government had to admit that even in this prosperity Providence had collaborated. The world over, with the drift of population cityward and the flooding of new gold, prices of farm and forest products began to rise. The approaching exhaustion of the fertile free lands of the United States gave new value to Canada's acres. Yet these factors alone would not have sufficed. Low prices in earlier years had not prevented a swarming of European immigration to the farms of the United States, while Canada's called in vain; it was to the farms, not to the cities, of the United States that half the Canadians of the exodus had gone in seeking to better their fortunes. Other new lands—Australia, the Argentine, Siberia, the redeemed semi-arid Western plains of the United States—had room for millions of settlers. Without vigorous state action, the current of immigrants and capital would not for years have been turned Canadaward.

The first need was for settlers to fill the vacant spaces. The new Government looked upon themselves primarily as fishers of men. None of their policies was so distinctive and so successful as their immigration policy. Under the vigorous and precedent-scorning direction of Clifford Sifton, himself a Westerner, the opportunities the Canadian West held forth to the enterprising and the disinherited were pressed home in every possible source of settlement.

First the Government tapped the reservoirs of central Europe: Doukhobors or Spirit-Wrestlers fleeing from military service in Russia, Ruthenians or Galicians fleeing from poverty in eastern Austria, came to Canada in thousands. They were not wholly a net asset; settling in solid blocks, held apart from the people about them by their clannishness and deep-rooted customs or religious fervor, and, it is only fair to add, by the careless scorn of the majority of the Canadians among whom they found themselves, they were not easily fitted into Canadian ways. Yet they had their own distinct contribution to make, and from the beginning it was to the farm and not to the city they turned.

Of vastly greater importance in itself and for its indirect effects was the inpouring of settlers from the United States which began soon afterward. American farmers, with experience, enterprise, ready capital, were what the West called for, and with the filling up of their own West and the rise of land values to a height which made the establishment of a family more difficult than in the old days, they were ready to listen. Advertisements in thousands of

weekly newspapers, endless booklets, exhibitions at state and county fairs, excursions for farmers' delegates and press representatives, commissions to agents in every likely State, ready assistance in making the trek to the North, brought them in their thousands. In 1897 seven hundred settlers came to Canada from the United States; in 1900, fifteen thousand; in 1911, one hundred thousand.

Still greater in numbers was the British migration. The fact that tens of thousands of American settlers preferred Canada even to their own wondrous land was an argument of telling weight elsewhere. There had always been a fairly large immigration from Great Britain, some ten thousand a year in the nineties, but the United States had secured three or four times as many. Now an active campaign reversed the proportions. From ten thousand in the nineties British immigrants to Canada increased to fifty thousand in 1904, and to a hundred and twenty thousand in 1911.

In the fifteen years from 1896 to 1911 over two million men and women sought homes in Canada. Of these thirty-eight per cent. came from the British Isles (more English and Scotch, and fewer Irish, than of old), twenty-six from continental Europe, and thirty-four from the United States. Not all stayed, and the migration of Canadians to the South, while slackening, did not wholly cease, though the fact that in the decade from 1901 to 1911 the ratio of increase in population was greater in Canada than in any other country made clear the magnitude of the net gain. Of those who stayed, not all found Canada the land of promise they had hoped, nor did Canada find in them all the stuff of whom good citizens could be made; yet with all shortcomings, the first great task of peopling the vacant spaces was well achieved.

The land policy did not undergo such great change. The new Government, like the old, continued to grant quarter sections of prairie lands to every homesteader who would fulfil the residence and breaking requirements. Procedure was simplified, fees were lowered, and preëmption privileges extended. The practice of tying up large areas in land grants to railways was brought to an end immediately after the Liberals took office, though the sale of farm lands to colonization companies and of timber limits continued, leading in more than one instance to charges of speculators' gain and politicians' graft. The homesteader, not the railway-builder, dominated the land policy of these years; from eighteen hundred in 1896, homestead entries rose to forty-four thousand in 1911. Throughout the world there was meanwhile much discussion of the trend, assumed inevitable and universal, toward state ownership and state socialism; unregarded, the contrary trend was shown in the passing of vast areas in Canada from state to individual control. In 1906 the homestead entries covered an area equal to Massachusetts and Delaware combined; in 1908 a Wales was given away; in 1909 five Prince Edward Islands; while in 1910 and 1911, between homesteads, preëmptions, and veteran grants, a Belgium, a Holland, a Luxemburg and a Montenegro passed from state to settler.

The opening of the West required not only a vigorous immigration policy and a liberal land policy; it required an adequate transportation policy. At this stage of development, transportation meant railways. River and canal still played their important part, notably in the transport of bulky freight; the extension of the St. Lawrence canal system, the improvement of the lower St. Lawrence, and the construction of public harbors throughout the dominion were features of the Government's policy. The public highway, again, sorely needed improvement, and with the development of motor transport was about to come into new importance. Yet, after all, the railway and the railway alone could meet the nation's fundamental needs, linking the far distances together. River and canal and road were local and localized; only the railway could be national.

It was in the regulation of railways that the Laurier government scored its most complete success. The attempt to regulate railway service and operation through a committee of the cabinet had proved a failure. In 1903 the Govern-

ment established an independent Board of Railway Commissioners, with wide powers. Its freedom from the constitutional restrictions which hampered the Interstate Commerce Commission, the ability of the men who headed it in turn, the absence of legal formalities in the board's procedure, combined to make it the most popular and effective regulating body in any land.

In the planning and building of new roads success came, but not without serious drawbacks. It was a time of great activity in railway construction. In the fifteen years that followed 1896, nearly ten thousand miles were built, with many more thousands under construction. Two great transcontinentals were built, a network of branch lines developed, old roads double-tracked, grades lowered, curves straightened, equipment modernized, great terminals constructed, and steamship and hotel connections formed. In the prairie West the Canadian Northern grew rapidly from small beginnings, staking out the Saskatchewan country the Canadian Pacific had passed by. In the East the old Grand Trunk, burdened by over-issue of securities and hampered by the attempt to operate a Canadian road from London, took on a new lease of life with the accession to control of Charles M. Hays and his American methods. The Canadian Pacific, which for some years had marked time, was stimulated by the new rivalry and the new opportunities to assert its old-time primacy.

It is easy to see to-day that when the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern, in 1902 and 1903, began to make definite plans for transcontinental expansion to rival the Canadian Pacific, the wisest policy would have been to compel them to join forces. The Canadian Northern had staked out a splendid territory in the prairie West; the Grand Trunk had access to every industrial center in the East. United, it would have been easily possible to construct a joint road north of Lake Superior and through the Rockies, and to build up a strong system capable of holding its own with the Canadian Pacific. It was not so easily seen in 1903, and each road was allowed to go its separate way.

The other great economic issue was the tariff. For a score of years the fiscal policy of the country had been the chief bone of contention between the two political parties. The National Liberal Convention held in 1893 had denounced protection, called for a revenue tariff and reduction of rates on the necessaries of life, and urged a fair and liberal reciprocity treaty with the United States. In very great degree these promises were carried out. The tariff of 1897 lowered or abolished the duties on an important range of primary products. The preference granted in the same year to British goods, increased by 1900 to an abatement of one third of the regular tariff rates, was designed to lower costs to the Canadian consumer as well as to encourage the British producer. An attempt was made in 1898, through the Joint High Commission, to secure reciprocity with the United States, but the negotiations failed because of dissension on one of the other issues concerned, the Alaska boundary. In the next ten years occasional further reductions were made. But there was no doubt that after half a dozen years of office the free-trade fervor of the Government cooled. The country was prosperous as never before; why make unsettling changes? The protectionist forces were highly organized; the freer trade sentiment diffused and less concerned. The fact that the Conservative opposition was still more protectionist removed any stimulus to further effort. Revision upward in the textile schedules, bounties on iron and steel manufacture, the passing of an anti-dumping measure, evidenced the compromise with protection which the country seemed to demand. Toward the end of the régime freer trade sentiment revived, and it was in an earnest effort to effect a sweeping reciprocity agreement with the United States that the Laurier government went out of office.

The opening of the West brought a new prosperity to the industrial East. Factories multiplied. Banks were opened in every village. The scale and complexity of business grew yearly. Exports doubled and trebled, and imports grew still more rapidly. "Mushroom millionaires, country clubs, city slums, suburban subdivisions, land booms,

grafting aldermen, and all the apparatus of an advanced civilization grew apace." A new spirit of self-confidence and self-reliance became the dominant note alike in private business and in public policy.

National unity was harder to secure than national prosperity. Much was achieved. The new prosperity at home and the new activity abroad made Canadians of every region proud of their name. Railways and increasing intercourse linked them together. Between East and West a certain tendency to cleavage developed. The break in settlement caused by the Laurentian wilderness south of Hudson Bay, the diversity of origin of the settlers in the prairie provinces, the divergence of economic interest between the farming, free-trade West and the industrial, protectionist East prevented complete harmony. Yet still stronger ties held East and West together. Eastern Canadians and their sons filled most of the strategic posts in the West; railways, banks, political parties, and churches were organized on a national basis. Between Quebec and Ontario there was no little friction. Clerical leaders who wanted isolation for their flock, imperialists who emphasized the ties and sentiments the French-Canadian could not share, petty politicians who found their opportunity in stirring racial fires, intensified the problems inherent in wide differences of speech and creed.

There was no object Wilfrid Laurier had more at heart than lessening this friction and misunderstanding. Day in and day out he preached and practised toleration, urged each to learn the others' ways, emphasized the common Canadianism that transcended provincial limitations. He set his face strongly against the Nationalist movement led by Henri Bourassa, on the ground that it was really provincialism rather than nationalism, and that it aimed at racial and religious isolation. In these tasks he attained a notable measure of success. It was a task that was never done, and the crowning sorrow of his life was that in the course of the Great War the strain of the conflict and the folly of partizans brought the two provinces again into angry strife.

In the late eighties and early nineties there was a considerable body of opinion in Canada in favor of political union with the United States. It rapidly died away in face of the hostile tariff attitude of the United States, reviving prosperity at home, and the deep-seated national and imperial consciousness evoked by the danger of annexation. The high-handed action of President Cleveland in the Venezuela dispute killed what was left of annexationist sentiment, and the recoil drove many Canadians into imperialist paths.

Laurier was strongly convinced of the necessity of maintaining good relations with the United States. He considered this imperative not only for the welfare of Canada herself, but in order that Canada might be able to play a part in maintaining the close and friendly relations between the larger English-speaking countries on which rested the hope of the peace of the world. From the first days of assuming office he made it a guiding principle to endeavor to settle every outstanding issue and possible source of friction, and while maintaining Canada's interests and her national self-respect, to lose no opportunity of increasing good-will.

In the Joint High Commission of 1898 an attempt was made to settle accumulated issues—alien labor laws, bonding privileges, pelagic sealing, tariff conflict, the Alaska boundary dispute. A tentative conclusion was reached on the minor issues; despite Senator Fairbanks' preoccupation with Indiana lambs and Nelson Dingley's care for Gloucester's cod, a reciprocity agreement was in sight, but the negotiations finally broke off on the Alaskan issue. The Canadian claims were considered by most Americans to have been trumped up after the discovery of gold in the Yukon; the persistence of the United States in barring Canadians access from the sea to her inland territories was held in Canada to be a dog-in-the-manger attitude. Reference after tangled diplomatic controversies to a commission consisting of three Americans and two Canadians and one Englishman, led to the upholding of the United States' contention on most points. There followed a violent outburst of discontent on Canada's part, directed not

against the United States, but against the British representative who had delivered judgment against his own expressed conviction, once more "sacrificing Canadian interests on the altar of Anglo-American friendship."

More success was reached in settling by arbitration the northeast Atlantic coast fisheries question and the dispute as to pelagic sealing in the Pacific. But the outstanding achievement of the era of good neighborliness was the solution of the boundary-waters difficulty. The growing importance of many boundary waters not only for navigation and fisheries, but for irrigation and power, led to the establishment of a permanent joint high commission of three members from each country to determine all disputes as to use, obstruction, or diversion of border waters. The friendly relations between the two portions of this body, the common-sense procedure adopted, the unique permission granted private persons in either country to appear before the commission direct without their Government's interposition, the important, though as yet unused, provision for the service of the commission as a miniature Hague tribunal to decide any question whatever at issue between the two countries, were a lasting evidence of the statesmanship of Laurier and of the Canadian lawyer who was mainly responsible for working out the plan, Sir George Gibbons.

The chief remaining source of friction was the customs tariff. Each country had put up high barriers to keep out the products of the pauper labor of its neighbor. Now protectionist sentiment in the United States was declining, after the orgy of the McKinley and Dingley tariffs. Growing cities were demanding cheaper food, manufacturers who had reached the export stage cheaper materials, and newspapers cheaper paper. The tariff profiteer was one of the obvious victims of the muck-raker, then in his prime. On the other hand, protection sentiment was stronger in Canada than in the early nineties. Repeated rebuffs from the United States, the vested interests of manufacturers, the coming of wide prosperity, induced content with things as they were. Then came the controversy over the retaliatory clauses of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and as a sequel the endeavor of President Taft to secure a wider reciprocity agreement which would conciliate the growing freer trade sentiment in his country and make for friendlier relations on the whole continent.

The Laurier government staked its fortunes on the reciprocity agreement worked out in 1911 between Mr. Fielding and representatives of the State Department. Neither the prime minister nor any of his colleagues had doubted that this wide and generous measure of reciprocity, conforming as it did to the demands of both Canadian parties in the past, would be accepted gladly by the American people. They proved to have gaged opinion wrongly and went down to defeat. The issue was determined not in a referendum, but in a general election where many minor issues entered. The Government was burdened by the accumulated errors of fifteen years of office; the opposition desperate with the hunger of fifteen years' exclusion from the treasury bench. The manufacturers, railways, and financial interests threw their weight heavily against the pact, fearing the thin edge of the wedge of free trade and the danger of diverting East and West traffic from Canadian roads. The industrial cities outweighed or outshouted the country. In country districts many red herrings were drawn across the trail; in Quebec, where the Conservatives entered into what Laurier termed an "unholy alliance" with the Nationalists under Bourassa, Laurier was pictured to the habitant as a bad Catholic and a rampant imperialist; on the concession lines of Ontario a whispering campaign pictured him as a scheming anti-Protestant devotee. Everywhere the flag was waved, reciprocity pictured as a long step toward annexation, and unwise United States expressions of opinion to that effect given widest currency. To let well enough alone, and to get even with the United States for the repeated contemptuous rejections on its part of Canadian overtures for reciprocity in earlier years, were motives weighing heavily with many electors.

In the perspective of the years that have passed, that decision by the majority of the electors has not found approval. Many of the reductions in the duties on Canadian goods offered by the treaty were made later by the United States, applying of course to all countries, not to Canada alone, by the Underwood tariff; they proved of economic advantage to both peoples and did not bring the bogy of annexation a step nearer. The Conservative government itself was forced to move toward reciprocity in wheat and wheat products. Financial and industrial relations between the two peoples multiplied; Canadian railways continued to expand in American territory, United States investors bought Canadian bonds and manufacturers established branch plants, but without bringing any of the dire consequences foretold. Laurier waited patiently for the sober second thought of the people, and was justified by it long before the end came.

With foreign countries in other continents Canada came into increasingly close contact throughout these years. The threatened wave of Oriental immigration made it necessary to pass legislation or negotiate understandings with Asiatic governments in order to check the flow. With European powers the growth of commercial intercourse brought the need of appointing Canadian trade commissioners, consuls in all but name, and negotiating tariff and trade agreements. Increasingly Canada therein assumed a greater measure of control of her foreign affairs. In some instances the negotiations were carried on with the formal intervention of British diplomats, but in other cases conventions signed in Canada by the Canadian finance minister and Italian and Dutch consuls-general marked the steady advance toward full nationhood.

But it was mainly on imperial relations that Laurier set his mark. During his years of office Canada was passing through an important transition time. The principle of self-government which had been developed by Canada's leaders two generations before, and slowly applied to one area after another of national concern, now received its most significant extension. Wilfrid Laurier might truly have declared that he found Canada a colony and left her a nation.

For many a year there had been wide dispute as to the ultimate political destiny of Canada. Laurier himself had fluctuated in opinion. At one stage he considered independence inevitable. Later, he dallied for a brief space with the dream of imperial federation. But with the passing of time and the teaching of office he came to the conclusion that for the present at least Canada's destiny did not lie along either path. He believed it possible to work out a policy which would reconcile national and imperial sentiment for the present, and keep the way open for whatever conclusion might seem desirable in the future. More than any other man he developed and put into force the conception of the British Empire as no longer an empire, but a loose league of free and equal states, united under a common king. He was of course a practical politician, a responsible head of a government, not an apostle of any creed, and therefore so far an opportunist that he never formulated sweeping doctrines, or tried to anticipate situations; he simply met each concrete issue as it arose.

This conception involved in the first place asserting Canadian control and Canadian responsibility in all external affairs, and in the second place developing machinery for intercourse between the various parts of the Britannic League, on the basis of conference between his Majesty's several and independent governments. As has been noted, Canada gradually took over more and more the determination of her foreign policy in matters of tariff, immigration, and trade relations. Particularly in the case of the United States, though halting short of the logical step of sending a Canadian minister or high commissioner to Washington, control came steadily in fact and in form to Canada's own Government. The issues of peace and war and of defense gave greater difficulty, and when Laurier left office the question of Canada's position in this field had by no means been fully faced or solved. Imperial sentiment dominated in Canada's participation in the Boer War, but her achievements in

South Africa stimulated national sentiment more than imperial. The land forces of the dominion came fully under Canadian control. Naval defense, involving greater outlay and more difficult questions of jurisdiction, was not faced until the imminence of war with Germany in 1909 compelled attention. Laurier was averse to seeing Canada drawn into "the vortex of European militarism," but when some measure of naval preparation appeared inevitable, he insisted that it should take national lines. Unfortunately, the agreement reached by all Canadian parties in 1909 to adhere to the policy of a Canadian controlled navy was disrupted by the attempt of the Conservative opposition to appeal at the same time to the ultra-imperialists in Ontario, who preferred to make a contribution to a British navy and to the Nationalists in Quebec who repudiated any responsibility whatever for external wars. Time has indisputably proved Laurier right, and few to-day would question that so far as any naval defense for Canada is required, it must take the form of a Canadian navy, not a contribution of ships or men to an imperial force.

In the colonial conferences held at intervals in London, known after 1907 as imperial conferences, an instrument was developed for consultation between the several governments of the empire. In these conferences each government met on an equality not for executive action, but for discussion and report. Incessant endeavors were made by imperialists to convert them into organs of centralized authority. All the influences of press propaganda and aristocratic social pressure were brought to bear, but in vain. Joseph Chamberlain fought hard to make over the British Empire in the image of the German, but in Laurier he met a man of equal force and greater vision. Australian orators and Round Table devotees urged varying plans of imperial centralization, but Laurier's straight and simple "No" blocked the path. Projects for imperial parliaments, for imperial councils, for centralized control of naval forces, for expeditionary land forces to be put at the disposal of the British War Office, all came to naught. In time the great majority of the members of the conference came to agree with Laurier's stand. Louis Boths particularly found in him a sure friend and a safe guide. When the testing of the empire came in the Great War, it was found to be strong, from Australia to South Africa, so far as it was founded on the freedom and equality Laurier had championed, and weak from Ireland to Egypt, where it had failed to find this sure foundation. The professional imperialists who had shouted for centralization were proved wrong, and the man they had so often attacked justified by the event.

When Wilfrid Laurier gave up the seals of office after fifteen years of power, he had no reason to fear the accounting. Mistakes of policy had been made, here through careless optimism, there through lack of sufficient faith. The Government had not maintained in power all the principles and ideals it had developed in opposition. Men of doubtful integrity had more than once made their way into the inner councils of the party. Yet these sins of omission and commission were far from offsetting the great achievements of his régime. Canada had been given honest and progressive administration. The tone and temper of the debates of Parliament had been greatly raised by the dignity and tolerance of its leader. The country had developed an economic unity and a widespread prosperity hitherto unknown. It had taken its place among the nations of the world. With the great republic to the South, unceasingly friendly relations had been maintained. A new conception of empire, as a League of Nations, which was to prove a forerunner of the wider League, had been developed. In having at the helm of state in difficult and decisive times a captain so farseeing, prudent, and courageous as Wilfrid Laurier, Canada had been rarely fortunate.

(To be concluded)

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